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Elves of Faerûn
Volume I
The Elves of Faerûn



Steven Sypa



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The Elves of Faerûn

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FORWARD

The Forgotten Realms is a very epic place, not in terms of D&D levels, but in terms of the sheer scope and depth of the setting. As a friend has put it, looking up information is an adventure in and of itself, since nine time out of ten, in doing your research, you'll find a new tidbit of information you were not aware of. That's the beauty of the Forgotten Realms- no matter how much you know, there's always one more little bit that you don't.

Of the many races living in the Forgotten Realms, perhaps none as so iconic and important to the setting as Elves. Many are first exposed to the Forgotten Realms through Drizzt Do'Urden, himself a Drow Elf. The Elves of Faerûn are so often tied to extremely important things and events, such as the Rage of the Dragons, the Sundering, and Myth Drannor, among others.

While *Cormanthyr: Empire of the Elves*, written by Steve Schend was an excellent sourcebook, ever since coming to the setting, I always wondered why a sourcebook detailing the Elves of Faerûn, and chronicling their impact on the Forgotten Realms was never made, or ever in the works. After enough times of wondering out loud, and doting on how nice such a sourcebook would be, I decided that it was better to be proactive, and began the *Elves of Faerûn* project.

Embarrassingly, a number of years has passed since then, and *Elves of Faerûn* still isn't finished! It truly was, and still is, a titanic undertaking. Perhaps it is impossible to find and compile every little tidbit and factoid into a fully comprehensive compilation on all matters Elven. This project represents a massive undertaking none the less, where every precaution was made to leave no rock unturned.

Contributors- ranging from those simply voicing their support, to those contributing entire articles- have come and gone over the years, but I feel that it is necessary to give a special word of thanks to one particular individual, one Markus Taylor. Markus has been with the project nearly since it's inception, and has always been around contribute ideas, constructively criticize ideas, to always be there to lend some support, and to provide all kinds of other assistance. If this project can be compared to a baseball game, and I am the manager of the club, Markus is my bench coach, the guy I'd go over strategy and bounce ideas over, the guy I'd want to replace me if I got thrown out for arguing.

For as much as this current PDF has in it, the project is nowhere near done. I decided that, because certain portions of the project were complete, while others were not, it was in the best interests of the project, and for the fans of the setting, to release what has been finished, to be used as an informational resource. In the future, as more is completed, more will be added. Here's to that goal.

I welcome any continued support, critique, criticism, comments and concerns. Feel free to drop by the official Wizards of the Coast Forgotten Realms message board '*Elves of Faerûn* Project' thread.

Steve "Lord Karsus" Sypa

INTRODUCTION

Fair be our meeting, for our hearts are light and our swords sheathed, we hold peace in our hands and its light guides us.

I am Daerian Sunstar, loyal historian, wizard and loremaster of her majesty, Queen Amlauril. Her majesty's chief librarian, Elasha Evanara, bestowed upon me the task of chronicling Elven life of the current age, for future generations to look back upon.

My divinations have provided me with a look of the future- one possible future, where much is changed. We are on the cusp of unimaginable changes, I sense. The merging of two worlds, an ancient plague, and a storm of shadow covering the continent. What exactly all this means, I cannot tell. However, I find it imperative that the past and present be made known to the future generations, lest it be forgotten.

For this monumental task, I have delved through text most ancient, interviewed Tel'Quessir and N'Tel'Quessir, and traveled far and abroad, to compile the most accurate of information for this text.

Coupling my own experiences with those of others, I hope to have successfully weaved an accurate picture of Elvendom on Toril.

Sweet Water and Light Laughter,

Daerian Sunstar, Loremaster of Evermeet

-Uktar, 1374 Year of the Lightning Storms

ELVEN SUBRACES

Aquatic Elves

Alu'Tel'Quessir

Regions: The Inner Sea, Aglarond, Dragon Coast, Impiltur, Sembia, Vilhon Reach, The Outer Sea

Racial Feats: Breathing Link, Landwalker, Rapid Swimming

Racial Prestige Classes: Sashelan Aquarian

History

Across the seas of Abeir-Toril live tall Elves, adapted to the world under the sea. They have long, heavily muscled limbs. They have fingers that are connected by webbing. Their leathery skin ranges in color, from a radiant green to a deep blue, with hair that appears akin to seaweed. But, perhaps, their most striking feature are the gills that line their necks, collarbones, and ribcages.

The Aquatic Elves, or *Alu'Tel'Quessir*, were the last of the major Elven subraces to arrive in Realmspace. On the Plane of Faerie, the Aquatic Elves lived in the great lakes and oceans of the plane, swimming among the multitude of fey water spirits. The exact reason for the Aquatic Elves coming to Realmspace is unknown, lost to the sands of time.

The *Alu'Tel'Quessir* first appeared on Abeir-Toril in the Great Sea. Instead of building undersea cities, the Aquatic Elves spent years and years simply exploring the new world they lived on, leaving no rock under the sea left unturned. During this time, the Aquatic Elves traveled in a large group, known as the 'Great School'. It is said that, because of a High Magic Ritual that was cast, all of the Elves in the 'Great School' acted and thought with a unified hive mind.

When they first arrived in this Crystal Sphere, the Sea Elves were curious. It was this naivety, their legends say, which cost them something they held dear- their magic. According to Sea Elven legends, shortly after arriving on Abeir-Toril, a dark and mighty wizard- some historians point to Ka'Narlist Ilythiir as the individual in question- let loose a creature that single handedly stole the magic from their cities, and placed it all in a black pearl. Historians, in further attempting to shed light on this myth, have divined that Ka'Narlist Ilythiir did indeed wear a single black pearl around his neck. Whether or not he was the one who stole the magic from the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*, or this is simply coincidence, is in the eye of the beholder, so to speak.

The Aquatic Elves knew of their air-breathing cousins, but they were hesitant to allow that relationship to become anything other than simple acknowledgement because of the theft of their magical abilities. It wasn't until the Fourth Crown War that, they too, found themselves drawn into the ongoing conflict, and began associating with their cousins once again.

Shortly after Ilythiiri *Selu'Taar* cast destructive High Magic rituals to call "stones from the sky" and "the earth to boil and the trees to scream", the Elven kingdoms that existed at the time met multiple times in great conclaves, to decide how to deal with the war-like Ilythiiri. At first, the leaders of the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* spurned their advanced, but when Deep

Sashelas began sending the leaders of the Aquatic Elves dreams in their reverie, they began attending these conclaves.

After the Descent of the Drow, in which the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* participated in a passive manner, the Aquatic Elves began settling down on the floors of the seas across Abeir-Toril. Over the next thousands of years, they would begin building settlements, outposts, cities and colonies all across the ocean floor. Chief among these would be the Serôs, a joint venture created by most of the benevolent races living under the seas of Abeir-Toril, and Aryselmalyr.

Currently, the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* maintain amiable relations with most other Elven subraces, and some of the major Elven realms across the continent. Because of this isolation, races that do not regularly come into contact with them often pass Aquatic Elves off as a myth.

Outlook

The Aquatic Elves are aloof as any other Elven subrace, although they still see value in alliance and trade with other *N'Tel'Quessir* races. The *Alu'Tel'Quessir* are generally isolated from other Elves, though they still have similarities in culture and history with their land bound kin. Community, in any form, is important, as are alliances, as the seas are a dangerous place. They see the arrogance and divisiveness of the other Elven subraces to be detrimental to their survival, and as such, make their best efforts to not emulate such behavior.

Those who do not fully understand the psychology of a Sea Elf sees this kind of behavior as paranoid, and skittish, as they are never fully trusting of anyone who is not of their kin, or community. However, as, in their history, the Aquatic Elves have been tricked, and taken advantage of time and time again, the Sea Elves have learned their proverbial lesson, and believe they can only trust those they inherently know. All outsiders, no matter how true and genuine they seem, can and usually do have ulterior motives.

Aquatic Elf Characters

Because magic is nearly unheard of in their society, Aquatic Elves tend toward more martial classes than those of magic. Many become Fighters or Rangers due to the presence of evil aquatic races that they find themselves at odds with. Although the sea elves usually don't find themselves drawn to the path of the Wizard or the Cleric, they often become Bards. With the properties of sound beneath the waves, song becomes a powerful medium for magic and stories alike. Aquatic Elves are more likely to become sorcerers than wizards.

Favored Class

Fighter is the favored class of the Aquatic Elves. Considering the sheer number of evil denizens of the deep, fighting skills are valued. Sea elf fighters tend to specialize in speed and melee combat over the stealth and archery with which the surface elves are so famed.

Prestige Classes

Some Aquatic Elves choose to become Sashelan Aquarians, to help defend their homes from threats that extend even past the shoreline.

Aquatic Elf Society

Aquatic Elf society is structured into a loose feudal system, where the nobility follows a patriarchal inheritance structure. Most political power falls upon the eldest male child of a ruling family. Despite all of this, women still exercise a good degree of influence in Aquatic Elf society, and power is not vastly divided based on sex.

The Sea Elves also form very close-knit communities and relationships with each other. In the eyes of the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*, community means survival. Every resident or family in an Aquatic Elven community has a dwelling for themselves, or their family. However, society dictates that personal property is nonexistent, and that property belongs to the entire community. When one is in need of an item, they are usually welcome to use whatever tool or object is needed that is in the possession of another. However, this idea of communal property doesn't include those that are not Aquatic Elves, even if they live in an *Alu'Tel'Quessir* settlement.

Language and Literacy

All Aquatic Elves speak their own dialect of Elven. This language used by the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* has some Aquan influences, that are reflected in their speech and writing, although they do indeed use the Espruar alphabet. The Aquatic Elves of the Great Sea, and those that inhabit the Trackless Sea also speak Aquan.

Meanwhile, the Serôsian Aquatic Elves learn Serusan, the language of the Inner Sea. Sea Elves that have contact with the surface world, will many times learn Common, and are also inclined to learn any regional languages and/or dialects used in the local area.

Aquatic Elf Magic and Lore

The Aquatic Elves are the least magically inclined of all the elves. Supposedly, long ago, a Dark Elf of great and terrible power, robbed the sea folk of their magic. While there is little evidence to back up this claim, similar stories are told by the Drow, and, oddly, the Wemic.

This is not to say that they now fear magic, or shy away from it. It is just that magic does not come as naturally to the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* as it does to other Elven subraces, and their lack of Spellcasting knowledge and traditions causes those with potential to flounder, no pun intended.

Although they have fewer mages, and virtually no Spellcasting traditions, the Sea Elves are just as much a part of the Weave as any of the *Tel'Quessir*. In fact, because of their lack of magicians, and their lack of magical traditions, the few Aquatic Elves who do learn to harness and work with the power of the Weave become Sorcerers, an oddity among the *Tel'Quessir*.

Spells and Spellcasting

Aquatic Elves that are spellcasters are forced to use materials that can hold up in watery environments that they inhabit. For their spellbooks, they have developed a special kind of ink that doesn't run or disperse. Scrolls are made of alternate materials, such as sharkskin or certain varieties of seaweed. They also use alchemical processes to ensure these items

do not decay in their natural environment that is so hostile to written works.

Sea Elven spellcasters have also developed their spells in such a way that spell components are more readily available to them. In other words, they have adapted their spells to require material components that are available under the sea.

Because of their obvious connection to water, most Aquatic Elf mages prefer spells that somehow manipulate water. Spells that allow them to breathe air, or that allow others to breathe water, are also commonly used.

Aquatic Elf Magic Items

While the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* are not fearful of magic, magical items are very uncommon in Aquatic Elf society. The reason for this is two-fold. Firstly, there are few *Alu'Tel'Quessir* magicians to enchant magical items. Secondly, the production of magical items that can be easily adapted for undersea use is somewhat difficult, and expensive, causing underwater magical items to simply be more rare.

The most common magical item employed by Sea Elves is the Trident of Serenity, which was actually first created by an Aquatic Elf. These magical tridents retard the Sahuagin's natural ability to enter into a blood frenzy.

Aquatic Elf Deities

Like all other Elves, the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* venerate the Seldarine. However, they venerate Deep Sashelas above all other members, instead of Corellon Larethian. Deep Sashelas is the creator of the Sea Elves, as well as the god of oceans, creation, knowledge, Sea Elven beauty, and water magic-concepts that the sea folk hold dear.

All Aquatic Elf cities have at least one temple dedicated to Deep Sashelas within them, and they are usually used as both a spiritual and social center for the city. Across the ocean floor, religious *Alu'Tel'Quessir* dot the landscape with small shrines dedicated to the Dolphin Prince that are used as places of reverence and safety, when crossing the open seas.

Relations with Other Races

Aquatic Elves remain somewhat isolated from other races, including fellow Elves. When necessary, they interact with others races, but would rather keep to themselves when possible. The Sea Elves do understand the value of alliances and trade, however. Their curiosity of land-walking surface races is matched only by their caution and hesitation to deal with these same groups. They even make little distinction between we land bound Elves, their cousins.

As for other races of the world beneath the waves, they are normally on good terms with Merfolk, Tritons, and other goodly folk living under the sea. But, unfortunately, they have just as many enemies as they have friends. Sahuagin, known as 'Sea Devils' are especially hated. Merrow, Aquatic Trolls, are also enemies of the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*.

Aquatic Elf Equipment

The environment of the Aquatic Elves dictates what kind of equipment is used and what is preferred. Metal tools of any kind are rare, because most are undoubtedly susceptible to corrosion that comes when in contact with saltwater for prolonged periods of time. An exception to this near universal rule is gold, which is used by the Sea Elves to fashion jewelry, and is used with trade, with surface dwellers.

Forging metals beneath the waves is practically impossible. After all, it is nearly impossible to light a flame underwater, even in the magic rich world that we live in. So, any metal that is used by the Sea Elves must be beat into shape by hand. Because of this, they have mastered this technique, and are capable of crafting beautiful jewelry from gold, which is very malleable. Most mundane items are produced using materials that are readily available underwater, such as stone, coral, or shells. Many times, shipwrecks are scavenged to obtain materials.

Aquatic Elves also use potion bladders instead of vials. Drinking potions from vials would be rather difficult beneath the waves, so pastes and unguents are used in place of liquids. Aquatic Elven alchemists have perfected the art of turning liquids, such as magical potions, into pastes, jellies, and unguents.

Arms and Armor

The weapons and armors used by the Aquatic Elves are, as most things, chosen with consideration of their environment in mind. Most weapons that are common on land are relatively useless underwater. For example, what good is a sword under the water, where a simple riposte is slow and ungainly? Because of their environment, Sea Elves use weapons that pierce almost exclusively. Tridents, spears, darts and thrusting daggers are the favored arms of the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*.

Weighted nets are also used, and the Sea Elves have perfected methods to throw these nets underwater in ways that resemble manta rays or octopi—they drift and unfold while in motion. Aquatic Elven weaponsmiths have also have also developed a unique bow that can fire underwater, unlike ordinary bows. Aquatic longbows lack the range of normal longbows, but as ranged weapons under the sea go, they are second to none.

Without metal, the materials used to make weapons are usually more fragile, but are still easy to use in the construction of these weapons. The Aquatic Elves are known to use bone, narwhal horns, and even coral to build their weapons.

A armor, on the other hand, is rarely used at all. It hinders their mobility, and most metals wouldn't survive very long being submerged in the water for such excessive amounts of time. Shields, the most common form of armor, are usually made from shells, stone, bone, and coral.

Although they generally discourage the use of armor, there are a few alternatives that some Aquatic Elves utilize. These include sharkskin armor, chitin armor, and Sea Elven Scale Mail. Sharkskin armor is, for all purposes, similar to leather armor. Almost all Aquatic Elves find the thought of wearing sharkskin abhorrent, as sharks are widely hated in mainstream Sea Elf society. Chitin armor is made from the shells of giant crabs, lobsters, and other crustaceans. It still hinders the movement of the extremely agile Aquatic Elves, but not as much as metal armor would.

Sea Elven Scale Mail is mundane scale mail adapted to their environment, although it is more often used in ceremony than for actual protection. It is made of metal that has been treated as not to rust, and is affixed to eel skin. It is expensive to produce, so it is worn almost exclusively by the Sea Elven elite. It is finished with a beautiful silver coating, made of mithral treated to survive long-term submersion. Sea Elven Scale Mail is nearly as valuable as "ordinary" Elven chain mail.

Animals and Pets

Aquatic Elves have a strong affinity for dolphins and porpoises. Most Sea Elven communities utilize the services of several of such creatures. They normally serve as guardians, messengers, and personal companions. Sea lions are sometimes trained to be guardians too, especially in hazardous areas such as those inhabited by Sahuagin.

The *Alu'Tel'Quessir* also have great respect for whales, although their migratory patterns and sheer size prevent them from becoming permanent companions or guardians. Many Aquatic Elf communities are even situated alongside whale migration routes, as to afford the protection of these massive mammals, and sometimes, young Aquatic Elves even leave home for a year or so, so that they may travel with a pod of whales.

The killing or hunting of any of the above mentioned creatures is absolutely appalling to all Sea Elves, for not only do they believe that no one should ever slay any animal larger than oneself for food, but also that whales and dolphins are sentient and intelligent creatures and are seen as friends to the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*.

One animal that Aquatic Elves despise, however, are sharks. Sharks are seen as unnatural monsters by many Sea Elves, and it is even said that sharks like the taste of Sea Elves. Whether or not this claim is true, however, is something I do not know. In the minds of Aquatic Elves, considering the Sahuagin affinity for sharks, it is only logical that the fish are tainted by the Sea Devils. The evil god of the Sahuagin, Sekolah, even takes the guise of a shark. One need not be overly wise to draw a connection.

Winged Elves

(Avariel)

Airil'Tel'Quessir

Regions: Damara, High Forest, Narfell, the North, Rasheman, Silverymoon, the Vast, the Western Heartlands

Racial Feats: Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Flight, Rapid Flight

Racial Prestige Classes: Bladesinger

History

The history of the Winged Elves, like every other Elven subrace, dates back thousands of years. And again, like every other Elven subrace, the Winged Elves are believed to have originally hailed from the mythical world of Faerie.

On Faerie, the Avariel seemed to have been the undisputed masters of the skies. In doing research, I have yet to find another Sylvan or Fey creature from Faerie that could possibly have been as dominant of the skies as the Winged Elves seemed to have been. Oral stories passed down from generation to generation of Avariel speak of cities built upon the clouds, mighty magics, and a high time from the arts. It is very possible that, if these stories are true, the Avariel were the most 'advanced' of the Elven subraces of the time.

Sometime around -27,000 DR, the Avariel left Faerie and came to Abeir-Toril. Though the exact reasons for this exodus are unknown, it is very possible that, because of the timeframe, they came to Abeir-Toril for the same reasons the Wood Elves or the Dark Elves. The Wood Elves were tricked by the Fey, while the Dark Elves came to conquer. I, however, present a unique, and rather simple, third hypothesis- the Avariel simply wanted to explore this new land.

Upon coming to Abeir-Toril, the Avariel found that both the land and the skies were very much dominated by another race- Dragons. The Winged Elves, lacking the relative power and might of the Dragons, soon realized that they were at the mercy of the Dragons. While some of the more benevolent Dragon barons, lords, and kings allowed Avariel to live in their areas of influence, so long as they swore them allegiance, the more malevolent Dragon barons, lords and kings began hunting these strange Winged Elves for fun and for sport. The Avariel were virtually powerless to stop them.

The Avariel had never been a large population in the first place. As time progressed, and their numbers dropped steadily and steadily, it looked as if the Winged Elves were heading towards extinction. Indeed, before the First Flowering, it certainly seemed that the race would never survive.

Some Avariel fled north, eventually brokering deals with the Aereee-Syran, remnants of the Avian creator race who had also been virtually wiped out by Dragons. Others fled east, to Mhairshaulk and points beyond. It is said that those Avariel who wound up in Mhairshaulk were captured and enslaved by the Yuan-Ti, and were forced to participate in strange and unholy experiments. It is believed that Ptera-Folk are the descendents of the strange Yuan-Ti/Avariel crossbreeds that were created there. Those Avariel who are believed to have fled even further east have suffered unknown fates.

Other Avariel tried to broker agreements with the Wood Elves who lived within the forests of the Dragon Baronies, and were also hunted by Dragons and their kin. However, most Wood Elves did not wish

to associate with the Avariel, believing that the Winged Elves would not be able to protect them from the Dragons, and would instead actually draw attention to them. No Avariel, however, tried to contact the Dark Elves of Atornnash. When watching from afar, the Winged Elves saw how cruel and violent the Dark Elves could be, and were actually afraid of them almost as much as they were of the Dragons.

The Winged Elves who elected to stay in and around the Dragon Baronies lived terrible lives, constantly hiding from Dragons and other Dragon-kin on the ground like vermin, only taking to the skies when it was safe and necessary. They lived as scavengers and nomads, moving from place to place, in fear that Dragons could discover their current homes at any time.

Had the Elves of Tintageer not arrived on Abeir-Toril in -25,400 DR, the Avariel would have probably gone extinct. At first, the Avariel hid from the refugees, only appearing to aid the newcomers in fending off Dragon attacks. However, as these refugees from Faerie settled down on Faerûn, and established their own realms, such as Sharlarion and Occidian, they Winged Elves began to appear more and more frequently.

In -25,000 the Dracorage Mythal was laid in a citadel far to the north. The Avariel had conspired along with a select group of Sun Elves, Moon Elves and Wood Elves to create this Mythal. While they lacked the arcane might that these other groups possessed, the Avariel were willing to fight tooth, nail, bone and feather to escape from the dominance of the Dragons. And, they did exactly just that.

The weaving of the Dracorage Mythal was supposed to be a secret known only to a select few. The citadel where the Mythal was to be laid was built far to the north, away from the Dragon Baronies, and the largest concentration of Dragons and Dragon-kin. However, at some point shortly before the casting of the High Magic, the Dragons somehow learned of the plot to overthrow them. A massive army composed of Dragons and Dragon-kin representing nearly every Dragon king, lord, baron, and so on, flew north, ready to stop the Elves.

As the Elven High Magi began their casting, the Dragons arrived. Although the defenders who were not participating in the magical ritual- most of whom were Avariel- were greatly outnumbered, they fought the mighty Draconic army with the notion that the time was, as Humans say, "now or never". And, this was indeed true- the Elves would never again get such an opportunity to end the tyrannical reign of Dragonkind, so they either finished it here, or would never be able to.

It is said that every Avariel warrior who fought to defend the Elven High Magi perished. But, they accomplished their goal of not allowing the Dragons to interrupt the casting, and the laying of the Dracorage Mythal. Once the Elven High Magi had finished the casting, they were able to defeat what remained of the massive Dragon flight. It is said that the dead bodies of Dragons and their kin, as well as the dead bodies of the Winged Elves littered the ground as far as the eye could see. When all was done, it is believed that less than five hundred Avariel- in total- existed on all of Abeir-Toril.

Thus began the time when the entire subrace went into seclusion. Where they went is still a mystery. It is likely that the Avariel lived as nomads, traveling from place to place, never staying too long. The goal of

this was to prevent their numbers from diminishing any more than they already had. However, for thousands and thousands of years, while their numbers did not diminish, they did not grow, either.

Around 500 years ago, a charismatic priest, Delagûil Greatspan, led the wandering Avariel. While in the Icerim Mountains bordering Sossal and Rasheman, Greatspan had a prophetic dream. He saw a tropical paradise high atop a remote mountaintop. Temporarily conceding power to his younger brother, Delagûil disappeared into the mountains. Days later, he returned, and taking back the reigns of leadership, he brought the Avariel to a sheared off mountaintop that had been altered by a Netherese Arcanist long ago. Addressing his people, Delagûil Greatspan told his people that their nomadic days had come to an end, and that they had arrived at their new home.

For days, Delagûil and other priests and priestess' of Aerdrie Faenya began preparing of a powerful magical ritual. On the night of the full moon, they cast them spell. A great dome of Glassteel grew from the mountain, forming a protective barrier around the plateau at the top of the mountain. The air within the Glassteel dome grew warm and humid, and all sorts of exotic plants- some thought extinct!- began growing from the mountaintop. Within minutes, Delagûil prophetic dream had come to pass. The Avariel had a permanent home- a jungle paradise isolated from the perils and hazards of the world. The Aerie of the Snow Eagle had been born.

Years would pass, and all would be well. Delagûil Greatspan, however, soon fell ill. Within days, he would die, leaving a great vacuum in his absence. A council was formed, made up of war chiefs and priests and priestess', to lead the Avariel people. Currently, the leader of the Faerahn faction is Delagûil's brother, Aquilan Greatspan, and the leader of the Vaelahn is Heron Wingraze.

The council has taken an increasingly progressive viewpoint since it's inception. The leadership council has voted to allow other Avariel to leave the Aerie of the Snow Eagle and establish their own aeries across Faerûn. At the turn of the century, the leadership council also allowed various Avariel to leave the aerie and explore Faerûn, establishing ties with other peoples. While the location of the Aerie of the Snow Eagle is a hidden secret known only to Avariel, if this trend continues, the Avariel might become a new power in the future.

Outlook

The Winged Elves came dangerously close to total extinction long ago, and their numbers have only recently swelled enough that the subrace, as a whole, no longer has to worry about their total elimination. As a result of this trauma, Avariel are very secretive and elusive. When confronted by a problem, most run rather than confronting them.

When they are among their own kind, or those who they feel they can trust, Avariel behave much differently. This is because Avariel, inherently, are free spirits with a zest for life. The sounds of cheery laughter can constantly be heard. Winged Elves fly confidently, taking whatever is given to them. They are outgoing and friendly.

However, no matter how friendly and nice an Avariel is, they all seem to have a slight condescending attitude to those who do not have the natural ability to fly. This includes even other Elves subraces! Most seem to not even notice this natural bias against land

bound creatures, but with work, it can be overcome.

Winged Elf Characters

Winged Elves combine the traditional Elven values- including skill at arms, and immersion of magic into their culture- with the joyous reverence for simply flying in clear and open skies. Those who hail from the warrior subculture tend to become Fighters, and Rangers. Those who hail from the intellectual subculture tend to become Bards, Clerics, Druids, and Wizards. Avariel Barbarians in more civilized aeries are uncommon, but are not unheard of. Avariel Barbarians in more uncivilized settlements are much more common.

Favored Class

The favored class of the Winged Elves is the Cleric. As a whole, Avariel are deeply religious people, and Clerics command the most respect, as their link to the Seldarine- and Aerdrie Faenya in particular- is stronger than the link most people have to their deities. Even those who spend their entire lives studying the martial path of the warrior subculture tend to become more and more interested in the aesthetic pleasures the path of the Cleric has, especially as they age and their fighting prowess begins to decline.

Prestige Classes

While the relative number of Avariel who practice Arcane magic is low, and the number of Avariel who study both magic and swordsmanship is even lower, the Avariel have a strong Bladesinging tradition, that dates back thousands of years. Like other Elves, the Avariel understand the skill needed to follow this path, and greatly respect those who do. Others tend to be drawn to prestige classes that have to do with the Divine, including Divine Disciples, Divine Champions, Divine Devotees, and so on. Those who forge special relations with Aerdrie Faenya become Halcyons.

Winged Elf Society

Major Avariel aeries have a unique societal model. It separates the community into two major groups- the Vaelahn, 'those who wield blades', which consists of warrior types, and the Faerahn, 'those who wield magic', which consists of intellectuals. These two subcultures share a powerful symbiotic relationship, even though the ideas that they espouse are virtually diametrically opposite. This is in no way a caste system, however. Young Avariel spend at least a decade or longer among both groups- usually the intellectuals during their formative years, and warriors during their pubescent years. Upon becoming an adult, Avariel choose to which subculture they want to remain in. This decision is not forever binding, though. An Avariel who is a warrior all of his life does have the opportunity to become an intellectual during the later stages of their life.

The warrior subculture is made up of warriors and soldiers, who live by a complex code of honor that guides how and when they train. Their lives are geared towards the acquisition of power and prestige, attained through martial prowess. They are proud and hearty, forming everlasting relationships with those who prove themselves worthy, and everlasting dislike to those who prove themselves dishonorable. Warrior chieftains command large groups of warrior Avariel, and govern Winged Elf aeries along with the religious leaders of the intellectual subculture.

Once lethal combat against an enemy begins, members of the warrior subculture have no qualms with cutting down an enemy. In fact, to their

reasoning, failure to kill an enemy after blood is drawn is seen as failing to deliver on a promise, and is highly dishonorable, as is surrender. A favored tactic of warrior Avariel is to rain down upon their enemies a hail of arrows from the sky. Although some- myself included- might originally believe that such a practice would be dishonorable, it is not. According to their code of conduct, an enemy who fails to protect himself from all threats- including those from the sky- deserve to be slain.

The intellectual subculture is made up of philosophers and Clerics. They are free spirits, focusing on the internal issues of Avariel society. Members of this subculture are the entertainers of Avariel society, are the thinkers of Avariel society, are the educators of Avariel society. When faced with conflict, these Avariel tend to use diplomacy and passive magic to solve the situation.

These peaceful Avariel are often very religious, and worship Aerdrie Faenya. They create great pieces of artwork, and gripping works of literature. Over the years, it has been these Avariel who have chronicled Avariel society and history, and now that the subrace has begun to explore Faerûn more actively, it is their responsibility to chronicle this too.

Language and Literacy

Avariel speak a dialect of Elven that is graceful and flows off the tongue like a soft breeze. Priests and priestess' of Aerdrie Faenya teach speech and writing to young Avariel. In the secretive enclaves where more primitive Avariel dwell, a pidgin language based off of Elven and the local vernacular has developed. These primitive dialects usually do not use any kind of alphabet, but instead use crude pictographs and images.

Those who are more intelligent usually learn to speak and write at least one more language. This secondary language is almost always either Common or Auran- Common so that they can interact and trade with others, and Auran so that they can communicate with fellow creatures of the sky. Some learn regional languages, and the languages of their enemies as well.

Winged Elf Magic and Lore

In Avariel society, only those from the intellectual subculture practice the magical arts. Those in the warrior subculture understand and respect the power of magic, but most lack the talent to practice it. Bladesingers bridge the gap between the two groups- they can be considered warriors who comprehend and incorporate the Arcane arts into their swordplay, or intellectuals who have so completely mastered the Arcane arts that it bleeds into their swordplay ability.

Avariel, like most other Elven subraces, have completely embraced the power of magic. However, Avariel spellcasting methods, lore, theories, and knowledge is much less advanced than that of some of Faerûn's other Elven subraces. This is not to say that there are not individual Avariel who cannot weave powerful spells, but, as a whole, it takes Avariel longer to attain such levels, due to the lack of progress on magical treatises. This can be attributed to the turbulent history of the Avariel, and the fact that they have only recently begun to reestablish themselves on Faerûn.

Although Avariel have just recently begun to experiment with magic, their oldest established magical tradition dates back thousands of years. No records indicate how the art came to the Avariel, but there have been Avariel Bladesingers since at least the days of

Aryvandaar. It is my hypothesis that in exchange for aiding the other Elven subraces in toppling the tyrannical rule of the Dragons and weaving the Dracorage Mythral, the Avariel were taught the art of the Bladesinger, and this art has been taught among the Avariel ever since.

Spells and Spellcasting

Because of their obvious connections to the air, many Avariel become Elementalists, specializing in air. Some even combine their religious devotion with their ability to harness the power of Arcane magics, and pursue that path.

Avariel are also decent alchemists. Long ago, the process used for creating Glassteel was discovered. Although kept a secret, Avariel still produce the material.

Spells and Spellcasting

Most Avariel favor spells from the conjuration and transmutation schools. The Aerie of the Snow Eagle, the largest conclave of Winged Elves, is the culmination of very powerful conjuration and transmutation spells. More of an emphasis has been placed on divination spells since the Avariel have come out of their self-imposed exile. Like other Elves, the Winged Elves abhor necromancy magics, and forbid the use of them.

Winged Elf Magic Items

Ancient rumors and myths state that compassionate Avariel spellcasters created the first Wings of Flying and Winged Boots for land bound friends, so that they, too, could experience the bliss and peace of mind that comes with soaring the skies. Whether or not this is true or not is something that I cannot say for certain. However, I am doubtful of this hypothesis.

Avariel have also mastered the magical process in which Glassteel is created, and multiple faucets of their society makes use of this wondrous material.

Winged Elf Deities

Avariel, like other Elves, worship the Seldarine. But, unlike most other Elven subraces, they pay lip service to most of these deities, and hold a special reverence for a single member- Aerdrie Faenya. And, although not fanatic, Avariel society as a whole is deeply religious and reverent. For example, they commonly attribute Aerdrie Faenya's intervention to events that others might simply see as coincidence.

According to the myths of the Avariel, Aerdrie Faenya created the subrace, when she took a drop of Corellon's spilt blood and threw it into the air. The Elf that was then created was given a pair of wings, and was told by the goddess to learn to use her gift well, because if the Avariel were to survive, they would need the advantage of flight. It is not known whether or not the portent of doom that Aerdrie was referencing has already come- either on Faerie or on Toril- or if it has yet to occur.

Relations with Other Races

The Winged Elves are on good terms with fellow sentient, benevolent avian creatures. They admire and respect the Giant Eagles. They are friendly with the Aarakocras, as well as Air Genasi.

Their relationships with land bound races are nowhere as productive as their relations with flying races. Traditionally, Avariel have viewed races that cannot inherently fly with pity and/or derision. The only exception to this rule, and just barely, were other Elves.

The fact that the Avariel's numbers have

been so low, and that they chose to retreat from the world, rather than face it head on has also hurt their relationship with other races. Because of ignorance as to who and what Avariel are, other races sometimes attack the Winged Elves on sight, thinking them to be monsters. Other times, they are mistaken for Celestials.

To this day, the Winged Elves are hunted by evil Dragons and draconic creatures. Though they no longer wield as much power as they did long ago, Dragons still are considered the masters of the skies. In the minds of Dragons, the Avariel are their main competitors for this fictitious title. The White Dragons of Hoarfaern, for instance, are completely dedicated to the destruction of the Aerie of the Snow Eagle, even though the two settlements don't necessarily compete for resources.

Winged Elf Equipment

The Avariel have taken the art of glassblowing, and have raised it to an art form. The Winged Elves use glass like other races use wood, metal and stone. This is mostly because of the discovery of Glassteel, a substance with the appearance of glass, but with the strength of steel- hence the name. In some ways, their discovery and use of Glassteel is very poetic. Like Glassteel, Avariel seem fragile and delicate, but have a great internal strength.

The Aerie of the Snow Eagle in Rasheman, the largest Avariel settlement in Faerûn, is a magnificent sight to behold. Built high in the Icerim Mountains, the Aerie of the Snow Eagle appears a large, reflective crystal growing out from one of the range's more remote peaks. Within this Glassteel dome hides a tropical climate, sustained by magic. Large umbrella trees extinct everywhere else on Faerûn and crystalline Glassteel towers serve as homes.

Arms and Armor

Avariel prefer to use ranged weapons, since this incorporates their natural ability to fly into the skies, out of range from most enemies. As a result, bows, spears, and even bolos and lassos are common weapons that Avariel use. When forced into melee combat, stronger Avariel tend to use greatswords, or longswords, while more dexterous Avariel tend to use rapiers and thinblades. Because they are Elves, Avariel tend to use only arms that are of high quality.

Because of their obviously different physiology and anatomy, Avariel must produce their own armors, or have others specifically craft armor that they can use. Avariel armors tend to be made of special materials, such as mithral, and are almost always light, as to not hamper their ability to fly. As a result, Avariel tend to support and bolster their defenses using other magical means.

Animals and Pets

The Winged Elves have a special affinity for Giant Eagles, whom they consider allies, some sometimes, rookery mates. Many Avariel keep nonintelligent birds as pets, although they never keep these pets in cages, or contain them in any way. As Avariel have a natural aversion to being caged in small areas, they would never willingly do this to a fellow avian.

Other large avians, such as arrowhawks, griffons, hippogriff and rocs share a symbiotic relation with the Winged Elves. In exchange for assistance, the Avariel assist these avians themselves. Since all of these different creatures share similar hunting grounds, enemies, and territory, they come into friendly contact with each other quite often.

Draegloth

Regions: The Underdark

Racial Feats: Any Drow Feat

Racial Prestige Classes: Any Drow Prestige Class

History

As a race of their own, Draegloth have no history. Instead, they share their history with that of the Drow. The two races share a communal history, with the Draegloth owing more to the Drow than the Drow owing more to the Draegloth.

The actual point of origin of the race is unknown, lost to history. Old and historically dominant Drow Houses all claim that the very first Draegloth was born a member of their family, a testament to the favor Lolth held them in. Of course, while many stories are told, only one can be true. It is widely believed that the claims of House Baenre of Menzoberranzan are true, since historical records state that a Draegloth was present during the conflicts in the city thousands of years ago, which left the Baenre the undisputed rulers of the settlement.

Draegloth are not common at all. They appear infrequently in Drow enclaves across the Underdark, when a Lolthite priestess mates with a Demon. Their status as physical manifestations of Lolth's favor afford them a special status within Drow society, but in the end, they are usually nothing more than tools to be used by the Matron Mother of a family.

Draegloth are sexless, but not genderless. Upon birth, a Draegloth develops either a male or female personality. What factors cause a Draegloth to develop the personality of either sex is unknown, but it is theorized that Lolth has a hand in choosing, and she chooses whatever gender is likely to create the most chaos and strife in the House.

Draegloth typically stand anywhere from six to eight feet tall, and come with an extremely powerfully built frame. They possess two sets of arms- a smaller set with smaller, Drow-like hands that are used for delicate processes, and a larger set, ending with large clawed hands that are generally used for rending enemies.

Wild Draegloth are not a new phenomenon. In Drow society, a family that is assimilated by another family usually has its members adopted and co-opted into service of the stronger family. Draegloth are an exception to this rule, and are almost always killed. To escape death, many Draegloth flee into the wilds of the Underdark.

The reasons as to why wild Draegloth sightings have been rising are still unknown. While it is easy to say that it has, or had something to do with the recent Silence of Lolth, sightings have been steadily rising for two thousand years now. These wild Draegloth, which without Drow commanding them are believed to be nothing but barely intelligent animals, have also become more cunning. For example, a lone Draegloth from the wilds of the Underdark was able to trick the guards of the enclave of Ir'Sylin into meeting a Matron Mother, and then was able to trick her until it sprang its trap. This Matron Mother is one of the few survivors, as a teleport contingency spell whisked her away as the Draegloth's jaws were inches from her throat. There were few survivors, in total.

During the Silence of Lolth, Draegloth were kept, sometimes literally, on a very short leash. Many grew to become more independent, no longer worrying

about retribution from the mostly powerless ruling caste of priestesses.

Outlook

Draegloth are sly and cunning creatures with a penchant for wild rages that usually end in the death of someone around them. They can be patient listeners when around those they respect, and can be difficult, petty and even childish around those they do not. Their unique combination of rage, patience, intelligence and ruthlessness makes them among the most dangerous creatures in the Underdark.

To the mind of a Draegloth, anything that is not a Drow, or a creature blessed by Lolth is either a plaything to be toyed with, or cattle to be slaughtered. As such, they have no problem with randomly and indiscriminately killing a sentient creature, and regularly devour such kills for sustenance. They do respect power, however, and are not averse to respecting non-Drow who demonstrate that they are worthy of the respect of a Draegloth. This doesn't stop the creatures from plotting to kill such beings, however.

Draegloth Characters

Draegloth combine the traditional Drow values with those of Demons. Many Draegloth use their natural strengths, and train in the martial arts, becoming Fighters. Some make use of their limited natural spell-like to conjure *Dancing Lights*, *Desecrations*, *Faerie Fire*, *Unholy Blight* and *Darkness*, and pursue the path of the Wizard. Others join the church of Lolth as Clerics. **Favored Class:** The favored class of the Draegloth is the Cleric. As a whole, Draegloth are deeply religious people, as their entire existence is due to a whim by Lolth. Clerics in Drow society also command the most respect, and this appeals to a Draegloth's inherent nature to want to assert dominance over others. **Prestige Classes:** There are no prestige classes designed specifically for Draegloth. They are free to pursue any paths that are open to them without any stigmas. More than one Draegloth has become a Selvetarmite Spidersword.

Draegloth Society

Draegloth do not have a society of their own. Instead, they are part of the greater Drow community. For all intents and purposes, they are treated, and they act, as if they were high ranking Drow.

Language and Literacy

Draegloth speak both tongues of their parents. Being born and raised in Drow society, Draegloth are fluent in the Drow dialect of Undercommon. At an early age, they are also taught the language of their other parent, Abyssal. Draegloth use their secondary, smaller hands to manipulate writing instruments, and are almost always proficient in the written languages as well.

Draegloth Magic and Lore

Draegloth have a natural affinity for magic. They are magical creatures themselves, being able to inherently conjure the effects of certain spells- *Dancing Lights*, *Darkness*, *Desecrate*, *Faerie Fire* and *Unholy Blight*. Their magical nature also gives them immunities to acid, cold, electricity and fire as well.

Very few Draegloth take the path of the mage, for whatever reason. It seems to me that the Art is simply too much of an elegant force for the relatively crude Draegloth.

Spells and Spellcasting

Draegloth mages prefer flashy Evocation spells, that cause a lot of destruction, and are visually stimulating, such as *Fireball*, or *Lightning Bolt*. Draegloth mages also like summoning spells, as summoned creatures are at the mercy of the Draegloth, which appeals to their domineering natures.

Draegloth Magic Items

As a race, Draegloth have no magical items that can be credited to them.

Draegloth Deities

Because her very blessing is required for their own conceptions to take place, Draegloth are deeply devoted to Lolth. Their devotion to Lolth is so great that some have even become Clerics of Lolth-ignoring the primal bloodlust churning within their souls.

Since the Silence of Lolth, many Draegloth have taken to the worship of other members of the Dark Seldarine, especially Selvetarm and Vhaeraun. Whereas the Church of Selvetarm is, by proxy, the Church of Lolth, Lolth allowed this slight, and punished-but spared the lives of- these Draegloth. The Church of Vhaeraun, however, is not associated with the Church of Lolth, and eagerly accepts these members, as a sign of changing times within Drow society.

Some Draegloth, shunning the worship of the Dark Seldarine all together, take up the worship of their own bloodline, joining and forming Demon cults, elevating their fathers' names.

Relations with Other Races

Like Drow, Draegloth get along best with themselves, and even then, only barely. Draegloth are socialized to think of themselves as superior creatures, like Drow are. The fact that they are believed to be living, breathing incarnations of Lolth's blessing gives a little more credence to the inherent Drow belief of superiority in a Draegloth's mind. When they have to, they associate with other races, but they see no problems with constantly pointing out their own inherent superiority.

To the mind of a Draegloth, anything that is not a Drow, or a creature blessed by Lolth is an animal, that exists only to please them, or to provide them with food, treasure and/or excitement. Draegloth have a particularly strong antipathy for Elves and Gloomings.

Draegloth Equipment

As a race, the Draegloth have no unique items or equipment of any sort. Anything that they use is created and given to them by the Drow. Some Draegloth wear necklaces of the skulls of their victims, as their bodies are physically large enough to do so, but this is about the extend of Draegloth craftsmanship.

Arms and Armor

Draegloth are completely reliant on Drow for their arms and armors. That said, however, most Draegloth prefer not to use any sort of weapon or armor. Because of their diabolic nature, a Draegloth has an extremely tough hide, which is tougher and stronger than certain types of armor. Their large size and unique physiology also makes wearing normal armor impossible.

Most Draegloth prefer to use their larger, clawed hands as weapons, rather than any arms that Drow weaponsmiths can produce. It is not that there are no weapons that match the Draegloth's natural claws- far from it- but most Draegloth simply enjoy the feeling of their own claws piercing their opponents,

feeling their prey's blood oozing over their own physical limbs...

Animals and Pets

Like all other Drow, Draegloth revere spiders and other arachnids as the children of Lolth. Asides for spiders, however, Draegloth have very little use for pets of any sort. Some Draegloth have been known to keep trained fighting dogs, and/or feral dogs around, for their own twisted amusement, and for food once they outlive the Draegloth's use for them.

Driders

Regions: The Underdark

Racial Feats: Any Drow Feat

Racial Prestige Classes: Any Drow Prestige Class

History

As a race of their own, Driders have no history. Driders are created when Lolth wills it. Although most Driders are created when Lolth strikes a Drow for failing her in some manner, the capricious Spider Queen is not above randomly transforming Drow who serve her well into Driders, because of the irony in it.

It is not known when Lolth created the first Driders on Abeir-Toril. Driders exist on other planets, and on other Crystal Spheres, so it is just as possible that the first Driders were created on Abeir-Toril that they were created elsewhere. Frankly, scholars do not know, and this is not a question that is likely to ever be answered, either.

Driders are only very rarely mentioned in Drow historical records. As such, it is hard to tell if these creatures had very little impact on Drow society at large, or if the Drow have intentionally minimized the impact that these aberrations of nature have had on their own society. Again, this is not something that the objective truth will ever be made apparent.

Of recent history, many Driders communities were active during the Silence of Lolth. When the secret that Lolth had disappeared was made public and spread around the Underdark, many Driders took this as a sign that the Spider Queen had abandoned the Drow, and that the Driders were now her favored children. During this tumultuous time in the Underdark, numerous Driders communities rose up and attacked Drow communities. For the most part, these Driders were beaten back, but in many places, the Driders actually did a great deal of damage. In the city of Karsoluthiyl, the Driders that rose up successfully overthrew the Lolthite matriarchy ruling the city. Their victory was short lived, however, as other Drow then arrived and killed these Driders. This instance demonstrates that, perhaps, the Driders are less willing to be stepped on and abused by the Drow.

Outlook

Driders are cunning and deadly, seeing the world in extremely simplistic terms: enemies and future enemies. Driders are not paranoid, but they look out for their own well being first and foremost, and consider everything that is not them a potential hazard to overcome, in making sure that their own needs are met.

Driders have extremely volatile personalities. They seethe with anger, hatred, and literal venom. Their physical bodies- the head of a Drow, the torso of a Drow, the legs of a spider, and the lower abdomen of a spider- are often misshapen and twisted, just like their psyches.

At the same time, Driders both love and hate themselves. In coping with their 'affliction', Driders believe that they are truly the chosen children of Lolth. Indeed, why would she turn them into spider creatures- spiders being precious to Lolth- if they were cursed? But, at the same time, Driders understand that they were transformed because they failed Lolth, and that their twisted forms are punishments. Coping with such a conflicted sense of being is what twists most Driders from normal Drow into bloodthirsty monsters that are not above eating other sentient creatures, including

cannibalizing other Driders. It is said that Lolth takes particular glee from the suffering of Driders.

Driders Characters

Driders are outcasts, who seethe with hatred and anger because of their perceived failures that resulted in their subsequent transformation from Drow to spider monsters. Most tend to martial classes, since there are many difficulties that stem from progressing in a spellcasting class, because of their physical make-up and society.

Favored Class: The favored class of the Driders is the Barbarian. Driders are bloodthirsty creatures, seeking any kind of prey to kill and consume. As such, the ferocity and temperament of the Barbarian suits the Driders perfectly.

Prestige Classes: There are no prestige classes designed specifically for Driders. They are free to pursue any paths that are open to them, which are somewhat limited, due to prejudices and stigmas against Driders, as well as their own temperaments.

Driders Society

Driders only have something that vaguely resembles a society of their own. Driders usually live nearby Drow settlements, far enough to be left alone to their own devices, but close enough to be classified as "on the fringe" of established Drow settlements. The Drow allow this, to demonstrate to other Drow the power of Lolth, and what befalls those who fail her, while the Driders put up with this because it allows them to prey on fools who get too close to their dens.

While Driders live in communities with other Driders, there is very little unity and communion around them. Instead, each Driders looks after his or her own affairs. Because Driders cannot reproduce, there is no concept of marriage in Driders settlements. There are no children in Driders settlements. The entire race is wholly dependent on Lolth cursing other Drow in surviving.

Language and Literacy

Driders speak any tongues that they knew before they were transformed. The Driders themselves have no special language, and communicate in the Drow tongue.

Driders Magic and Lore

Driders have a natural affinity for magic. They are magical creatures themselves, being able to inherently conjure the effects of certain spells- *Dancing Lights*, *Darkness*, *Detect Chaos*, *Detect Evil*, *Detect Good*, *Detect Law*, *Detect Magic*, *Faerie Fire* and *Levitate*. Once per day, Driders can also inherently conjure the effects of *Clairaudience/Clairvoyance*, *Discern Lies*, *Dispel Magic*, and *Suggestion*.

Very few Driders follow the path of the mage, because of the difficulty in obtaining spellbooks, material components for spells, and similar items. Driders who were Sorcerers before their transformation are the most common Driders spellcasters. Because Lolth ignores the prayers and pleas of the Driders, there are no Lolthite Clerics among their numbers. Some Driders are able to master the natural magic of the Underdark, and become Druids, however.

Spells and Spellcasting

Driders mages prefer flashy Evocation spells, that cause a lot of destruction, and are visually stimulating, such as *Fireball*, or *Lightning Bolt*. Driders magicians also like Enchantment spells, that allows them to kill their prey without much of a struggle,

though most Drider are perfectly willing to engage in a bloody struggle before consuming their prey.

Drider Magic Items

As a race, Driders have no magical items that can be credited to them.

Drider Deities

Like the Drow that they once were, most Drider worship Lolth. This is somewhat ironic, because Lolth is the entity that transformed these unfortunate Drow into Driders to begin with. Most Drider seem to be of the mind that, if Lolth punished them, she can also restore them to their normal forms. Because of this, most Drider continue their worship of Lolth, even though, according to Lolthite priestesses, Driders are abominations of nature and failures in the eyes of Lolth.

Of the total population, only a small minority of Driders no longer worships Lolth. These Drider believe that Lolth truly has abandoned them, and that the worship of another deity would be much more likely to result in any kind of physical result. Ghaunadaur, being the Drow deity of outcasts, is the most prevalent, being that Drider are true outcasts of Drow society. A small minority of Driders seek Selvatarm as their patron, and, while on the outside, Selvatarm refuses them, he secretly supports these Driders, as a way to bolster his own worship base and escape from the web of Lolth.

Relations with Other Races

Above all, Drider despise Drow. This is not at all a surprise, being that all Driders were once Drow. This hatred is a psychological phenomenon that is in no way surprising. Drider are Drow who were cursed by Lolth to wear the forms that they wear. As such, Driders hate Drow, in that Lolth has not cursed them. If given the opportunity, despite the "hate" they have for Drow, any Drider would jump at the chance to become a Drow once more.

Because Driders were once Drow, their perceptions on other races have been colored by Drow society. Driders dislike surface Elves, so called "Faerie Elves", as Drow do, for the reasons that Drow do. Like Drow, Driders consider themselves superior, above all other lesser creatures- all other lesser creatures being everything that is not a Drider, of course.

Drider have a basic understanding and affinity with Chitine and Aranea, being as all three are Drow spider creatures. If given the opportunity, however, no Drider would pass up tearing an Aranea, or a Chitine limb from limb, however.

Drider Equipment

As a race, Driders have no unique items or equipment of any sort. Anything that they use was either taken with them upon their transformation from Drow to Drider, or scavenged from slain enemies. Drider society does not create items, and thus, anything that they use is taken from others, willingly or unwillingly.

Arms and Armor

Drider cannot use most armors created by Drow, for obvious reasons, chiefly among them, their transformed physical stature. Some Drider do use armors that only cover the upper torso, such as chain shirts. Because most Driders are seen as savage beasts, and are anathemas in Drow society, few are able to come across such treasures. Those who do protect what they have, and take as good of these items.

While Driders have arms, hands and opposable thumbs, most do not use conventional weapons, instead, relying on their spell-like abilities and their natural physical attacks. This is mostly because of the rarity of such items in Drider settlements. Those who have access to manufactured weapons certainly use them.

Animals and Pets

Like the Drow, Driders enjoy the company of spiders. Even though Lolth cursed them, many Driders feel that, by being extremely dedicated and devout to Lolth, the Spider Queen will reverse their curse. As such, they treat spiders as holy creatures. Other sorts of Underdark carrion creatures, such as rats, are found in Drider lairs. Many Driders eat these creatures as food, while others allow their presence, treating them as toys and playthings.

"Well met and welcome! I believe that is the correct greeting on your surface world. I write the following manuscript as per your request, Daerian Sunstar, and that of your most high and noble queen, Amlauril Moonflower. I can still remember the day when the Admiral of the Elvish Imperial Navy first told me of your need. Although we have retained cordial relations with the EIM for several centuries, never before have they requested any assistance from us. The opportunity to leave Kule and travel to the fabled world of Abeir-Toril has been a dream of mine and my fellow sages for many years. We have always felt that assembling the lost and broken pieces of Elven past was our ultimate goal, and what better way then to walk the very lands upon which we Dark Elves were first cursed.

Much has transpired in the ten years since I left your company last, and I beg forgiveness for not having kept you informed all of that time. I realize our original plan was to have my people and I journey to the surface periodically to re-supply and send word. This however proved to be much harder to accomplish than any of us originally counted on. Certain events took place in...what would be for you, DR 1361, that have caused quite a stir amongst my subterranean brethren. The passages to the surface are all well guarded now by the various Drow Noble Houses, but it appears they are there to keep people in rather than out. Although I pressed the nobles I have befriended over time, they are wary of giving away too much concerning the current political climate. As far as I can tell, many of the city's rulers fear a mass exodus of Dark Elves to the surface. Why this is I cannot say for sure, but rumor has it that the Drow no longer lose their special abilities on the surface!

I have also come to understand that during my long absence many of you thought me dead, and have since gotten much of the information from another source. The work, which you received from Lady Alustriel written by a certain Drow scoundrel, may give various insights, but my treatise, which I have modestly entitled Underdark, on the numerous races and political organizations is far more comprehensive. Also, the young man's information was quite a bit out of date, and was written a full twelve years ago. I assure you

that you will find I have provided all that you have requested, and quite a bit more."

- Lazarus Ty'miiri, Sage Supreme of the Kulian Tower of High Knowledge

Drow Elves (Dark Elves)

Regions: The Underdark, Cormanthor, Dambrath, Calimport

Racial Feats: Arachnid Rider, At Home in the Deep, Blend into Shadows, Blooded, Daylight Adaptation, Dazzling Fire, Deceptive Illumination, Deepening Darkness, Elfhunter, Fade into Darkness, Fascinating Illumination, Gift of the Spider Queen, Highborn Drow, Improved Levitation, Instinctive Darkness, Intensify Darkness, Lolth's Blessing, Lolth's Meat, Master of Shadows, Radiant Flicker, Stealthy, Survivor, Twin Sword Style, Vermin Trainer, Verminfriend

Racial Prestige Classes: Arachnomancer, Cavestalker, Drow Judicator, Darkmask, Eye of Lolth, Ghaunadauran Slimelord, Dread Fang of Lolth, Insidious Corruptor, Kinslayer, Minion of Ghaunadaur (Use Thrall of Jubilex PrC from BoVD), Yathrinshree

History

Dark Elves. Ssri'Tel'Quessir. Drow. All of these names we have been called, and rightly so. All modern day Drow can trace their lineage back to the mythical world of Faerie, where they, along with all other Elves, came from originally. A prouder and more assertive group of beings would have been hard to find. The Dark Elves lived in the mountainous regions of Faerie, in a fairly rigid and structured society, unlike most of their other Elven kin on the eldritch plane, led by the mighty and enigmatic emperor.

This was the way things were for untold generations. In their mountain abodes, the Dark Elves watched in a combination of pity and disgust as their forest cousins danced naked under the stars, while they worked hard to perfect themselves, mentally, physically, and even socially. Shortly before -27,000 DR, however, things would change slightly.

Ka'Narlist Ilythiir, a young and charismatic magician of some power, secretly killed his father, who served in the Circle of Eight, a small group of eight advisors who advised the Emperor when he asked for advice. Ka'Narlist, ambitious even among Dark Elves, and possessing very few morals, was looking to change the status quo by convincing the Emperor to have the armies of the Dark Elves march from their mountain fortresses to seize other parts of Faerie. Time and time again, he put the suggestion forth, and time and time again, he was rebuked. Eventually, Ka'Narlist became disgusted with the Emperor, who he saw as holding the Dark Elf race back, and began plotting a coup.

He soon realized that plotting to destroy the Emperor was borderline suicidal, even for a mighty magician such as himself. The ambitious Ka'Narlist soon turned his eyes elsewhere, however. In his mountain abode, he witnessed various Wood Elves get tricked through portals leading to another world- which we know today as Abeir-Toril. Intrigued, Ka'Narlist kept note of where these portals were, and scried on this new world. Seeing it's mostly untapped riches and resources, Ka'Narlist decided to abandon Faerie for this new world, like many Elves in the past had done,

leaving to explore new world. Assembling the army he originally gathered to overthrow the Emperor, Ka'Narlist weaved powerful dweomers to force open the closed portals leading to Abeir-Toril and marched his army though them.

The rest, as they say, is history. Ka'Narlist displaced many of the Dragon baronies that he and his army came into contact with, and founded the Ilythiiri Empire. This empire, centered in the city of Atornnash, shined as the beacon of might, power, and magic, for many centuries. Unfortunately for others, Ka'Narlist had taken to the role of despotic ruler all too easily. While, looking at the empire in an objective sense, it was a beacon of might, power and magic, looking at it from the point of view of a native Faerûnian at the time, Ilythiir was a center of evil.

Soon after the Dark Elves came to Abeir-Toril, the Sun and Moon Elves arrived, having fled their ruined homeland of Tintageer. Unlike the Wood Elves on both Faerie and Abeir-Toril, the Sun and Moon Elves were on par with the Dark Elves, in terms of magical might. Because of this, the various Elven nations that sprung up during this time period had strained relations. Eventually, circumstances would arise that would case the Crown Wars to erupt.

During the Crown Wars, the Dark Elves started down a path that would eventually culminate in the Descent of the Drow. In -11,500 DR Coronal Geirildin Sethomiir of Ilythiir summoned the Balor Wendonai, and received the blessings and power of the Balor, and, by proxy, Lolth. Before this event, Lolth had been aiding the Dark Elves of Ilythiir, but in a covert manner. This contact was the formal beginning of the consensual relationship between the Dark Elves and Lolth. Using these powers, the Dark Elves of Ilythiir indeed caused many other nations to fear them. But, in doing so, it also set the stage for their eventually corruption and banishment into the Underdark.

By -10,000 DR, the Ilythiiri had exhibited numerous fell powers granted to them by Lolth, Ghaunadaur and Wendonai. They consorted with Demons, Undead, openly charmed other sentient creatures against their will to do the bidding of the Ilythiiri and cast massive spells that caused great destruction to both enemy nations and the planet itself. While, I suppose, some of their actions were justified- such as attacking the Vyshaantar Empire for the destruction of Miyeritar- the way that they went about doing it was not. And thus, in -10,000, the Drow were banished to the Underdark after hundreds of *Selu'Taar* and Clerics from neutral Illefarn were granted the power by Corellon Larethian.

They cursed the Dark Elves, who were then transformed- their skin became like polished obsidian, their hair snow white, and their eyes took on a sickly pale hue that could no longer tolerate the light of the sun. They became known as *Dhaeraow*, or 'Traitors', and were driven underground, thus ending the Fourth Crown War

The Seldarine ordered the Elves to make peace with each other, but no peace would come for the *Dhaeraow*, or Drow as they would later be known as, nor for all of the other Dark Elves throughout the multiverse that were unknowingly cursed along with their star-crossed cousins. My own people, the Dark Elves of Kule, became Drow that fateful day, not knowing why our deities had punished us. It is for that reason that so many Dark Elves turned from the Seldarine and became Lolth's children.

After their forced exile into the Underdark, the Drow at first lived as nomads, scavengers, and feral beasts. Seeing at how her recently acquired worshippers on Abeir-Toril were about to become extinct, Lolth intervened. She gave them a unique 'gift', the ability to see in the dark using heat sources. The Drow would also discover another gift they were given. The *Selu'Taar* from Illefarn, even though cursing their enemies, were not without compassion. In transforming the Dark Elves, they also bestowed upon them a resistance to the natural radiations that leak in the Underdark, one last farewell gift to their tainted cousins, showing them compassion to the end, and then even beyond.

Lolth guided the wandering tribes of Dark Elves- indeed, not all of the Dark Elves were Ilythiiri- to band together and create their own civilization, away from the prying eyes of the Seldarine. Shortly afterwards, in -9,600 DR, two Drow settlements sprung up in the Underdark- Telantiwar, with it's great schools of swordplay and magic, and Gualldurth, the Temple City of Lolth.

Eventually, being Drow, the residents of Telantiwar took to fighting amongst themselves, and in -7,600 DR, the great cavern of Bhaerynden- where Telantiwar was located- collapsed because of a magical civil war raging on between two opposing factions. Various political factions and families scattered their separate ways, founding various other Drow settlements. Menzoberra the Kinless, in -3,917 DR, founded the most famous of these Drow cities, Menzoberranzan.

It is interesting to note that when the Drow were first cursed, approximately one out of every hundred or so children born would have pure white skin, with either black or white hair. At first many of these children were killed off, thinking they were malformed or portents of ill tiding. Over time, however, some groups came to understand the benefits these albino children could bring, and began using these unique individuals as spies in the world above. These albino Drow- Szarkai- still had the Drow's aversion to sunlight, however, and their true nature is usually discovered because of this. In other places, groups of these albino Drow are kept penned up, and used as either slaves or for sacrifices to the dark deities of the Drow. Some managed to escape, and it is rumored they have their own secret enclave somewhere in the Underdark.

Although that is hard to imagine as fact, there is a group of pure white evil Sea Elves living in the Moonsea that are referred to as 'Sea Drow'. It is doubtful however, that these creatures, known as Marel, have any connection to the Drow what so ever. The albino Drow are now even rarer, with births being closer to the one-in-ten thousand range, and usually don't live to adulthood do to the brutal nature of their Underdark home.

Outlook

Originally, the Dark Elves were simply Elves who held more with the tenets of might than those of justice. If surface Elves could be said to have a 'thirst' for power, then Drow have an addiction. They have always strived to display their superiority to others, even before the Descent, as the events surrounding the curse are formally known.

Perhaps this obvious need to prove themselves dates back to the time of Araushnee's betrayal. After she was labeled Tanar'ri, and cast from

the Seldarine, the Dark Elves were left without a divine patron in the Seldarine, and perhaps they have held this feeling of inadequacy in their hearts for all these uncounted millennia? Who is to say what drives we Drow to the brink of madness... and, at times, beyond? The Dark Elves have always been a warlike people, at times fighting each other just as often as outsiders, and in dominating other cultures, and proving their superiority over them, the Dark Elves, perhaps, were simply expressing their need to prove themselves the equals- or superiors- of other Elves.

Competitiveness has always been our way, from our earliest records. Even when pursuing the goals of Arcane manipulation or Divine worship, they feel the need to out-perform all those around them. Always, they have turned their minds to dominating opponents, be it through the use of magic, or perfecting themselves physically. The Drow are the only Elven race that embraces the use of artificial limbs, seeing them as just another route to 'bettering' themselves. Unlike other Elves, Drow do not look at them as physical imperfections, and are in fact even proud of their battle-scars.

A Dark Elf will always strive to get the upper hand in a situation, whether that means becoming leader of a house or simply getting a larger portion of food than others. This trait can go from amazing in their aspirations, to downright petty. They enjoy hosting social functions, usually in hopes of winning new supporters and one-upping hated rivals. They use these social functions in a clandestine fashion, often forming alliances or arranging trade agreements.

Even among their own kind there is little room for love and friendship. Indeed, in the Drow language, there is no word for 'friend'. Although they value alliances with other family members and acquaintances, no Drow truly trust another Drow. Should the situation arise in which betraying an ally would somehow benefit a Drow, there is little doubt that the individual in question would not betray his or her ally.

Drow are extremely prideful, much like other Elves, but also have a perverse sense of humor. Practical jokes are commonplace at Drow social events, often times taking a turn toward cruelty. This is just one more example of they are constantly trying to make themselves appear superior.

Another is dancing, and revelry, which almost invariably turns into drunken debauchery. Many surface Elves would be quite shocked to learn just how much their evil kin enjoy a good party. In Drow society, being an excellent dancer brings much social prestige, and young Drow often put as much effort into this skill as they do the more practical ones.

The Dark Elves are not so much as opposites of the surface Elves, but rather, a dark and twisted reflection of them

Drow Characters

To excel at all things is the ultimate goal of every Drow, even the few "good" ones. There is no greater feeling than to defeat a hated rival. Whether in combat, or merely embarrassing them, this is the one true joy of a Dark Elven heart. All Drow feel this way, even though some, like the followers of Eilistraee, try to deny, and believe such feelings to be taints on their soul.

Since the Descent of the Drow, most Drow Elves have chosen to remain hidden beneath Abeir-Toril's surface, occasionally raiding the surface world

for fun and slaves. Recently however, the Drow have begun to extend their influence to the surface in greater numbers. They have started to move into abandoned Elven homelands, and have re-established themselves in places like Calimport, albeit secretly.

With the notable exception of Paladins, Drow excel at any single path they choose to pursue, with Fighters, Clerics, and Wizards being forefront amongst them. Rangers are also well received, as are Rogues- especially with assassination as a favorite pastime among the Dark Elves. They rarely follow the path of the Bard, but Dark Elven Minstrels are not unheard. Neither are the deep Druids, who use their earthen powers for the good of the Underdark. Hand-to-hand fighting is not popular in most cities, but several do have schools dedicated to the Monastic arts. Drow do not often multiclass, as their society tends to reward specialization in their strict caste system. Paladins are completely unheard of, but with so many young Drow turning from Lolth's teachings who knows what tomorrow may bring?

Favored Class

Centuries of tradition and social pressure have resulted in a schism between male and female Drow, in regards to their favored class. The favored class of all female Drow class is Cleric, whereas the male Drow favor the Elven standard, Wizard.

Prestige Classes

Drow cities almost always have academies dedicated to the Assassin's art. Also, most other classes relating to death and torture suit them very well. Blackguards are popular, as are other divine classes such as divine champion, divine disciple, and divine seeker. Any class that enables a Drow to be tied to Lolth only enhances their desire for upward social mobility.

Drow Society

Strangely, although individual Dark Elves tend to be chaotic, their society is most often that not controlled by a very strict caste system, be it imposed by the clergy of Lolth, the clergy of Vhaeraun, magicians, or whomever. In fact, many scholars postulate that the Drow need more laws and structure because of their chaotic nature. Without an explicit set of guidelines, and threats to back them up, they probably would have annihilated each other centuries ago.

All Drow social systems have at their heart a military basis, with everyone knowing their 'rank' and whom they take orders from- and whom they can give them to. This is a tradition that dates back millennia, to before the Descent of the Drow, and even before the Dark Elves first came to Abeir-Toril.

Most Drow societies are also matriarchal, ruled by the priestesses of Lolth. This is not always the case though, and there are cities that have nearly every form of government, including oligarchies that follow gods other than the Spider Queen. One can find patriarchal societies as well, most often ruled by wizards, and several republics that are ruled by councils, sometimes of men and women! This is why it is so very hard to define a single society among Drow. Some surface communities have even reverted to a tribal level of governance.

Whatever system of governance the Underdark Drow choose to use, its rulers are always selected from a small group of ruling elite, be them noble houses, or schools, or whatever else. Once a Dark Elf reaches their adolescent years, and are able to take care of themselves, rather than rely on other

caretakers, they will begin to attempt to 'move up' the ladder, as it were. Killing those directly above you in the pecking order is the most common way to rise through the ranks, closely followed by distinguished military service or magical power.

However, the power structure shifts daily, with in fighting amongst all of the ruling groups, and occasionally a minor house is elevated to a position of power overnight. Normally, the strongest few groups are very stable, and very rarely are there any major changes in them. In Lolthite society, the Matron Mother of the first house rules the city, and is also the head of the local temple of Lolth.

Unlike their class structure, Drow cities tend to be highly disorganized affairs, with the most powerful groups seizing all of the best territory. Lesser groups divide up what is left, and the commoners and slaves are relegated to the unsafe zones, usually near the outskirts of the city. Poverty, desperation, and oppression are the rule in a Drow city.

There is almost always a huge temple to Lolth located in a centralized location, and also military and magic academies near by. The city itself is usually a tangled chaotic mess of hundreds of architectural styles. Despite the seeming randomness of it all, many of the buildings are works of art, as well as function. The estates of the noble houses are prime examples of the Dark Elves appreciation for beauty, with many of the more elaborate features lit by permanent *Faerie Fire* spells.

Usually, Drow will keep dangerous creatures nearby, like their riding lizards, and even form alliances with creatures such as Beholders and Nagas to live in adjacent caverns. This system builds a living 'wall' of protection around the more inhabited portions of their cities. Because of the strife that led Drow to scatter to different parts of the Underdark, coupled with their own backstabbing tendencies, the Dark Elves find it just as hard if not harder to trust other Drow as they are other races. Part of this is due to their belief of superiority over most other races- with the notable exception of the Illithid and Dragons- so they very rarely recognize non-Drow as a serious threat. Another Drow, however, is always regarded as a threat, even if well below their station.

Language and Literacy

Most Drow speak Elven, the one or both of the Drow dialects of Undercommon- High Drow for nobles and priestesses, and Low Drow for everyone else- and a language appropriate to their current region. Initially, when the Drow first came to the Underdark, they had difficulty communicating with the other races of the Underdark, and most encounters were met with hostility, because they refused to speak, as they called them, 'lesser tongues'. Eventually, the Drow learned the languages of their new neighbors, and even developed a new one of their own, calling it Drow Cant, or Drow Sign Language, which use a series of hand gestures to communicate silently up to 120 feet away. Those with the time and inclination, particularly warriors and magicians, learn it along with many other tongues, including Abyssal, Common, Draconic, and Goblin. Each major Drow city has its own local dialect, and Drow from other cities can usually tell from whence another Drow came because of these accents.

Drow Magic and Lore

The Drow have developed a special kind of magical trap known as a Spell Web, which they use to

enclose and protect their enclaves, houses, and other important sites. This magic is very similar to the surface Elves' *Mythals*, but is much weaker and smaller in the effective area they may cover. Also, Spell Webs are more aggressively defensive than *Mythals*, and rarely provide defenders any benefits.

Drow nobles, along with other important and influential Drow, often carry House Insignias that contain enchantments that allow them to bypass the Spell Webs defenses. These insignias usually carry further protections as well, and also allow the use of levitation within a Drow household, something normally not allowed to outsiders. The Spell Webs themselves are vast and complicated magical constructs, usually being added to by each successive House Wizard. These amazing arcane weaves link together various forms of detection magic with powerful and destructive consequences. Normally, the ones around places are a simple affair of a few dozen spells woven together, but the Great Houses of a city may have hundreds of interlocked magics that have been assembled over the centuries. It is this nigh-on impregnable defense that allows for some stability within the upper houses.

Many unique spells have been developed by the Dark Elves.

Spells and Spellcasting

Drow have an affinity for magical glyphs and runes, which form the basis of their unique Spell Web magics. Without the proper house insignia, passing through warded doorways becomes a deadly game of chance. These Glyphs are similar to *Glyphs of Warding*, except that they do vanish after discharging. Drow Glyphs fall into three categories, which include way-marker runes used in patrol areas, Sacred Glyphs used to protect religious items and places, and House Defense Glyphs, which have already been discussed. Normally, Drow clerics who have become Runecasters place these glyphs, but they have been known to work with Wizards to create powerful combinations of arcane and divine magic, especially when erected defenses for their houses.

Drow also specialize in spells that have a spider theme, thanks to their close relationship to their goddess. Most often, one finds common spells that have been altered to suit the Drow, via the use of Spell Thematics, as in the case of *Spider Missiles*, a variant of *Magic Missiles* that simply appears to be glowing spiders flying at their target, *Spider Messenger*, a spider-related form of *Animal Messenger*, or the ever-popular *Spider Swarm*, a variation on the *Summon Swarm* spell. However, there are also many unique spider-themed magics, such as *Spiderskin*, *Spidereyes*, and *Death Spider*.

Drow Magic Items

The Drow, perhaps even more so than any other single race, use and own magical devices in abundance. Even the lowest members of Drow society usually have at least one magic item in their possession. Drow nobles and other important personages might have as many as a dozen or more, including Drow House Insignias, *Piwafwis*, and Greater *Piwafwis*.

In the past, Drow manufactured weapons and other magic items that were greatly enhanced in the presence of a *faerzress*, which is inherent and natural Underdark radiation. However, in recent years they have come to realize that the drawbacks outweigh the benefits, especially since many Drow now live in areas that are free of the *faerzress* radiation and that these magical items need periodic 'recharges'.

Drow items that are exposed to sunlight, in the past, have always crumbled into nothingness within a matter of a few hours. Some of the better-made items lasted a few days after being exposed to sunlight. However, recently, this problem plagues the race no more. There are many hypotheses about why this no longer occurs.

Drow Deities

The Drow worship a pantheon of deities known as the Dark Seldarine, led by Lolth, the Demon Queen of Spiders. It is a rather bitter and unhappy family, resembling their Drow worshippers in that respect. At best, the Dark, or Anti-Seldarine can be defined as a group of loosely allied deities who have come together for one common goal. This goal is to destroy the Seldarine. Unlike most other racial pantheons, there is more in fighting between the deities of the Dark Seldarine than there is against the actual Seldarine.

Also known as "The Dark Maiden", Eilistraee is the daughter of Lolth and the only good member of the pantheon. Normally only worshipped by surface Drow, she is a goddess of music and beauty. Her ceremonies always include song and dance, usually under the stars on a moonlit night. Eilistraee encourages her followers to accept others and treat them with kindness, and not to participate in the ruthless power struggles and wars other Drow enjoy.

Ghaunadaur, "The Elder Elemental God", or "That Which Lurks, is the patron of Outcasts, Slimes, Oozes, Jellies, and so on, not to mention other semi-amorphous creatures such as Gibbering Mouthers, Ghaunadans, and Ropers. It is believed that this entity was once a much more powerful being, but in a fit of rage it killed many of its worshipers and destroyed the intellect of most of the others. It's new place in the cosmic scheme of things is as an underling to Lolth, a position which infuriates it further and drives it to cause harm to Lolth's worshippers. The deity's Drow followers do not number many, because this bizarre alien being forces most of them to sacrifice themselves. There is a very small group however, who have managed to obtain its favor, and are granted much power.

The goddess Kiaransalee, it is said, was originally a mortal necromancer who has ascended to become the Drow goddess of vengeance and undeath. It is said that she sacrificed the entire population of her home world of Threnody to achieve godhood, before Araushnee herself fell from Corellon's grace. She is a petty, vindictive deity, and has had very little interest in the affairs of mortals. Recently, however, things have changed, and she is looking to gain followers both among humans and the surface Drow.

Lolth, "The Demon Queen of Spiders" is the uncontested ruler of the Anti-Seldarine. Among the people of Menzoberranzan, she is called Lloth, and in that city-like many other Drow settlements- every aspect of Drow life revolves around her worship. She is the absolute ruler of her pantheon, as well as the Dark Elves. She was once a lesser power of the Seldarine, and the paramour of Corellon Larethian, but her dark ambitions led to her eventual downfall. Cursed by the Elven deities, she spent untold millennium rebuilding her power and plotting her revenge. She projects her hatred of the Seldarine to their mortal followers, the surface Elves, and has made her own worshippers into her instrument of vengeance. She considers all non-Lolth worshipping Drow traitors, and has no love for Orcs, either. Even amongst other dark deities, she is

alone, having only her Selvatarm stand by her side. She is a bitter deity, forever plotting revenge against the surface world that shuns her.

Also known as "The Champion of Lolth" and the "Prince of Aranea", Selvatarm is the offspring of Vhaeraun and Zandilar the Dancer. Alas, the story of Selvatarm is a sad one indeed. He now appears as a horrific giant spider with a human head, and serves Lolth as her protector, even though he hates her, as do all the Dark Seldarine.

Vhaeraun, "The Masked Lord", Drow deity of thievery and the furthering of Drow interests in the 'Night Above', as the surface world is known. Vhaeraun's followers are typically Dark Elves who have cast off the yoke of Lolth and wish to retake their rightful place in the surface world. They excel at stealth and subterfuge, and often win the day by playing their enemies against one another. Strangely, he hates both his mother Lolth and his sister Eilistraee, the former for her mistreatment of males and the latter he views as a rival for surface Drow's worship. Although an evil deity, he allows surface Elves to join his ranks, and even encourages his followers to intermarry with other Elven races! His followers hate Lolth worshippers above all, and will side with surface races to hunt them down and kill the 'Spider Kissers', as his followers call them.

Relations with Other Races

Drow do not play well with others. They fight with most surface races, as well as many Underdark types. They tolerate the presence of some creatures, such as Duergar or Slyth, and occasionally work with others such as the Kua-Toa and Illithids. Although they treat the Mind Flayers with grudging respect, they have very low opinions of their other erstwhile allies. The warlike mentality of Dark Elves makes it very hard for them to interact in a peaceful fashion, even and especially with their fellow Drow.

Most creatures captured in battle become slaves, including Orcs, Goblinoids, Minotaurs, Quaggoth, and just about any other sentient species. Drow slaves from other cities, known as battle-captives, are treated fairly well, but all others are treated so badly that they do not last very long. The slave trade is a thriving business in most Drow cities, because slaves do all menial labor.

Occasionally, Drow raid the surface for slaves and other valuables, but never take surface Elves captive. The Drow hatred for their surface cousins is so fierce that they attack on sight. They do not try to kill them however, at least not quickly, preferring to bring pain, suffering, and torment on them for as long as possible to satisfy their own sick pleasures.

Drow Equipment

Drow often make use of poisoned weapons, their favorite of which is a powerful knockout toxin they use to capture, rather than kill, other creatures. Drow poison makers keep this substance a well-guarded secret, extracting its ingredients from rare Underdark flora. They make quite a few other poisons as well, including ones they extract from scorpions, spiders, and other dark denizens of the Night Below.

Upon until recently, nearly all Drow-made items slowly disintegrated after being exposed to the rays of the sun, on the surface world. This is because of the fact that most Drow-crafted items were infused with the magical essences of *Faerzress*. Fairly recently, this phenomenon suddenly stopped, for reasons unknown.

Some say that it had something to do with Vhaeraun empowering his servants on the Night Above. Others believe that it had something to do with Lieriel Baenre, a rogue Drow Wizardess, and the magical artifact in her possession, the Windwalker Amulet. Others say that Lolth has authorized a complete eradication of the surface Elves, and wants to aid her children in the task.

Arms and Armor

Drow prefer to use weapons that take advantage of their speed and reflexes, such as rapiers, and daggers. They prefer armor made from Mithral, when they can get it, and weapons made from Adamantine for its strength. The hand crossbow is another Drow favorite, and most fighters take these, along with poisoned tipped quarrels, on raids and other missions.

Animals and Pets

As disgusting as it may seem, most Dark Elves keep other sentient races as pets. They will usually pick out one truly unique slave to be their favorite for a while, even going so far as having the poor creature crawl around behind them on a leash. This slave receives slightly better treatment than most, but it hardly makes up for the utter humiliation that must be felt.

Spiders are another favorite, and there are literally hundreds of varieties, from tiny to huge, that Drow love to surround themselves with. Depending on the city, some species have religious significance. In those rare cities where Lolth is out of favor, spiders are purposely killed on sight, as an affront and challenge to Lolth and her followers.

Another creature kept by Dark Elves are large riding lizards. They are well treated for animals, and both are vicious predators, often making a light snack of a slow-moving slave. Some cities breed their own specific varieties, and it's been said that Menzoberranzan has managed to successfully crossbreed different species of lizards, creating a much heavier and more powerful form of riding lizard. These battle lizards, as they are called, are capable of rearing up and walking on two legs and running on all four.

Afterword

"It is with great regret that I inform you, the reader, of the unforeseen problems surrounding friend Lazarus's contribution to Queen Amlaruil's history of the Elven people. I had entertained hopes of eventually being allowed to peruse the libraries on his homeworld someday, but alas, I feel that is now impossible for several reasons. You see, the Imperial Elven Navy has reported his ship missing, with all hands lost, soon after leaving Abeir-Toril. Although no wreckage was found, I fear the worst for my friend, and pray to the Seldarine to forgive him his sins and grant him final rest in Arvandor."

-Daerian Sunstar, Loremaster of Evermeet, DR 1374

Fey'ri

Regions: Cormanthyr, The High Forest

Racial Feats: Deepening Darkness, Enervative Healing, Fiendish Bloodline, Improved Energy Resistance, Infernal Bargainer, Spell-like Ability Focus

Racial Prestige Classes: Arcane Archer, Bladesinger

History

Long before the nation of Cormanthyr was formed, the nation of Arcorar ruled supreme in the High Forest. Among the noble rulers of Arcorar were the Dlardraegeths, a family of proud Sun Elves. The Dlardraegeths were survivors of ancient Aryvandaar, and had witnessed- and fought in- the Crown Wars.

The political climate of the nation was changing, though. The power that the Dlardraegth held was being threatened. The matriarch of the family consorted with her advisors, and soon resorted to a sickening alternative, rather than allow the power of the family to wane.

The powerful Archmagi of House Dlardraegeth, following the orders of the Dlardraegeth matriarch, summoned Tanar'ri from the Abyss into a magically secreted complex in their Arcorar manor. Though the details of the Demonic bargain have been lost to time, the Tanar'ri were allowed to bed the matriarch of the clan, as well as a few other Dlardraegeth women.

After the normal Elven gestation period, the Elven women who had been fertilized by the Demonic seed of the summoned Tanar'ri gave birth to the very first Elven Half-Fiends. These Elven babes seemed to be normal Sun Elves, but they were, or course, something more. The first "batch" of Elven Half-Fiends would grow up to be physically weaker than other Sun Elves, but would have more powerful inherent magical abilities. Satisfied with the results of breeding with Incubi, the Dlardraegeth then summoned Succubi, to bed male members of the family.

Within a few decades, the other Elves of Arcorar learned of the infernal practices of the Dlardraegeth. They mustered soldiers and wizards from different families, and attacked the Dlardraegeth manor. The wizards banished the Tanar'ri who had remained in Arcorar, rather than return to the Abyss, while the soldiers hunted down and captured fleeing members of the family. Once all of the Dlardraegeth had been captured, they were sealed in their manor, and a High Magic *Mythal* was placed around it. This *Mythal* trapped the Dlardraegeth within the walls of their manor, where the majority of them would eventually die.

Unbeknownst to the High Magi of Arcorar, some Dlardraegeth did escape the compound before it was sealed. Lady Sarya Dlardraegeth, now the Matron of the family, her four sons, one daughter, and her nephew, were able to escape east, hoping to lose any pursuers and establish a new safehold. It is believed that Sarya's mother, the former Matron of House Dlardraegeth, had been planning to escape on her own, but Sarya killed her before she could escape, learned of her plans, and fled there herself, with her children and nephew.

For centuries, Sarya and her relatives lived in secret in a volcanic crag just east of Eaelrann's borders, in Siluvanede. They rarely ventured out of these crags, for fear of being spotted and killed by other Elves in the area. The story of the Dlardraegeths had spread, and now, most Elves knew of the sickening breeding programs the family had had.

Eventually, the High Magi of Arcorar dropped the *Mythal* surrounding the Dlardraegeth manor. As they were surveying the destruction of the family, they noted that several high key members of the family were missing. Subsequent divinations would reveal their escape from destruction hundreds of years ago, and their current dwelling.

The High Magi shortly gated to Eaelrann, and assembled a group to destroy the Dlardraegeths once and for all. The group then confronted the Half-Fiend Elves in their "home", and a small battle quickly ensued. Four of the seven Dlardraegeths were killed- three of Sarya's sons, and her daughter. Sarya herself, as well as her son Ryvvik, and her nephew, Xalph, survived. The High Magi weaved a spell that sealed the remaining Dlardraegeth in their "home", placing them in a stasis that prevented physical action, but allowed the three Elven Cambions full control of their minds.

The Dlardraegeths had been making secret alliances with some of the minor noble houses of Siluvanede, and were in the process of sparking a war between that Elven nation, and Eaelrann. The unauthorized incursion into Siluvanede, as well as the aggression shown against a Sun Elf family- no matter how tainted they were- was one of the sparks that lit the Seven Citadels' War, between Eaelrann and Siluvanede. Finally, in DR -4500, the two nations came to blows.

During the two hundred years of conflict, each and every one of the High Magi who had imprisoned the Dlardraegeth perished. They had originally planned to release the Dlardraegeth survivors from their reverie at a later time, after consulting other Elven leaders and Magi, to determine what their final fate should be. But, since no one else knew of the Dlardraegeth survivors being sealed in the crags, they were forgotten. For thousands of years, the Elven Cambions staved off insanity by dreaming of the day when they would be able to extract their revenge.

In DR 1368, the Year of the Banner Hellgate Keep was destroyed, using the power of the Gatekeeper's Crystal, a powerful artifact dating back to ancient Aryvandaar. The magics of the crystal stripped all of the magic from the crag that the three Dlardraegeth had been sealed in, including the wards that kept them in stasis. After thousands of years, the Dlardraegeth were free once more. After months of scheming, spying and scrying, they stepped out of their prison for the first time in centuries.

During their time in stasis, the Dlardraegeth had learned that the three houses that of Siluvanede, the Flosin, the Aelorothei, and the Ealoeth, had discovered hidden caches of Dlardraegeth magical items and magical spells. They too had consorted with Demons, and had Half-Fiends among them. Furthermore, those Half-Demons mated with other Elves, producing Fey'ri, or Daemonfey, offspring. But, like the Dlardraegeth, these "lesser" Fey'ri had been discovered, and sealed away, to be forgotten.

One by one, the Dlardraegeth began to break the seals on their magical armories, recovering ancient magics and items, as well as freeing their allies. By the time DR 1374, the Year of Lightning Storms arrived, Sarya Dlardraegeth had an army of sixty or so Fey'ri. The numbers rose and fell in the years since the Fey'ri became freed. They kidnapped Sun Elves from the nearby Silver Marches to increase their numbers, but at the same time, their brutal way of life often meant killing each other. Somewhere along the line, Countess Sarya killed her own son, because he harbored plans of

eventually unseating her as the head of the Dlardraegeth, and the leader of the Daemonfey.

As she contemplated revenge, Sarya gain an unexpected ally. Malkizid, the fallen Solar, had as much of a thirst for revenge as Sarya did. The two entered into an uneasy alliance, with each one thinking that they had the upper hand. In retrospect, it seems that Malkizid did have the upper hand. For every bit as strong Sarya was, Malkizid was simply in a league of his own.

Malkizid supplied Sarya with an army of Demons, Devils and Yugoloth, as well as ancient magics that would bend Elven High Magic to her will. Setting up their base in Myth Glaurach, Sarya modified the ancient *Mythal* of the city to serve as an anchor for all of her extraplanar allies, allowing them to stay on the Material Plane indefinitely. She then began her war against Elves. The first target was Evereska.

Sarya and the Fey'ri encountered setback after setback. They were eventually driven from Myth Glaurach. The Fey'ri fled to Myth Drannor, where they dug into the city, ready for an all or nothing assault by the Elven Crusade that they were fighting against. That assault did come, and the Elven Crusade won the battle. Sarya Dlardraegeth was killed, as was her nephew, and countless other Fey'ri. If she is still alive, it is likely that the young Threlya Dlardraegeth is the de facto leader of the Fey'ri now. The Daemonfey who survived scattered into the winds, fleeing for their lives. The Elven Crusade is currently still hunting these remaining Fey'ri down.

It is likely that the remaining Fey'ri will be hunted down and slain within the next few years. This will mark the end of the Fey'ri. Though it would sadden me if it were any other Elven race, this news is nothing but a relief to me, and most other Elves. It will mark the end of a terrible chapter in Elven history.

Outlook

Above all, any Fey'ri wants one thing- Revenge. Long ago, their fellow Elves imprisoned them. For thousands of years, they sat within their prisons, brooding. The hatred of their fellow Elves grew infinitely greater. Since being freed, and being defeated by other Elves once more, the surviving Fey'ri are even more consumed with vengeance.

Fey'ri feel superior to all other Elves, and in fact, all other living creatures. They have a particular enmity for Moon Elves. Of course, since they were once Sun Elves, this makes sense. We Sun Elves are known for our "superiority complexes". In their minds, the Fey'ri are the pinnacle of Elven civilization, and they want to restore the world to the way it is supposed to be- A grand Elven Empire with a Dlardraegeth heading it, and other Fey'ri serving their Coronal at the upper echelons of society. Of course, the Fey'ri are so twisted that they don't even realize that they are no longer even Elves, thanks to the Fiendish blood within them.

Most Fey'ri are very confused about the world today. When Ascalhorn was finally destroyed, and the Fey'ri freed, many was totally disoriented and bewildered. The world they left still had Elves on the top of the societal totem pole, and other races were still simple savages (and many still are to this day, though not necessarily in the same ways). Now, Humans were the most prevalent species on Faerûn, and all of the Elven empires they knew and supposedly loved were long gone. This further agitated the Fey'ri and caused them to hate nearly everything even more. This, I do not blame them, though. I know that were I ever to be

put in *Temporal Stasis* and awakened thousands of years later, I, too, would be somewhat agitated- though I would not start going about plotting to destroy the world!

Fey'ri are patient, calculating and suspicious, but are prone to outbursts of violence, cruelty and rage, thanks to the Fiendish blood that runs through their veins. Some Fey'ri still have some Elven blood left in them, and are not totally evil. At the same time though, no Fey'ri is good. Though I have heard tales of rogue Fey'ri living along, not wanting to bother their neighbors, and in return, not wanting to be bothered themselves, I have never heard any tales of rogue Fey'ri who have become champions of good and justice, as some Drow are apt to become.

Fey'ri Characters

Fey'ri are have never been common anywhere on Faerûn, at any time. In the past, they were imprisoned for thousands of years. Today, they have been vanquished, and are almost at the point of extinction. Therefore, adventurer Fey'ri are virtually unheard of. Those that do adventure usually make good of their *Alter Form* ability.

Fey'ri adventurers are most commonly Fighters, Rogues and Sorcerers. Their Fiendish Elven blood is practically overflowing with eldritch power, which is why so many Fey'ri become Sorcerers. Their Elven natures lend them the abilities necessary to make good Fighters and Rogues as well.

Favored Class

Almost every Fey'ri has dabbled in the magical arts in one degree or another. Because of their Fiendish blood, magic simply comes naturally to Fey'ri. As a result, their favored class is Sorcerer. Fey'ri who are less apt in the use of magic often become Fighters, or Rogues.

Prestige Classes

Fey'ri Sorcerers, if talented enough, often become Archmagi. Were they able to, there is no doubt that the few Fey'ri wizards who exist would be *Selu'Taar*. Fortunately, because of the taint within them, Fey'ri cannot command High Magic, though they know much about it. Some Fey'ri become assassins, while others become Weapon Masters. Because they still possess Elven blood, archers with a knack for sorcery often become Arcane Archers.

Fey'ri Society

Fey'ri society is very close-knit. Oddly enough, this doesn't mean that the Fey'ri like each other. In fact, it is quite the opposite- most Fey'ri actually detest each other. A Fey'ri may know a relative enough to know how they would react in a certain situation, but they don't necessarily have to like the person.

I have two theories on why this occurs. One reason may be because, deep inside, their Elven natures take affront to the Fiendish taint of their kin. The other reason may be because their Fiendish ancestors were so chaotic, and so rebellious that they were not able to get along with anyone. This, in turn, has manifested itself in the Fey'ri as a slight loathing for one another.

As a result, Fey'ri is based upon power and fear, much like Drow society. Power prompts a Fey'ri to follow the commands of their superior. Fear of being utterly destroyed is what prompts a Fey'ri to actually listen to the commands of a superior, and carry them out.

Language and Literacy

Fey'ri speak Elven first and foremost. Like the Sun Elves that they once were, they see other languages as affronts to their Elven sensibilities, and minimize the amount of time they need to speak these lesser languages. Fey'ri also are taught Abyssal, since that language, too, is part of their heritage. The only other language that Fey'ri do not begrudge speaking is Draconic, since it is the language of magic.

Few Fey'ri learn to speak common. Their attitude is that if a being thinks it is worthy enough to speak with a Fey'ri, they will do so in the Fey'ri's native language. Individual Fey'ri learn to speak Gnoll, Goblin and Sylvan, since these creatures have always lived around the Fey'ri's traditional homes. No Fey'ri speaks Celestial, since merely speaking the language actually causes them pain.

Fey'ri Magic and Lore

They Fey'ri have access to ancient magics, both mundane, and High. Upon being sealed away, they were able to retain their magical traditions. This included their mundane magical traditions, and the High Magic traditions of ancient Siluvande. Fey'ri commonly employ spells from the Conjunction, Evocation and Transmutation schools.

Conjunction spells allow them to summon other fiendish creatures to fight their battles for them. It was very common during the Elven Crusade for the Fey'ri to summon Demons to attack the armies from Evermeet. The Demons would teleport into our camps, and attack our soldiers when we were not expecting it. During armed skirmishes, Demons would compose the first or second attack waves, with the actual Fey'ri cowering behind them.

Evocation spells are generally destructive, and random, appealing to the chaotic and evil hearts within each Fey'ri. In the past, they have been reluctant to use spells that also damage the forests, which the Fey'ri also call home. However, during the Crusade, there was no evidence that the Fey'ri were concerned about the environment, given the fact that they regularly conjured *Fireballs* and *Lightning Bolts*.

Transmutation spells mask the faults that Fey'ri have. Spells like *Bull's Strength*, and *Endurance* hide the fact that, like all Elves, they are somewhat fragile creatures. They also use other transmutation spells to enhance their strengths, such as *Cat's Grace*, and *Haste*.

Spells and Spellcasting

We Elves are magical creatures to begin with. The Fey'ri have augmented their own Elven natures with the Abyssal magics of Demons. Thus, sadly, they possess even more natural magical talents than the rest of the *Tel'Quessir*. But, while our magics are perfectly natural, the magics of the Fey'ri are unnatural, and stem from the Lower Planes.

What is most notable about the Fey'ri is that Sorcerers compose the majority of their magical ranks. While we surface Elves, and even Drow Elves, have some Sorcerers, the majority of our mages are Wizards. The fact that their Elven blood is mixed with that of Demons is the likely cause for this difference between us.

Because of their Demonic heritage, all Fey'ri have innate magical talents. All Fey'ri, no matter what family, or the amount of fiendish blood within them, can use the spell *Alter Self* at will. This allows Fey'ri agents to hide themselves amongst *N'Tel'Quessir*, or even

other *Tel'Quessir*. One of the reasons why there is such trouble hunting down the remaining Fey'ri is because so many of them have used this ability to completely hide their true natures.

Fey'ri can innately call to mind other spells, depending on the depth of their infernal heritage. Some can use the ability *Clairaudience/Clairvoyance* once per day. Some can use the ability *Darkness* once per day. Others can cast *Detect Thoughts*, *Dimension Door*, *Enervation*, or *Suggestion* once per day. It seems, however, that a single Fey'ri can only possess a maximum of four of these innate abilities.

Fey'ri Magic Items

Like the rest of the *Tel'Quessir*, magic came easily to the Sun Elves who became the Fey'ri. As a result, Fey'ri have access to typical Elven magic items, such as *Boots of Elvenkind*, *Cloaks of Elvenkind*, *Oathbows*, and *Elven Chainmail*. Because of their Fiendish blood, Fey'ri also have access to vile, Abyssal magical items.

Fey'ri Deities

Because of their dealings with the denizens of the Lower Planes, and because of their fiendish heritages, the Fey'ri, as a whole, do not worship the Seldarine anymore. Unlike other Planetouched, they seldomly take to worshipping the Demons that spawned them. Many Tiedlings worship the demons that created them. Fey'ri rarely do.

Individual Fey'ri sometimes take to the worship of Fenmarel Mestarine, or Shevarash. Both are members of the Seldarine, but exist on the fringes of the Elven Pantheon. Neither Fenmarel Mestarine nor Shevarash tolerate Fey'ri worshippers, however, and they both consider the Demonic Elves to be aberrations of nature that need to be destroyed. Shevarash goes so far as to say that Fey'ri are just as vile as Drow, and commands his Dhaerowathila to hunt Fey'ri as well. Neither Shavarash or Fenmarel Mestarine grant spells to Fey'ri who worship them.

The fell deity Ghaunadaur has a foothold in Fey'ri society. Nearly a century ago, the Elder Elemental God manifested to the elders of House Flosin, and the house adopted him as their patron. Through word of mouth, and "forced persuasion", Ghaunadaur's worship has spread to the other Fey'ri houses. It is the closest thing the Fey'ri have to a patron.

The fact that the Fey'ri openly worship a Drow deity is evidence that shows just how twisted they have become. They believe themselves to be the 'truest', 'purest' Elves, but yet, they worship a deity that no Elf in his right mind would ever consider paying any kind of homage to.

Relations with Other Races

Just as no Elf in his/her right mind holds any love for the Fey'ri, no Fey'ri holds any love for we *Tel'Quessir*. Even though they may have had similar goals, the Fey'ri and the Drow have no love for each other, either. The Drow see Fey'ri as lesser creatures, while the Fey'ri still have their Sun Elven disdain for the Drow.

Of all the Elven subraces, Fey'ri can identify the most with Sun Elves, mainly because they were once Sun Elves themselves. Over the course of the centuries, Fey'ri have had "forced breeding programs", where Sun Elf women have been kidnapped, and then forced on by Fey'ri males. The children would possess Demonic blood, and thus, be Fey'ri. After giving birth,

the Sun Elf women would either be killed, made slaves, or sometimes, if they were of particularly good stock, would be forced upon again and again, until they could no longer produce children.

The Fey'ri have little love for Humans. They see them as means to accomplish ends, as demonstrated by the actions of the former Countess of House Dlardraegeth, Sarya. She made alliances with Maalthiir of Hillsfar, greedy Sembians, and ruthless Zhents. When they outlived their usefulness, they were betrayed and disposed of, for the most part.

The Fey'ri have little regard for Dwarves, Halflings, Gnomes, Orcs, Goblins and other Demihumans. They see them as inferior creatures, but do not directly go out of their way to subjugate or punish them. The same goes for fellow Genasi and Tieflings. They are simply inferior creatures to be used to gain power.

Fey'ri universally revile Aasimar. Aasimar are as good as Fey'ri are evil. The Fey'ri see Aasimar as Celestial-tainted creatures that are the closest thing they have to natural enemies.

Fey'ri Equipment

Arms and Armor

The Fey'ri do not have any specific types of arms or armors. They simply use the weapons and armors that they were imprisoned with long ago. All Fey'ri fight with Elven steel, and refuse to wield weapons that are not of Elven make. Likewise, most Fey'ri wear Elven Chainmail, because its weight makes it easier for them to fly, and wear no other armors. Fey'ri commonly have different magics weaved upon their weapons.

Animals and Pets

Fey'ri do not really have pets, just like most Sun Elves do not have pets. There are certain creatures that the Fey'ri believe they have special affinities with. These creatures are the Phoenix, the Pegasus, the swan and the Griffon. The reason for this is because these animals are features on the heraldic devices of the four different Fey'ri clans. House Dlardraegth's features a Phoenix. House Aelorothi's features a swan. House Ealoeth's features a pair of Pegasi. House Floshin's features a two-headed Griffon.

When possible, the Fey'ri capture these creatures, and conduct twisted and vile experiments on them. They seek to tame, or if that is not possible, enspell them, and infuse them with Fiendish blood as well. Rarely, Fey'ri venture into the Abyss and capture Fiendish versions of these creatures, or summon them to the Material Plane.

"The vines on the far side of the glade parted, and an enormous silver wolf passes into the clearing. It was twice as large, perhaps even three times as large, as any wolf I have ever seen. In truth, it could be said to resemble a forest wolf insofar as a unicorn could be likened to a horse, or an Elf to a Human. The creature's blue eyes were large and intelligent, almond-shaped like those of an Elf, and its ears were long and pointed above its sharply triangular face. There was a fey grace to its step, and lingering about it was an eldritch aura that seemed to capture and embody the essence of the forest's magic.

Lythari."

-Ferret of Talltrees, circa DR 1364, the Year of the Wave

Lythari Elves
(Werewolf Elves)
Ly'Tel'Quessir

Regions: Lythari Dens, Evermeet, The Endless Wastes

Racial Feats: None

Racial Prestige Classes: None

History

The Lythari, or *Ly'Tel'Quessir* are the most mysterious of all the Elven subraces. They are also the most alien of all the Elven subraces. Whereas most Elven subraces have enjoyed close ties to each other, the Lythari have been distant and alien for nearly as long as they have been on Toril.

The Lythari were among the first Elven migrants to Toril. Along with the Avariel and the Wild Elves, the Lythari left their native home of Faerie, and migrated to Faerûn. Sages suggest that this migration occurred around twenty-seven millennia ago, and though that is the closest estimate, the exact timeframe will forever remain a mystery.

According to the legends of the Vil Adanranth, the Lythari who live in the Endless Wastes, the *Akhrasut Neth*, the 'Mother's Bed', small hill, was the site where the Lythari came to Faerûn. Whether this is where all Lythari originally came from, or just the eastern Vil Adanreth, is lost to history.

Some sages, particularly among Humans, note the nature of the Lythari, and categorize them as separate creatures than the rest of the *Tel'Quessir*. The Lythari are natural-born shape shifters, after all. Elven scholars, however, still include the Lythari as an Elven subrace. The Lythari are often mistaken for "simple" Elven Werewolves. Although they share many similarities with Werewolves, they are quite different.

There are few mentions of Lythari in recorded history. Lythari are terribly shy, and would rather not be involved in worldly matters. It is this attitude that got them their nickname 'Silver Shadows'.

In the days shortly after the fall of Myth Drannor, the Wild Elves of the Forest of Tethir were threatened. The threat was so dire, that even the

Lythari aided their fellow Elves in beating back the threat. Zoastria Moonflower, known to the Wild Elves as Soora Thea, led the united peoples to victory.

When the traitorous Kymil Nimesin led an attack against Evermeet to force Queen Amlauril to abdicate her throne, the Lythari defended our homeland. Many veterans of the fighting fought alongside the Lythari, who had come to the defense of the Queen and of the island of Evermeet itself.

The most recent mention of Lythari within history books concerns the Wild Elves of Tethyr. With the help of Arilyn Moonblade, the Wild Elves were able to secure the help of the Lythari in dealing with the unscrupulous Humans who were illegally venturing into the forests and inflaming Human-Elven relations.

But, even as I write this, tales are coming to Evermeet, in which the Vil Adanreth participate. Apparently, the eastern Lythari participated in a battle against an ancient Raumathari evil that hailed from the fortress of Winterkeep. Though details are sketchy, I am sure that in the future, this information will be confirmed or proved false.

Outlook

Lythari are kind, gentle, benevolent and intelligent. Unlike normal werewolves, Lythari never inflict wanton violence, nor do they attack intelligent creatures without reason. Lythari also have very shy personalities. Most Lythari do not want to get involved at all in the affairs of the world, because they see that no good can come from them. Most Lythari see the Material Plane as a place to hunt only, and do their best to do even this without being seen.

Lythari live in communal societies, called dens. Their dens are not actually on the Material Plane, but seem to be on the Plane of Faerie, instead. Lythari have the ability instantly teleport from their dens to nearly anywhere on the Material Plane instantly. This makes narrowing down where Lythari live very difficult. But, Lythari usually do not travel very far from their dens.

Lythari are sometimes seen in the Farmeadows, and the Horsefields, right here on Evermeet. Though I have never witnessed seeing a Lythari on the Green Isle, I do not doubt that they exist, since Evermeet is a refuge for all Elves, including Lythari.

There is at least one Lythari den located near Evereska, in the Graycloak Mountains. Arilyn Moonblade can attest to this, because, according to her, it was here that she first met her Lythari friend Ganamede.

There are three particular spots in the Forest of Tethir that are believed to contain Lythari dens. One spot is close to Castle Spulzeer. The second spot is at the eastern edge of the forest, and the third is in the south, near the Star Spire Mountains.

The oft-frozen Endless Wastes is home to many Lythari. The Vil Adanreth, they are called. The Tuigan, the Sossrim, and other indigenous people fear them, and revere them as mystical beings.

Lythari Characters

Lythari are beautiful, fey and otherworldly, even for Elves. This is true in both their lupine and humanoid forms. In Elven forms, they are pale skinned, tall, and usually have light blue or green eyes with long, flowing, silver hair. In their lupine forms, they are equally as attractive. They always have pale gray or silver fur, and possess keen and intelligent eyes, in

hues of blue or brown. Unlike normal wolves, which unnerve most Elves, Humans and other races, Lythari in their lupine form seem to give no impression of danger or ferocity. Instead, they actually seem quite friendly, and companionable. There are tales of rangers thinking that their lupine companions were simply wolves, but they eventually turn out to be Lythari.

Favored Class

Very few Lythari ever leave their dens to go adventure. The few who do are masters of the forests, and are most commonly Rangers. The Lythari punish any who threatened their dens and the forests of Faerûn.

Prestige Classes

None

Lythari Society

Lythari society is shrouded in mystery. There are very few resources that discuss the Lythari, and there are even fewer that talk about how they live. Even Elminster of Shadowdale would need to collect his thoughts and think before giving an accurate dissertation on Lythari society.

Lythari live in dens on a plane entirely different than the Material Plane. Where exactly their dens are is no known. Arilyn Moonblade, daughter of Amnestria Moonflower, once traveled to the den of her companion, Ganamede. From what she observed, I believe that Lythari make their dens on the legendary plane of Faerie, where we Elves originally come from.

Lythari are pacifists. They would rather run away from a problem than face it head on. And, being that they have the ability to instantly teleport back to their dens on Faerie, this does not surprise me. This also does not come as a surprise, because of their extremely low numbers.

When they are positively forced to fight, or when they are defending their young, the Lythari fight with viciousness. In their lupine forms, they bite and, to a lesser extent, claw their enemies. While in Elven form, Lythari fight like all other humanoids. Like other werecreatures, Lythari are resistant to normal blows. Only enchanted weapons, or weapons coated in silver, truly hurt a Lythari.

Most sages consider Lythari lycanthropes, but yet, they are interfertile. Unlike normal lycanthropes, who do not necessarily pass on their disease while reproducing, Lythari give birth to more Lythari. Like other Elves, Lythari can breed with Humans, though these unions are extremely rare, and most children born to these couplings do not live past birth. Interestingly enough, Lythari can also bestow upon any willing Elf the ability to become a Lythari themselves. Both the Lythari and the Elf in question need to be willing participants.

Lythari dens are small and totally communal. There are no leaders, and there are no subordinates. Every member of a den is completely equal. One might think that his causes a little confusion, but because Lythari have completely shut the rest of the world out from their society, it does not.

The Lythari of the Endless Wastes, the Vil Adanrath, live differently. They live in tribes, ruled by leaders, called *Omahs*, or 'Chiefs'. The strongest *Omah* is the *Omah Nin*, or the 'Highest Chief'. The *Belkagen*, or 'Good Seer' is the spiritual leader of the Vil Adanrath. The *Belkagen* is very much a shaman of sorts.

Lythari leave their dens when they go hunting on the Material Plane. The Lythari prefer to hunt deer, wild boar and other medium sized game. During the

winter, or whenever the local population is low, Lythari hunt smaller creatures, such as rabbits, squirrels, and similar creatures. No records exist that confirm or deny that Lythari are omnivorous, like all other Elves.

Language and Literacy

All Lythari are fluent in Elven and Sylvan. As pups, they are taught both languages. Because most Lythari prefer their lupine forms, most Lythari are illiterate, since it is impossible for them to write in these forms. Lythari who often spend time in their Elven forms, or need to read, for whatever the reason, learn how to read.

The Vil Adanrath commonly learn how to speak Common, since many traders often pass their tribal communities while going places. Some even go as far as to learn regional tongues, such as the language of the Tuigan, or the language of the Sossrim.

Lythari Magic and Lore

Lythari have no particular spells attributed to them, nor do they have any particular arcane teachings. It is believed that the Lythari ability to instantly teleport to their dens is natural, and does not stem from any particular item or spell.

Spells and Spellcasting

The Lythari have no particular Spellcasting styles or spells attributed to them.

Lythari Magic Items

They Lythari have no particular items attributed to them, nor do they utilize any kind of magical equipment.

Lythari Deities

The Lythari, like all other Elves, revere the Seldarine. Rillifane Rallathil, the Leaf-Lord, is the patron of the Lythari in the Seldarine. The lupine Elves also pay particular homage to King Oberron and Queen Titania, of the Seelie Court. In fact, most Lythari pray to the King and Queen of the Seelie Court before they pray to the Seldarine. Because the Seldarine and the Seelie Court are so closely allied, this does not seem to bother the Elven deities.

The Vil Adanrath no longer seem to worship the Seldarine. They practice a form of animism, though there is no doubt in my mind that it is the Seldarine who are listening to their prayers, and answering them.

Relationships with Other Races

The *Ly'Tel'Quessir* are a very secretive people. To even the most learned scholar, they are nothing but a legend, or at most, an extinct race. But, we *Tel'Quessir* know better, and we know the truth. The Lythari are quite real, but they maintain a near total isolation.

Small, independent groups of Lythari live in various parts of Toril. There are a few Lythari dens on Evermeet, as well as a few in former Elven forests on the mainland. On Evermeet, where they are surrounded by kindred Elven spirits, they make themselves somewhat more known. They are much more shy and distrustful of *N'Tel'Quessir*, and live in total isolation from them.

The Lythari get along well with all Elves, except for Drow and Fey'ri. They have the closest kinship with Wild Elves, since they often both inhabit the deepest, most eldritch corners of Faerûn's forests and grasslands. The Wild Elves treat Lythari with reverence. Known as 'Silver Shadows' to the Wild

Elves, Lythari are usually a portent of good things to come.

Lythari Equipment

For the most part, Lythari shun all material possessions. Because they spend most of their time on their lupine forms, Lythari do not even accumulate much clothing. When Lythari are among Elves, and are in their Elven form, they also seem to ignore clothing. To most Elves, this is of no consequence though, since the Elven standards of indecency and nakedness vary greatly from those of Humans. They sometimes dress themselves in furs, hides, feathers, and bone jewelry, much like Wild Elves.

Animals and Pets

Because Lythari live such simple lives, they do not keep pets. Lythari are freedom loving creatures, and would never want to be kept in captivity. Therefore, though they understand that animals are not sentient creatures, as they are, they do not like to be kept in captivity either. While hunting in the Material Plane, some Lythari hunt in packs that can include wolves. This is the extent that Lythari have 'pets', however.

Moon Elves
(Silver Elves)
Teu'Tel'Quessir

Regions: The Dalelands, Evermeet, The High Forest, The North, Silverymoon, Western Heartlands

Racial Feats: Gift of Tongues

Racial Prestige Classes: Arcane Archer, Bladesinger, Champion of Corellon Larethian, Elven High Mage

History

Like the history of the Sun Elves, the history of the Moon Elves is long and storied, being comprised of thousand and thousands of years, and multiple world. Recorded in this particular section will only be instances of great historical and societal importance, rather than the complete history of the entire race.

Like all other Elves, Moon Elves originally hail from the mythical Plane of Faerie. On Faerie, it is believed that the Moon Elves did not have large realms of their own, but rather, they dwelled amongst the Wood Elves and the Sun Elves, in their own domains. Moon Elves were masters of travelling the perilous world, and as such, developed great skills as merchants, adventurers, and seamen.

When the city of Tintageer suffered a terrible fate, and the survivors of the city came to Realmspace, there was a single Moon Elf among them: Sharlario Moonflower. Yes, most Moon Elves living on Faerûn can trace their lineage back to Sharlario Moonflower.

With the weaving of the Dracorage *Mythal*, the Elves would become the predominant power on Faerûn. Small Elven territories would eventually grow into much larger ones. Thus, the Elven era of empires would begin. Mighty empires, founded by Moon Elves in conjunction with other Elven subraces would soon spring up across the continent, such as Aryvandaar, Ardeep, Syörpiir, Illefarn, and Orishaar, among others.

Complicated politics and relations with these different Elven empires would soon lead to one of the darkest times in Elven history- The Crown Wars. In the wake of the Fifth Crown War, in which the Vyshaanti- the ruling house of Aryvandaar- were ousted, and Elven relations returned to normalcy. This less aggressive lifestyle would change very little over the next few millennia. In the year -3983, the next great Elven realm, Cormanthyr, was founded.

Instead of being founded on military might and great battle magics, as Aryvandaar had been, Cormanthyr was founded on compassion, lore, and subtle magics. As a result, the realm of Cormanthyr would stand for thousands of years as one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, realms in Northern Faerûn. When the city of Myth Drannor was clad in a *Mythal*, it signalled the slow end to Elven might in Faerûn. In the days that followed, the influence of *N'Tel'Quessir* in Cormanthyr grew, and the influence of *Tel'Quessir* weakened. It is during this time that many Moon Elves left mainland Faerûn for the mystical shores of Evermeet to the west.

Today, since the fall of Myth Drannor, the bulk of Faerûn's Moon Elves live on the distant island of Evermeet, or the secret fortress-home of Evereska. Many Moon Elves now living among Humans and other *N'Tel'Quessir* in places like Silverymoon and Waterdeep. An equal number of Moon Elves live among other Elven subraces, in other Elven settlements.

Outlook

Moon Elves are much more impulsive than any other Elven subrace living on Faerûn. This is not to say that they are reckless in any way, however. By Human standards, a Moon Elf still appears to take prolonged periods of time reviewing the most trivial of things. By Sun Elven standards, Moon Elves are only a notch about other *N'Tel'Quessir*.

Moon Elves are happiest when they are on the move, travelling. This not to say that Moon Elves cannot sit still, and stay in one place at a time, but the *Teu'Tel'Quessir* enjoy learning and seeing new things, and as a result, enjoy travelling to see and experience these new sensations. This is, perhaps, the major reason why they are so friendly and personable with *N'Tel'Quessir*.

Unlike most other Elven subraces, Moon Elves do not seek to isolate themselves from *N'Tel'Quessir*, to protect their Elven values from that of those lesser races. Instead, they seek to do the opposite. They seek to intermingle and interact with these *N'Tel'Quessir*, so that their superior Elven values rub off on them. They are of the belief that instilling Elven values in *N'Tel'Quessir* is a much more realistic goal than shutting the *N'Tel'Quessir* out completely, and living in isolation away from them.

Most *Teu'Tel'Quessir* seek to accomplish much over their lives, and to experience as much as possible, living their lives to the fullest degree possible. As a result, the accumulation of knowledge, of information, is very important in Moon Elven culture. The best legacy to leave behind, to future generations, is a storied legacy, a long legacy.

Moon Elf Characters

More so than any other Elven races, Moon Elves are drawn to a variety of paths, and they excel at nearly every single one. They have a great love for art, literature and music, and make excellent Bards. While they do not share bonds with the Seldarine as much as Sun Elves, Moon Elven Clerics and Druids are far from uncommon. Moon Elves excel in the martial arts, and Moon Elven Fighters have a long history. Many prefer stealth and guile over strength, and become Rogues or Rangers instead. And, like all other Elves, *Teu'Tel'Quessir* are enamoured with magic.

Favored Class: Like Sun Elves, Moon Elves share a natural affinity with magic, although they tend to be more impulsive with their Spellcasting. Unlike the more disciplined *Ar'Tel'Quessir*, Moon Elves often study and pursue two or more paths at the same time. Their favored class is Wizard.

Prestige Classes: Moon Elves often choose prestige classes that allow them to continue as many of their ongoing studies as possible. Those with the knowledge of swordplay practice the uniquely Elven arts of the Arcane Archer, Bladesinger, and the delicate and subtle swordsmanship of the Champion of Corellon Larethian, and the songspells of the Spellingers.

Moon Elf Society

Moon Elves are nomadic spirits who rarely settle down for long in one place. They are as comfortable living among the Sun Elves as they are living among the Wood Elves as they are living among Humans, Halflings, Gnomes, and even other races. Their homes tend to be simple, unassuming and comfortable, yet genuinely Elven in refinery. In other terms, Moon Elven settlements are as elegant as Sun Elven settlements, yet as rustic as Wood Elven settlements.

Moon Elves are much less solemn and serious than Sun Elves. Their literature is oftentimes quite humorous. Serious literature has its place and time, and there are many examples of Moon Elven tragedies, but they prefer to balance such things with light-hearted tales and songs. Their artwork reflects such an outlook as well.

Moon Elves are fond of games of chance and gambling. Drinking, feasting, and revelling are all a very strong part of their society. Moon Elven functions feature much singing, dancing, merriment and revelry. This reflects their "live for the moment" philosophy.

During times of trouble, the serious side of the Moon Elves becomes apparent. If a situation calls for gravity, the Moon Elves respond in kind. But, even in times like these, the *Teu'Tel'Quessir* attempt to look for the silver lining on the cloud, the most favourable possibility. They say that, it is when the night is darkest that motes of light are most valuable.

Moon Elves tend to gather in loose bands, composed of a dozen or more extended families. Leadership is normally democratic- all Elves in the band have an equal say in matters, although those who are wiser, and more experienced tend to carry more weight.

Most *N'Tel'Quessir* find Moon Elves much more tolerable than Sun Elves. Moon Elves are much more tolerant of *N'Tel'Quessir* than we Sun Elves.

Language and Literacy

All Moon Elves speak Elven. Language is something that is passed on and taught from mother to child, it is said, while the child is still in his or her mother's womb. Common and the Human language of the region are often learned as well. Their semi nomadic nature encourages Moon Elves to pick up other languages as well, that might benefit them in their travels. Common languages that are learned include Auran, Chondathan, Gnoll, Gnome, Halfling, Illuskan and Sylvan.

Moon Elf Magic and Lore

For tens of thousands of years, the Moon Elves have been practicing magic, giving themselves over to it mind, soul, and body. As a result, the libraries of Evermeet, Evereska, and other settlements with large Moon Elven populations are filled with magic secrets too numerous to properly catalogue. They crave magic like no other Elven race, asides for the Sun Elves. Where Sun Elves like to accumulate magic, for the knowledge of it, Moon Elves enjoy accumulating magic, to experiment with it.

Spells and Spellcasting

Moon Elves, along with Sun Elves, and a small group of Wood Elves, and Aquatic Elves, are the only practitioners of Elven High Magic. Moon Elven *Selu'Taar* are second to Sun Elven *Selu'Taar*, in terms of the number of magi who exist. Moon Elven magicians, who practice mundane magic, are quite ingenuitive, and there are many spells that exist today that are of *Teu'Tel'Quessir* origin.

Moon Elf Magic Items

Moon Elves tend to prefer to focus on smaller, easier to craft magical items. Crafting magical items takes a long time, and a willingness to stay in one place, concentrating on that one project. As a result of the Moon Elf inclination to "waste" time on a project, most Moon Elves are of the opinion that multiple smaller items are a more valuable project than a single, grand item. Many Sun Elves find this embarrassing, but

Moon Elves are comfortable with their "less than obsessive" interest in crafting magical items.

Moonblades are perhaps the most famous of the magical items to have been crafted by Moon Elves. Most Cloaks of Elvenkind and Boots of Elvenkind are produced by Moon Elven magicians as well.

Moon Elf Deities

Religion infuses nearly every aspect of Elven society, and the *Teu'Tel'Quessir* are not exception to this. Moon Elves worship the Seldarine, and most usually identify with one specific member, to whom they choose as their specific patron. Moon Elven religious ceremonies are typically exuberant, joyful, and loud, but those few instances that commemorate negative things, are eerily silent and almost otherworldly.

It is important to note that, unlike the Sun Elves, most Moon Elves do believe in the myth of the Triune deity, Angharradh. According to Moon Elven theologians, Angharradh is the melding of Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil, and Sehanine Moonbow, who was formed when Corellon Larethian was almost struck down by Araushnee right before she was cast from the Seldarine. Angharradh, they believe, is the consort of Corellon Larethian, and view her as equal to Corellon Larethian.

Affiliations with Other Races

Of all of the Elven subraces, Moon Elves are the most tolerant of other Elves, and of *N'Tel'Quessir*. They travel extensively, and as a result, most Moon Elves expect to interact with hundreds of different individuals, many of differing and varying races, over the course of their travels. Most find the diversity of life that Faerûn has to offer intoxicating, and forever surprising.

Moon Elves are often open to new ideas, and are willing to take into account the views and opinions of *N'Tel'Quessir* at face value. Most other Elven subraces find this type of attitude surprising, foolish, and even dangerous, as the insights of *N'Tel'Quessir* represent things that are decidedly non-Elven in origin, and things that Elves should not consider. As a whole, this is why Moon Elves receive frosty receptions by most other Elven subraces, though, of course, on the individual level, relations are much more personable.

This aside, however, Moon Elves have little patience for evil beings, Orcs and Drow in particular. Their history is filled with Moon Elven settlements, and individuals being slain by rampaging Orc hordes, or during secretive Drow raids. As such, Moon Elves know that Orcs and Drow cannot be trusted, and as such, must simply be killed on the spot.

Moon Elf Equipment

Moon Elven items are, to *N'Tel'Quessir*, wonders to behold. They are always of excellent quality, using the best materials available to produce the item. Moon Elven items to other Elves, vary. Less 'advanced' cultures, such as many of the feral Moon Elves, would find Moon Elven items of exceptional quality. Many Sun Elves disdain Moon Elven items, finding them lacking, imperfect, and inherently flawed.

Moon Elves are renown for their ability to craft musical instruments. Indeed, musical instruments crafted by Moon Elves are of very high quality, and produce perfect sound. Most are delicate and refined in appearance, being made of precious metals, and being decorated with precious gemstones. Royalty and noblemen from all across Faerûn often conscript Moon

Elven craftsmen in places like Silverymoon and Waterdeep to produce high quality instruments for their court orchestras.

Arms and Armor

Moon Elven weapons and armor are only rarely less than masterwork quality. They are viewed as works of art in and of themselves, and are carried or worn proudly into battle. At first glance, such items often seem mundane. However, when one studies a weapon or a piece of armor crafted by a Moon Elf, its inherent beauty is revealed. Impeccable artistry mimics and amplifies nature's beauty. For example, Moon Elven chain might not look like anything at first glance, but upon further inspection, the art built into things as small as individual chains become apparent.

Animals and Pets

Moon Elves value the companionship of animals and pets during their travels. Often, they keep two or three creatures as pets at a time, in their permanent homes. Favored pets include trained dogs, trained birds, and cats, in particular. Moon Elves identify very much with the loyalty and nobility of dogs, the freedom and grandeur of birds, and the grace and independence of cats.

More powerful, influential Moon Elves often have more exotic pets to reflect their status. Magical beasts, such as Blink Dogs, Pegasi, Unicorns, and even Dragons are often kept by Moon Elves of status. Though, in most cases, the Elves do not see these creatures as pets, but rather, as companions.

Star Elves
(Mithral Elves)
Ruar'Tel'Quessir

Regions: The Sildëyuir, The Yuirwood, Alglarond
Racial Feats: Artist, Forester, Otherworldly, Twilight Affinity, Woodwise
Racial Prestige Classes: Elven High Mage, Master of the Yuirwood

History

The history of the Star Elves, or *Ruar'Tel'Quessir*, is shrouded in mystery. It is not known whether or not they are native to Toril, or if they immigrated to the planet from Faerie, like most of the other Elves that exist today. It is not known why these records do not exist. There is no physical evidence of any Star Elven empires, besides for the ancient realm of Yuireshanyaar. There are no other records, be it in text or by oral tradition, which speak of a Star Elven empire, besides for ancient Yuireshanyaar. Apparently, Star Elves used to live amongst other Elves, disguising their heritages and claiming to be Moon Elves.

Long ago, the Star Elves began a mass exodus to the Yuirwood. The reason for this has been lost to history. But, for whatever the reason, Star Elves from various nations around Faerûn simply began congregating in the Yuirwood. Eventually, the Star Elves would form the nation of Yuireshanyaar with the Wood and Wild Elves who already lived in the area.

It is possible that the Star Elves fled east due to the Crown Wars. Star Elves are extremely pacifistic, as I will demonstrate now, and it may be that they were fleeing the devastation of war.

The Star Elves of Yuireshanyaar lived in peace for thousands of years. The young- by Elven standards- upstart nation of Unther, eyeing the southern coasts of Yuireshanyaar, began attacking Elven trade vessels. Finally, in DR -1250, Unther formally declared war on Yuireshanyaar. Rather than putting up a prolonged fight, the Star Elves simply gave up a great deal of their territory, and fled deeper into the Yuirwood.

Shortly after, the Orcgate Wars began. Yuireshanyaar's decision not to fight Unther actually proved a good idea, as they were now in a better position to defend themselves from the invading Gray Orcs. Though they accrued many dead and wounded, they were able to keep the Orcs from invading the Yuirwood.

These conflicts determined the next course of action for the Star Elves. Tired of conflict, they began to construct their very own world, where they could live free from the terrible wars that had been ravaging their lands and their people. The High Magi of Yuireshanyaar began constructing a demiplane, known as the Sildëyuir, which would serve as their secret refuge.

In DR -699, the Sildëyuir was mostly completed, and the majority of Star Elves left Faerûn to live in their new home. Very few Star Elves remained in Faerûn, and the majority of these people were simply rear vanguards, who would rejoin their kinsmen in the Sildëyuir in short order. The number of Star Elves living in Faerûn is estimated to be between one and two hundred.

For hundreds of years, the Star Elves have lived in the Sildëyuir, enjoying peace. There have been some conflicts, but for the most part, they have had their pacifistic wishes granted.

Recently, their extraplanar realm has come under attack. Nilshai, alien sorcerers who seem to be from the Ethereal Plane have invaded, and have begun corrupting the Sildëyuir. So far, the Star Elves have been content to retreat to their citadels, studying their enemy and the nature of the corruption they are blighting the Sildëyuir with. However, the Star Elves do not have forever, as the corruption to their world has increased as of late.

In the past, the Star Elves have run away from their problems. Their current predicament seems to be one that the Star Elves cannot simply run away from. Now that Myth Drannor has been recaptured, and the Elven Crusade ended, the Elves of the Sildëyuir will have an ally to turn to for help, should they request it. But, should the Star Elves of the Sildëyuir decide to not ask for aid, it is with great sadness and a heavy heart that I foresee their future seriously in doubt.

Outlook

To others, Star Elves are cautious and aloof. They keep a distance, often both physically and mentally, from events. They can be judgmental, even though they do consider many factors before passing a judgment on a particular person or place. For example, Star Elves have a natural distrust for Humans- it was because of Humans that the entire race had to retreat into their extraplanar refuge. But, there have been cases where once a Star Elf has gotten to know a particular Human, they have put aside their racial prejudice against them.

Once won, a Star Elf's friendship is long lasting. Conversely, their enmity is long lasting, as well. The Star Elves have had apathy for Humans for well over one thousand years, and it does not seem to me that this feeling will go away any time soon.

Star Elves, like all *Tel'Quessir*, enjoy beauty. This beauty can take on any form, and can be anything natural and Elf-made. Sometimes, Star Elves even enjoy taking in the beauty of Human-made items and structures.

Among their own, Star Elves enjoy song, dance and celebration. Star Elf songs are usually upbeat, but even the most joyous song has a slight hint of underlying sadness to it. Star Elf death requiems are particularly haunting, and profoundly impact those who hear them. A Star Elven death requiem would cause even Szass Tam's eyes to well over in tears.

When they are not among their own, Star Elves are reserved. While not in the Sildëyuir, they often try to pass as Moon Elves. They fear that should anyone else learn of the Sildëyuir, it would spell doom for the extraplanar realm and the Moon Elves. Among *N'Tel'Quessir* friends, they act less reserved, but continue their façade. Only under magical enchantment or in extreme circumstances would a Star Elf reveal any information about the Sildëyuir.

Star Elf Characters

Star Elves are rarely found outside of the Sildëyuir. Those who are found outside of the Sildëyuir are either exploring Faerûn, or already live in Alglarond. Some Star Elves are convinced that they will eventually have to leave the Sildëyuir, and are scouting hospitable places to live in once they are forced back to Faerûn.

Star Elves adventurers are most commonly Bards, Druids, Fighters, Rangers, Rogues and Wizards. Their love for nature allows them to make good Druids and Rangers. Their Elven natures lend them the

abilities necessary to make good Bards, Fighters, Rogues and Wizards.

Favored Class

Star Elves make very talented Bards. Their Elven heritage, coupled with their natural otherworldly beauty and grace makes the Bardic path a natural one for Star Elves. Most Star Elves have at least one level of Bard.

Prestige Classes

Star Elf Bards and Wizards often become Loremasters. Star Elves also have access to High Magic, and can become *Selu'Taar*. The few Star Elves that leave the Sildëyuir often become Masters of the Yuir, so that they can protect and defend their ancestral lands, and their current home.

Star Elf Society

Star Elves are pacifistic. Since the earliest recorded mentioning of the Mithral Elves, they have been running from danger and conflicts, rather than confronting them head on. Against Unther, the Star Elves fled, rather than fighting. Against the Gray Orcs, the Star Elves fled, rather than fighting, to a degree. When confronted by Human expansionists, the Star Elves fled, rather than fighting. While now confronted by the Nilshai, the Star Elves seem to still be following the same pattern.

Star Elves gather in groups composed by lineage. The elders are most commonly the matriarchs, or patriarchs, of each family, though some are led by Star Elves who are still middle-aged.

Mithral Elves have a long tradition of poetry, art and sculpture. They are graceful, but frail, so magic plays an important role in their daily lives.

Star Elves are quite reclusive. Most Star Elves never leave their towers and citadels, and only do so briefly, so they can visit other towers and citadels. The main reason for this is because of the Star Elf population and birthrate. Their numbers are dwindling at an alarming rate. By staying in their fortresses, the safest places on the Sildëyuir, they ensure the safety of each individual, and the survival of the race.

Language and Literacy

The Star Elves are a civilized people, and educate their young. All Star Elves are taught how to speak Common and Elven. They are also taught how to write in these languages. The rare Star Elves who leave the Sildëyuir, and travel to Faerûn teach themselves Alglarondan, Mulan or Rashimi. Most Star Elves feel no reason to learn these languages, however.

Auran, Celestial and Sylvan are commonly taught to the Elves of the Sildëyuir, as is Abyssal. The reason for learning these languages is simple. It is always helpful to understand what potential allies are saying, and it is always helpful to understand what enemies are saying.

Star Elf Magic and Lore

Star Elves, being pacifistic, have never enjoyed using the arcane arts for the purposes of destruction. In the Sildëyuir, they had no enemies, up until recently. Therefore, the art of war using magic has not been lost, but has been forgotten. The majority of spells cast by Star Elves in the past were to create and fortify their towers and citadels. Many younger Star Elves, who understand that there is no running away from their new challenge, are taking up the spellbooks of their forefathers, and relearning what was forgotten.

It is believed that a Star Elven wizard was the first to learn the metamagic skill of the

Transdimensional spell. The Nilshai themselves have the ability to jaunt themselves to the Ethereal Plane, as do many of the fell creatures they bring with them on expeditions into the Sildëyuir. Transdimensional spells allow the casters to effect those who are on different planes. In other words, when a Star Elf mage casts a spell that he/she has enhanced using this knowledge, the spells effects those who are in the target area of the spell, whether they are in the Sildëyuir, the Prime Material Plane, the Ethereal Plane, any extradimensional spaces, and any coexistent planes.

The Star Elves are no strangers to High Magic. The Sildëyuir itself was created using Elven High Magic. At the time of their exile, High Magic was common among the Star Elves. With the passing of so many years since the creation of the Sildëyuir, this knowledge has faded. But, it has not been altogether lost. There are still some Star Elves who know the ways of the *Selu'Taar*.

Star Elves experience an interesting phenomena that only occurs on the Material Plane, during the morning and the evening. At dawn and dusk, as the sun is rising and setting, respectively, a Star Elf has the natural ability to bestow the "Ghost Touch" on a weapon or armor. Sages, including myself, are baffled by this ability. If the Star Elves understand why this happens, it does not seem that they will be sharing their secrets anytime soon.

Spells and Spellcasting

The Mithral Elves, because of their situation, actually have access to ancient magic and ancient magical techniques. The nation of Yuireshanyaar existed for over five thousand years, and all five thousand years were in more or less peace. The two thousand years of isolation in the Sildëyuir have also been more or less peaceful. So, the archives of the Star Elven can theoretically date back seven thousand years, which is ancient, even for a long living species, such as us *Tel'Quessir*.

Star Elf Magic Items

Like the rest of the *Tel'Quessir*, magic comes fairly easy to Star Elves. Magically enhanced arms and armors are commonplace. *Boots of Elvenkind* and *Cloaks of Elvenkind* are particularly common.

Star Elf Deities

The Star Elves are not a particularly devout people. There are very few Star Elves to begin with, and Star Elf priests and priestess' are nearly unheard of. The Mithral Elves venerate the Seldarine, like all other Elves do. Of all the Seldarine, they have a special reverence for Corellon Larethian, and are far more likely to pray to him, rather than any other members of the Seldarine.

Asides for the Lythari, the Star Elves are the least spiritual of all the many different Elven subraces. There seems to be no particular reason for this, but I have my own theory. The Star Elves are the only Elven subrace without a clear creator. Aerdrie Faenya created the Avariel. Sehanine Moonbow created the Moon Elves. Corellon Larethian created the Sun Elves. Deep Sashelas created the Aquatic Elves. It may be that, subconsciously or inadvertently, the Star Elves shun the deities, who seem to have shunned them.

Relations with Other Races

Most Star Elves have removed themselves from Faerûn, so they don't have to worry about

interacting with other races. There is no such thing as an 'intruder' in the Sildëyuir. Only the Star Elves themselves, and the Masters of the Yuir (a benevolent organization dedicated to preserving the Yuirwood, and keeping it safe) know how to travel to and from the Sildëyuir. It is because they removed themselves from Faerûn that the Star Elves really have little experience dealing with a wide variety of races.

The one exception to this rule is the Nilshai, a strange race of alien sorcerers that resemble purple flying snakes. The Nilshai are slowly corrupting the Sildëyuir, and turning it into a place of corruption and rot. Obviously, the Star Elves don't appreciate that these creatures are destroying their home. The Nilshai are powerful creatures, and thus far, the Star Elves are content to sit back in their towers, and their citadels, and wait.

For the most part, the Mithral Elves see Humans as aggressive expansionists, who are willing to quickly resort to violence in order to get what they want. Bad past experiences with the nation of Unther, and with colonists from the Wizard's Reach have shaped this belief.

Star Elves, like most other sentient, dislike Orcs. Thousands of years ago, the Orcgate Wars brought hordes of Gray Orcs to the border of Yuieshyaar, the Star Elven empire in the Yuirwood. The Orcs caused much destruction and much chaos, and the Elves spent a lot of their resources defending the outer perimeter of their empire, to make sure that these Orcs never penetrated into the Yuirwood.

Star Elves obviously get along well with other Elves. The Star Elves once interacted a lot more with other Elves in the past, and it is with these relations that the Star Elves judge the Elves of today. The Mithral Elves get along with Sun and Wood Elves the most. They don't hold any particular animosity towards Moon Elves, but they do see them as somewhat naïve, for interacting with Humans so freely and unguarded.

Star Elf Equipment

Arms and Armor

The Star Elves have only one unique weapon- the Yuir Ghostblade. These weapons, which are most commonly longswords, are designed to battle the extradimensional invaders who are tainting the Sildëyuir. Star Elves mages place many enchantments on these weapons. They lay enchantments on the blades to make them strike Ethereal creatures. They lay enchantments on the blades to make them more potent against aberrations, which most enemies of the Star Elves are. They even lay enchantments on the blades to make the wielder more difficult to hurt.

Animals and Pets

Like Sun Elves, the Star Elves do not really keep many animals as pets or companions. The towers and citadels that the Star Elves inhabit are primarily inhabited by Star Elves. Some of the younger Elves enjoy keeping small mammals as pets, such as rabbits, or birds. Ultimately though, these creatures are nothing more than temporary companions, or playthings.

Star Elves do keep horses, which they use to travel in the Sildëyuir. Like all animals encountered in their eldritch world, the horses of the Star Elves are somewhat different than the normal horses encountered on Faerûn. These horses, which are almost always white, seem much more delicate than normal steeds. But, their looks are deceiving, as Star Elves claim them to be able to carry even more than normal horses.

Sun Elves
(Gold Elves)
Ar'Tel'Quessir

Regions: Evermeet, The North, Silvermoon, Western Heartlands

Racial Feats: Gift of Tongues

Racial Prestige Classes: Arcane Archer, Bladesinger, Champion of Corellon Larethian, Elven High Mage

History

The history of the Sun Elves is long and storied. It comprises many worlds, over a span of thousands and thousands of years. What I shall record here is only a brief overview of our history. In this particular part of this tome, I will only include instances of great historical and societal importance, in relation to the *Ar'Tel'Quessir*.

Before the Sun Elves came to Realmspace, we lived in the mythical land known as Faerie, alongside all other Elves. Some Elves lived in harmony with nature. Others were transient in nature, and as such, did not have permanent homes. Unlike many other Elves, we Sun Elves created large cities that reached into the twilight skies of our otherworldly domain. Through the use of magic, including Elven High Magic, our cities grew more mystical, more magical.

One such city, Tintageer, suffered a terrible fate that would bring the first Sun Elf settlers to Realmspace. The backlash from a powerful spell caused a large tidal wave that would engulf and destroy the city on an island. Only a small group was able to escape the doomed city, and using an Elven High Magic ritual, they were teleported to Realmspace. The leader of this small group, Prince Durothil, called the land the group came to '*Faerûn*', the Elven term for 'One Land'.

Powerful Dragon kings and queens ruled the continent, at the time. The Elves slowly began to carve out their own niche in this new world, but their efforts were hampered more often than not by these greedy Wyrms barons. The Elves who existed in Realmspace at this point were of no assistance, either. The Wood Elves hid in the deepest parts of the darkest forests, and the Dark Elves were simply too ambitious to be trusted.

Circa -25,000 DR, the Dracorage *Mythal* was weaved, and this world-encompassing *Mythal* toppled the ruling Dragons, and allowed the Elves to become the dominant species on the continent. Small cities that had existed grew larger. Territory that had been the dominion of Dragons became part of the regions that Elven settlements claimed for themselves. As the Elven territories grew, so too did their hubris. While attempting to create an Elven homeland that would never be molested by *N'Tel'Quessir*- Evermeet- the face of the entire planet was reformed, causing massive chaos, toppling numerous societies, and causing massive destruction.

In the wake of The Sundering, large Elven empires began appearing. The Sun Elven realm of Aryvandaar in particular would become one of the most powerful Elven realms of the time. Complicated politics and relations with these different Elven empires would soon lead to one of the darkest times in Elven history- The Crown Wars.

In the wake of the Fifth Crown War, in which the Vyshaanti- the ruling house of Aryvandaar- were ousted, and Elven relations returned to normalcy. This

less aggressive lifestyle would change very little over the next few millennia. In the year -3983, the next great Sun Elven realm, Cormanthyr, was founded.

Instead of being founded on military might and great battle magics, as Aryvandaar had been, Cormanthyr was founded on compassion, lore, and subtle magics. As a result, the realm of Cormanthyr would stand for thousands of years as one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, realms in Northern Faerûn. When the city of Myth Drannor was clad in a *Mythal*, it signalled the slow end to Elven might in Faerûn. In the days that followed, the influence of *N'Tel'Quessir* in Cormanthyr grew, and the influence of *Tel'Quessir* weakened. It is during this time that many Sun Elves left mainland Faerûn for the mystical shores of Evermeet to the west.

Today, since the fall of Myth Drannor, the bulk of Faerûn's Sun Elves live on the distant island of Evermeet. First settled long ago by Sun Elven explorers from Aryvandaar, the island's divine protection from the Seldarine, coupled by its remoteness and lack of *N'Tel'Quessir* made it attractive to Sun Elves since it was first set foot upon. It is from Evermeet that came the call for the Elven Retreat in 1344 DR, and the Sun Elves of Faerûn felt the call most deeply of all the Elven peoples.

Now that the retreat has ended, the Sun Elves are among the last to return to mainland Faerûn. Most Sun Elves still prefer to remain sequestered on their island nation, even though recent events have proved that Evermeet is not safe from harm. Today, the largest community of Sun Elves remaining in Faerûn is the hidden city of Evereska, on the borders of the Anauroch Desert. This could easily change in coming years, however, being as that both Myth Glauroch and Myth Drannor have been retaken by Elven forces. Overall, the trend seems to be that in the coming years, Faerûn will have a growing population of Sun Elves.

Outlook

We Sun Elves believe ourselves to be the chosen defenders of Elven culture and tradition, selected specifically for the task by Corellon Larethian himself. Some take this role very seriously, throwing themselves into their chosen tasks with verve and enthusiasm. Others do not, and are less concerned about how other Elves act.

Many Sun Elves- and, I do not include myself in this group- believe that only *Ar'Tel'Quessir* are true Elves, and as a result, look down upon *N'Tel'Quessir* and *Tel'Quessir* alike. I find this viewpoint somewhat disturbing, and flawed in its logic. Most of those who truly feel this way hide their true feelings, but they manifest themselves nonetheless. Even though those Sun Elves who feel this way are in the relative minority, there is a misconception amongst *N'Tel'Quessir* that all Sun Elves are this way. This simply is not true.

We *Ar'Tel'Quessir* are methodical and careful. Our artisans spend years perfecting their arts. Smiths craft every piece of armor and every weapon with painstaking precision. Warriors train endlessly with single-minded devotion, Clerics study the words of the Seldarine with fierce devotion, and Wizards study the Arcane with burning desire.

Some- even other Elves, at times- find the patience, attention to detail, and thoughtfulness that dominates our personalities a flaw. Actions are rarely taken without being first given considerable thought, discussion, consideration, and debate. To those who feel this way, I say this: Only by giving every situation,

every choice discussion and thought can the most optimal conclusion be reached. Reaching a conclusion that is less than optimal is simply irresponsible.

Sun Elf Characters

Sun Elves tend to favor the traditional paths of the Elven folk: Fighters and Wizard. No Sun Elf could truly be described as a Barbarian, although a Sun Elf raised amongst our wilder kin might, on very rare occasions, choose to take levels in the barbarian class. They make good Bards. While not particularly known for their light-hearted revels, the ancient songs and lore of a learned bard are worthy of a Sun Elf's respect. Sun Elves are also the foremost Clerics Elven race.

Favored Class: Sun Elf society and culture is steeped in a fascination with magic and learning. They often become incredibly talented Wizards, and their natural intellect makes them powerful ones. Few Sun Elf adventurers do not take up the study of magic at some point in their careers.

Prestige Classes: Sun Elves often choose prestige classes that allow them to continue their specialized studies. They are particularly drawn to the Arcane Devotee, Archmage, and Loremaster prestige classes, while those with knowledge of swordplay practice the uniquely Elven arts of the Arcane Archer, Bladesinger, and the delicate and subtle swordsmanship of the Champion of Corellon Larethian.

Sun Elf Society

We Sun Elves are deliberate, patient, and solemn, and our society reflects this. Buildings, while aesthetically beautiful and architecturally brilliant, tend to be ostentatious. Nevertheless, the Sun Elves take great pride in their workmanship, believing that nothing less than perfection will do for the chosen defenders of Elven tradition. Our art, poetry, and songs also reflect these deliberate and borderline regal attitudes. Most prefer tales of ancient battles, songs of the deities, and stories with great heroes, evil villains, terrible tragedies, and joyous revelations, all that teach lessons.

Sun Elves revere wisdom and learning. Even the humblest Sun Elf abode features a room or two filled with scrolls, maps, and books. Sun Elf communities are usually ruled by leaders who can trace his or her lineage back into the depths of history. Where a Human noble measures his power by the expanse of the lands under his rule, the numbers of soldiers at his command, and the amount of coinage in his coffers, a Sun Elf noble is known by the honor of his or her family name, the magical power and lore her family has accumulated, and the wealth and beauty of their palatial estate.

Sun Elven poetry and art is simple, yet graceful, incorporating many of the traditional natural motifs, combined with Elven symmetrical designs somewhat reminiscent of the complex knot-patterns of Moonshae artisans. Many artists are also wizards who use Elven magic to shape, carve, and polish natural objects, much in the same way as Elven buildings are constructed. Artisans also use nature itself to shape, carve and polish natural objects as well. For example, the process of using a controlled erosion to shape stone was first used by a Sun Elf.

Sun Elven poetry and song are as slow and solemn as one might expect, given our general demeanor. Tales of ancient battles, songs of the gods, and stories of heroic individuals are popular, but these are more often than not sad sagas with tragic endings. The Weeping War, for instance, is referenced in

numerous poems, epics and songs. The harp, lute, and the shalaquin- a long-necked Elven instrument that is played by plucking or strumming while changing the tension of the strings with a ratcheted wheel- are all favored instruments.

Language and Literacy

All Sun Elves speak Elven. Language is something that is passed on and taught from mother to child, it is said, while the child is still in his or her mother's womb. Common and the Human language of the region are often learned as well. Although most Sun Elves learn other languages- in particular Auran, Celestial, Chondathan, Gnomish, Halfling, Illuskan and Sylvan- many prefer to simply use magic to communicate with neighbors or simply insist that visitors learn Elven if they want to communicate.

Many Sun Elves choose to study dead languages, such as Aragrakh, or Loross, in order to increase their access to ancient works and lore. Sun Elven *Selu'Taar* learn the ancient tongue of Seldruin, in order to cast Elven High Magic. It is said that Seldruin was the language of our forefathers, before we migrated to Realmspace.

Sun Elf Magic and Lore

For tens of thousands of years, the Sun Elves have been practicing magic, giving themselves over to it mind, soul, and body. As a result, the libraries of Evermeet, Evereska, and other settlements with large Sun Elven populations are filled with magic secrets too numerous to properly catalogue. Sun Elves, as a race, have an unparalleled collection of spellbooks, laboratory notes, and other accumulated lore, dating back thousands and thousands of years.

Spells and Spellcasting

The pinnacle of Sun Elf arcane knowledge is Elven High Magic, *Ar'Selu'Tel'Quessir*. Sun Elves are the primary practitioners of this ancient art, composing the majority of the *Selu'Taar* who know the secrets of Elven High Magic. While many Sun Elves know the secrets of Elven High Magic, they refuse to share such knowledge, with those they deem unworthy, and are hesitant to use such power beyond the borders of Evermeet and Evereska.

Sun Elf Magic Items

Whereas Moon Elves normally prefer to focus on smaller, easier to craft magical items, most Sun Elves look down upon such unambitious endeavours, and view such things as trivial, and good only for young wizards to practice on. To a Sun Elf, a magic item must be powerful and perfect in all ways. They must be excellent quality, they must be aesthetically pleasing, and they must exceed expectations of use.

Sun Elves know that many of their magical items find their way into the hands of *N'Tel'Quessir*, and as a result, they view these items as the true legacy of their race. To craft anything less than perfect is to do a disservice to the lesser races, and the reputation of the Corellon's blessed.

Sun Elf Deities

Religion infuses nearly every aspect of Sun Elf society. Sun Elves believe themselves to be the chosen representatives of the Seldarine in the mortal realm, and are quick to offer prayers of thanks to the deities that make up the Seldarine. These prayers and ceremonies are in typical Sun Elven fashion- invariably long, drawn-out affairs during which loud voices, merry songs, or joyful worship are deemed disrespectful.

Religion is a serious, solemn duty subject to us Sun Elves, and I feel no differently.

We worship all of the Seldarine equally, but most Sun Elves feel a special affinity for Corellon Larethian. This is because the Sun Elf devotion to magic, skill at arms, and the superiority of Elven civilization means that we have a great and abiding veneration for the leaders of the Seldarine, who embody these values. Like our own nobles, Corellon Larethian is a wise, generous, and firm leader who brings forth beauty in the world, and defends his work resolutely. Priests and priestess' of the Corellon Larethian's church often advise the rulers of Sun Elf communities, or, following in Corellon Larethian's image, are the rulers of Sun Elven communities.

Sun Elves also have a special affinity for Labelas Enoreth, the Elven deity of longevity, time, and wisdom. While Corellon is seen as the divine leader and protector of the Sun Elves, Labelas Enoreth is revered as a counsellor and advisor, a source of wisdom in times of trouble. Priests and priestess' of Labelas Enoreth are charged with the keeping of knowledge and records among the Sun Elves.

It is important to note that, unlike the Moon Elves, most Sun Elves do not believe in the myth of the Triune deity, Angharradh.

Affiliations with Other Races

Sun Elves are often seen by others as elitist and snooty. As a result, relationships between Sun Elves and other races sometimes suffer. Sun Elves have the closest relation with Moon Elves than any other race in Realmspace. This bond is often seen as either intentionally or unintentionally patronizing. They fear that their Moon Elf cousins are too flighty and irreverent, and because of that, they strive to help them return to the proper Elven path with stern lectures and fatherly advice. Sun Elves admire the Wood Elves and feel that they embody the Elven spirit of nature. Relations are good between Sun Elves and Wood Elf, although the reclusive nature of the Wood Elves makes direct contact anything but a common occurrence.

Aquatic Elves are thought of by Sun Elves to be as near equals, and the Sun Elves believe that their water-breathing kin were placed in the world to bring to the seas what the Sun Elves bring to the lands above the sea. The Sun Elves deeply regret the sufferings of the Avariel over the years, and occasionally send out explorers to seek out Avariel aeries and offer them a place in Evermeet. Like other Elven subraces, the Sun Elves have a deep reverence for the Silver Shadows, the Lythari.

If there are any races that Sun Elves hold in absolute contempt, it is the Drow and the Fey'ri. We Sun Elves, like other Elven subraces, see the Dark Elves as abominations and insults to the Seldarine. That the Drow have come to Cormanthor after the Fall of Myth Drannor only adds insults to injury. Concerning the Fey'ri, Sun Elves feel a deep abhorrence- perhaps even more so than that felt towards Drow- because the Fey'ri were once Sun Elves themselves. They Fey'ri serve as a living testament to the debauchery that the Sun Elves have the capability of falling.

Sun Elf prejudice toward other races- Humans in particular- can be quite severe. Many Sun Elves won't even deign to speak to these *N'Tel'Quessir* and would rather leave a dying *N'Tel'Quess* to meet his fate rather than save him. Nevertheless, those few Sun Elves who take on adventuring usually come to appreciate their companions, regardless of race.

Sun Elf Equipment

Two things are certain about any item of Sun Elven manufacture: the item is of the finest quality and, majority of the time, it is exceedingly old. Given our long lifespans, coupled with our obsession with perfection, Sun Elf manufacturers make their goods very slowly, starting over on a project if even slightest imperfections is perceived, let alone discovered. Our reverence for history encourages us to keep and treasure antiques.

Most Sun Elves favor gold for decorative elements and mithral for anything that must be strong, such as weapons and armor. Sun Elf craftsmen are also known to make items from the magical material known as Glassteel.

Sun Elf clothing is magnificent, and that, I believe, is an understated. Cool colors such as blue and green are favored, as is white, although white is often worn in association with mourning. Decorations in the forms of embroidered hems and collars, knotwork patterns, and naturalistic runes are common, but kept subtle, as not to interfere with the overall harmony of the garment.

Jewelry is also kept simple, with unadorned headbands and rings being most common. Earrings, torcs, and bracelets decorated with complex patterns are sometimes worn, but these are often considered overly ostentatious and excessive. All clothing and jewelry are painstakingly crafted in typical Sun Elf fashion, and even the... "rudest" cloak or tunic made by the *Ar'Tel'Quessir* would fetch a hefty price in Faerûn.

Arms and Armor

Sun Elven weapons and armor are only rarely less than masterwork quality. They are viewed as works of art in and of themselves, and are carried or worn proudly into battle. Sun Elves are known to make some of the most exquisite suits of chainmail armor on Faerûn. Some suits of Elven chainmail actually contain entire texts of ancient Elven stories, the words of the work carved with painstaking detail into the very links of the armor. Many are also inscribed with prayers, invocations, or quotations from religious texts. The mail of the hero Tharaefellin was crafted completely from such links.

Sun Elves make use of the otherwise rare Elven plate armor, as well. Suits of this type of armor are likewise inscribed with runes, designs, and quotations, chased and decorated in gold, silver, or brass, and individually fitted to each wearer. Some suits of enchanted plate worn by ancient heroes still exist, but many of these were lost on Faerûn. While the quality of this armor can rival the best work of the Dwarves, the Sun Elves are so obsessed with perfecting every possible aspect of their creations that in the time it takes a Sun Elf smith to build one suit of armor, a Dwarven smith can produce a dozen suits of equal quality.

Animals and Pets

Unlike most other Elven subraces, Sun Elves don't usually keep animals in their homes or cities as pets. Their communities are at peace with nature, though, and Sun Elves welcome the company of any animals that chooses pass through the area or make their lairs nearby or within the city itself. Sun Elves are far more likely to call upon powerful Elementals, Outsiders, and other magical beings than good-hearted beasts and woodland creatures to aid in the defense of their homes.

Sun Elves are usually keen and accomplished riders, much more so than most other

subraces. When possible, they favor magical creatures, such as Pegasi and Unicorns over more conventional steeds.

Wood Elves
(Green Elves)
Sy'Tel'Quessir

Regions: Chondalwood, Chessenta, Chult, The Dalelands, Evermeet, The Great Dale, The High Forest, The North, The Shaar, Tethyr, The Western Heartlands
Racial Feats: Tattoo Magic

Racial Prestige Classes: Elven High Mage, Bladesinger, Sylvan Minstrel, Knotward Expert

History

The Wood Elves, eons ago, were the most numerous of the various Elven races on Faerie. They were even more sylvan than they are now, possessing various innate magical abilities tied to the plane, such as the ability to conjure magical lights, or the ability to create ghost-like noises. While other Elven subraces began to settle down and civilize Faerie, the Wood Elves refused, living blissfully in the great tracks of thick woodlands that appeared all over the plane.

Circa -27,000 DR, it is believed that the first migration of Elvenkind to Abeir-Toril began. The first waves of Elves to come to Abeir-Toril were in no way trailblazers. The first waves of Elves to come to Abeir-Toril were in no way volunteers. The first waves of Elves to come to Abeir-Toril were tricked.

On Abeir-Toril itself, the leShay, one of the Creator Races, were at war with the Dragons that ruled most of the world. While the leShay were nearly equals with the Dragons concerning magical might, they were, by no means, equal to the Dragons as far as pure physical power. Once the Fey, as they are often referred to, realized that they would never be able to defeat their Draconic enemies in a classic face-to-face battle, they turned to subterfuge.

Opening magical gates to the plane of Faerie using their own innate powers, the Fey lured various groups of Wood Elves through them, into Abeir-Toril. In some cases, it did not take much effort to lead entire tribes of Wood Elves through these magical gates. In other cases, it proved quite difficult. Over the course of a few years, it is estimated that some five thousand Wood Elves were lured from Faerie to Toril.

As if finding themselves in a completely new world wasn't hard enough, most Wood Elves were immediately set upon by various Dragons and Draconic factions. Those who were fortunate enough to survive these onslaughts fled into the deepest forests, places where the Dragons had difficulty entering.

According to the oral histories of various Wood Elven tribes, it is at this point that the Seldarine came to the Wood Elves. While they lived on Faerie, most Wood Elves worshipped the various members of the Seelie Court. Worship of the Seldarine was confined to other Elven subraces. However, it is said that Solonar Thelandira, Corellon Larethian and Rillifane Rallathil appeared to those who had survived the original Draconic onslaughts. According to legends, the three deities told the Wood Elves that they would teach them the skills necessary to survive on this new world, so long as the Elves worshipped them. Always the most pragmatic of all the Elven people, the Wood Elves accepted their proposition.

For centuries, the Wood Elves lived in relative peace. Using their skills taught to them by their new patrons, the Wood Elves thrived in the dense forests of Abeir-Toril. Dragon attacks became less and less frequent. The Elves became more and more used

to their new home, and within a few generations, they came to love it as they had Faerie.

The gates that the Wood Elves were tricked through soon brought another Elven subrace to Abeir-Toril. These Elves- the Dark Elves- were not tricked through, however. After scrying on the planet for years, the militant Dark Elves came as conquerors. They dispatched the Dragons they encountered with relative ease, and quickly established a truce with the Dragon baronies that ruled the continent.

The Dark Elves began enslaving the Wood Elves that they encountered. The Wood Elves first approached the Dark Elves as friends, but once the Dark Elves began enslaving those who came to them, all negotiations ceased. Efforts to befriend the Avariel and Lythari that also appeared around this time also failed. Even though they were no longer the only Elves on the planet, the Wood Elves were still very much on their own.

In -25,400, the survivors of Tintageer, most of whom were Sun Elves, joined the Wood Elves and Dark Elves on Abeir-Toril. At first, both groups were hesitant to interact with the other. But, within a few years, integration began. Within a century, the major cities constructed by the Elves- Sharlarion and Occidian- are inhabited by Moon Elves and Wood Elves, and Sun Elves and Moon Elves, respectively.

The Elves of Faerûn would soon end the dominion of the Dragons, and would become the stewards of the planet. They would reshape the world, as an unintended consequence of a powerful magical ritual gone awry. In a metaphorical sense, and a literal sense, the old order was washed away, and a new world was born. Aryvandaar, Miteritaar, Ilythiir, Ardeep, Syöpiir, Illefarn, Orishaar, Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, Keltormir, all mighty kingdoms in their own right, sprung into existence within a span of nearly three thousand years. Of these, Ardeep, Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, and Miyeritar had a large proportion of Wood Elves, or were completely composed of Wood Elves.

Things were not always, as Humans say, 'peachy'. Tensions often flared, resulting in conflict. For example, in -17,100, the War of Three Leaves was waged, between the realms of Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, and Syöpiir, and by proxy, Ilythiir, though the Dark Elves' involvement would not be discovered until much later.

The darkest period of time for the Elven race as a whole would also be the darkest period of time for the Wood Elves. Within a three thousand year timeframe, between -12,000 DR and -9,000 DR- five wars would be found that would collectively become known as the Crown Wars. The Crown Wars would result in the pivotal event in Wood Elven history known as The Wandering. Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, Syöpiir, and Miyeritar would all fall. Now, they were vagabonds, having no nation of their own. Many integrated into other Elven nations. Those who were too proud, or afraid, retreated into Faerûn's great forests once more.

Some would stay isolated, devolving into various forms of primitive barbarism. Others would eventually found the doomed nation of Eaelrann. Since the fall of Eaelrann, the Wood Elves have no raised any other mighty realms, preferring the serenity of their forests to castles and cities. Many traveled to Evermeet, when the Retreat began, though most remained on Faerûn. Some of the youngest Wood Elves, untainted by the failures of the past, seek to someday found mighty realms once more. But, for now, Wood Elves will continue to exist in relative peace and isolation.

Outlook

Wood Elves, simply put, are at one with the world around them. Over the years, they have lost the urge to built and replace nature with walls and ceilings. Instead, they are content with their natural setting. They work with it, creating magnificent cities literally built from the trees, unlocking the potent secrets of the smallest and most unassuming herb, and other feats that most city dwelling folk- including fellow *Tel'Quessir*- would find nearly impossible.

This intimateness with nature seems to come at a slight price, however. Wood Elves often times have trouble understanding anyone who isn't a fellow Wood Elf, including their fellow Elves who are of a different subrace. This oftentimes drives Wood Elves into seclusion, and in some cases, it seems that they devolve into primitive and nearly feral creatures that, asides for physical characteristics, only vaguely resemble Elves.

While, for the most part, Wood Elves are calm and serene, very little can match the enraged fury of an angered Wood Elf, or an entire community of Wood Elves. Wood Elves value their privacy, and almost always subtly steer intruders away from their communities within the woods. Other times, they use various methods to cause intruders to forget what they have witnessed, employing magic, and various natural herbs. When enraged, however, Wood Elves- especially the more primitive tribes- have no qualms with simply slaying intruders, and leaving them as a warning to others.

Wood Elf Characters

Wood Elves understand the power of Arcane magic, and are perfectly capable to using it, but are the least inclined to seek its power. They are the exact opposite our aquatic cousins, who understand its power, but cannot wield it. Wood Elves feel that wielding Arcane magic is simply another way of dominating the natural world, and causes one to live in opposition to nature, rather than in harmony with nature.

Clerics are rare, but exist. Along with Druids, who are far more common, they tend to the spiritual needs of the community. Clerics are more common in more 'civilized' communities, while Druids are more common in more primitive settlements.

Favored Class

Wood Elven society teaches the youngest Elfings many talents that Rangers utilize. As such, Rangers are fairly common within Wood Elven communities. Most Wood Elves have at least one level in Ranger.

Prestige Classes

Arcane Archers, Druidic Hierophants, Sylvan Minstrels, Knotward Experts
Spellsingers, Solonaran Bowlords and Rillanean Leaflords are the most common paths that Wood Elven magicians pursue. Wood Elven High Magi are rare, but do exist in places like Evermeet and Evereska, as do Wood Elven Bladesingers.

Wood Elf Society

Among their friend, kin and other familiar individuals, Wood Elves are pleasant to be around. There is much merry-making, with feasts, dancing, singing, and other kinds of celebrations. To outsiders, however, Wood Elves can be insular, rude and even outright hostile.

The governing structure of each settlement varies from place to place. Some communities are governed by patriarchs, while others are governed by matriarchs. Some communities are headed by practitioners of magic, such as Druids, or Clerics, while other communities are headed the practitioners of the martial arts.

Across all Wood Elven settlements, there always seems to be an emphasis on family. Both parents raise children, until they undergo an initiation 'rite of passage'. In general, these rites of passage usually involve some kind of hunt, an institution that is considered sacred by most communities and tribes.

In short, it is difficult to peg down exactly what constitutes Wood Elven society- No two settlements are exactly alike.

Language and Literacy

Wood Elves speak Elven. Those who have interactions with other races generally learn to speak Common, though some still have enough Elven haughtiness left in them that says that others should learn to speak Elven, if they want to associate with Elves. Most other Wood Elves do not have the interest, nor do they have the capabilities, to learn other languages.

Those Wood Elf settlements that are very secluded speak a relatively old dialect of Elven. These Elves use a Miyeritari dialect, demonstrating just how much the subrace was devastated during the Crown Wars, and the Wandering. These Wood Elves are mostly illiterate as well. Very rarely do they actually use paper, parchment, and the like. Among the more mainstream Wood Elven settlements, most Elves are literate.

Wood Elf Magic and Lore

Contemporary Wood Elven magic primarily exists in Druidic form. In the days of old, when powerful empires ruled by Elves stretched the continent, Wizards and Clerics were much more common. However, those days are long gone. Druidic magic coaxes power from nature, which is appealing to Wood Elves- especially those isolated tribes that are rather primal and uncivilized. Arcane magic is seen as divorcing to the natural world, due to the need to study in isolation. Clerical magic is seen as unreliable, having to borrow power from a far off and fickle source.

Ironically, in the days of yore, the Wood Elves were among the mightiest High Mages. Wood Elven High Magi once made up a large number of the total Elven High Magi. Now, there are but a few Wood Elven High Magi alive, most of the living on Evermeet, away from the rest of their kin.

Spells and Spellcasting

Today, the Wood Elves have no specific spellcasting traditions. In the past, powerful Wood Elven mages were masters of Elven High Magic. Today, only a few remain. The subrace remains as magically inclined as it was in the past, but they have mostly abandoned the Arcane path, due to numerous turning points in their races' history that revolved around the use of Arcane magic, and the negative consequences of it. At no point did the entire race suddenly give up Arcane magic- it simply became less common over the years.

Most Wood Elf magicians are Druids or Rangers- both of whom are inherently tied to the forests that the Wood Elves make home. Wizards, Sorcerers, and those who use Arcane magic are not unheard of,

but are rare. In the more primitive settlements, Wood Elves who practice Arcane magic are nonexistent. The Divine magics of priests and priestess' are also rare, used only by Clerics and Shaman, but this is not due to any sort of cultural phenomenon. In any society, only a small number are devoted and talented enough to pursue this path.

Wood Elf Magic Items

Wood Elves produce their own magical items, and usually do not seek the help of the outside world to obtain them. There is a misconception that Wood Elven items are primitive looking. For example, a young Elfing I once ran into in a marketplace in Leuthilspar was under the assumption that because a staff did not look old and gnarled meant that it wasn't a genuine Wood Elven-crafted item. Were it up to me, I would have took that staff, and bopped that child over the head with it!

In the areas where the Wood Elves have reverted to barbarism, it is true that many of their magical items appear crude and primitive. Citing my previous example, it is likely that a magical staff produced in these settlements would appear gnarled and otherwise unspectacular. However, the majority of Wood Elven society is nowhere as primitive. Most Wood Elven items are finely crafted, like all other magical items created by the *Tel'Quessir*. A Bow created by a Wood Elf is going to be made from simply wood, but it is going to appear graceful, and be quite sturdy.

Wood Elf Deities

Wood Elves as a whole are not overly religious. Most communities and tribes feel that worship is something that is personal, and it between one and his/her deity. Certain Wood Elven communities pay homage to the forest deities of the Faerûnian Pantheon, such as Silvanus and Mielikki, but, for the most part, the Seldarine is primarily worshipped. Among the Seldarine, Wood Elves have a particular affinity with Solonar Thelandira and Rillifane Rallathil.

The worship of these two deities only vaguely match the more orthodox and conservative versions practiced on Evermeet. Solonar Thelandira is seen by Wood Elves as representing nature, and the conflict between predators and prey, rather than as a sportsman and archer. Rillifane Rallathil is worshipped though intermediaries, each Elf worshipping an entire mini-pantheon of spirit animals and concepts that represent the Leaflord. While some of the more conservative factions based in other places do not necessarily approve of some of these practices, none as considered heretical.

Relations with Other Races

The Wood Elves are thought to be the oldest Elven race currently inhabiting Abeir-Toril. As a result, Wood Elves have long memories. Because of various conflicts in the past, Wood Elves try their best to remain unseen and unknown. As a Human phrase goes, "Out of sight, out of mind". And, Wood Elves do their best to stay "out of mind".

Most Wood Elves are automatically weary of Humans. Even the most isolated, insulated tribe has heard terrifying stories about Humans appearing in Wood Elf forests and destroying everything in their paths, like locusts.

Wood Elves treat even other Elves with mild suspicion. They recall the tragedies of the past, when entire Elven kingdoms would battle each other. They

recall the massive casualties that events such as the Crown Wars causes. However, a fellow Elf who can prove him or herself is treated as a member of the community. Wood Elves have the easiest time associating with Star Elves, and Moon Elves, because all three have similar mindsets. They have the hardest time associating with Sun Elves. Wood Elves treat Lythari with reverence, and some tribes believe them to be emissaries from the Seldarine. The only other Elves they truly despise are the Drow. Even when the Drow were still Dark Elves, the two subraces warred and disliked each other.

While one would think that Wood Elves to have a hard time understanding Dwarves, because of the obvious differences between the two. While, in some of the more isolated areas, this is the case, the majority of Wood Elves do not have problems with benign Dwarves. This is mostly due to the fact that the Shield Dwarven kingdom of Ammarindar once stood alongside the Wood Elven nation of Eaelrann, and the two mighty nations were allies.

Wood Elves do not care one way or another for most Halflings and Gnomes. They do have good relations with Forest Gnomes, though, since they consider the Gnomes 'brothers and sisters of the forests'.

Wood Elves have a particular dislike for Dragonkind as well. When the Wood Elves were tricked into coming to Abeir-Toril by the Fey, they were mercilessly hunted and preyed upon by Dragons. Though they still respect and fear a Dragon's power, it brings them great pleasure to be able to cause problems for a Dragon, now that the two groups are on equal footing, more or less.

Wood Elves share their racial cousins' dislike for Orcs, Goblinoids, and other fell creatures.

Wood Elf Equipment

Because Wood Elves make their homes in the forests of Faerûn, their weapons, armors, and everything else reflects this. Everything they create, from the simplest tool, to an entire hut, is built in harmony with nature. For example, hammers range from rocks that have been magically shaped, to rocks tied to wooden handles with dried vines. Domiciles vary from hollowed out trees to structures that are magically built atop trees, using the tree itself.

This does not mean, however, that Wood Elves do not have the knowledge required to work metal. Most do- only the most isolated groups do not any longer. Most Wood Elves simply have no interest in metal working.

Arms and Armor

Wood Elves, in general, seem to enjoy the process of constructing arms and armors. A Wood Elf would much rather create his or her own weapon, choosing the ideal materials, spending as much time as needed to craft it, rather than purchase it from an anonymous merchant. Weapons that can be produced by materials easily found in nature, such as spears, clubs, saps, staves, and so on, are most common. Certain Wood Elf communities have access to metal ores, and continue on in the ancient Elven tradition of creating fine blades and armors.

Most have an affinity with bows of all kinds, except for mechanical crossbows. Wood Elves are the primary producers of Elven Bows, which are so well designed that they can be used in melee combat. Wood Elves also have created, over the years, an assortment of arrows that serve various functions. For example,

some are hollow, and feature a small lip, so that when they fly through the air, they whistle. Others are designed such that they fly much faster, or at a further length, than normal arrows.

Wood Elves tend to eschew armor that they feel it too constricting. From what I have gathered, armor made from boiled leather is about the heaviest armor that is normally produced. However, Wood Elf armor makers have perfected this craft. Among various Wood Elven settlements, warriors wear leather armors that are dyed such that they hide the wearer much easier (+4 Hide), treated such that they make the wearer harder to hear (+4 Move Silently), and even leather armors that are much tougher than normal leather (+2 - +4 AC).

Most of the more isolated communities of Wood Elves seem to have either forgotten how to produce the magical weapons that the ancient empires that they are heir to once produced en masse, or have come to disdain such weapons, instead living completely off of the land around them. In either case, weapons are more or less primitive, and include daggers and knives made of bone and rock, clubs and spears made of wood, and even- supposedly- bows made with vines. Sometimes, depending on the location, communities have weapons made of other materials that exhibit extraordinary natural qualities.

In the case of armors, these Elves are, again, quite primitive. They tend to eschew armor completely, sometimes wearing animal hides, or even a hardened mud, when the situation calls. In my own mind, it seems that the reasoning for this is quite simple: anything heavier is too restricting and confining for such free spirits.

Animals and Pets

Wood Elves are completely comfortable with the entire gamut of creatures that roam the forests with them. They do not necessarily keep them as pets, per se, but treat them as allies. Because both the Elves and the creatures of the forest share the same territory, both work together for mutual benefit when called upon. Various animals, such as great cats, especially mountain lions, pumas and leopards, wolverines, and large birds, especially owls defend Wood Elves when in times of need, and in turn, Wood Elves defend these creatures when in need. Dire animals are sometimes allies of Wood Elves, but due to their rarity, they are in no way common, and usually appear only in special circumstances.

Many of the more primitive tribes of Wood Elves believe that, at birth, every individual is watched over by some kind of spirit guardian, which watches over them, and aids them at times. Various special ceremonies and rites of passage have been developed to help reveal a particular Elf's spirit guardian.

Other Elven Races

Aranea

Aranea are strange spider creatures that do not have their origins tied to Drow Elves, but instead, Calashite Humans. Their creation is another chapter of the history book in which Humans were the dominant species that leads me to arch my brow. Like many other things that Humans have done, over the course of the centuries, this particular event- the creation of the Aranea- puzzles me.

Aranea are intelligent, shapechanging spider creatures, with natural sorcerous powers, such as the ability to cast various spells, mainly illusions and charms. These creatures have many different forms. Their natural form, a large orb-weaver spider, is about three feet in length, with a leg span of about seven feet, and a total weight of 150 pounds. This form has a pair of mandibles at the front of its body, with two smaller, humanoid arms close by, both about two feet in length, with four many jointed fingers and one double jointed thumb on each. A small bump on the creature's thorax houses its brain.

When the creature wills it, it can transform into one of two different forms, very similarly to a Lycanthrope. The Aranea has a humanoid form and a hybrid form. Its humanoid form is determined at birth, and cannot be changed. The Aranea's transformation into a humanoid creature is so complete that it even gains the special abilities of those creatures it transforms into. So, for example, if an Aranea's humanoid form was that of a Dwarf, the transformed Aranea, in this guise, would gain Darkvision, like a Dwarf. The Aranea's transformation into its hybrid form combines its natural guise with that of its humanoid guise. While, upon first glance, the Aranea may seem a normal version of the creature that it transformed into, further inspection will reveal fangs dripping with poison, spinnerets, compound eyes, and similar traits.

The first Aranea were created in -741, by a Calashite necromancer by the name of Tulan el Akada yi Calimport. At the time, Calimshan was involved in the Night Wars, a series of conflicts involving a few southern Faerûnian nations- primarily Calimshan- and the Drow- primarily from the temple city of Gualldurth. The Humans were at the mercy of the Drow, who used hit-and-run tactics to raid small cities and then flee back into the Underdark before much of a resistance could be mustered.

The Syl-Pasha of Calimshan at the time, Ruj el Drakhon, put out a call for any Calashite citizens to offer solutions as to how to defeat the Drow. The necromancer Tulan el Akada yi Calimport came forward, and told the Syl-Pasha of some of his experiments. According to the necromancer, he could create a race of spider-men that could have the intelligence of a Human, and the guile of a Drow, that would chase the Dark Elves out of Calimshan. The Syl-Pasha signed off on the idea, and gave the necromancer capital to fund his project.

After a few failed tries, Tulan el Akada yi Calimport successfully created the first Aranea. To create them, he magically mutated the body of a spider, magically augmented it, and added into it the shattered spirits of both a Human and a Drow. The necromancer's most loyal Aranea were trained and let loose in the hidden byways under Calimport, that had connections to the Underdark. These Aranea fortified the city's defenses from beneath, against the Drow.

Shortly after demonstrating to the Syl-Pasha that the Aranea were loyal to Calimshan, and were able-bodied enough to fight against the Drow, Tulan el Akada yi Calimport went about releasing over 100 Aranea into the Forest of Mir.

In -691 DR, the Drow burst past the defenses that the Aranea had created, attacking the Pasha's palace, and killing everyone within it, bringing an end to both the Vihad Dynasty and the necromancer Tulan el Akada yi Calimport. The new Syl-Pasha, Akim el Ehjoliq had no idea about the Aranea that his predecessor had created, so from this point on, the Aranea were now free creatures. This came at a price, however, as the new Syl-Pasha saw the Aranea as threats, ironically believing them to have been created by the Drow to infiltrate Calashite society, so he ordered that Aranea were to be killed.

In time, the Aranea hunts ended, and the spider-creatures developed a mostly peaceful culture of their own, in what is today the Spider Swamp on the site of lost Ajhuutal, the former capital of the Maridstates. They peacefully traded silks, herbs and poisons with the nearby city of Volothamp. This would change in 290 DR, however. After a plague devastated cities within the Shoon Imperium, Qysara Shoon V declared that the Aranea of the Forest of Mir and of the Spider Swamp were to blame. The militia of Volothamp assembled and began hunting the Aranea that they had peacefully traded with for years.

The Aranea turned to anyone for help. Zanasu, the Spider Demon, answered their calls. In exchange for their worship, he would destroy the Qysara, and free the Aranea from their unjust persecution. Most of the Aranea agreed to his terms, and took to his worship. The Apostolaeum of the Spider That Waits was built to signify the Aranea's part of the pact. In 292 DR, Zanasu lived up to his end of the bargain. Or, rather, he attempted to.

The Spider Demon manifested on the Prime Material Plane, and challenged the Qysara. Zanasu overestimated his own abilities, and underestimated those of the Shoon empress. After a titanic battle, Zanasu was defeated, weakened, and banished back to the Abyss where he came from.

Since this event, the Aranea lost contact with Zanasu, believing themselves to have somehow offended the Demon. In truth, Zanasu was destroyed and absorbed by Selvetarm. For the next hundred years, the Aranea would be on their own. They would make due, however, as they slowly charmed and infiltrated their way into the upper echelons of nearby Volothamp, manipulating the people there to make their own lives easier.

In 1,292 DR, a massive spider- the avatar of Selvetarm- appeared in the ruins of Ajuutal. The spider cloistered itself in the Apostolaeum of the Spider That Waits, seemingly randomly and out of the blue. Until the Time of Troubles, the Aranea petitioned to the avatar to give them guidance, but it was to no avail. Finally, in 1,358 DR, the avatar of Selvetarm left the city, heading north.

Selvetarm's avatar moving north, ravaging all of that which came into contact with it caused the Aranea to lose a lot of the influence they had in Volothamp. Like the spiders they are related to, the Aranea are slowly working to fix the web of intrigue that they had weaved in the nearby coastal city.

Celadrin

Though it pains me to do so, in order to paint the most complete picture of the current status of the *Tel'Quessir* on Faerûn for my majesty, Queen Amlauril, I must reopen an old wound. For many years, I have largely forgotten these memories, thinking it for the best. But, now, I shall share my memories, and speak of the Celadrin.

I met her many, many years ago, during Midsummer's Night, back in DR 985, the Year of Bright Nights, right here on Evermeet. As always, I had my face buried in a book. My mother and father were attending the local night's festivities in Leuthilspar, and I decided to appease them, and attend as well. I made sure to stay out of the way of the revelers. I had no intention on ruining their evening, and I surely did not want anyone interrupting my reading.

Suddenly, a beautiful and melodious voice softly said beside me, "The night is short." Startled, I looked up, to find the source of the silky, seductive voice. Standing before me was an Elven lass of unimaginable beauty. Her long, flowing hair was a fierce shade of red. Her soft skin was a copper hue, slightly lighter than my own complexion. Her eyes were two golden orbs that seemed to pierce into my most inner thoughts, my most inner desires.

The green and silver voluminous robe that she wore clung to the ample curves of her body. Leaning over slightly, exposing more of her skin, she extended an arm, and lightly brushed my left ear with the slightest of touches. "The night is short", she softly said again, a conspiratorial smile spreading on her face. Without even noting the page I had read up to, I abruptly closed the tome, sending a small cloud of dust into the air. Taking her extended arm, I intertwined it within my own, and replied, "The night is short".

I awoke from reverie in my own bed the next morning, my body both sore and rejuvenated. During reverie, I had seen the images of my beauty over and over. Her smile. Her hair. Her smell. Inhaling deeply, mentally taking in the light smell of apple blossoms that seemed to cling to her, I rolled to my left, only to find an empty bed. In my horror, I ripped the bed sheets from my bed, throwing them all on the floor, hoping to find my beauty, or some kind of clue as to her whereabouts. Sadly, I found nothing.

In the ensuing weeks, I looked around Leuthilspar, searching for her. But, much to my dismay, I found nothing. No clues as to who she was, no clues as to her whereabouts. My grief shortly turned into depression, which, at times, manifested itself as despondence. My parents quickly became worried, as it was not very normal for an Elf so young to fall into a depression so deep. They sent for Paramour Alyanya Everlove, a priestess of Hanali Celanil, to see if she could pull me from the void I was in. Paramour Everlove was a beautiful Elven woman herself, and during no other time would I ever refuse her. But, her presence did little to console my grief.

That night, during reverie, I had an intense dream. To this day, I still credit Lady Goldheart with sending it to me. In my dream, I was a much smaller version of myself. I stood upon a massive marble platform. Suddenly, a much larger Elven woman appeared above me. Her beauty was such that I had to look away. Tears still flowing freely from my eyes, the Elven woman said in a soft, gentle voice, a voice I had not expected from such a massive figure, "Be at ease, my child. The arrow of love has struck you. Do not

become lost in the intense feelings within you. Instead, share the gift that has been bestowed upon you by my Celadrin servant. One close to you is troubled. Share your experience with him, and aid him in his troubles."

I suddenly awoke. *Celadrin*, I thought to myself. And, suddenly, it all made sense. I recalled tales of Eladrin mating with Hanali Celanil's followers during midnight revels, creating Celadrin-Elves who served Lady Goldheart by spreading love, and the meaning of it, throughout Elven communities. I had been completely taken aback by my beauty, and I had become selfish in wanting her for myself. It was then that I felt a great burden lift from my shoulders. Though it pained me to rationally say it aloud in my head, I knew that I would never see her again.

According to me research, the first Celadrin to exist in the realms was an enchanting young woman by the name of Fiara Sunsong. Lady Fiara Sunsong, a native of Aryvandaar, was said to have been an artist, and a patron of the arts, encouraging others to participate in artistry, and make the world a better place through the beauty of artwork. In truth, however, Lady Fiara might not have been the first Celadrin to exist on Faerûn, but instead, the very first recorded Celadrin.

I emerged from my depression, and took Lady Goldheart's words to heart. And, sure enough, someone close to me was troubled. My elder brother, Herianamae was betrothed to another woman, in Evereska. He was troubled, however, because he did not wish to leave Evermeet, and be away from family and friends. While talking with him, I explained the intense sadness and grief I had felt over losing my beauty from Midsummer's Night. Eventually, I convinced him to depart to Evereska, to marry his betrothed. The pain that accompanies losing a loved one, I explained, stems from your soul, is like nothing else an Elf can experience.

Never again have I seen my beauty, or another Celadrin. Long have I traveled around Faerûn, but alas, never have I encountered her, or any of her special race. But, I know that she is out there, somewhere, teaching the lesson of love to many and Elf. And, with a sad smile on my face, I am happy that she left me that morning.

Desert Elves

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is an excerpt from a letter authored by Celebrius Seasparrow, adventurer extraordinaire

My first encounter with these People came years ago when I was 'trading' along the coast of Zakhara. While in the glorious city of Hiyal, I came across a group of desert nomads in the marketplace. At first, I mistook them for Humans, because their heads were completely covered with the wrappings customary for the area. Once I saw their eyes, however, I knew the truth of it.

I approached them and greeted them in Elvish, but was returned only blank stares. I put my hand out for them to take, thinking perhaps that they might be more familiar with this Human custom, but instead they just put their hands on their swords, and the nearest one pulled up his veil (I was to later find out that they are not allowed to kill un-veiled, a rather disturbing local custom). I tried again in common, and then finally in Midani, the Human language in this part

of the world, and was finally greeted in return, albeit suspiciously.

I was fascinated by the fact that these southern Elves were completely unfamiliar with Elven customs! Fortunately, the rug merchant whose stall we were in front of was a Half-Elf from Faerûn, and was quite familiar with these Elves. He invited one member of the tribe, a headman, and myself to come to his home that evening and "Share Salt" with his family. Being one to never turn down an opportunity to experience new things- or a free meal- I gladly accepted.

I had a very interesting evening at the home of my host, and his three wives- one of whom was a gnome!- and learned much from them about these mysterious Desert Elves. Zakhara Elves, in general, do not worship the Seldarine as we do. In fact, they have embraced the 'enlightened gods' of the local Human populace. However, there is a hero/god figure venerated by many of the nomadic tribes of the wastes by the name of Coraanu. He is known for his legendary battles with a large, hairy, slaving creature known as "the Grunch", and its foul master Lotha, the beautiful yet twisted Queen of Akota. I cannot help but notice the similarities between these folktales and the truth behind our own Elven origins.

The stories end with the defeat of the Grunch, and Lotha's dark magic being turned on her, transforming her into a hideous twisted spider-creature. Coraanu himself is said to have lead the tribes of "Al-Quessir", which, perhaps, is some kind of Elven Al-Badia, out of the west and into the desert, where they would be "cleansed of the evil taint by the burning sun". This seems to be a local myth of the Desert Elves, and they claim that as long as they wander the deserts they will not fall prey again to the wickedness of world.

The land of Akota lies on the furthest western tip of Zakhara, and it is said to be a city of evil necromancers who enslave other races. I also heard that they were also Dark Elves who ride terrible lizards, so I thought it best not to find out the truth of these tales in person. I bid my host a good evening, and watched as the tribal headman handed a beautiful brooch to him, thanking him for his hospitality. Not wanting to breach etiquette, I too wished to present our host with a gift, and looking about my person I took one of my many rings from my fingers and gave it to him as well. He seemed pleased by this, handing the gifts to his wives, and led us out of his humble home.

There is one other tale I heard that night worth mentioning - that of "The Scattering". This is a common myth in Zakhara, and it concerns a being known as Fate, who granted the wishes of a foolish Caliph by scattering the myriad peoples of Al-Qadim to the far corners of Zakhara. This is why many tribes of the people of Zakhara can be found outside of those lands, and how the Akotans first came to the western coast.

Several other rather large groups of both city-dwellers and nomads were said to be cast into the far-away land of Ulgarth. The nomad tribes took to living in the region, but most of the city dwellers either settled in the Utter East, or migrated further north and west, in to the Shining Lands. This was in the time before the rise of ancient Imaskar, and some folk settled in the fertile Raurin Valley. When the Imaskari rose to power and conquered the surrounding lands, many of the tribes of nomads refused to submit, living for years in the Stoney Wastes to the east of Ulgarth. It is said that the nomadic Elves living there built an underground fortress

in the mountains in which to hide from the Artificers, and that they invited the human tribes to take succor there as well.

For centuries the Lords of Imaskar did not find this hideout of the desert folk, and in time, their mighty empire fell. When Bakar, the last kingdom of the Imaskari, was engulfed by the growing desert, the nomads rejoiced, and abandoned the ancient hidden fortress. They took to the newly formed sandy wastes and many dwell there to this day.

As for the Elves, they had grown used to their way of life and continued to live in their subterranean home. It was not until they were discovered and driven from their safe-hole by a powerful Lich by the name of Ambuchar Devayam that they joined their nomadic brothers in the newly formed Raurin Desert. I know all of this because I had the good fortune to encounter these people, called the Qaharans, on an unforeseen foray into the Raurin Desert. Why I was staked to the ground at the time they found me is something I'd rather not discuss, but they were kind enough to take me into their city until I was well enough to travel, and gave me enough food and water before pointing me in the right direction and sending me on my way.

During my brief stay with them, they told me the story of how they came to be, and how they must stay ever vigilant against the Lich who still dwells to the south. I must say, their underground city was a marvelous change from the homes I am used to when staying with fellow Elves. It was called Al-Qahera, but I know not exactly where it is located, because I was unconscious when taken there, and blindfolded when we left.

The last group of these nomadic, dusky-skinned Elves I encountered was across the Trackless Sea, back when I did a wee bit of privateering in the Punjabbi Islands. Remind me to tell you of those isles sometime, with its sun-dappled beaches and beautiful Half-Elven maidens running about with naught but a few blades of grass about their waists...

Er-hmmm... where was I? Oh yes... On one of my more northerly trips from the islands I got talked into a silly expedition inland to find a "City of Gold". Needless to say we never found it, or else I would not be here now, but rather back on those beaches in the Punjabbi... suffice it to say that it was because of these nomadic Elves in Maztica, called the Poscadar, that we never even got anywhere near the location where the city was purported to be. They were very hostile, and insisted we leave at once. Our guide recommended we do so, and I was later told that the more northern tribes leaving in Anchorome would not have even given us a warning.

Some of the stories I was told about their brutality and hate for outsiders would make an Illithid squirm, or make the headhunting, scorpion-loving Dark Elves of Lopango seam squeamish. From what little I could take-in from our brief encounter, they are all expert horsemen, and could shoot a bow from saddle-back better than a Tuigan! They live in temporary shelters that look like pyramid-shaped tents, and their women are treated as equals, riding with the warriors during the hunt. The men, for their part, help in preparing meals and with the chores about the home - they appear to be very enlightened for savages. I was told that they follow immense herds of Rothalo, a hippo-sized shaggy beast, across the plains, and it is from these creatures that they get many of their necessities, like food, leather, and even bone to make weapons and jewelry.

It seems like a very dreary existence to me, but what do I know of simple living? I yearn for adventure, the open seas, and the next new port... come to think of it, perhaps I too have some nomadic Elven blood after all...

LeShay

While I have often had difficulty finding information about this minor Elven town that existed centuries ago, or about this odd cultural offshoot that grew from a larger, more mainstream culture, I have never encountered so much difficulty researching a singular topic as I had with this topic, the enigmatic leShay. In collecting my research, I delved deep into the libraries on Evermeet and in Candlekeep, entered into correspondence with scholars in Tabot and Shou Lung, as well as scholars from different planes and Crystal Spheres.

For all intents and purposes, the leShay are the Fey Creator Race on Abeir-Toril. This is slightly a misnomer, however, as I will now explain. The other Creator Races to walk our fair planet- the Aearee, the Batrachi, the Humans, and the Sarrukh- had a direct hand in either creating or becoming numerous races that walk our fair planet today. For example, the Aearee had a hand in creating, or became themselves, the Aarakocra, Kenku and Tengu. The Batrachi had a hand in creating, or became themselves, the Bullywug, Siv, and the Slaadi. Humans have, ironically, 'devolved', resulting in Neanderthals that roam the Great Glacier, and perhaps points north, if such places exist. The Sarrukh had a hand in creating, or became themselves, Lizardfolk, Yuan-Ti and other reptilian creatures.

The leShay, on the other hand, did not create the various creatures that exist on Abeir-Toril, nor did they evolve into these creatures. Instead, the leShay were the first to open gates from Abeir-Toril to the Plane of Faerie. It is in this manner that the leShay are the Fey Creator Race. Indeed, this sometimes causes confusion among historians and scholars, and as a result, many sources claim the Fey creatures of Abeir-Toril, and even of the Plane of Faerie, to be the descendants of the leShay.

I am unsure if the leShay are native to Abeir-Toril or not. Evidence points to the fact that the leShay are indeed interlopers, having arrived from somewhere other than our fair planet, seemingly the Plane of Faerie. This, in no way, however, means that they cannot be among the Creator Races. Indeed, they are. The earliest records of the leShay date far back, and point to some sort of settlement in or around the Yehimal Mountains. Very little remains of this civilization, though archeologists and scholars from Tabot and Shou Lung sometimes uncover relics of this incredibly ancient society. For all intents and purposes, however, this civilization of leShay, we know virtually nothing about.

Some scholars believe that Elves are descended from the leShay, in the sense that the original Elves were once leShay, and that over the millennia, these leShay eventually became Elves. To these scholars, I offer a brief counterpoint. Elves do not evolve, in the sense that Humans do. As such, it would be impossible for ancient leShay to slowly evolve into Elves. Such a theory, in my own mind, borders on near impossibility, as leShay are immortal. Indeed, they have a lifespan that does not end, and can only be killed in unnatural manners. Because of this, it would be impossible for leShay to evolve into Elves.

Other scholars put forth a theory that seems much more possible than the former, but one that I do not believe nonetheless. Some believe that the deities of the Elves, the Seldarine, were mortal leShay that, as the sands of time passed, became worshipped by Elves, and achieved divinity in this manner. The deities of the Orc Pantheon were once similarly mortal leShay as well, albeit twisted and corrupted by the Unseelie Court, and by their debased worshippers, Orcs. While this hypothesis is certainly possible, I do not believe it. That is to say, I require more than some hearsay, possibility and theories to believe such a thing.

Long ago, in -27,000 DR, the leShay opened gates to the Plane of Faerie, and tricked tribes of Wood Elves to enter into the portals, introducing the first Elves to Abeir-Toril. Why the leShay did this, I am not certain. Scholars seem to believe that, in doing so, the leShay were seeking to disrupt the growing influence of Dragon Baronies during the Days of Thunder. Whatever the case, the leShay introduced Wood Elves, Avariell and Lythari into the world during this time. The Dark Elves led by Ka'Narlist Ilythiir soon followed suit, opening the portals that the leShay had closed. Following the Elves, Fey and Sylvan creatures of all sorts began migrating to Abeir-Toril from the Plane of Faerie. It is in this way that the leShay are the Fey Creator Race of Abeir-Toril. While they might not necessarily be inherently related to the Fey and Sylvan creatures that inhabit Abeir-Toril today, it is because of the leShay that these creatures inhabit our world.

We know much more about the leShay of Sarifal, a group of leShay that may or may not have been the same leShay to settle in or around the Yehimal Mountains and open portals to Faerie. This kingdom of leShay existed on the Moonshae Isles, from -10,500 DR to -500 DR. Known as Sarifal, this small kingdom of leShay had a large impact on Faerûn, though scholars would not know this until fairly recently. The leShay kingdom of Sarifal made it's capital in a city called Karador, located on a small island at the center of the shimmering blue waters of Myrloch, the large lake nestled within a great vale on the central island of the Moonshae Isles, and was led by Queen Ordalf.

Sarifal had an important impact on Abeir-Toril for two reasons. Firstly, it was these leShay who welcomed the Llewyrwood Elves who fled to the Moonshae Isles in -9,900 DR, when the Vyshaati annexed Ilfarn's colony. These Elves would found the Elven kingdom of Synnoria in -9,800 DR, after the leShay of Sarifal opened their kingdom to these Elves, and granted them a parcel of land in the mountains.

Sarifal also had a great impact on the eastern nation of Imaskar. The fledgling empire of Imaskar, between -8,000 DR and -4,000 DR, began experimenting with spells that manipulated mass, and created extradimensional space. This research and experimentation grew by leaps and bounds when the Imaskari discovered ancient gates created by the Batrachi. The leShay, similarly interested in such magics, watched from Sarifal with great interest.

Eventually, in -4,000 the leShay of Sarifal made peaceful contact with the Imaskari, and invited Imaskari artificers to come to the Moonshae Isles. The Imaskari accepted the offer, and Sarifal and Imaskar struck up an alliance. The Imaskari shared what they were willing to share about what they had learned about gates and extradimensional magic, and, in turn, the leShay shared what they were willing to share about what they had learned about gates and extradimensional magic. It was the information that the

leShay shared with them that allowed the Imaskari to create twin gates to another world and abduct thousands of these natives to serve as slaves. It was the information that the leShay shared with them that allowed the Imaskari to construct a planar barrier powerful enough to block the deities of their slaves from entering into Realmspace. It was the information that the leShay shared with them that allowed the Imaskari to create the seven Imaskarcana, when Lord Artificer Omanond ordered it.

By -500 DR, for whatever reason, the leShay abandoned their kingdom in the Moonshae Isles. Queen Ordalf and her court vanished, presumably to return to the Plane of Faerie, or perhaps to some other world. The capital city of Karador sank beneath the waves of Myrloch, out of sight and out of mind. For all intents and purposes, all evidence of a leShay presence on Abeir-Toril had vanished.

The leShay, as the years have passed, have fallen further and further into antiquity. They are mostly regarded as myth, though astute scholars know otherwise. Their fate is unknown, but their influence on Realmspace is profound. Interestingly enough, I have recently learned an interesting clue. Yaziliclik the Wood Sprite, a friend of the Great Druid of the Moonshae Isles, Robyn Kendrick, recently told the woman, "Sarifal is awakening", before disappearing. What this means, I do not know. Perhaps, however, the leShay are interested in reclaiming their legacy, and will return to Realmspace someday.

Eladree

The *Tel'Quessir*, more so than Dwarves, Humans, Halflings, or any other race existing on Faerûn, commune with our deities. Simply living is a celebration of the Seldarine. It is this unity with each other, and with our deities that places we Elves apart from the other races of Faerûn.

Since his return from the Yuirwood, rumors have been arriving on the Green Isle by soldiers returning from the Elven Crusade in Faerûn's heartland. Apparently, Araevin Teshurr, a young Sun Elf, and a potential *Selu'Taar*, is something more than Elven now. A rosy glow constantly surrounds him, and some claim that he can see magic itself just as clearly as I see my own hand.

Although I first gave these rumors no mind, I slowly came to realize that they may have been born of some truths. Earlier this year, I was to present Queen Amlauril with the results of some research I had been doing at the time- the effects of Elven magic on the flora and fauna of the Moonshae Islands. A group of *Selu'Taar* were meeting with her majesty before I, and though I was not eavesdropping, it was not difficult to hear what was being said, because of the thin walls, and raised voices. The *Selu'Taar* had learned that Araevin Teshurr had performed an ancient High Magic ritual, the *Telmiirkara Neshyrr* and was to be banned from setting foot on Evermeet.

Naturally, being the inquisitive type, I began doing research shortly after my audience with her majesty was over. The results, though not shocking, were certainly not anything I had expected. Araevin Teshurr had indeed become something more than a Sun Elf. He had become, according to my research, a *Surin'Tel'Quessir*, an Eladree, a Celestial Elf.

Surin'Tel'Quessir- 'People of the Celestial Place'- in dramatically simplified reasoning, can be thought of as the antithesis of Fey'ri. Whereas Fey'ri

trade portions of their souls to Demons, Eladree trade portions of their souls to Eladrin, usually Bralani or Ghaele. Whereas Fey'ri are evil, Eladree are good. Whereas Fey'ri use infernal magics, Eladree use celestial magics.

In days ancient even to we Elves, when mighty Elven Empires ruled over Faerûn, Eladree were more common, though still very rare. Occasionally, one would be born to a Sun Elf serving Hanali Celanil. These births were seen as blessings by the Elven love goddess. Most Eladree went on to become powerful and influential priests and priestess' in Hanali Celanil's church.

Some of her other Elven priests and priestess' slowly grew jealous over the power and influence that the Eladree had. Working with High Magi who supported their cause, a powerful High Magic ritual was created- the *Telmiirkara Neshyrr*, the Rite of Transformation. I have yet to identify an individual, or a place where this ritual was originally developed, however.

Subsequent castings of the spell created more Eladree. Eventually, Hanali Celanil must have taken offense to this, because natural Eladrée births become more and more infrequent, until finally, no more naturally birthed Eladree existed in the Realms. When this occurred, the "widespread" use of the Rite of Transformation ended as well, most likely because those who were living at the time recognized that they had offended the goddess. The spell vanished for thousands of years, until the Dlardraegeth uncovered it, and began trading portions of their souls for the power of Demons. This too, would come to an end eventually, and the spell would again disappear, until recently, with Araevin's casting of it, and his subsequent transformation into an Eladree.

According to ancient texts, and descriptions of what Araevin Teshurr has become, Eladree greatly resemble Sun Elves. The main physical differences between we Sun Elves and Eladree tend to be our hair and our eyes. Bralani Eladree tend to have silver hair, and eyes that span the entire color spectrum all at once. Ghaele Eladree tend to have silver hair as well, and opalescent eyes. Both are surrounded by a rosy glow, an almost-tangible aura of good.

Both naturally born Eladree, and "artificial" Eladree slowly grow into their powers and abilities. There is evidence that says that naturally born Eladree have access to all of their special abilities at birth, but do not understand how to use them until they become mentally and physically stronger. Eladree created through the use of High Magic also gain all of their abilities all at once, but they slowly master them.

Their celestial nature affords Eladree many special abilities. Most prevalently among them are *Aid*, *Blur*, *Charm Person*, *Color Spray*, *Cure Light Wounds*, *Cure Serious Wounds*, *Dancing Lights*, *Detect Evil*, *Detect Thoughts*, *Disguise Self*, *Dispel Magic*, *Featherfall*, *Lightning Bolt*, *Invisibility*, *Major Image*, *Mirror Image*, *See Invisibility*, and *Wind Wall*. Eladree also received protections against fire, cold and electricity, as well as the ability to see in the dark.

Because of their special Planetouched natures, natural born Eladree were subject to spells that effected Outsiders. For instance, a *Banishment* spell sent a natural born Eladree to Henali Celanil's realm in Arvandor. I do not know if this affected artificial Eladree, but I do not believe so.

With the rediscovery of the Rite of Transformation, the possibility exists for more Eladree

to come into the world, much as Avaerin Teshurr has done. However, I do not believe that this will happen in my lifespan, or even that of my young nephew and nieces' lifespans. There is still much stigma attached to the idea of trading one's soul for power, whether that power be good or not.

Malenti

While not truly Elves, I believe that Malenti are important enough to catalogue in this tome. Malenti are, in truth, Sahuagin, who physically resemble Aquatic Elves. Internally, they think like the Sahuagin that they are, and are just as every bit deadly and cunning, perhaps even more so because of their outward appearance. Indeed, there is no way to tell a true Aquatic Elf from a Malenti unless the Malenti reveals its true nature.

How Malenti come to be is something that I cannot say. It is not something that anyone can say. They exist as mutants, obviously, and are only born in Sahuagin communities that are within 100 miles of an Aquatic Elf community. Why this is, I cannot say, nor can any other scholars. There are two leading theories, however. One involves a divine origin, while the other involves a more conventional, but more sinister, genesis.

According to the myth that gives Malenti a divine origin, the great devil shark Sekolah is the creator of the Malenti. The myth states that, during a battle with Deep Sashelas and his consort, Trishina, the devil realized that he could not triumph over his foes through sheer force alone. After escaping, he, at some point in the future, contacted Fraz-Urb'luu, the Prince of Deception and made a deal with him. In exchange for some aid by Sekolah, Fraz-Urb'luu would deliver a grave blow to Deep Sashelas and Trishina.

Fraz-Urb'luu transformed Sekolah into an exact image of Deep Sashelas, down to every last nuance and detail. Swallowing his pride, the transformed sea devil entered the Prime Material Plane, claiming to be Deep Sashelas. Feeling numerous Sea Elven women, he laid with them, filling them with the seed of his own demonic nature. All around the multiverse, Aquatic Elven women began giving birth to Sea Elven children who looked like Sea Elves, but had Sekolah's demonic nature and temperament. From afar, he watched the Sea Elves raise his offspring.

When they had reached maturity, he commanded his children to kill their foster parents, to escape, and to go to Sahuagin settlements. Forewarning his followers, the Sahuagin wearing Sea Elven skins safely arrived in various Sahuagin camps, and bred with the Sahuagin there. This, these legends say, created the first Malenti.

Our myth that gives the Malenti a more conventional origin, oddly enough, stems from myths and legends told by the Wemic of the Shaar. Indeed, one Shonasso Kin Taree, grandson of Kanjir, lore-teller of the Taree pride is the source of this legend. In doing much of my research, I have discovered that there is some sort of ancient connection between the Ilythiiri (particularly their leader, Ka'Narlist), the Sea Elves, and the Wemic. But, I digress...

According to this legend, the Malenti were created by Ka'Narlist and his twisted experiments that dealt with the magic of the blood and of the spirit. Mbugua, his Wemic slave, used this magic to a babe born to a normal Sea Elf in one of the Dark Elf's twisted experiments into the begotten son of Ka'Narlist, in both

blood and spirit. The child was deemed a failure by Ka'Narlist, who was seeking to create a Sahuagin (which he would create in a year's time), and was given to Mbugua to destroy. The Wemic did not destroy the child however. He gave the young babe to a Sea Elf to raise, who would come to despise Ka'Narlist and one day destroy him. Naming the child after a Wemic hero, Mbugua named the child 'Malenti'.

As the years went by, and Ka'Narlists' Sahuagin attacked the Aquatic Elves, and stole their magic, Malenti made his name famous as 'The Sahuagin Scourge'. Eventually, Malenti was captured, and brought to Ka'Narlist, to be killed. But, staring into the eyes both of his fathers, Malenti revealed that the bond between soul was stronger than the bond of blood. Malenti had slaughtered hundreds of Sea Elves, and had stolen their magic, using the magical pearls and training that Mbugua had provided him. Rather than groom a savior, the Wemic has trained Ka'Narlists's protégé. Malenti then killed Mbugua, and served Ka'Narlist as the leader of his Sahuagin army.

There may be truth and fact within both tales. Which is true is something that I cannot say. In believing that the origin of the Malenti is divine in origin, one must take into account and somehow reconcile the fact that stories have been passed down from generation to generation in Wemic prides concerning the birth of Malenti. In believing the origin of the Malenti is unnatural in nature, one must take into account and somehow reconcile the existence of Sekolah, the Devil Shark, the deity of the Sahuagin, who is quite real. Myself, I am unsure which story is true, and in all honesty, it is likely that elements of both stories are factual.

Rockseer Elves

During the course of my research for this tome, it has come to my attention that there may exist an extremely secretive and an extremely rare subrace of Elves living in the Underdark. These "creatures", if they do exist on Abeir-Toril, are extremely illusive- even more so than the Lythari, or the Star Elves. These reclusive Elves are known as the Rockseer Elves.

A single, unnamed tome dating back to Aryvandaar around the time of the end of the Fourth Crown War has a single mention, which first alerted me to their possible presence. "And, the Green Elves who descended with the Drow were pitied by Fenmarel Mestarine. The Lone Wolf blessed these wretched and forsaken outcasts, allowing them to free themselves. The now rock-seeing Green Elves fled to the deepest reaches of the Underdark, fearing and fearful of their above ground and underground kin."

Is there any truth to this story? While it may, at first, seem farfetched that an entire subrace of Elves could live for thousands of years in complete isolation from the rest of the *Tel'Quessir*, I have uncovered some factual evidence that will indeed back up this claim.

My first piece of evidence is a text about fabrics and sewing, that dates back to DR 943. Written by Marcel Duvue, a well-respected tailor in Waterdeep at the time, the book mentions a particular garment purchased in Skullport. Made of fungal fibers, and treated with specific plant extracts, the garment, Marcel claimed, was Elven made. Marcel included images of this shirt, and based on them, I, too, can attest to the claim. The garment was indeed made in an archaic Elven style.

Furthermore, of the few plant extracts that Marcel was able to identify within the shirt, three of them also show up in ancient Miyeritari garments, particularly those made by the Green Elves. I, in my own judgment, feel that this is enough evidence to hypothesize that some mysterious group of Elves does live in the Underdark. The shirt was not made in the style of the Drow, so it could not have been made by them. To silence nay-sayers, the garment did not disintegrate when brought to the surface, and exposed to sun. The fact that the garment was created and treated in a fashion strikingly similar and reminiscent to the Miyeritari Green Elves strengthens the argument that these ancient, hidden people do exist.

The next sources confirming the existence of Rockseer Elves come from the Drow, shortly after their decent into the Underdark. Numerous sources reference, "Green Elf slave", "Green Elf allies", and "Surface Elves with hearts as black as our skins, who accompanied us to our prisons". These references go on for a shirt while, but they all stop at nearly the same exact point in time. Afterwards, they completely disappear, and are never mentioned in Drow history again. Why?

I speculate this is because, at some point, the Green Elves who would become, or had already become the Rockseer Elves, staged some sort of rebellion against their Drow allies, and/or their Drow captors. Many cultures simply "write-out" parts of their history that portrays "less than favorable" things, such as failures, or catastrophes. Humans- especially those from Mulhorand- are known to do this. We Elves do this as well, though, to a much lesser degree. One example would be concerning the Bionoids of the Elven Imperial Navy. Is it plausible that the Green Elves/Rockseer Elves humiliated the Drow in some way, and gained their freedom, causing the Drow to completely omit them from their records? I certainly think so.

My next source comes from the journal of Jos Atielle, a priest of Azuth who was exploring the Underdark with a group of other adventurers, hoping to find a way into the Mines of Dekanter, and stumble upon a cache of Netherese magical items. Though the majority of the journal is nothing particularly thrilling, a interesting passage caught my eye. "The most particular thing happened this morn...or, what should be the morning, if Lathander's embrace ever found it's way to this maddening abyss. Jymatheel and Lorn were on guard duty, while Grin, Davyk and Ernst were sleeping. That left Brinder, Ma'ta and myself awake, and free to do as we wish. Just as I began building our cooking fire, I suddenly felt as if I were being watched. I sat up, looked around, and saw the queerest sight- an Elf was watching us! My hand instantly strayed to the dagger hanging on my belt, but thankfully, my mind quickly took over. I stared back, assessing the situation. Its eyes were not glowing red, meaning it was no Drow. It was difficult to see the fellow- though he did look quite feminine, and could have been a she- but, I estimate he stood at eight feet tall. His skin was pallid and pale, almost as silver as his hair and almost as blue as his eyes. When I called out to him in Elven- and I am quite proficient in Elven- he became startled, and walked into the nearby cave wall. Literally."

My next source is far more unreliable, but it does collaborate with the scene painted above, by Jos of Azuth. This source comes from the translated cave drawings, pictograms and "texts" of a Goblin clan living in the Spine of the World. "Grardnok strong. Grardnok survive only. Grardnok live after big Stone Elfs call

living rock man that smash Grardnok's clan only. Grardnok in charge now. Leader Grardnok says no stealing pretty shiny stones from Stone Elfs no more".

Both sources speak of mysterious Elves living in the Underdark that have mystical powers of control over the stone itself. Jos of Azuth talks of a tall, gray Elf who walks through stone as if it were mere air. Grardnok, if his word is taken for truth, talks of "Stone Elfs" who summon "living rock man", which I believe is actually an Earth Elemental. Are these our elusive Rockseer Elves?

It would be extraordinarily unlikely, and illogical, that these elusive Elves ever reveal themselves anytime in the near future. There will probably always be debate in the Elven scholarly community about whether or not Rockseer Elves truly exist or not, just like the debate on why all Dark Elves were turned into Drow still goes on, thousands of years after the actual debate. The choice lies with you, the reader, and you alone.

Snow Elves

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a letter between myself and Athol of Candlekeep.

"To the esteemed scholar, Athol of Candlekeep, does Daerian Sunstar, historian and loremaster of her majesty Queen Amlauril, send greetings.

I have recently come across some information that has caused some consternation here in the Elven court. As you know, we have long prided ourselves on keeping in contact with others of our race, despite the sometimes vast distances that separate us. However, our good Prince Lamruil may have uncovered a bit of lore concerning a hitherto unknown branch of my people. Unfortunately, there is no hard evidence, only conjecture on his part and the part of others traveling with him. I give you the following excerpt from his journal, and ask that you keep it in utmost secrecy, for reasons I am not at liberty to discuss. Please take the time to read through it, and I ask that perhaps you and your fellow scholars might have something to add to this puzzle amongst your vast storehouse of knowledge."

-Daerian Sunstar, Loremaster of Evermeet, DR 1374

Day 23: I am sad to report that we have lost two of our party, Quinanne Windrider and Estefan Zandarius, last night after an attack by large shaggy humanoid beasts vaguely resembling carnivorous apes. We were able to drive the creatures off, but not before they were able to steal quite a bit of our supplies. We

may have need to create a gate back to a civilized region, something I am loath to do for obvious reasons.

Day 24: Members of the party had been expressing concerns about our supplies, and some have suggested turning back. However, a most wondrous thing occurred today! While we were pushing our way through yet another blizzard (and making little headway), we were approached by several beings that were bundled up in heavy furs, from head to foot, and even had their faces covered by cloth. It was immediately obvious that they meant us no harm, and they motioned for us to follow them. Not wishing to be out in this weather any longer, we did so with little hesitation. Soon we came upon a small encampment of tiny structures that appeared to be made entirely from the snow itself! We had to crawl through the narrow openings, but once inside we found it was not nearly as uncomfortable as it looked.

Some of us were able to squeeze into the snow houses, while others assisted our new hosts with the building of several more to accommodate the rest of us. The person who had first approached us lit a small fire in the center of the building, and I noted a small hole in the domed roof to allow smoke to escape. The structures, which we later learned were called igloos, were an ingenious affair that utilized available materials and somehow managed to keep us warm and protected. Once the fire was going, our host pulled back his hood, and uncovered his face. Imagine my surprise to find a Half-Orc grinning back at me!

Day 25: This morning, the snow stopped falling, and we awoke to a bright, sunny day. We had a few very tense moments last night, when my party and I realized we had been invited to spend the night with Half-Orcs. Several of our brasher members went so far as to draw weapons, but when our hosts just looked surprised rather than threatening we were soon able to work things out. In early light of morning, the *Tlok'olonti*- this is what our hosts referred to themselves as- broke camp, and headed north. Since we were heading in the same direction we decided to follow along, to learn more about these fascinating people.

Later in the day they taught us how to ice fish, a marvelous technique where you walk out upon the surface of frozen water and cut a hole in the ice itself, then drop a line into the hole and catch fish. We immediately realized that the Seldarine had answered our prayers, and though we might soon become sick of fish, we were not going to starve. The hunters also carried several animal carcasses laid across litters that they dragged behind them, sliding along in the snow. It seems our fears of not finding any game to forage have been laid to rest as well, at least for now.

We soon came upon a small village of perhaps 100 inhabitants, all of whom were Half-Orcs, or, at least so we believe. Unlike most of their kind, these beings were all very similar looking, with a uniform hairiness and tiny almost imperceptible tusks. This leads me to believe that these people have evolved well beyond the normal cross-breed of Human and Orc that can normally be encountered anywhere on Faerûn. It is as if they have become a race unto themselves. I was introduced to Ta'Tarka, their chief, and a feast of fish and walrus- some kind of arctic, saber-toothed manatee- was prepared in our honor.

Day 26: Today another larger group of hunters arrived back in the village, and this group were

riding on sleds, drawn by wolves, of all things! At first, the wolves were not very happy about our presence, for the tribe did not often entertain *Eleshnou*- their word for us, which we mistakenly took to mean 'outsiders'. Once things settled down a bit, some of us tried to learn a bit of their strange tongue. Unfortunately, Estefan Zandarius was our resident linguist. To further complicate things, his spellbook was lost, preventing the rest of the magicians with us from magically communicating with these people.

During the rest of the day we learned a few words, and learned even more about survival in this region. Our own rangers were taught how to track and find game in this hostile environment, whilst the rest of us were shown how to erect shelters and other new things. We found that they had at least fifty different words for snow, but the most common generic term was '*shnai*'. I plan on resting here for another day or two, and then moving on, with our newfound knowledge aiding us.

Day 27: The attack came suddenly and without warning. The entire village was up in arms, grabbing their spears and running to face the invaders. At first we mistook them for Bugbears, or some sort of small Ogres, but as they came nearer we realized they were human... and something a little bit less. They were massive, standing nearly seven foot tall, with great hairy arms swinging huge clubs, and their faces were covered with enough hair to make a Dwarf proud. At first, they held the advantage over our hosts, due to their sheer ferocity and the surprise of their assault. They didn't count on us however, and after lobbing a few fireballs into their midst, they fled in panic.

I examined one of our fallen foes, and it looked, for all the world, like a large, primitive human. The Half-Orcs called them '*Tlok'Oomanu*'. Only one villager died, a small child, but the invaders lost seventeen of their number, mostly to our magic. After the mess was cleaned up and the bodies removed- most were fed to the wolves- I asked Ta'Tarka about the strange 'men', and was also curious about something else. Although our understanding of their language is very rudimentary, I was given the impression that these other people attacked every so often, along with other tribes of creatures.

Curious about what they called the different racial groups, I took out a history book I had brought with me that contained several illustrations. I pointed to one of a Dwarf battling an Orc, and he identified the Orc as '*Olonti*', but he laughed at the Dwarf and said '*Inugaakalakurif*'. I am still not sure if he was making a joke, or telling me the creature's name.

However, I realized from the Orc name that the prefix '*Tlok*' obviously was some sort of descriptor for 'not', which I had mistakenly thought meant something to do with being a native of this snowy wasteland. Then I took out some small drawings I had done by a fine artist awhile back on Evermeet, and I showed him a picture I had of a Harper friend of mine. Sure enough, he identified the Half-Elf as '*Tlok'eleshnou*', or a 'Not Elf'.

Then I had an idea. I took out another picture, this one of my dear sister, Amnestria, and showed it to the chieftain. He pointed to my sister and said '*Eleshnou*'. I was dumbfounded. Here, I had thought '*eleshnou*' was their word for 'guest' or 'outsider', but clearly they had a word in their language for Elf.

I pointed to the picture of my sister again, and then to myself saying 'Eleshnou', and then I gestured to the wild lands about the village and asked 'Eleshnou'? He made a hand gesture that indicated no, and I was saddened at first. Then he leaned in very close, pointed to some mountains in the distance, and whispered "Shnai'eleshnou". Snow Elves! He pointed to the mountains, and with what appeared to be extreme reverence, said Snow Elves. Never in my life had I expected such a thing, nor heard of it. Unfortunately the mountains were located quite a bit to the East, a direction in which we were not heading.

Day 28: I tried to convince my group that a side trip to the east might prove fruitful, but they reminded me of the importance of our primary task. The chief, seeing my dismay, waved for me to come over to his simple dwelling, and ushered me inside. He reached beneath his sleeping mat and pulled forth a well-made spear, its head wrapped in cloth. He carefully untied the string binding the cloth, and unveiled the treasure he kept so well hidden.

The head of the spear was made from Glassteel, or something very much like it. I as I stared at it in disbelief, my host once again with a knowing smile whispered 'Shnai'eleshnou'. I am now thoroughly convinced that there is something to these Snow Elves, and hope that someday in the future someone will be able to confirm it. Unfortunately, we left the camp mid-morning, and headed further from the mystery. I am sending this portion of my journal back to Evermeet by the usual means, with hopes that this information gets passed on to those with more idle time on their hands and an adventurers soul.

"Daerian Sunstar, it is always a pleasure to help a fellow scholar, especially those of Evermeet. I managed to convince a number of sages here at Candlekeep of the importance of this task without allowing them to be privy to your enclosed missive, as per your request. I find it curious that the first group of creatures referred to in your Prince's journal sound like Yetis, man-like beasts normally only found in the Spine of the World Mountains and the areas surrounding the Reghed Glacier. The name given for the Dwarves is the name of a race of barbaric dwarves living on the Great Glacier, half a world away! Despite my overwhelming curiosity, I will however remain discreet

I regret that we here at the Keep were only able to find two other mentions of 'Snow Elves' amongst our numerous tomes and scrolls. Also, both references, I'm afraid, were second-hand. The first was from a group of adventurers who lived in Ten Towns, in Icewind Dale. One of their number, a young man by the name of Wulfgar, was a barbarian of the Reghedmen people, living in that far northern wasteland. Although he was adopted by the

Battlehammer Dwarves at an early age, he still remembers some of the tales told by Shalds when he was a boy, and we were fortunate enough to have one of our number record some of these stories during his stay in Luskan.

One such tale featured a mighty warrior- they ALL featured mighty warriors, mind you- who found himself lost in a snowstorm in the far north and separated from his companions. Near death, he came upon a clearing where the "snow toucheth not the land, and a strange unworldly music playeth upon the wind". There he met a group of beings he referred to as Huldrufolk who fed him and helped him get back to his companions. It is somewhat unclear from the story, but these 'Huldrufolk' are described as "short, slight beings, fair of face and narrow of eye, with ears that came to high points". Unfortunately, this is just a fable of a primitive tribe of people, and difficult to verify.

The second reference is only slightly more reliable, and comes from none other then Dabron Sashenstar, the legendary adventurer and explorer. After his recent miraculous return, he was able to provide a sage in our employ with copies of his 'lost' journals, detailing his original foray into Pelvuria, the Great Glacier. The Ulutian people, who appear to be distant relatives of the Tuigan, told the intrepid adventurer about a group of Elves, called Ishigag, that live in the northernmost section of the Glacier. Curious, he left most of his group camped at an Ulutian village, and traveled by sled for several days using one of the locals as a guide. They entered a region known as 'the faerie ice', a dangerous local phenomenon, and carefully made their way through nearly a mile of the stuff.

After what seemed like an eternity, they came upon what the erstwhile explorer describes as a 'winter wonderland'. It was a forest, but made entirely of some sort of crystalline plants, appearing like trees of ice! This is where his guide told him the Ishigag live, but save for some evidence of habitation long in the past, there was little trace of sentient beings about. He did notice several wolves prowling the outskirts of the area, though, and thought it best to leave before nightfall.

On his way out, he noticed something sticking out of the snow, and he reached to retrieve it. It was beautifully crafted doll of an Elf woman in perfect condition. How it got there, he could not say, but he did notice a small wolf cub eyeing him thoughtfully as he made his way out of the crystal forest. He returned to the village without ever having seen a single Elf, but the eyes of the wolf cub haunted his dreams that night. When he awoke in the morning, the doll he had found was gone, and in its place he found a single crystal flower.

I wish I had more for you, but that is all we could find- just two incomplete references, without any real sightings. Although Dabron Sashenstar is a well-known and loved hero, he has been known at times to embellish his tales somewhat. I fear for that reason, and because the first was just a children's story, I have provided you with very little indeed. With all due regrets, I remain your humble servant."

-Athol, scribe of Candlekeep, DR 1374

ELVEN DEITIES

"Who are they you ask? They are many things, they are the music and dance, they are the land, ocean and sky, they are the visible beauty of the world and the invisible mystery of magic, young and old at the same time, they are the creators and protectors of the Tel'Quessir."

-Jannalor Summerstars, priest of Labelas Enoreth, 1367 DR

The Seldarine

The Seldarine, a term that is translated into the Common Tongue as "The Fellowship of Brothers and Sisters of the Wood" are the divine powers that created the *Tel'Quessir*. Legends say that we were created from the blood of Corellon Larethian and the tears of Sehanine Moonbow merging with the land where the mighty Corellon fought one of his innumerable battles against Gruumsh, the deity of Orcs.

The pantheon is led by Corellon Larethian, with Sehanine Moonbow, his consort, at his side. Various others fill out the membership of the Seldarine, ranging in relative power and notoriety.



Aerdrie Faenya

The Winged Mother, Lady of Air and Wind, Queen of the Avariel, She of the Azure Plumage, Bringer of Rain and Storms

Symbol: Cloud with the silhouette of a bird

Home Plane: Arvandor (The Aerie)

Alignment: CG

Portfolio: Air, Weather, Avians, Rain, Fertility, Avariel

Domains: Air, Animal, Chaos, Elf, Good, Storm

Worshippers: Bards, Druids, Elves, Rangers, Sorcerers, Travelers, Winged beings.

Aliases: Angharradh

Cleric Alignments: CG, CN, NG

Favored Weapon: "Thunderbolt" (Quarterstaff)

History/Relationships

Aerdrie Faenya (Pronounced *Air-dree-fah-ane-yuh*) is the Elven goddess of the air, weather, and birds. As the bringer of rain, she is the closest the Fair Folk have to a fertility goddess. At one time, the Winged Mother's followers were composed largely of Avariel, much like Deep Sashelas was and is worshiped primarily by Aquatic Elves. However, unlike their aquatic kin, the Winged Elves have been nearly wiped out by the dragons before the First Flowering, and what was believed to be the last of the race in Faerûn flew westward before the star of the Crown Wars.

Today, Gold, Moon, Wood and Wild elves who desire certain weather conditions pay homage to Aerdrie. Her small church is also popular with Elves

who possess flying mounts, such as Asperii, Dragons, Giant Eagles, Griffons, Hipogriffs and Pegasi. The Lady of Air and Wind is revered by all non-evil avians, particularly Aarakocra and other sentient avians, but their numbers are small and declining as well. She is also called on by Elves oppressed by overly lawful creatures.

Aerdrie is both an aspect of Angharradh and one of the three Elven goddesses - the other two being Hanali Celanil and Sehanine Moonbow - who collectively serve alongside Corellon in leading the Seldarine. Aerdrie maintains close relations only with those powers of the air who share a love of birds and freedom as deeply held as the Lady of Air and Wind. Aerdrie is particularly close with Syranita, the gentle goddess of the Aarakocra, and some theologians speculate the two may eventually merge if the bird-men continue their steady decline. Aerdrie is also close with the avian lords of the Beastlands, particularly the hawk lord. Since the Time of Troubles, Aerdrie has been romantically linked with her long-time ally, the human god Shaundakul, the Rider of the Winds, but this new twist in their relationship is undoubtedly little more than a passing fancy, at least on the Winged Mother's part.

Aerdrie is often at odds with Talos and the other Gods of Fury, for they challenge her control of the winds and seek to wield them for purely destructive purposes. The deep antipathy between the Winged Mother and the Auril the Frostmaiden stems from the war in Arvandor between the Seldarine and the anti-Seldarine forces who were arrayed against them. Aerdrie soundly defeated Auril in that battle, forever banishing the Frostmaiden from Arvandor, and the two goddesses have since continued their eternal war on the myriad worlds of the Prime.

Aerdrie is the Elven expression of freedom and impulse, and she dislikes being tied down to any one place for too long. Aerdrie delights in the sound of wind instruments and in creating unpredictable atmospheric conditions, including fairly severe or violent thunderstorms on occasion, but her primary joy is simply feeling the air run past her with the ground far below. The Winged Mother is a somewhat distant goddess who rarely involves herself in Elven culture, and she is far more chaotic than the rest of the Seldarine. Of all the Elven races, only Aerdrie takes a keen interest in the Avariel, and few of them remain in the Realms.

Aerdrie Faenya's deific realm, the Aerie, is a glittering palace built on the clouds above a large mountain range. Aerdrie Faenya's realm is the only thing in all of Arvandor that blocks one's view of the clear, blue sky overhead. Her palace, made entirely of glassteel, is constantly abuzz with activity.

Dogma

The ever-changing reaches of the sky are the great gift of the Winged Mother. Take flight into her

windswept embrace, and gambol amid the clouds. Honor those who dwell with the Aerdrie and cherish the birds dancing on her tresses. Change is beautiful and chaos births new life. Ascend, soar, glide, dive, and ascend again and relish in the freedom that the Winged Mother bequeaths. The air is the breath of life.

Avatar/Manifestations

Aerdrie appears as a tall, slim elflike female with sky-blue skin, feathered, flowing white hair and eyebrows, and large birdlike wings whose feathers seem constantly to change color - blue, green, yellow, and white. The lower half of her body from the hips down vanishes into swirling mist, so she seems never to touch the ground. She favors wizard and priest spells involving air, weather, flight, electricity, and gas, although she can cast spells from any school except elemental earth and fire.

Aerdrie rarely manifests in the Realms, except through natural processes such as strong winds, rain showers, and even powerful storms. The Lady of Air and Winds manifests around Evermeet as great storms, vast cyclones, and winds of hurricane force that affect only nonelven ships. Her efforts also ensure that no ill wind or weather can ever destroy the Green Isle.

Agents/Petitioners

The Seldarine call on Agathinon, Asuras, and ancient Treants as their preferred servants, but Aerdrie Faenya is also served by Aarakocra, Aasimar, Aasimon, Air Elementals, Aerial Servants, Androsphinxes, Asperii, Atomies, Avorels, Azmyths, Birds of all non-evil species (particularly eagles, falcons, hawks, kingfishers, and owls), Cloud Dragons, Cloud Giants, Crystal Dragons, Djinn, Eladrin, Faerie Dragons, Firetails, Fremlins, Frosts, Griffons, Gorse, Hippogriffs, Hollyphants, Kenku, Kholiathra, Ki-rin, Lammasu, Liliend, Noctrals, Opinicus, Pegasi, Pegataurus, Phoenixes, Pixies, Reverend Ones, Rocs, Seelie Faeries, Shedu, Silver Dragons, Sylphs, Spirits of the Air, Sprites, Storm Giants, Sunflies, Swanmays, Sword Archons, Talking Owls, Tempests, Tressym, T'uen-rin, Vortexes, Windghosts, and Wind Walkers.

Aerdrie Faenya has a single proxy, an Avariel by the name of Willim Fairfeather. Willim wanders the planes, doing the bidding of his mistress. Willim can be commonly found fighting for those who are seeking freedom from bondage. Aerdrie Faenya has given her proxy all kinds of abilities that manipulate the air and winds.

The Church of Aerdrie Faenya

Aerdrie's temples, known as Aeries, are constantly maintained by her faithful. Like Aerdrie herself, her clergy, as a rule, enjoy freedom and do not like to be confined to small spaces. Most are built on high hilltops, or mountaintops. As a result, only the most dedicated Elves actually become priests and priestess'. This is one of the reasons why her clergy is very lean, compared to those of the other members of the Seldarine.

Aerdrie Faenya's clergy decorate her temples in manners that she approves of. Most have delicate crystalline spires, soft breezes, pleasant chimes, and colorful avian plumage. Some of her temples in the higher regions of Faerûn's many mountains have created a very unique way of celebrating Aerdrie Faenya. They have carved out tunnels in the mountains they inhabit, creating honeycombing that would make a beholder proud. When the wind blows in these caverns,

they produce whistling music, each note different, depending on the size and shape of the tunnel.

The priests and priestess of Aerdrie Faenya also construct small shrines in her honor, and place them in various parts of Faerûn's mountains. These shrines, which are usually little more than consecrated and blessed ledges, are usually only accessible to those with the ability of flight. This usually ensures the sanctity of the shrines, since her clergy members do not always have to check them every single day.

Novices of her church are called Eaglets, or The Tethered. Full priests and priestess' are called Winged Brothers or Winged Sisters, depending on gender. Each individual church usually has its own unique ranking system, however, that get more and more specific depending on power, prestige and duties. Some of these titles include Aquiline Hunter, Cloud Walker, Feathered Dancer, Rain Bringer, Rising Thermal, Silent Screech, Sky Diver, Soaring Spirit, Wind Chaser and Halcyon.

Day-to-Day Activities

Aerdrie's priesthood is primarily concerned with exploration and maintaining good relations with sentient avian races, such as Giant Eagles, or Aarakocra. With the decline of the Avariel, few Elven priests of the Winged Mother are capable of flight without magical aid. As a result, many Winged Siblings work to create new spells and items by which magical flight is possible, and a few of their more adventuresome brethren seek lost relics of yore that permit the same.

Similarly, members of Aerdrie's clergy raise winged steeds employed by the aerial cavalries of Elven realms and tend cotes of fanciful birds from far-off lands to dwell in formal Elven gardens and to supply the molted plumage employed in Elven fashions. As servants of the Bringer of Rain and Storms, Aerdrie's priests work closely with elves involved in agriculture and horticulture to ensure favorable weather systems for their crops. Winged Brothers and Sisters are also charged with destroying evil avians, such as Eblis, Perytons and Sympathetics, as the Lady of Air and Winds considers them perversions of nature.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

The Dance of Swirling Wind is a semiannual festival held on the vernal and autumnal equinoxes to celebrate the changing seasons and to honor the Winged Mother. The winds are always strong on such days, no matter where Aerdrie's followers gather. Celebrants make offerings of beautiful feathers and join in an aerial ballet danced to the music of wind instruments played by some of the participants. Those who lack wings or magical means of flight may ride the wind as a gift of the goddess herself.

For the duration of the formal ceremony, recipients of Aerdrie's blessing are usually tethered by long ropes to others who can command their own aerial movements. Once the dance breaks up, however, wind dancers, as they are known, are swept across the forest canopy for miles in a breathtaking flight before settling gently in a sylvan glade not too far from their homes.

Major Centers of Worship

According to legend, great aeries of the Avariel may be found in undiscovered lands far to the west of Faerûn, whose inhabitants are descended from Winged Elves who fled the relentless annihilation of

their race by the great wyrms of the North during the Time of Flowers. Before they fled, the center of Aerdrie's faith was the Aerie, a great temple-city said to have been located amidst the Star Mounts at the heart of the High Forest. While some claim that the Aerie's last remnants are now inhabited by the great red wyrm known to humans as Inferno, more credible tales hold that Elaacrimalicros, an ancient green dragon who has savaged the surviving population of Aarakocra in the region, has claimed the legacy of the Avariel.

The Aerie of the Snow Eagles is a crystalline citadel built atop the peak of Mount Sundabar in the distant land of Sossal. The last redoubt of the Avariel in Faerûn, Aerdrie's preeminent temple has long been forgotten, even by the Fair Folk of Cormanthyr, Evereska and Evermeet. From the steep, icy slopes of Mount Sundabar, the Children of the Winged Mother take flight across the frigid skies of the Cold Lands, fishing in the freezing waters of Sossal Bay, hunting across the icy reaches of the Great Glacier, and engaging in aerial acrobatics across the northern sky. The temple itself resembles an inverted glass cone built to replace the sheared-off mountain top of Mount Sundabar. The Avariel believe the peak was removed by a Netherese archmage seeking to create his own floating sky city before the fall of Netheril, but in truth it may have been destroyed when white wyrms destroyed the remnants of the Dwarven kingdom of Dareth. The crystalline conical temple is nearly 3000 feet in diameter at its base and 3000 feet high at its peak.

Within the temple's glassteel walls, endless zephyrs dance hither and yon and tiny rain showers erupt out of thin air, a never-ending manifestation of the power of the Lady of Air and Wind. The temple floor is overgrown with tropical plants nurtured by the brilliant sunshine and regular rainfall to create a jungle paradise. Rare birds from the farthest reaches of Abeir-Toril gambol and caw while young winged elves test out their wings overhead.

Winged Father Aquilan Greatspan, an Avariel, loosely governs the Avariel community of Mount Sundabar, including the crystalline temple on the mountaintop and Winged Elven nests on the mountain's flanks. Aquilan has lead the last remaining major enclave of Winged Elves for nearly five centuries, and his wise leadership has seen the Avariel survive, if not exactly prosper, amidst the ruins of the Ice Kingdom of Dareth. Like the Stout Folks who preceded them, the greatest threat to the Avariel is Hoarfaern, the realm of white dragons and their bestial servant creatures who dwell in the dwarf-carved halls of the northern Mountains of Dareth.

Affiliated Orders

The Wing of Plumed Kingfishers is an aerial military order composed primarily of Moon and Sun Elven fighters and rangers. The order is subdivided into aerial cavalry divisions by the species of their mounts, with Asperii, Giant eagle, Griffon, Hippogriff and Pegasi-mounted Plumed Kingfishers predominating. Before the power of Elven civilization began to ebb in Faerûn, this order patrolled the skies above most forests of the Realms, protecting the land-bound elves below from threats above.

Today only two major branches of the ancient order of Plumed Kingfishers survive, one based in Evermeet and the other in Evereska. The Wing of the Green Isle includes a division of Moon Elves mounted on Giant Eagles, a division of Sun Elves mounted on Pegasi and a handful of Moon and Sun Elven Dragon

riders mounted on gold, silver and bronze dragons. The Wing of the Evereskan Eyrie includes a large division of Moon Elves mounted on Giant Eagles and a smaller division of Moon Elves mounted on Asperii.

Priestly Vestments

Ceremonial garb for priest of Aerdrie consists of sky-blue robes, with those of high rank wearing the darkest shades. Feathers are used in decorating their clothing and armor, and at least one feather is worn in the hair. The holy symbol of the faith is a feather of great beauty, willingly given after molting by a sentient avian that venerates the Winged Mother. A new feather must be found at least once per year.

Adventuring Garb

When adventuring, Aerdrie's priests prefer light, flexible armor that maximizes maneuverability and minimizes weight and drag. Streamlined helms, carved to resemble stylized bird heads and padded to reduce concussions, are secured with leather chinstraps. Missile weapons, particularly javelins and Elven bows with flight arrows are commonly employed in combat. If at all possible, priests of Aerdrie who lack wings of their own obtain wings of flying or similar magical means of flight. At the very least, they seek to train a steed capable of flight, such as Asperii, Dragons, Giant Eagles, Griffon, Hippogriff, or Pegasi.



Angharradh

The Triune Goddess, the One and the Three, the Union of the Three, Queen of Arvandor

Symbol: Three interconnecting circles laid out in a triangle that points down

Home Plane: Arvandor (Crescent Grove)

Alignment: CG

Portfolio: Spring, Fertility, Planting, Birth, Defense, Wisdom.

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Good, Knowledge, Plant, Protection, Renewal

Worshippers: Community Elders, Druids, Elves, Farmers, Fighters, Midwives, Mothers

Aliases: Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil, Sehanine Moonbow

Cleric Alignments: CG, CN, NG

Favored Weapon: "Duskshaft" (Longspear or Shortspear)

History/Relationships

Angharradh (Pronounced *On-garh-rath*) is the face of the power who is both three separate goddesses - Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil and Sehanine Moonbow who are collectively known as the Three - as well as a single goddess - the One - who subsumes their separate aspects. The Triune Goddess presents many faces, depending upon circumstances.

During the spring and during harvest time she is a fertility goddess. She watches over the planting of crops, blessed births, and keeps the land green and growing. In wartime, she is a grim warrior who wields a red sword and mercilessly slays the enemies of the elves. When wisdom is required, the One and the Three is a source of guidance and council.

Among the Fair Folk, Angharradh is worshiped nearly exclusively by Moon Elves and a handful of Half-Moon Elves. The other Elven subraces worship Angharradh's aspects as separate goddesses, but they rarely give homage to the Union of the Three. Whether Angharradh is truly a combination of the three goddesses or a separate deity in her own right actually lies in the hearts of her individual worshippers.

According to Moon Elven mythology, Angharradh was born from the essence of the three greatest goddesses of the Seldarine before the first of the Fair Folk walked the forests of Faerûn. The Triune Goddess arose in the aftermath of a great battle between the Seldarine and the anti-Seldarine, a host of evil powers who had invaded Arvandor at the bequest of Araushnee, Corellon's traitorous consort. When an arrow launched by Eilistraee at an onrushing Ogre god was subtly warped by the magic of treacherous

Araushnee, and felled the Protector instead, Aerdrie struck down the Dark Maiden in revenge. The Seldarine assumed the unconscious daughter of Araushnee and Corellon was to blame for her father's collapse.

Sehanine's timely escape from Vhaeraun's prison allowed the goddess of Moonlight to expose Araushnee's crimes and the Masked Lord's complicity, but the Weaver of Destiny defiantly rejected the collective authority of the assembled Seldarine to convene a council to investigate her actions. In response, Aerdrie, Hanali and Sehanine drew together and merged into a luminous cloud before coalescing in the form of the Triune Goddess. Angharradh then restored Corellon to health, taking her place by the Protector's side and declaring her intention to prevent treachery from ever entering the heart of a goddess of Arvandor again.

As the consort of Corellon and co-ruler of the Seldarine, Angharradh is on excellent terms with the other members of the Elven pantheon. The Triune Goddess has a strong, motherly interest in both Eilistraee and Mielikki, and, more so than Corellon Larethian, maintains strong ties with the paramount goddesses of other human and Demihuman pantheons.

Angharradh strongly opposes the destructive efforts of Talos and the Gods of Fury- particularly Malar, for it was the Beastlord who unleashed the Elf-Eater on Evermeet in DR-1372, the Year of the Unstrung Harp. The Triune Goddess reserves her strongest hatred for Lolth, as the Spider Queen has never ceased her efforts to undermine Corellon Larethian or destroy his progeny, the Fair Folk.

As the One and the Three, Angharradh is both three distinct goddesses and a goddess in her own right. While some *Teu'Tel'Quessir* assume that the aspect of Sehanine is Angharradh's primary facet - a point of confusion due in part to the belief by other subraces of the Fair Folk that Sehanine, not Aerdrie or Hanali, is Corellon's consort - in truth all three goddesses are equal and each reflects the duality that is their individual nature and that of the Triune Goddess.

As such, Angharradh's nature reflects the personality traits of each of the Three, including the impulsive and whimsical nature of the Winged Mother, the romantic and affectionate nature of the Heart of Gold, and the serene and ephemeral nature of the Daughter of the Night Skies. The fusion of the Three was born of Araushnee's betrayal and the collective threat to Arvandor and the Seldarine. As such, the Triune Goddess exhibits the fierce protectiveness and unbending resolve of the Queen of Arvandor.

Angharradh's deific realm, the Crescent Grove, rests at the heart of Arvandor. It is said that the Crescent Grove is one of the most beautiful places in all of the multiverse. In the center of the Crescent Grove stands Corellon's Tower, the palace of the Coronel of Arvandor. The palace, made of marble, crystal, and plant life is a perfect synthesis of artistry and nature. According to myths, Angharradh rules the palace with Corellon Larethian, as his consort.

Dogma

Through unity and diversity there is strength. Be ever vigilant against She Who Was Banished and work together in defending the lands of the Fair Folk from those who would work evil. Celebrate the One and the Three for their collective purpose and individual expressions of life. Through the melding of widely different skills and interest, creativity, life, and artistry

are nurtured and new ideas are discovered.

Avatar/Manifestations

Angharradh appears as a female elf of unearthly beauty and grace who is gloriously gowned and shining with gems the color of starlight. In times of war she appears in a suit of gleaming silver Elven plate mail. Angharradh can also manifest in any of the ways employed by Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil and Sehanine Moonbow.

Agents/Petitioners

The Triune Goddess is served by the same creatures as the Three and demonstrates her favor or disfavor in ways identical to those of the Three.

The Church of Angharradh

Angharradh does not have a very large following of herself, per se. Most of her church is made up of priests and priestesses' dedicated to Sehanine Moonbow, Hanali Celanil, and/or Aerdrie Faenya. However, Moon Elves all believe that the One and the Three are all the same entity, and pay homage to the One, no matter what official clergy they are involved with.

Angharradh's church is almost exclusively made up of Moon Elves, since they are the only Elven subrace to recognize her as her own distinct deity, and yet, a reflection of the Three who compose her. Few Sun Elves join the Angharradhan church, as they do not know what to make of her, and believe her to be a Moon Elven misinterpretation of who Sehanine Moonbow is. Among other Elven subraces, there is no worship of Angharradh.

Novices in Angharradh's church are called Triune Seekers, while full blown priests or priestesses' are called Trimorphs. There are very few Triune Seekers, or Trimorphs, as most priests or priestesses' of Angharradh are already priests or priestesses' of one of the Three who make up the One, and thus, already have specific titles.

Day-to-Day Activities

Priests of Angharradh serve the Triune Goddess much like the clergies of Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil and Sehanine Moonbow. Most priests of the Triune Goddess are affiliated with one aspect of the Three, and their activities reflect their association with that particular aspect. A handful of female Moon Elven priestesses are practitioners of the ancient secrets of totemic magic. These mysterious Elves create small wood or stone charms inscribed with pictorial symbols that can pass special magical abilities on to their owners. Totem-sisters are also considered wise women and sages and are often consulted on important issues.

They also serve as priests of Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil and Sehanine Moonbow, as well as their single embodiment, Angharradh. Totem-sisters craft beneficial totemic images of their tribe and are considered great sources of wisdom and comfort. They attend births, bless young children, help with planting and harvest, and bless warriors going into battle. Particularly successful totem sisters are sought out by other tribes and aspiring totemic practitioners for advice and counsel.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Members of Angharradh's priesthood celebrate the holy days and important ceremonies of one of the Three, depending upon which aspect of the

Triune Goddess they particularly venerate. The only holy day celebrated exclusively by those who pray to Angharradh is the Melding of the Three, a quadrennial ceremony held on *Cinnaelos'Cor*, more commonly known in the Calendar of Harptos as Shieldmeet. While this holy day is more generally observed by Elves in honor of the Protector, the *Teu'Tel'Quessir* celebrate the tripartite aspects of Angharradh and the unification of the Three that have led to centuries of peace in Arvandor and Elven realms in Faerûn. In addition to singing great hymns to the Triune Goddess, Angharradh's faithful often assemble to invoke great feats of cooperative magic on this day.

Major Centers of Worship

The Hall of Trifold Harmony is a soaring temple of green and white marble in the Elven city of Taltempla, on the eastern shore of the Green Isle. Angharradh's house of worship is located amidst neighboring temples of Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil and Sehanine Moonbow in the temple district of Evermeet's second-largest city, and the ranks of the Triune Goddess' priesthood are drawn from Moon Elves who serve in the temples of both the One and the Three. The temple of Angharradh is jointly administered by a triumvirate of the most senior Moon Elven priests and priestesses' of the three Elven goddesses resident in the city.

Currently, Renestrae Narlbeth, Blythswana Iliathor, and Faranni Omberdawn, respectively the first, second and fourth ranking clerics in their individual temples, are the caretakers of the Hall of Trifold Harmony. The Hall of Trifold Harmony serves as the center of Moon Elven culture in Taltempla, and the Triumvirate of Angharradh assists the informal ruler of the city, High Mage Gaelira, in ameliorating the infrequent disputes that come up among the temples of the various Seldarine powers venerated in the city.

Affiliated Orders

The Angharradhan church has no special orders specifically affiliated with the Triune Goddess. However, some members of orders affiliated with Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil or Sehanine Moonbow worship their order's patron as an aspect of Angharradh.

Priestly Vestments

Angharradh's priest wear the ceremonial garb of the clergies of the Three. Some priests wear the garb of one aspect of the Triune Goddess, while other priests incorporate pieces of each fashion into their holy vestments.

Adventuring Garb

In combat situations, clerics of the One and the Three favor ornate, gleaming suits of Elven chainmail or, in rare situations, Elven plate mail. Their preferred weapons include long and short bows, long and short swords and spears, although most are trained in a wide range of weapons. Shields emblazoned with the symbol of the Triune Goddess are common among the faithful, as are heraldic charges per pall (parted in three, as the letter Y) with the symbol of Sehanine on top, the symbol of Aerdrie in the lower left, and the symbol of Hanali in the lower right as viewed by the shield-bearer. Totem-sisters favor long bows and spears and use only nonmetallic armors.



Corellon Larethian

Creator of the Elves, the Protector, First of the Seldarine, Protector and Preserver of Life, Ruler of All Elves, Coronal of Arvandor

Symbol: Silver Crescent Moon

Home Plane: Arvandor (The Crescent Grove)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Arts, Bards, Crafts, Elven High Magic, Elves, Magic, Music, Poetry, Poets, War, Warriors

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Good, Magic, Protection, War

Worshippers: Arcane Archers, Artisans, Artist, Bards, Bladesingers, Elves, Fighters, Good Leaders, Rangers, Poets, Sorcerers, Warriors, Wizards

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: NG-CG-CN

Favored Weapon: "Sahandrian" (Longsword)

History/Relationships

The leader of the Seldarine, the Elven pantheon, Corellon Larethian (Pronounced *Core-ehlon-Lah-reth-ee-yen*), is said to have given birth to the entire Elven race, although sometimes Sehanine Moonbow, or Angharradh, are given credit as well. Elven lore states that the Fair Folk sprang from drops of blood that Corellon shed during his epic battles with Gruumsh, mingled with Sehanine Moonbow's, or Angharradh's tears.

The Creator of the Elves embodies the highest ideals of Elvenkind, and he is the patron of most aesthetic endeavors, including art, magic, music, poetry, and warfare. All the Fair Folk, except for those who have turned to the dark powers, which include Lolth, Ghaunadaur, Vhaeraun, and others, venerate him. Corellon Larethian is especially popular with Elven and Half-Elven mages, musicians, and poets.

As ruler of the Seldarine, Corellon has a strong relationship with all the other Elven powers, including Eilistraee, his daughter by Araushnee, whom he reluctantly banished from Arvandor, along with her mother and brother, at the Dark Maiden's insistence. Either Sehanine or Angharradh is now said to be Corellon's consort, depending on the subrace of the speaker, and the Protector works closely with the Goddess of Moonlight and the Triune Goddess in their dual aspects. Only Fenmarel Mestarine is somewhat estranged from the Coronal of Arvandor, and the Lone Wolf's differences with Corellon are not at all that great.

The Creator of the Elves has forged strong alliances with the leaders of the other Demihuman pantheons, in the face of the seemingly endless waves of Human expansion and the ever-present threat of the

monstrous populations and their dark powers, as well as with the good- and neutral-aligned powers of the humans. The Protector works closely with Mystra, the Mother of All Magic. Whereas the Lady of Mysteries governs the Weave, Corellon oversees Elven magic, particularly Elven High Magic, and the intimate connection between the Fair Folk and the mantle of magic that envelops the world.

Corellon's epic battle with Gruumsh One-Eye, leader of the Orc pantheon, is legendary, and the pair of pantheistic patriarchs have never reached a lasting truce in their never-ending battle over territory. Malar's relentless attacks on the Seldarine and the Fair Folk have likewise earned him Corellon's eternal enmity. The rift between Corellon and his former lover Araushnee, now known as Lolth, is still as bitter as the day he banished the Spider Queen to the Abyss, stripping her of the divinity that he himself gave her. The Protector's rift with his errant son Vhaeraun is nearly as deep, though the Protector believes that the Masked Lord can eventually repent for his evil ways.

In his vigilant defense of Elves and their homelands, Corellon has earned the enmity of countless powers whose worshipers seek to seize the forests, magic, or wealth of the Fair Folk.

Corellon Larethian is a powerful warrior god, whose hands protect his creations with the gentleness of a sculptor, and the unspeakable power of a master swordsman. While other deities may reflect the joy, delights, and accomplishments of the Fair Folk, Corellon Larethian stands as an ever-vigilant watcher over them. His life spirit flows from and into the Elves and their lands, and while mortal Elves daydream and enter the reverie, Corellon never abandons his watchfulness. Only when it is time for the Fair Folk to pass from Faerûn to Arvandor, does he finally cease watching over each Elf and allows Sehanine Moonbow to take a larger role in caring for them.

Corellon Larethian's deific realm, the Crescent Grove, rests at the heart of Arvandor. It is said that the Crescent Grove is one of the most beautiful places in all of the multiverse. In the center of the Crescent Grove stands Corellon's Tower, the palace of the Coronal of Arvandor. The palace, made of marble, crystal, and plant life is a perfect synthesis of artistry and nature. Council Hall, a chamber in Corellon's Tower, is where, every so often, all members of the Seldarine meet and discuss their problems.

Dogma

The *Tel'Quessir* are both wardens and sculptors of magic's endless mysteries. Through Art and Craft, bring forth the beauty that envelops and let the spirit gambol unfettered. The song of joy and the dance of freedom shall ever soar on the wings of those who dare take flight. Guard against the slow death of stultifying sameness by seeking out new experiences and new ways.

Ward against those who seek only to destroy in their inability to create and commune with the natural and mystical world. Be ever vigilant in force of arms and might of magic against any return of the banished darkness, and also be strong in heart against the corruption from within which allowed the Spider Queen to foment the chaos and evil of the Crown Wars.

Avatar/Manifestations

Corellon usually appears as an androgynous Elf of truly unearthly beauty and grace, although he can assume the form of either sex. Despite his obvious

strength, the primary impression the Creator of the Elves radiates is that of liveness and swiftness, of incredible speed and reflex. He always wears a sky-blue cloak, a large amulet about his neck with a crescent moon motif within a large circle, and a pair of dazzling battle gauntlets.

Corellon frequently wanders the Elven lands and borders in disguise, often in the form of one of the diminutive Sylvan races, observing the actions of priests, priestess' and craftsmen, as well as defending Elven homelands from interlopers who threaten them. Though his martial might is swift and terrible, the soft-spoken Creator of the Elves is ever humble and always open to learning something new, one of his sources of might. He enjoys discovering new philosophies of thought and new methods of action, even from mortals, and he has a keen interest in other cultures.

Sometimes, Corellon Larethian manifests as an azure nimbus, instead, that envelops a living creature, weapon, or natural geological formation in an aura of flickering sky blue flame, and imparts magical abilities upon them. This is seen as a good omen by those of the faith. The Protector demonstrates his displeasure through the appearance of a falling star, that appears to fall from the upper tip of the crescent moon, to the lower tip, like a tear, by the premature coloration of leaves on a tree, or by the sound of three twigs being snapped in quick, rapid succession.

Agents/Petitioners

Corellon's primary servitors are identical twin spirits, Lashrael and Felarathael. These two twin Solars are held by some of the Fair Folk, particularly gold elves, to be demipowers in their own right. Besides from Lashrael and Felarathael, the Protector has multiple lesser servants, including Aasimar, Aasimon, Agathinon, Asuras, Ancient Treants, Baelnorn, Buraq, Cathshee, Centaurs, Cooshee, Disenchanters, Dryads, Einheriar, Eladrin (Firres and Ghaeles), Elven Cats, Elves, Feystags, Firestars, Firetails, Gold Dragons, Hamadryads, Hollyphants, Hybsils, Incarnates of Charity, Incarnates of Courage, Incarnates of Faith, Incarnates of Hope, Incarnates of Justice, Incarnates of Temperance, Incarnates of Wisdom, Ki-rin, Kholiathra, Lillendi, Lythari, Maruts, Moon Dogs, Moon Horses, Noctrals, Nymphs, Oreads, Pers, Phoenix, Reverend Ones, Seelie Faeries, Sharn, Silver Dogs, Silver Dragons, Sylphs, Spectral Wizards, Spellhaunts, Sprites, Sunflies, T'uen-rin, Unicorns, Weredragons, and Wizshades.

Corellon Larethian has two proxies- Adarc Brightleaf and Elmher Flow. Adarc is the more powerful of the two, and has been given the gift of foresight by his master. Elmher Flow, Corellon's other Proxy, has been gifted with the ability to automatically *Charm* anyone and anything in Arvandor, except for the Seldarine, or other visiting deities. Queen Amlauril Moonflower has also been gifted special powers by Corellon Larethian, and the rest of the Seldarine as well, because she serves as his, and their Chosen on Faerûn.

Felarathael and Lashrael are two powerful Solars who serve as the primary agents of Corellon Larethian. Both are tall, shining, androgynous Elves, clad in gleaming white robes. The two deliver messages for Corellon Larethian, as well as manifesting on the Material Plane, to defend Elves in peril.

The Church of Corellon Larethian

For all of the influence that Corellon Larethian has over Elven life, his church is curiously removed from Elven society, and his priests and priestess' have less of an official role in ruling over Elven life than an *N'Tel'Quess* would think. The status of his clergy reflects more of the guardianship of Elves role that Corellon Larethian has, rather than his leadership role.

Temples dedicated to Corellon Larethian are rare, since most Elves have their own special ways to pay homage to the Coronel of Arvandor. That is not to say, however, that Corellite temples do not exist. Shrines dedicated to Corellon Larethian are much more common, however.

Corellite temples and shrines are almost always shaped from great geological formations, such as great rock spires, or natural amphitheatres. Trees and other plants are incorporated into the designs of the temples and shrines, resulting in places of worship that weave stone and plant together. All Corellite temples and shrines afford any worshipper a clear view of the sky, moon, and stars.

Novices in the church of Corellon Larethian are called *Faema*. Fully ordained priests and priestess' are known as *Faensuora*. In the Common Tongue, these two words mean 'Those Who Practice Art', and 'Holy Practitioners of the Art', respectively.

In ascending order, other titles include *Aegisess*, *Adoness*, *Kerynsuoreess*, *Ivae'ess*, *Avae'ess*, *Syolkir*, *Lateu'Suoreess*, *Araegisess*, *Aradoness*, and *Arkerynsuoreess*. Translated into the Common Tongue, these words mean, respectively, 'Protector', 'Peacekeeper', 'Holy Warrior', 'Light Bringer', 'Joy Bringer', 'Wildstar', 'Crescent Moon-Blessed', 'Great Protector', 'Great Peacekeeper', and 'Great Holy Warrior'. Higher-ranking clerics have their own special titles, but they are collectively known as *Cormiira*, or 'Blessed of Corellon'.

The church of Corellon Larethian is evenly split between males and females. Amazingly enough, the church is also very diverse. Though Sun Elves and Moon Elves make up the bulk of his priests and priestess', other subraces include Wild Elves, Wood Elves, Aquatic Elves, Half-Elves, and even a few Drow Elves.

Day-to-Day Activities

Priests and priestess' of Corellon Larethian are expected to serve actively in the defense and artistic development of the Elven communities they are in, and to work to mediate disputes that arise among the Fair Folk or between Elves and other Sylvan creatures. In service to the Protector, many Corellite priests and priestess' serve in the armed forces of their homeland, defending Elf-claimed territories from the relentless expansion of other races, and training their fellow Elves in combat skills and magic. Seiveril Miritar, the famous leader of the Elven Crusade, was a High Priest of Corellon Larethian.

Others work closely with Elven artisans and craftsmen, instructing them in the skills they need to create works of wondrous beauty, as well as using their own creative talents in similar pursuits. Finally, members of Corellon Larethian's clergy are often called upon to act as diplomats, and arbitrators between various clergies, various subraces of Elves, various classes of Elven society, and even between various Elven communities. While few priests of the Coronel of Arvandor actually serve as rulers or councilors, many work behind the scenes to ensure the smooth functioning of government.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Corellon Larethian's faithful celebrate a great number of holy days, most of which are tied to astronomical events, and occur only once every few years, such as *Cinnaelos'Cor*, 'The Day of Corellon's Peace', or more commonly known as Shieldmeet. Of particular importance, once per lunar month, when the crescent moon softly illuminates the night sky, Corellon's faithful gather in moonlit glades to celebrate the gifts of their deity in a festival known as *Lateu'quor*, which can be translated into the Common Tongue as 'the Forest Communion of the Crescent Moon'.

Devotees of the Protector offer up their praises through music, song, dance, and the offering up of their most beautiful creations. True works of art are sometimes brought up to Arvandor, so as to be appreciated by the spirits of those Elves who dwell among the Seldarine, while others are kept within Corellon's shrines and temples so that the Fair Folk of Faerûn may marvel at the fruits of Corellon's greatest gift- creativity.

On rare occasions, such revels spontaneously unleash a glorious magical ceremony, whose results are guided by the Creator of the Elves himself. Sometimes, the landscape is reshaped, and the site is thereafter considered sacred to the Protector. At other times, the communal magic coalesces into an item of unearthly beauty. Such items are then enchanted by Corellon's senior most priests and priestess', and are thereafter considered holy relics of the faith.

Major Centers of Worship

Corellon's Grove, located near the center of the northern half of Evermeet, at the heart of the great forest that blankets the Green Isle, is believed to be the site closest to Arvandor in all of the Realms. Many Tel'Quessir claim to have seen Corellon Larethian himself, as well as other members of the Seldarine, wandering amidst this oasis of unearthly beauty. Corellon's Grove is visited by the Fair Folk of Evermeet for solemn ceremonies, private worship, or simple private meditation.

The trees that surround Corellon's Grove magically weave their branches together, preventing entrance to the shrine. Treants sometimes join the guardian trees in watching over the shrine, as do the countless other Sylvan creatures that roam the Green Isle. Wrought iron gates entwined with ivy and blooming roses year-round permit passage only to *Tel'Quessir* who approach, wishing to worship Corellon and the Seldarine.

Magical fountains are scattered throughout the grove, and their enchanted waters are said to confer one or more effects similar to those of potions. Within the Grove were shrines dedicated to Aerdrie Faenya, Hanali Celanil, Labelas Enoreth, Rillifane Rallathil, Sehanine Moonbow, and the King and Queen of Faerie, Oberon and Titania. The *Ar'Tel'Quessir* who constructed Corellon's Grove chose not to include shrines to the rogue powers of the Seldarine such as Erevan Ilesere, Fenmarel Mestarine, Shevarash, and Solonor Thelandira, to the *Sept'Tel'Seldarine*, to the Yuir Deities, or to aspects of the Seldarine worshiped by the other subraces, such as Angharradh, Bear, Eagle, Raven, or Wolf, but all mentioned powers and aspects of powers were nonetheless venerated in Corellon's Grove by the Fair Folk in their own ways.

In the aftermath of the destruction of Corellon's Grove, caused by the rampage of the Elf-Eater in DR 1371, the Year of the Unstrung Harp, all the Fair Folk rebuilt the Grove, and it was expanded and changed considerably. When completed, the reconsecrated Grove contained shrines of all the known powers and distinct aspects of the Seldarine, and its design better represents the diverse architectural styles employed by the various subraces of the *Tel'Quessir*.

Affiliated Orders

Corellon is the divine patron of many knightly orders, many of which claim to trace their heritage and membership back to the Time of Flowers. Such orders are typically composed largely of Fighters and Wizards, but their compositions have varied widely over the millennia and from culture to culture. Notable orders in ages past have included the Knights of the Golden Wyrn, the Blade of Sahandrian, the Fey Staghorns, and the Swords of the Seldarine.

On Evermeet, the Wings of Yathaghera, the Knights of the Alicorn, the Weavers of Bladesong, and the Vassals of the Reverend Ones are all pledged to support the Protector, in the defense of the Green Isle. Few orders have remained on the mainland of Faerûn since the Retreat began, but of those that remain, the Swords of Evereska are the most notable for their unwavering defense of that alpine vale.

Outside of Elven homelands, the most frequently encountered agents of an Elven order pledged to Corellon Larethian belong to the Fellowship of the Forgotten Flower, a loosely structured organization dedicated to the recovery of lost Elven relics, items and artifacts from long-abandoned Elven realms, such as Aryvandaar, or Illefarn.

Priestly Vestments

Ceremonial vestments for priests and priestess' of Corellon Larethian are often worn in normal situations by choice, although such attire is not required. The garb consists of azure robes, made of gossamer and embroidered with silver quarter moons. Silver circlets engraved with the Protector's symbol are worn on the brow. The holy symbol of the faith, a silver or mithral crescent moon, is worn on a slender silver chain hung from the neck.

Adventuring Garb

When adventuring, Corellon's priests and priestess' generally favor sky blue cloaks, Elven chain mail, long swords, and long bows, in conscious imitation of their divine patron. Leather, studded leather, or Elven chain mail is favored in situations requiring stealth, in addition to Cloaks of Elvenkind and Boots of Elvenkind, whereas Elven chain mail or Elven plate mail are favored in situations requiring direct, head-on conflict.



Deep Sashelas

Lord of the Undersea, The Dolphin Prince, The Knowledgeable One, Sailor's Friend, The Creator

Symbol: Blue Dolphin

Home Plane: Arvandor (Elavandor)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Creation, Knowledge, Oceans, Sea Elves, Underwater Beauty, Water Magic

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Good, Knowledge, Ocean, Water

Worshippers: Druids, Elves, Fishermen, Rangers, Sages, Sailors

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: "Trifork of the Deeps" (Trident)

History/Relationships

Deep Sashelas (Pronounced *Deep Sa-sheh-lahs*) is the Lord of the Undersea and the patron of Sea Elves, whom he created long ago by modifying Corellon's land-bound creations. Sashelas is a powerfully creative deity, who is forever changing the environments below the sea, by creating islands and reefs, by altering continental rifts, tinkering with undersea volcanoes, and the like. He is also said to create the deep undersea caverns that the Aquatic Elves can use for air breathing when they wish.

Sashelas is known as the Knowledgeable One, for he provides advice as to where food can be found or the enemies are hidden. The Sea Elves also claim that Deep Sashelas is the author of the Chambeeleon, a resplendent spell tome held in the royal vaults of Thunderfoam an age ago, but since lost. However, followers of other aquatic deities make similar claims.

Deep Sashelas is a member of the Seldarine and remains on good terms with the other Elven deities, but he directs most of his efforts toward maintaining an alliance of nonhuman sea powers known as the 'Asathalfinare'. While he does not explicitly lead the group, the Lord of the Undersea occupies a pivotal role and mediates many potential conflicts and disagreements. Other members of the Asathalfinare include Trishina, the dolphin goddess- who is also Sashelas's consort-, Surminare, goddess of the Selkies, Syranita, goddess of the Aarakocra, whose membership is somewhat of an anomaly, Persana, god of the Tritons, Eadro, god of the Merfolk and Lo-Cathah, and the enigmatic Water Lion.

The Lord of the Undersea opposes the machinations of all evil powers of the seas, including Abyssal lords such as Demogorgon and Dagon, as well as those whose followers long ago retreated to the Underdark, such as Blibdoolpoolp. Sashelas has a special enmity for Sekolah the Great Shark, the Sahuagin god, Umberlee, and Panzuriel the Enslaver, a

dark power worshiped by Kraken and other sentient, evil denizens of the ocean depths. The Lord of the Undersea helped banish and weaken Panzuriel long ago. Sashelas respects Panzuriel's growing power, and the Lord of the Undersea considers carefully what steps can be taken to restrain and bind that evil power once and for all. Likewise, Sashelas works to contain the evil of the human sea goddess Umberlee, and of late has lent his aid to the human god of sailors, Valkur, as a natural counterweight to Umberlee's burgeoning influence over the seas of Abeir-Toril.

The Lord of the Undersea is a charismatic leader and an inspired creator whose art is ever changing. Unlike the other Seldarine, Deep Sashelas is rarely satisfied with what he has done, and always seeks to improve it. Deep Sashelas can be fickle and flighty, and there are many myths that involve his amorous exploits with such creatures as Mermaids, Selkies, Sea Elven maids, Human women, and even a demigoddess or two. It is rumored that Trishina has some tolerance for such straying, but not too much. Deep Sashelas's fellow Seldarine brothers and sisters derive great amusement from Trishina's ability to spot Sashelas's wandering attentions and stymie him, usually by warning off the object of his desire.

Deep Sashelas' deific realm, Elavandor, rests at the bottom of the Sparkling Sea of Arvandor. The palace rests in a large crevice at the bottom of the sea, and is made of coral, gold, marble and crystal.

Dogma

Swim the great currents and the shallow seas. Exult in the ever-changing beauty and life of the bounteous Undersea. Revel in the joy of creation and increase its myriad aspects. Seek not to hold that which is ever changing, but instead love the change itself.

Seek out fellow swimmers who honor the ways of the Lord of the Undersea, and ally with them against those who see only the darkness of the deeps. Follow the way of the dolphin. Promote the use of the seas by all reasonable folk for all time to come; fight those who would hoard its riches or pollute its depths.

Avatar/Manifestations

Deep Sashelas appears as a handsome, androgynous Sea Elf with sea-green skin, blue-green eyes, and free-flowing blue-green hair. At will, Deep Sashelas can assume the form of a giant, towering wave of water up to 100 feet high and wide.

Deep Sashelas is very active on Abeir-Toril. His avatars often shape portions of the undersea environment to his liking, although he does not undertake such actions without first consulting other deities with an interest in such matters. He does not over involve himself by dispatching avatars to help Sea Elves in battles, but he will not hesitate to do so if he senses any involvement by Sekolah, Panzuriel or Umberlee in Undersea affairs. His avatar is usually accompanied by an avatar of Trishina- his consort- unless the avatar has been sent to woo or seduce some pretty female who has attracted his eye. Rarely, the avatar may accompany the avatar of another member of the Asathalfinare.

The Lord of the Undersea almost always manifests in one of three ways helpful to Aquatic Elves. In the wilds of the Undersea, Sashelas appears to his followers in distress as a far-off light that never seems to move closer or draw farther away. Followers of the Dolphin Prince who follow the beacon are led to safety, but any foes in the surrounding region - particularly

sharks or Sahuagin- who also spy the light and attempt to head toward Sashelas's manifestation find themselves led astray, often into a dangerous situation where they have little chance of escaping, such as directly in the path of a pod of hungry killer whales.

Secondarily, Sashelas sometimes manifests in Sea Elven communities warn of imminent attack, particularly when such raids involve Sekolah's followers. Such manifestations involve the opening of a small rent in the sea floor that allows a large air bubble to escape. Instead of dissipating or immediately floating to the surface, such air bubbles dance about the general vicinity of the rift for several minutes. Such bubbles act in a fashion similar to a crystal ball. Any follower of Sashelas who stares into the bubble is able to scry on the immediate threat, giving members of the threatened community time to prepare defenses, retreat, or otherwise react to the imminent attack. Once the threat is recognized by the community, the manifestation ends as the bubble rises to the surface and dissipates.

In situations where Sashelas needs to communicate with members of his faith, he manifests in a third manner as a distinctly dolphin-shaped region of water, differentiated from the surrounding sea water by the nimbus of silver light that envelops it. Such a manifestation playfully dashes and darts about, much like a true dolphin, except that it never surfaces. Any sentient sea creature Sashelas allows to come into physical contact with the manifestation receives a momentary vision through which the Dolphin Prince communicates the reason for his appearance.

The Dolphin Prince shows his favor to worshippers by the discovery of precious gems, such as aquamarines, pearls, water opals and waterstars. He shows his displeasure to worshippers by the discovery of dead fish, broken tridents, and waterlogged driftwood.

Agents/Petitioners

Deep Sashelas is served by Aballins, Aquatic Elves, Asrai, Balaenas, Delphions, Dolphins, Einheriar, Eladrin (Novieres), Fish, Nereids, Porpoises, Reverend Ones, Water Elementals, Ehaes and Zoveri.

Deep Sashelas has a single proxy, an Aquatic Elf named Ella Wavesdaughter. Unlike many other Aquatic Elves, Ella has completely given herself to serving the Dolphin Prince. She is most commonly found in his divine realm, but is sometimes dispatched across the multiverse to aid other Aquatic Elves in need. Deep Sashelas has blessed Ella with the ability to swim faster than any other underwater creature, and to be able to summon Water Elementals.

The Church of Deep Sashelas

While most other Elven priests and priestess pay homage to all of the members of the Seldarine, besides for their specific patron, Aquatic Elven priests and priestess' of Deep Sashelas almost completely exclude the rest of the Seldarine from their prayers, and worship the Dolphin Prince almost exclusively. Most surface Elves find this practice uncouth, and rude, but Aquatic Elves either do not know this, or do not care.

Temples dedicated to Deep Sashelas can be found in nearly every major undersea city- lumashiashae, Fhaoralusyolkir, Adoivaealumanth, Myth Nantar, and other cities. These temples are usually the physical, spiritual, social and cultural centers of Aquatic Elven settlements.

The appearance temples vary from region to region. Temples in or around the Sea of Fallen Stars are typically made of coral. Temples found in the Great Sea are typically made of natural stone structures. All temples, however, are made to house aquatic worshipper and non-aquatic worshippers.

The clergy is known collectively as Delphions. Novices are called Unpure, while full-blown priests and priestess' are called Bathed. Titles used by most temples in the Great Sea include, in ascending order, Sea Otter, Seal, Walrus, Sea Lion, Delphinus, Nalwhal, Balaenas. Titles used by most temples in the Inner Sea include, in ascending order, Clam, Oyster, Nautilus, Argonaut, Trophon, Cowrie, Abalone, Conch and Pearl.

The overwhelming majority the Dolphin Prince's clergy is made up of Aquatic Elves. The remaining few are Half-Aquatic Elves, or Malenti who have renounced their evil natures. His clergy is evenly split between males and females, however.

Day-to-Day Activities

The clergy of Deep Sashelas are more organized than most Elven priesthoods. This is because of their role as mediators between aquatic and non-aquatic races. Delphions, as they are often known as, interact regularly with dolphins who inhabit the regions surrounding their home communities, and senior priests are almost always accompanied by their dolphin companions.

Sashelan priests always establish and maintain contacts with land-dwelling Elves, if possible. As a result of their extensive networks of contacts, Deep Sashelas's priests have prevented many Sahuagin incursions from succeeding, gaining the latter's undying hatred. Delphions also conduct ritual shark hunts and attack Sahuagin communities.

Delphions expend a great deal of effort on the creation of beautiful works of art in homage to the Creator. Individual priests of Deep Sashelas create fabulous sculptures of living coral in and around their homes and in their communities. Others sculpt extraordinary jeweled and pearled living coral works of art or train fish to perform spectacular and delightful maneuvers and dances.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Deep Sashelas is honored individually through the creation of works of art and other wonders, and prayers are given to the Lord of the Undersea upon initiating and after completing such projects. Daily observances by Sashelas's clergy thank Deep Sashelas for his benevolence and the beauty of the undersea world, but the most important rituals are timed to coincide with especially high and low tides, known as the High Flow and the Deep Ebb, respectively.

During such ceremonies, the priests and priestess' make offerings of precious natural objects and items of great artistry. Meanwhile, acolytes swim in complex patterns accompanied by dolphins, and sing deep, reverberating songs of praise to the Lord of the Undersea and his creations. While both ceremonies are similar in form, the High Flow is a joyous celebration emphasizing beauty, creativity, and artistry, while the Deep Ebb is a grim, martial ceremony emphasizing the remembrance of those who are lost and vigilance against the ever present threat of their enemies.

Major Centers of Worship

The great city of Thunderfoam is located

beneath the waves of the Trackless Sea, atop a submerged plateau, north of Evermeet, and west of Uttersea. Steam from great vents in the sea floor warms the frigid waters, rendering the region habitable to the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*. The scions of Alaer have long ruled the Aquatic Elves of Aluchambolsunvae from the Dolphin Throne, at the heart of the submerged capital city under the benevolent protection of Deep Sashelas and his clergy.

The Caldera of the Dancing Dolphin is a natural amphitheater located atop Mount Delphin, on the eastern outskirts of Thunderfoam. On the northern slope of the great crater is the Dome of the Dancing Dolphin, a massive volcanic dome that has been transformed by the clergy of Sashelas into an aquatic cathedral of stunning beauty and size. From the Dolphin Dome, as the temple is commonly known, Sashelas's priests oversee the spiritual, artistic, and martial needs of the aquatic kingdoms populace.

The clergy of the Dome of the Dancing Dolphin have grown particularly concerned of late by the emergence of the Kraken Society as a power in the Trackless Sea. Despite reports that Slarkrethel the Kraken serves Umberlee, the priests of Aluchambolsunvae fear that the Kraken secretly serves the banished Panzuriel, as well as Umberlee, by aiding that dark power's efforts to reestablish his malign influence in Faerûn's seas. In response to this perceived threat, Delphions of the Dolphin Dome have extended their network of allied beings as far east as the shores of Faerun, and they are said to be recruiting agents among the land-dwellers to extend their influence into the cities of the North where the Kraken Society has established a presence.

Affiliated Orders

The Knights of the Killer Whale are an order of Sashelan warriors dedicated to the destruction of the evil races of the sea, including Ixixachiti, Koalinth, Krakens, Merrow, Scrags, and Sahuagin. The order is based in the Citadel of the Seven Seas, a great hollowed-out undersea volcanic plug encircled by the Mintarn archipelago in the Sea of Swords.

The Lances of the Sea Unicorn are an order of clerics and warriors who garrison a series of nine undersea citadels, and numerous smaller redoubts that stretch across the floor of the Sea of Fallen Stars, from Delthuntle to Airspur. The order seeks to largely contain the Sahuagin of the Alamber Sea to the eastern reaches of the Inner Sea, as most Sea Elven communities of the Sea of Fallen Stars are located to the west of that border.

Deep Sashelas also sponsors several loosely affiliated pods of Sea Elven druids and rangers, but they are not considered part of his clergy.

Priestly Vestments

Priests of Deep Sashelas wear either loose-fitting sea green robes, or armor created entirely from shells. They totally eschew any form of head covering. Shell mail, as it is known, effectively serves only an ornamental role for Sea Elves, as it does not provide much protection for the wearer. The holy symbol of the faith- a lustrous pearl at least one half inch in diameter- is always in the possession of any Sashelan priest or priestess.

Adventuring Garb

Sashelan clergy generally eschew armor, even when entering dangerous situations. They find

that it impedes their underwater movements, and adds very little to their actual defenses. Only a few Sashelan priests possess Sea Elven scale mail, but those who do generally employ it in combat situations. The clergy of Deep Sashelas favor the traditional weapons of the Sea Elves- nets, spears, and tridents- and it is rare that they are proficient with anything else, besides for the underwater crossbow.

The most intricately constructed Demihuman scale mail is found in the undersea kingdoms of the Sea Elves. More as a matter of appearance and ceremony than for additional protection -it provides protection equal to that of normal scale mail- the Sea Elves adapted the idea of scale mail to their own peculiar designs. Their armor can be worn underwater, as it is made of metals that do not rust, and the scales are affixed to the backing of eel-skin, which does not disintegrate as leather does in salt water.

Brought forth only in times of war or great ceremony, this expensive armor is worn only by the noble Elven elite. This scale mail is unique among others for its beautiful silver coating. Some surface armorers wonder whether this coating is silver, platinum, or even mithral. It is generally agreed that the rare scale mail of the Sea Elves is nearly as valuable as Elven chain mail.



Eilistraee

The Dark Maiden, Lady of the Dance, Lady Silverhair

Symbol: Nude female Drow, with long silver hair dancing with a silver bastard sword, in front of a full moon

Home Plane: Arvandor (Hill of the Dancing Moon) / The Demonweb Pits (Eilistraee's Temple)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Beauty, Dance, Hunting, Moonlight, Song, Swordplay

Domains: Chaos, Charm, Drow, Elf, Good, Moon Portal

Worshippers: Good Drow, Hunters, Elves

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: The Moonsword (Bastard Sword)

History/Relationships

Eilistraee (Pronounced Eel-iss-tray-ye) is the goddess of the good Drow, who yearn to return to life on the surface, left behind by the Drow thousands of years ago. She is a goddess of song, beauty, goodness and light, and is worshiped through song and dance, preferably on the surface world, under the stars of a moonlit night. Eilistraee aids her faithful in hunting and swordplay, and feasts usually preceded or follow her holy ceremonies. She is usually seen only from afar, but her song of unearthly beauty is heard whenever she appears.

The Dark Maiden is the daughter of Araushnee, who would eventually become Lolth, and Corellon Larethian. Vhaeraun is her brother, and Selvetarm is her nephew. Long ago, after nearly slaying her father with a magically enchanted arrow during a great battle between the Seldarine and a host of evil deities bent on conquering Arvandor, the Dark Maiden forswore the use of ranged weapons, although she permits them to her followers. Her arrow went astray because of Araushnee's treachery, for the Elven Weaver of Destiny was secretly trying to kill Corellon Larethian, and usurp his role as the leader of the Seldarine. Eilistraee chose banishment from Arvandor, and the Seldarine, as punishment, along with her mother and brother. Although her father made it abundantly clear that he did not find her at fault, the Dark Maiden elected to go anyway, foreseeing a time when she would be needed to balance the evil of the rest of her family.

On Abeir-Toril, the Dark Maiden strove for centuries to counter the hatred of Vhaeraun, and his corrupting influence on Dark Elves, and in particular, the Ilythiiri. Although she was able to hold her own for

much of the time, Eilistraee's power ebbed with the death of many of her Miyeritari faithful in the Dark Disaster. The rise of Lolth and, to a much lesser degree, Ghaunadaur, among the Dark Elves marginalized the influence that the Lady of the Dance had for millennia. Only in recent centuries has Eilistraee's faith regained a small amount of prominence in Faerûn, as the Dark Maiden now more actively seeks to lead the fallen Drow back to the long-forsaken light, both metaphorically and literally.

Eilistraee is a melancholy, moody Drow female, a lover of beauty and a lover of peace. The evil that most Drow have within them angers the young deity, because she knows that Drow aren't born evil, but that Lolth and the rest of the Dark Seldarine makes them evil. When her faithful are harmed, her anger spills out into wild action, and woe is any creature that is faced off against an angered Eilistraee. It is not her way to act openly, but she often aids creatures she favors, even if they don't worship her, in small, practical ways. Eilistraee is happiest when she sees that goodness and love that is inside all things.

While the Dark Maiden and the rest of the Seldarine remain allies, but it is a strained relationship, that reflects the divisions that persist among Elves today. Among the Elven powers, Eilistraee is only close with Erevan Ilesere, because both deities enjoy the lighthearted aspects of life, Corellon Larethian, because of his relationship as her father, and Solonar Thelandira, because of the ideas that he espouses. It is said that Eilistraee may even have a romantic relationship with Solonar Thelandira. She has only just recently worked out an uneasy truce with Shevarash, who has made it his duty to exterminate the entire Drow race.

Eilistraee is unusually close with the human goddess of magic, Mystra. Qilué Veladorn, seventh of the Seven Sisters, is one of Mystra's Chosen, as well as a Chosen of the Dark Maiden. She is also close with Calladuran Smoothhands, Haela Brightaxe, Lurue and Selûne.

The Dark Maiden hates the corruption and unredeemable evil that the Dark Seldarine- Lolth, Ghaunadaur, Kiaransalee, Selvetarm and Vhaeraun- represent. She also mourns her brother's enduring cruelty and selfishness, and the fact that she could not save her nephew, Selvetarm, from the machinations of Lolth. Her other enemies are deities who prey on her followers, including Blibdoolpoolp, Deep Duerra, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, Gzemnid, Ilsensine, Ixendren, Laduguer, Laogzed, the now-deceased Maanzecorian, The Blood Queen and the Great Mother.

The recent Silence of Lolth caused a large influx of Drow to flock to the Dark Maiden. Though many of them were not actually devout, and were just looking for power, many of the Drow who came to her actually believed in their hearts what the Dark Maiden espoused. During the Silence of Lolth, Eilistraee set in motion her plan to kill her mother, by way of the Crescent Blade, a powerful Eilistraeen artifact.

Though the plan failed, Hallistra Melarn, Eilistraee's agent who was supposed to strike the killing blow was seized by Lolth, and became some kind of agent for her, the Lady Penitent. Eilistraee succeeded in maintaining her divine realm on the Demonweb Pits when Lolth forcibly removed them from the Abyss and onto their own plane. The Dark Maiden's realm on the Demonweb Pits is very small, since she primarily spends time in her realm on Arvandor, the Hill of the Dancing Moon. Her realm on the Demonweb Pits is

nothing more than a small, temple dedicated to the Dark Maiden, while her realm on Arvandor is a large glade that is always illuminated by a full moon, and is filled with fey music. Eilistraee keeps dual realms to remind herself, and others, of her dual role as a member of the Seldarine, and an outcast of the Seldarine, a Drow, but an enemy of Lolth and evil Drow everywhere.

Recent divinations and premonitions concerning the Dark Maiden have been coming back with disturbing images and portents. Her future is depended on Lolth's future, and her destiny is linked with Vhaeraun. In particular, Eilistraee wearing the mask of Vhaeraun, sitting over a Sava board with Lolth is most disturbing.

Dogma

Aid the weak, strong, grateful, and churlish alike; be always kind, save in battle with evil. Encourage happiness everywhere; lift hearts with kind words, jests, songs, and merriment. Learn how to cook game and how best to hunt it. Learn new songs, dances, and ways with weapons, and spices, and recipes, and pass this learning on whenever possible. Learn how to play, make, and repair musical instruments. Practice music and sword-work. Defend and aid all folk, promoting harmony between the races.

Strangers are your friends. The homeless must be given shelter from storms, under your own roof if need be. Repay rudeness with kindness. Repay violence with swift violence, that the fewest may be hurt and danger fast removed from the land.

The faithful must aid Drow who are in distress. If the distressed are fighting with other drow, the combat is to be stopped with as little bloodshed as possible. So long as the Drow met with are not working evil on others, they are to be aided and given the message of Eilistraee: "A rightful place awaits you in the Realms Above, in the Land of the Great Light. Come in peace, and live beneath the sun again, where trees and flowers grow."

Avatar/Manifestations

The Dark Maiden rarely takes a direct hand in the affairs of mortals, but she oftentimes appears in the midst of dances in her honor, leaping amid the flames of the feast unharmed. She also appears to her faithful, radiance dimmed and clad in a plain, hooded cloak, at their campfires by night, to test their kindness.

Eilistraee normally takes the form of a nude, glossy-skinned female Drow, about nine feet in height, with ankle length, sweeping hair of glowing silver. Her hair and wandering silvery radiances cloak her body in a smooth, continuously moving array of beauty. Most worshipers see Eilistraee only from afar, standing on a hillock or battlement, in the distance. She appears to show her favor or blessing and often rallies or heartens creatures by sounding her hunting horn. When Eilistraee's hunting horn is heard but no foes are present, her followers interpret it as a sign that someone nearby needs their aid.

Eilistraee's most common manifestation is a silvery radiance, sometimes accompanied by a wordless melody, or a few echoing harp notes. Eilistraee has also been known to aid her worshipers by providing a faint silvery radiance when they need to find something in darkness, follow an unknown trail by night, or when childbirth occurs. She also manifests her silver radiance to worshipers or non-worshipers who honor her with a solitary dance to tribute. She sometimes

sends a flutter of silvery swallow-tailed moths to show her favor, join in a dance, or lead her faithful that have become lost or need some indication of the best direction to take.

In rare circumstances, males and other lay worshippers, who need her visible blessings and support, or sometimes just some light, will temporarily manifest Moonfire, Eilistraee's sacred spell. Such manifestations are at the will of the goddess, and the recipient of the blessing has no control over the duration, intensity, and/or location of the Moonfire.

She also demonstrates her favor by having her followers find mithral, moonbars, moonstones and silver, and by providing them with the inspiration to compose a great work of art, such as a song, music, or a weapon. She indicates her displeasure with a sudden artistic inability, the inability to catch anything while hunting, a sudden, rising cold breeze and chills in one's hands, or feet.

Agents/Petitioners

Eilistraee is served by Aasimar, Aasimon, Asuras, Cath Shee, Drow, Einheriar, Eladrins, Elves, Mercury Dragons, Elven Cats, Feystags, Frösts, Hollyphants, Incarnates of Faith, Incarnates of Hope, Lythari, Mist Dragons, Moon Dogs, Moon Horses, Mortal, Pixies, Radiance Quasielementals, Reverend Ones, Silver Dogs, Silver-Dragons, Sprites, Sunflies, Tiedlings, and normal-looking animals with solid silver-colored eyes.

Eilistraee has one Chosen- Qilué Veladorn. The circumstances of her birth were unusual, to say the least, but it is because of these circumstances that the Drow woman is a Chosen of both Eilistraee and Mystra. Qilué acts as the High Priestess of the Promenade, and serves as the mortal conduit for advancing Eilistraee's wishes and goals.

Eilistraee has one proxy as well- Ingrid Liansdottir. Ingrid is a Drow woman who, stories say, is just as beautiful as her mistress. Like Eilistraee, Ingrid is a beacon of good. Eilistraee has granted her proxy the ability to seduce others with a single word, and the ability to make her curses come true.

The Church of Eilistraee

The followers of Eilistraee are subject to wild rumors and mistruths in both the Underdark and on the surface world. To many surface dwellers, the church of Eilistraee is the misleading vanguard of Lolth's plot to drive all of Faerûn into darkness under her rule. To other Drow, the church of Eilistraee is actually made up of surface Elves who masquerade as Drow, in preparation for the coming war of annihilation between the two groups. It is very rare that an individual has a non-biased, intellectual view on the clergy of the Dark Maiden.

The church of Eilistraee is composed of kind-hearted individuals who truly seek to change the world for the better. In my youth, I, like many other Elves, held a universal dislike for Drow. Though I had heard of Eilistraee in my studies, I passed her off as some kind of trick created by Lolth, to lull us *Tel'Quessir*, so that she could strike when our guard was down. However, in my travels, I came upon a priestess' of Eilistraee, a woman who I eventually came to respect, and eventually love. Though I know not whatever became of her, I hope that this tome is able to win over the hearts and minds of Elves all over Toril.

Temples dedicated to Eilistraee appear very similar to those dedicated to the Seldarine- pristine,

natural sites that need little modification. Temple complexes usually include a glade to dance in, a dark place removed from the harsh light of day, a fresh water stream, a forge and smithy, an access tunnel to the Underdark, and a nearby vein of iron, or a similar metal. Shrines dedicated to the Dark Maiden are not so complex, and need only be a moonlit glade, and a song to dance to.

Collectively, the clergy of Eilistraee are known as Dark Maidens. Those who have not yet been ordained as priestess' are called Maids. The titles of individual priestess' vary widely, but some common examples include Moon Dancer, Moon Singer, Argent Maid, Dark Huntress, Living Sword, Unsheathed Blade, Sword Smith, Bright Edge of Darkness, and Ghost of the Moonstruck Night.

The majority of her faithful are Drow Elves, who were once living in the Underdark, but have come to embrace the light, or the children of these individuals. Many tolerant Elves, who wish to extend the laurel branch to the Drow, rather than the sword, venerate the Dark Maiden. Many slaves of various races have come to venerate Eilistraee, because it is because of her benevolence that they were either able to escape, or able to find safety from their slave masters. In the orthodox, organized religion, there are no male Clerics. All males are lay worshippers, and cannot become priests. However, in some of the more remote locations where the Dark Maiden is worshipped, males can become priests, and are granted spells by Eilistraee.

Day-to-Day Activities

Whenever and wherever possible, the faithful of Eilistraee encourage Drow to return to the surface world and forsake the evil deities of the Underdark, and work to promote harmony between Drow and other surface-dwelling races, in order to establish the Drow as benevolent inhabitants of Faerûn.

The faithful of the Dark Maiden nurture beauty, music and song wherever they find it. Priestess' are skilled in the playing of at least one of the Dark Maiden's favored instruments: the horn, the flute, or the harp. They are also adequate singers, and fit, graceful dancers.

Eilistraee's faithful also assist hunters while hunting, those who are lost, and help others with other acts of kindness whenever possible.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Traditional worship of the Dark Maiden includes a hunt, followed by a feast, dancing, and a Circle of Song, in which the worshipers sit and gather in a circle, and each one in succession leads a song. If possible, this is done outdoors, in a wooded area, on a moonlit night. Daily prayers are sung whenever possible, and priestess' try to lead others in a song or two every evening, even if no formal ritual is held.

Eilistraee's faithful let out all of their emotions for the day with an 'evensong', a personal, often wordless song. Priests of the Dark Maiden who have the coin to do so are expected to hire any minstrel or bard they meet, for a song or two. Lay worshipers are encouraged to do the same.

Whenever a sword is finished, or is first used by a worshiper of the Dark Maiden, a priestess tries to call down the blessing of the goddess upon it. This is done by planting the blade point-down in the ground, outdoors and at night, and dancing. The Sword Dance, as this ritual is called, circles the blade, and involves the priestesses in charge of the ceremony drawing

blood from each of her limbs, by dancing momentarily against the blade. If successful, the blade glows with a silvery radiance that causes the weapon, for three months, not to break, rust or disintegrate- since many Drow items disintegrate when exposed to sunlight. And if the weapon lacks a magical dweomer, this special blessing enables the weapon to strike creatures that normally can only be hit by magically enchanted weapons.

The High Hunt is celebrated at least once every season. The High Hunt is a nighttime hunt of a dangerous beast, led by priestess' of Eilistraee. By tradition, the hunters, who are usually lay worshippers, may use any bladed weapon, and wear anything they desire. The priestess' who lead the hunt go naked, and carry only a single bastard sword. If the hunted beast is slain, a song and a circle dance are dedicated to the goddess. If the hunted beast is not slain, a song and circle dance are dedicated to the goddess anyway.

At least once a year, priestess' of Eilistraee undertake a Run, where they simply wander the surface world. Those who are not Drow blacken their bodies with natural dyes and oils. All priests, Drow or not, boil certain leaves and berries, and spread the resulting liquid in their hair, to make it silvery. Trusting to their skills, and the inherent goodness in all creatures, priestess' of the Dark Maiden go where they are strangers, making an effort to seek out Elven communities, and bring them game, kindness, and helping hands. They try to learn new songs, music, and sword ways, and do not come to preach their faith or make a mark for themselves.

In the end, all priests who do not die in battle hold their greatest ritual, called the Last Dance. In old age, Eilistraee's faithful hear the goddess singing to them by night, calling them to her. When the song feels right, they go out, unclad, underneath the moonlit sky and dance- never to be seen again. Those who have observed such dances say that the goddess comes and sings overhead, and that the dancer begins to dance more effortlessly, looking younger and younger. Her hair begins to glow with the same radiance as the Dark Maiden's, and then she becomes translucent, slowly fading away as the dance goes on. In the end, only a silvery radiance is left, and two voices -the goddess and her faithful- sing together in a melancholy, tender song on before trailing off on the tonic note.

Major Centers of Worship

Before the Crown Wars, Eilistraee's faith was strong in the Dark Elf realm of Miyeritar. She also had a few pockets of faithful in Ilythiir, and some other Elven realms of the time. The Dark Disaster, unleashed during the Third Crown War, transformed Miyeritar into the blasted wasteland now known as the High Moor, and dealt a devastating blow to Eilistraee. In the span of a few moments, a large portion of her total clergy was gone.

When the Dark Elves were transformed into Drow, and were banished from the sunlit lands some five hundred years later, at the end of the Fourth Crown War, Eilistraee's church effectively collapsed. A few ancient, sacred sites of power built before the Crown Wars survived, along with some clergy members, such as in the Misty Forest, along the borders of the High Moor, and in the Shaar, scattered across the once verdant savannah, but for the most part, it would be many millennia before Eilistraee would rise from obscurity once more.

Centuries ago, Eilistraee appeared to Qilué Veladorn and commanded the young Drow from Buiyrandyn- a gathering of destitute Drow families too small to even be considered a city- to take up her singing swords and destroy the Pit of Ghaunadaur. After a great battle that resulted in the destruction of an avatar of the Elder Eye, as well many of it's slithering, oozing, and creeping worshipers, the holy sight of the Elder Eye was destroyed. Qilué and the rest of her allies took up responsibility for patrolling the region, and thus, the Promenade was created.

The Promenade of the Dark Maiden, also known as Eilistraee's Promenade or simply the Promenade, is Eilistraee's high temple. It occupies a large ruined city, located to the northeast of Skullport, on the third level of Undermountain, deep beneath Waterdeep. The priestess' of the Promenade heal any who come to the temple, offering the hand of friendship that is often denied to those of the Shunned Races. Many races live among the community of faithful, and their numbers are drawn from escaped slaves, former adventurers, and any other repentant individuals.

Daily activities in the Promenade include growing food, mundane chores, patrolling the temple caverns and passages, and practicing diplomacy beyond the immediate temple area. The faithful of Eilistraee work tirelessly to further their Lady's aims concerning the peaceful coexistence of Drow with other races and to fulfill her commandments about preventing the return of Ghaunadaur.

In the years since their great victory, the number of battles the Dark Ladies have been forced to fight- particularly with the minions of Ghaunadaur- has continued to increase, even up until today. For example, in DR 1368, the Year of the Banner, the Promenade came under attack by Ghaunadaur's cultists, who led a full-scale assault on the temple. The siege lasted for several months before the Elder Eye's followers were driven off. Followers of Lolth, Vhaeraun and Selvetarm periodically attack the temple as well.

Above ground temples of Eilistraee are known to exist in the Moonwood, and at the northern end of the Velarwood. The Mouth of Song, as the former temple is known, is located in a cave mouth beneath a treeless hill a day's travel from Quaervarr. The Shadowtop Glade, as the latter temple is known, is located in a series of caves that line both sides of a steep, overgrown gully, dominated by a grove of towering shadowtop trees. Drow priestess' from the temple, armed with enchanted silver swords, and moon-worshiping lycanthropes from the nearby Howling Hill join together to conduct sacred hunts dedicated to Eilistraee and Selûne, when the moon is full.

Smaller shrines of the Dark Maiden have been spotted in the Misty Forest, the High Forest, the Forest of Shadows, the Lake Sember region, the Grey Forest, the Forest of Lethyr, the Yuirwood, and the Chondalwood. Hidden temples of Eilistraee may exist in the hearts of other forests as well. Temples of the Dark Maiden are absent on Evermeet, despite appeals to Queen Amlauril by her Drow ambassador, Lady Karsel'lyn Lylyl-Lytherraias. With the recent conflicts Evermeet has had with Drow, it is unlikely that a temple in Eilistraee's honor will be built on the Green Isle anytime soon.

Affiliated Orders

The Darksong Knights are an elite order of Eilistraeen warrior-priestess' who, of late, have been active in the south, beneath the lands of that once were

ancient Ilythiir. The order has a very militaristic hierarchy to it, is very centralized, and is led by the High Priestess of the Promenade, Eilistraee's temple in Undermountain. Every members of the order is expected to devote her life to the furthering of the Dark Maiden's wishes, and in particular, the destruction of the Yochlol, and other Demons that serve Lolth.

The Protectors of the Song are another elite order of Eilistraeen warrior-priestess'. The Protectors of the Song serve as the guards of the Promenade, and they wield the temple's few sacred singing swords. Although they are quite small in number, they are highly efficient, and are feared by enemies, and respected by allies.

Priestly Vestments

Priestess' of Eilistraee wear their hair long, and dress for whatever it is that they are currently doing. During holy rituals, they wear as little as possible. While hunting, they wear soft leathers. When battle is expected, they wear heavier armors, but not heavy enough to impede their movement. When relaxing, they favor silvery, see-through, diaphanous gowns. The holy symbol of the faith is typically worn as a pin or is hung around the neck on a slender silver or mithral chain.

Adventuring Garb

Eilistraee's faithful clothe themselves in magical armor when adventuring. Whenever possible, priestess' of the Dark Maiden use their swords in battle. If no swords are available, other bladed weapons are preferable, and should be used before other secondary weapons, such as bows, or clubs. Because they have come to signify and symbolize Lolth, Eilistraee does not allow her priestess' to wield whips or scourges.



Erevan Illesere

The Trickster, The Chameleon, The Green Changeling, The Evershifting Shapechanger, The Fey Jester, The Jack of the Seelie Court

Symbol: Nova star with asymmetrical rays

Home Plane: Arvandor (The Gnarl)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Portfolio: Mischief, Change, Rogues

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Luck, Trickery

Worshipers: Bards, Elves, Revelers, Rogues, Sorcerers, Tricksters

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: CG, CN, CE

Favored Weapon: "Quickstrike" (Shortsword)

History/Relationships

Erevan Illesere (Pronounced *Air-eh-van Ill-eh-seer*) is the Elven deity of mischief and change, and the patron of Elven and Half-Elven Rogues. The Trickster's following is not as large as most of the rest of the Seldarine, for Erevan is too unpredictable for most Elves.

Nevertheless, he commands his share of attention from the Fair Folk, particularly by those engaged in thievery or other forms of knavery, those who seek excitement so as to alleviate the boredom of near-immortality, as well as many young Elves who seek a life of adventure and danger. Some members of the Sylvan races, such as Pixies, Sprites, and Leprechauns, also revere Erevan but the majority of such Fey beings revere the deities of the Seelie Court.

The Trickster often seeks the company of similarly inclined powers of other pantheons, for the patience of his fellow Elven powers has been worn thin by eons of endless pranks at their expense. Despite his fickle nature, however, Erevan is fiercely devoted to the Seldarine, and the other Elven powers know that they can count on him to come to their aid should they require it.

Erevan is part of an informal group of mischief makers that includes Brandobaris, Garl Glittergold, and Tymora. He likes to play pranks with them- and on them-, and as a result, he has made a few enemies among the more serious and sober of powers of many pantheons. The list includes, but is not limited to Helm, Torm, Tyr, and the majority of the

Dwarven pantheon. The Fey Jester does not much care, though, as long as he is having a great time.

The Trickster's favorite companion is Avachel, an aspect of the draconic power Hlal, also known as Aasterinian or Quicksilver. The Trickster and Quicksilver are almost never separated and their adventures are legendary among younger elves who dream of emulating the mythic duo's daring exploits.

Erevan Illesere has long-standing rivalries with other Rogue powers, including Beshaba, Mask, and Vhaeraun, for their cruelty and greed offends the Tricksters light-hearted nature. He also opposes Lolth, and the Anti-Seldarine, as does his fellow Seldarine members.

Erevan is a fickle, utterly unpredictable power that can change his appearance at will. He is one of the most fun-loving powers in the multiverse, and he seems incapable of remaining still or concentrating on a single task for any extended period of time. The Trickster enjoys causing trouble for its own sake, but his pranks are rarely either helpful or deadly. However, Erevan becomes very dangerous if Sylvan races or weak Elven groups are threatened, as he has no tolerance for that.

The Trickster's weakness for fine wine has gotten him into trouble on more than one occasion, but his vows to swear off the grape only last long enough to refill his glass. Erevan's fancies are as fleeting as a desert rain, and he is attracted to mortals who make their own luck. He does not appreciate those who constantly rely on his favor to get by, and he abandons those who persistently rely on his unwavering assistance. The fickle Trickster, however, often grants mortals who rely on themselves a helping hand.

Erevan Illesere's deific realm, known as the Gnarl, is a sprawling, shifting palace, made of various natural resources, such as wood, stone, crystal, gold, and so on. Because the Trickster is so often away, wandering the multiverse, he leaves his palace in the care of his Proxy. If she is not readily available, he leaves it in the care of his petitioners. At all times, even when the Trickster is present, the Gnarl is set with multiple traps and tricks that would confound even the best in the trade.

Dogma

Change and excitement are the spice of life. Live on the edge, unbound by the conventions of society in a spirit of constant self-reinvention. Puncture the self-righteousness, sanctimony, and pretension that pervades orderly society with mischievous pranks that both amuse and enlighten.

Inspire laughter and happiness, giddy silliness, and welcome release from care so that the routine of day-to-day existence does not become worn so deep that it grinds all the joy from life. Celebrate the spontaneous, and practice random acts of helpfulness.

Avatar/Manifestations

The Fey Jester appears as an Elf, Brownie, Aerie, Pixie, Sprite, or other Sylvan creature. But, because Erevan Illesere is ever changing his appearance. Therefore, it is possible to encounter the Green Changeling without even realizing it. Erevan always wears green somewhere upon his person, a sign of his love of the woodlands the Fair Folk call home.

Erevan rarely manifests himself directly, instead preferring to dispatch an avatar to any unfolding event that catches his attention. When he does manifest, the Trickster's influence is as often disruptive

as it is helpful. Typical manifestations include the gradual appearance of a green haze that creates a temporary wild magic zone or unleashes the effects of a spell such as chaos or chaotic combat or a wand such as a wand of endless repetition or a wand of wonder.

Erean Illesere normally demonstrates his favor to his followers by blessing them with lucky coincidences, such as discovering lost possessions, or finding lucky trinkets. He demonstrates his disfavor by cursing his followers with bad luck, such as the loss of valued small items, or minor misfortune.

Agents/Petitioners

The Seldarine normally calls on Agathinon, Asuras, and Ancient Treants as their preferred servants, but Erean Illesere is also served by Aasimar, Asrai, Atomies, Bacchae, Bariaurs, Cath Shee, Centaurs, Change Cats, Chaos Beasts, Chaos Imps, Coo Shee, Copper Dragons, Crystal Dragons, Doppelgangers, Dryads, Einheriar, Eladrins (Coures), Elven Cats, Elevs, Ethyks, Faerie Dragons, Faerie Fiddlers, Feystags, Firestars, Firetails, Frosts, Grigs, Gorse, Hamadryads, Hybsils, Kenku, Kholiathra, Korred, Leprechauns, Luck Eaters, Magebanes, Mercury Dragons, Monkey Spiders, Nixies, Nymphs, Ooze Sprites, Oreads, Pixies, Pseudodragons, Raccoons, Ratatosk, Reverend Ones, Satyrs, Sea Sprites, Seelie Faeries, Sprites, Sunflies, Sylphs, Tressym, Vortexes, and Weredragons.

The Trickster has a single proxy, a Moon Elf by the name of Filane Mantrap. Everan has blessed her with the ability to accurately appraise all objects within a few feet. While roaming, she often likes to unnerve others by telling them how much they are carrying, and how much it is all worth. She can also *Shadowwalk* at will, to escape sticky situations.

The Church of Erean Illesere

Erean Illesere represents all that is chaotic and free in the Elven psyche. They share these ideas with many other Sylvan creatures. As a result, the Church of the Trickster includes many Sylvan creatures, besides for Elves. Elves make up the majority of the faith, however. Moon Elves and Wood Elves are the most common, but Half-Elf priests and priestesses, Sun Elf priest and priestess' and other subraces exist, though they are much less common. There are slightly more males in his clergy than females, but the number is very close to being split evenly.

Because of the capricious and erratic nature of the Trickster, he allows no shrines or temples of himself in Faerûn. Of course, some of his followers have disobeyed him, and have erected shrines and temples in his honor. Erean either does not care, or is secretly pleased with these followers for disobeying his orders.

Day-to-Day Activities

Priests of Erean Illesere are wild, mischievous, independent, and utterly unpredictable, playing tricks on others for the sheer joy of it. They oppose settled interests of all sorts, and delight in upsetting both the rule of law and the powerful people who enforce it, and generally creating mayhem. They have little in the way of formal duties, and minister to the faithful primarily through example and instruction in the skills required of mischievous rogues.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Followers of Erean gather monthly for a

Midnight Gambol, which is held in a Sylvan glade beneath the light of the full moon. The exact location of each Midnight Gambol is a secret that is passed among the faithful by word of mouth in the days leading up to the event. Anyone who manages to discover the festivities through his or her own ingenuity is welcome to participate.

The mischief-loving subjects of the Seelie Court, particularly sprites and pixies, often join Erean's followers in their revels. Each Midnight Gambol includes the sacrifice of beautiful objects- most of which are "borrowed"-, dancing, wine drinking, tale telling, and endless prank playing.

Major Centers of Worship

Given the faith's restriction prohibiting followers of the Trickster from ever worshipping their god in the same place twice, it is not surprising that few temples of Erean exist in the Realms. However, a few sacred sites, scattered throughout Faerûn, serve as the foci of pilgrimages by Erean's most daring followers.

Overlooking the head of the Arglander River in the heart of the High lies a hidden cavern complex known as Quicksilver's Lair. Said to have once been the abode of Avachel, Erean's Dragon companion, the legendary site is now the home of a clutch of mercury dragons, believed to be the descendants of Avachel.

The caverns house a vast store of beautiful objects, most of which were brought there by followers of the Trickster. The resident Wyrms guard the objects with care. If the tales of the Fair Folk are to be believed, the greatest collection of relics from the ancient Elven realms of Eiellur, Syorpiir, Orishaar, and Thearnytaar is hidden here as well, assembled as those realms crumbled before the armies of Ilythiir.

All priests of the Trickster aspire to pray to their god once in their lives at Quicksilver's Lair, but the route to the site is a secret that each petitioner must discover separately. The High Peaks are said to be strewn with the lost treasures brought as offerings by those who failed to find the lair.

Affiliated Orders

While no formal military orders are associated with Erean's church, countless bands and guilds of Elven and Half-Elven rogues have been founded in honor of the Trickster. A notable example is the Knaves of the Missing Page, a fellowship of Elven Spellfilchers (mage/thieves) based in the Vale of Evereska, but active throughout Faerûn. The Knaves specialize in the recovery of Elven magical artifacts, spell scrolls, and spell tomes that have been acquired by other races, particularly humans.

Priestly Vestments

The ceremonial garb of the Trickster's priesthood emphasizes the practical over the ornamental. His priests wear black leather armor and black leather caps, though their armor is often concealed by clothing, or cloaks. The holy symbol of the faith is a stolen trinket of some sort, which has been blessed by another priest or priestess, or the cleric him/herself. Each such holy symbol must be replaced by another stolen token at least once every tenday, though it pleases the Trickster if this is done more frequently, if at all possible.

Adventuring Garb

Priests of Erean Illesere outfit themselves as is common for Rogues, favoring black leather armor or

Elven chain mail for protection, and weapons such as clubs, daggers, darts, knives, lassos, long swords, short bows, slings, short swords, and staves. Magical items that facilitate thieving skills, as well as those that allow the wearer to alter his or her appearance or form are also highly prized.

Silenced Elven chain mail has each link of chain armor wrapped in thin leather or light cloth bunting. This to some extent silences the armor, at the cost of increasing its encumbrance by one-third and increasing its price significantly as well. And, of course, it is also much less common than ordinary Elven chain mail.



Fenmarel Mestarine
The Lone Wolf

Symbol: A pair of Elven eyes in the darkness

Home Plane: Arvandor (Fennimar)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Portfolio: Feral Elves, Outcasts, Scapegoats, Isolation and Isolationists

Domains: Animal, Chaos, Elf, Plant, Travel

Worshippers: Druids, Elves, Outcasts, Rangers, Rogues, Spies, Wild Elves

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: CG, CN, CE

Favored Weapon: "Thornbite" (Dagger)

History/Relationships

Fenmarel Mestarine (Pronounced *FEHN-muh-rehl MESS-tuh-reen*) is the eternal outsider, the solitary god who holds himself apart from his fellow Elven deities. He is venerated by outcasts from Elven society, many of whom have withdrawn voluntarily in response to perceived slights, as well as by Elves who have been isolated from the main body of their race and live in wild, relatively uncivilized areas. Although he does not actively seek the worship of mortals, Fenmarel Mestarine serves as the teacher and protector of those who turn to him, one who is silent and subtle, instructing his people in survival, spying, camouflage, deception, and secrecy.

Fenmarel dislikes the company of other powers, and he avoids relationships of any sort—whether they be alliances or mutual enmities—whenever possible. The Lone Wolf is even somewhat of an outcast among the Seldarine, his nominal allies, although he supports them in their endless war with the Spider Queen and her followers. He has removed himself to Limbo voluntarily, although he does have an entire realm in Arvandor that he still maintains, and occasionally inhabits.

Fenmarel was once Lolth's lover, and one of the first to be seduced by her power and promises. It is said that because Henali Celanil spurned the Lone Wolf for Erevan Ilesere that Fenmarel Mestarine turned to Lolth. No matter how he actually fell in league with her, he eventually turned away from the Spider Queen before completely slipping over to the dark side. Lolth has not forgotten that she almost ensnared Fenmarel Mestarine, and has never stopped hating him for escaping. Likewise, neither has Fenmarel Mestarine forgiven Lolth, for her breach of faith with the Elven race.

The Lone Wolf gets along well enough with Solonor Thelandira, who is said to be his brother, and Shevarash, both of whom join him in actively combating the plots of the Spider Queen and defending the Fair Folk against her depredations. However, Fenmarel's relations with Corellon Larethian are somewhat strained by his perception that the Protector still somehow holds the younger god at fault for succumbing to Lolth's entreaties long ago. In actuality, Corellon Larethian does not feel this way, and instead, he sympathizes with the Lone Wolf, because he understands how it feels like to have been manipulated and betrayed by Lolth. Only the kindness of Sehanine Moonbow can occasionally draw the Lone Wolf back to Arvandor, for brief periods.

Other allies of the Lone Wolf include Eilistraee, Gwaeon Windstrom, and various Animal Lords. Other enemies of the Lone Wolf include the rest of the Anti-Seldarine.

Fenmarel is eternally sullen and serious, a perfect counterbalance to fun-loving Erevan Ilesere. He has no interest in communicating with members of other pantheons or *N'Tel'Quessir* unless absolutely necessary, and when he does speak, he is usually bitter and cynical. Although he tries to avoid commitments of any sort, the Lone Wolf always abides by his word, no matter how reluctantly it is given.

The Lone Wolf's deific realm, Fennimar, greatly resembles his personality. For the most part, the realm is entirely deserted, filled with quiet glades, quiet valleys, and other features that would make it attractive for anyone who simply wanted to be alone and think.

Dogma

The world is a harsh and unforgiving place, with uncompromising demands on those who would forge their own path. Rely not on others for protection, for betrayal comes easily, but on your own skills and those taught to you by the Lone Wolf: the skills of camouflage, deception and secrecy.

Follow the way of the Lone Wolf, for his is the path of self-sufficiency. Fear not hard work, for the fruits of your labor prove your worth to yourself.

Avatar/Manifestations

Fenmarel Mestarine appears as a male Elf clad in leaves and scraps of clothing. He has no definite skin color, since it changes with the environment. His skin tone varies from green to brown, and anything and everything in-between. Leaves, mud and twigs all adorn the Lone Wolf's head, stuck in his tangled black hair. He also has tribal tattoos of black, brown, white and red all along his body. Fenmarel frequently dispatches his avatar to patrol the Elven borders of disappearing woodlands, jungles, and similar environments, much like Corellon Larethian, who is said to do the same in more sizable Elven homelands.

Fenmarel manifests in subtle and secretive ways that are easy even for his followers to miss. He often provides his faithful followers with elusive clues that assist them in finding sustenance, or in defeating those who would disturb them. For example, the Lone Wolf might cause a small gust of wind to disturb some leaves that have recently fallen to the ground just as a follower was looking in that direction, thus both drawing attention to the spot and enabling the worshiper to spot the footprints that were previously hidden beneath the leaves.

Agents/Petitioners

Fenmarel does not work through the actions of mortal creatures, except to direct predators away from Elves under his protection, and toward the borders to deter intruders. He conveys omens and warnings of threats to his priests through their divinatory rituals, using leaves, animal bones, sticks, and like symbols. The majority of his agents and petitioners include Wild, Wood and Lythari Elves.

Fenmarel Mestarine has a few proxies, though most are hidden from prying eyes. Oddly enough, the one proxy he has made known to the multiverse is a Human, and not an Elf, named Avery Arrinson. The Lone Wolf has blessed his proxies with the ability to hide in underbrush perfectly. As long as they do not move, they cannot be seen, or even smelled, by any creatures, barring divine entities.

The Church of Fenmarel Mestarine

The Church of the Lone Wolf can be loosely divided into two different branches. There are the Elven outcasts, and the Wild Elves. Elven outcasts hail from any Elven subrace. They, for whatever reason, are loners by nature, who have either removed themselves, or have been removed, from the rest of Elven society. The Wild Elves are isolated, savage Elves who worship Fenmarel Mestarine.

Among most of Elven society, Fenmarel Mestarine's church is looked at with hostility, and suspicion. Most of his followers are considered either outlaws, or primitive savages. Most Elves pay the Lone Wolf some respect, because he is a part of the Seldarine, but otherwise find him a savage deity who is better left undisturbed. Only in Wild Elf societies is the church of the Lone Wolf afforded much respect.

Neither camp regularly builds temples dedicated to the Lone Wolf. As a result, there are very few temples dedicated to Fenmarel Mestarine in Faerûn. Both Wild Elves and outcasts create shrines dedicated to the deity, however. The composition of these shrines varies from individual to individual, but most share some kind of common element and/or theme. Most are located in hidden hollows, and are decorated with bones, leaves, plants, teeth, claws, or something else that represents the Lone Wolf's savage nature. Exiles often include some kind of personal token that symbolizes the reasons for their separation from mainstream Elven society.

Novice priests and priestess' of Fenmarel Mestarine are known as the Lost. Fully ordained priests and priestess' are known as the Unbowed. Individual titles vary from person to person, from tribe to tribe.

The majority of his church is made up of Wild Elves. The rest of his clergy is made up of Wood Elves, Moon Elves, Half-Elves, Lythari and Sun Elves. There are slightly more males in the service of the Lone Wolf than there are women, but the ratio between priest and priestess' is still very even.

Day-to-Day Activities

For the most part, members of Fenmarel's clergy are found only among hands of Wild Elves in the wilderness. Outcasts from Elven society, who make their way among other cultures, whether they be Elven or not, are typically lay followers and not clerics of the Lone Wolf.

Members of Fenmarel Mestarine's clergy instruct their fellows in the skills first taught by their god, including how to spy, survive on their own in the wilderness, engage in deceptive and guerilla tactics, and how to use poisons to take down enemies with

subtlety. Otherwise, they have few formal responsibilities aside from ensuring their personal survival.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

The church of Fenmarel does not celebrate widely recognized holy days. Instead, each individual or band venerates the Lone Wolf in personal worship services of their own devising. Many outcasts mark the day of their personal banishment with private contemplation, while tribes of Wild Elves mark anniversaries of important events in the group's oral history. Many of these events are correlated with astronomical events that easily perceived by the naked eye.

Major Centers of Worship

The Misty Vale is a largely unexplored, thickly overgrown, stiflingly hot jungle tucked between the Dun Hills, the Cliffs of Talar, and the Bandit Wastes, due east of Lapaliya and the Shining Sea. Of all the Seldarine, the Fair Folk of the Misty Vale venerate only Fenmarel Mestarine, for they turned away from the rest of the Elven pantheon millennia ago, out of feelings of both personal guilt, and abandonment by their gods.

While the feral *Or-Tel'Quessir* have built no temples to their god, shrines dedicated to Fenmarel Mestarine can be found wherever the jungle is thickest and most tangled.

Affiliated Orders

The Fenmaren church has no affiliated orders for obvious reasons. Among the *Or-Tel'Quessir*, every able-bodied adult of the tribe fights for the Lone Wolf. Thus, in a sense, every tribe is a different order affiliated with Fenmarel Mestarine and his church.

Priestly Vestments

The ceremonial garb of Fenmaren priests and priestess' in primitive tribes deep in the wilderness consists of mud, leaves and sticks that cover the body. In most cases, the priests or priestess' are completely nude, except for these choice materials.

Among more civilized groups, Fenmaren priests garb themselves in hide armor adorned with bones, teeth, and crude drawings of wild beasts. The holy symbol of the faith is a talon or fang of a wild beast slain without any assistance by the priest who bears it.

Adventuring Garb

When adventuring, priests and priestess' of Fenmarel Mestarine prefer weapons and armor constructed through the use of skills taught by their god, although they employ the best armor and weapons available if need be. Commonly employed weapons and armors include primitive arrows, wooden weapons, and hardened bark and mud for armor.



Hanali Celanil

*The Heart of Gold, Winsome Rose, Archer of Love,
Kiss of Romance, Lady Goldheart*

Symbol: A heart of gold

Home Plane: Arvandor (Hanali Celanil's Crystal Palace)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Artists, Artistic Craftsmanship, Beauty, Enchantments, Fine Art, Love, Romance

Domains: Chaos, Charm, Elf, Good, Magic, Protection

Worshippers: Aesthetes, Artists, Enchanters, Lovers, Sorcerers

Aliases: Angharradh

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: "A Shining Heart" (Dagger)

History/Relationships

Hanali Celanil (Pronounced *HAN-uh-lee SELL-uh-nihl*) is the Elven goddess of love, romance, and beauty. Lady Goldheart is almost always depicted as a female, although, on rare occasions, it is said that she has taken the form of a male. Hanali Celanil is revered especially by gold elves and moon elves. Her followers also include Elven artisans- particularly sculptor-, lovers, performers- particularly Bards and dancers-, and nobles.

Lady Goldheart is also widely revered by Half-Elves born of joyous unions, in honor of the love that brought their parents together. Hanali Celanil is also closely associated with Evergold, a sacred crystal fountain and pool found within her crystal palace in Arvandor. She keeps watch over her followers by using the placid waters of Evergold as an immense crystal ball, and philters of love that are created by Elves are said to contain drafts of this fountain's waters.

Hanali is both an aspect of Angharradh, and one of the three Elven goddesses who collectively form the Triune Goddess. This special bond tightly binds Hanali Celanil with the other two Elven goddesses- Aerdrie Faenya, and Sehanine Moonbow-, and the three collectively serve alongside Corellon in leading the Seldarine.

Hanali has been romantically involved with nearly every member of the Seldarine, particularly Erevan Ilesere, yet she remains amicable with nearly all of her current and former suitors alike. The only notable exception is Fenmarel Mestarine, although he and Lady Goldheart are still formally allied. The Lone Wolf resents the fact that Hanali Celanil spurned him long ago, in favor of Erevan Ilesere. Some believe that it was the Archer of Love's fickleness that drove Fenmarel Mestarine into the embrace of Lolth.

Hanali shares the waters of Evergold with the human goddess, Sune, as well as the demigoddess, Sharess. A friendly, but intense rivalry exists between Lady Firehair and Lady Goldheart, over the innate superiority of Human beauty, as compared to Elven beauty. Hanali is close to the human goddess Sharess, because the two have similar interests, and because Sharess was once Zandilar the Dancer, an Elven demigoddess of the Yuir Elves.

While Verenestra, the patron goddess of Dryads, Nymphs, and Sylphs, is rather jealous and used to snobbishly avoid contact with other goddesses of beauty, love, or romance. Hanali Celanil's kind nature has finally won over the Oak Princess, making the two fast friends and allies.

Lady Goldheart actively opposes the efforts of those powers who would destroy beauty and love, such as Talos, or those who nurture bitterness and heartache, such as Shar. Hanali Celanil has a particularly deep enmity for Eshebala, the Queen of the Foxwomen. This is rooted in the latter's exploitation of both beauty and love, for her own self-serving, vain, and hedonistic reasons.

Other allies of the Winsome Rose include Eachthighern, Eilistraee, Cyrrollalee, Isis, Lliira, Lurue, Milil, Sharess, Sharindlar, Sheela Peryroyl, Tymora, and the Seldarine. Other foes include Bane, Cyric, Moander, who is now dead, Shar, Talona, Talos, Auril, Malar, Umberlee, the Anti-Seldarine and the Orc pantheon

Hanali is a being of timeless beauty and benign nature, who always forgives minor transgressions, and delights in rewarding her followers with the bliss of unexpected love and affection. She embodies the romance, beauty, love, and joy in Elven spirits, her only flaws being her own mild vanity and flighty nature. Although she rarely appears to her faithful, Hanali delights in seeing the growth of love among Elves, and her avatar often acts in secret to protect young lovers.

Hanali Celanil's deific realm, the Crystal Palace, stands at the center of Lake Evergold. The structure, made entirely of glass and crystal, is of perfect design. It is said that it only takes a single beam of sunlight to illuminate the entire structure. At the heart of the Crystal Palace is a magical fountain, containing Evergold. This fountain exists in the human goddess Sune's realm and the same time, and functions as a portal between the two realms.

Dogma

Life is worth living because of the beauty found in the world and the love that draws twin hearts together. Nurture what is beautiful in life, and let beauty's glow enliven and brighten the lives of those around you. The greatest joy is the rapture of newfound love and the tide of romance that sweeps over those wrapped in its embrace.

Seek out and care for love wherever it takes root and bring it to its fullest bloom so that all may share in the joy and beauty it creates. Always give shelter and succor to young lovers, for their hearts are the truest guides to life's proper course.

Avatar/Manifestations

Hanali Celanil appears as a beautiful Elven maiden, clad in a short cut dress, or gown, made of pure white and gold. Her hair is a fiery red-blond, and it falls freely from her head. The clothing she wears leaves very little of her lithe, voluptuous body to the

imagination. She is always barefoot, and wears gold anklets and toe rings. She wears a perfume, it is said, that causes the hormones of any creature to spike, especially those in Elves.

Hanali can also manifest as a rosy-hued nimbus of light that envelops a creature or object. When Hanali's aura envelops an Elf, Half-Elf, Faerie or other creature of the Seelie Court, he or she becomes irresistible to those of the opposite sex, or to those of the same sex who enjoy the company of others of their gender. While Hanali Celanil's glow usually fades with the coming of dusk, or dawn, an Elven worshiper may, no more than once during his or her lifetime, receive a permanent boost to their attractiveness, often as a reward for creating or preserving a beautiful object, making a great sacrifice, or completing a great quest for the benefit of a loved one. This manifestation of Lady Goldheart also allows the recipient to detect all romantic interests in other Elves and Fey/Sylvan creatures for the duration of the effect.

Hanali manifests in common items, by transforming them into works of art discreetly marked by her symbol. An item so blessed by Lady Goldheart is notable for its grace, beauty, and artistry. Such transformations are permanent, unless the item is question is stolen, defaced, or sold for less than honorable reasons, in which case the transformed object reverts to its normal form. Acceptable reasons for selling such an object include raising money to feed and/or clothe one's family, trading the work of art in exchange for a person's life or freedom, or similar noble pursuits. If the buyer does not meet Lady Goldheart's approval, the item in question may revert back into its original form after the seller has departed.

The Archer of Love expresses her favor to her followers by guiding them to places of unspoiled natural beauty, having them hear the tinkling of bellflowers, creating spontaneous rainbows that last only moments, being caught in sun showers, feeling the heat of a lover's flush and by filling them with orgasmic ecstasy. She shows her displeasure by briefly casting a shadow over an item of great beauty, by creating a fleeting vision of the face of a lost love, or a lost item, and by decreasing their sexual performance.

Agents/Petitioners

Hanali Celanil is served by Aasimar, Aasimon, Agathinon, Ancient Treants, Asrai, Asuras, Atomies, Cathshee, Celadrin, Cooshee, Dryads, Einheriar, Eladrin, Electrum Dragons, Elven Cats, Elves, Faerie Dragons, Firestars, Frosts, Gorse, Hamadryads, Hollyphants, Liholiathra, Lillendi, Mercury Dragons, Nereids, Nixies, Nymphs, Oreads, Pixies, Reverend Ones, Satyrs, Sea Sprites, Seelie Faeries, Sirines, Sylphs, Sprites, Stingers, Sunflies, Titans, and Tressym.

Hanali Celanil has two proxies. Llewellyn and Llyssa Longleaves are two Moon Elf twins of exceptional beauty. They are incredibly attractive to all mortals, including Orcs, who have different standards for beauty. It is said, though, that they pale in comparison to their mistress. Llewellyn has been blessed to be able to turn any smooth surface into enchanted mirrors, while her sister, Llyssa can control any kind of flowing plant she lays eyes on.

The Church of Hanali Celanil

The influence of Lady Goldheart's church can be found in nearly every single Elven settlement, except for Drow cities. Her church is very popular among Sun

Elves, Moon Elves, Wood Elves and Half-Elves. Other Elven subraces still revere her, however. Star Elves and Lythari give her thanks for their extraplanar, Faerie-like realms, Avariel give her thanks for the beauty that living high up in the sky affords, and Aquatic Elves give her thanks for all of the beauty that can be found undersea.

Temples of Hanali Celanil are bright and beautiful, with fountains and springs, exotic gardens, magical effects, jewels of all different shapes, sizes and colors. Most of her temples are designed with young lovers in mind, so her temples always include "romantic" things- babbling brooks, small waterfalls, shady paths, quiet pools, leafy bowers, flowers of all shapes, sizes and colors. Interior chambers are designed to allow sunlight, moonlight and breezes to flow through. Many temples house great works of art, and act as museums. Other times, they are designed like great concert halls, to express verbal forms of art.

Novice priests and priestesses of Hanali Celanil's church are called Beauteous. Fully consecrated priests and priestesses are called Paramours. Titles used in her church include Dove, Suitor, Lover, Libertine, Soft Caress, Heart's Desire, Fiery Ardor, and Goldheart.

The church of Hanali Celanil is as diverse as is Corellon Larethian's clergy. Sun Elves and Moon Elves make up the majority of the church, but other subraces that are represented in Lady Goldheart's clergy include Aquatic Elves, Drow Elves, Half-Elves, Wild Elves, Winged Elves, and Wood Elves. The church is evenly split between males and females, with there being slightly more priestesses in the church than priests.

Day-to-Day Activities

Hanali Celanil's priests and priestesses are flighty bunch, and are somewhat vain, given to dancing and wild revels at any time. The hierarchy is loosely organized, and Clerics are free to join or leave the church as they wish. Paramours preside over marriage and rites of passage ceremonies for young elves, although they are not required to marry, for Hanali's concern is love, and not necessarily marriage.

Members of Hanali's clergy spend their days cultivating beauty and love in all their forms. Many of Lady Goldheart's priests tend fine gardens, white others amass personal or temple-based collections of gems, crystal sculptures, and other fine works of art. While things of gold and crystal, particularly jewelry and statues, are favored, beautiful art in any form is admired, collected, and displayed. Hanali's Clerics are always finely dressed, and displaying one's personal beauty to its best advantage is a requirement of every priest and priestess of the Heart of Gold.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

While Hanali Celanil's priests and priestesses are given to frequent impromptu revels, their greatest celebrations are held every month, beneath the bright light of the full moon. These holy days are known as Secrets of the Heart, because it is on these nighttime revels that romantically involved participants are said to experience the full bloom of their affections on such nights, allowing them to evaluate the strength of their feelings. Likewise, the inner beauty of all celebrants visibly manifests as a rosy glow in their cheeks and eyes for days thereafter.

Offerings of objects of great beauty are made to Lady Goldheart during such holy festivals, some of which are swept into Arvandor, while others are

returned to be shared among all of Hanali's followers. It is not uncommon for artists to unveil their latest work at such holy days, nor is it rare for young lovers to either pledge their troth secretly or proclaim it to all assembled, for doing so is said to invite Hanali's favor.

Major Centers of Worship

The Vale of Evereska is a wide, alpine valley with an inner ring of knolls surrounding the center of the valley. The three highest hills, known as the Sisters, form a fairly even triangle around the city of Evereska. The highest hill of the three, Bellcrest, is the site of Hanali's temple, an enormous structure of white marble and moonstone, surrounded by gardens that bloom year-round, with rare flowers and exotic fruits. The Fountainheart of Shimmering Gold, as the temple is known, has housed countless Evereskan weddings, revels, and dances, and in addition to displaying works of Evereska's greatest artisans, it holds many greatest artistic treasures from other Elven civilizations, such as Ascalhom, Eaelrann, Illefarn, Myth Drannor, and Sharrven.

A beautiful statue of Hanali Celanil within the city of Evereska itself is also the site of many pilgrims. Until recently, very few were aware that the statue, which was located roughly in the center of the city, had a very special purpose. This statue also served as the anchor of Evereska's *Mythal*. The war against the Phaerimm, and the reweaving of the city's *Mythal* marred the beauty of the statue, but it has since been repaired, and the sculpture of Lady Goldheart looks as ravishing as ever.

Affiliated Orders

The Chaperones of the Moonlight Tryst are a fellowship of romantically inclined Rogues and Rangers who discretely safeguard young Elven lovers from those who would take advantage of their distraction and/or innocence. Members of this merry band are also called on occasionally to facilitate secret meetings between lovers of rival houses, or to aid them in eloping against their family's wishes.

Chaperones of the Moonlight Tryst usually work closely with the priests of the local temple of Hanali Celanil, as those who serve Lady Goldheart often receive the confidences of those struck by the arrows of the Archer of Love. The Chaperones of the Moonlight Tryst also often receive aid from followers of Erevan Illesere. The lighthearted tricksters particularly enjoy aiding the Chaperones in facilitating secret marriages, or in aiding young couples in eloping.

Priestly Vestments

Hanali Celanil's priesthood prides themselves on the stunning beauty of their clerical vestments. Paramours wear golden robes, sprinkled with gold dust. They wear their hair long, and unbound, without any covering. Gold rings, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and earrings are common adornments on a paramour's body. The holy symbol of the faith is either a miniature gold rose or a miniature gold stylized heart. Both forms of Hanali's holy symbol are often worn as a brooch or necklace.

Adventuring Garb

Hanali's priests and priestess' are drawn to romantic quests like moths to a flame, and thus they take to adventuring a lot more often than one might otherwise expect. In dangerous situations, Hanali Celanil's followers must strike a balance between

beauty and pragmatism. Clerics favor weapons and armor that are a beauty to behold, emphasizing the natural Elven grace of their bearer. Yet at the same time, they make sure that these arms and armors also guard against any weapon strike or spell that might mar their natural beauty.

As such, the priesthood of Lady Goldheart prefers Chainmail- especially that of Elven make, if it is available-, shields, and weapons unlikely to bring them into melee combat, or to disfigure the appearance of an opponent.



Labelas Enoreth

The Lifegiver, Lord of the Continuum, the One-Eyed God, the Philosopher, the Sage at Sunset

Symbol: Upper half of the sun setting over the horizon, with sunbeams reaching in all directions

Home Plane: Arvandor (The Vanishing Tower)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: History, Longevity, The Moment of Choice, Time

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Good, Knowledge, Time

Worshippers: Bards, Divine Disciples, Elves, Loremasters, Scholars, Teachers

Aliases: Chronos, Karonis, Kronus, the Simbul

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: "The Timestave" (Quarterstaff)

History/Relationships

Labelas Enoreth (Pronounced *LAH-bel-lahs EN-or-eth*) is the Elven god of longevity and time. After the creation of the Fair Folk, it is said that Labelas Enoreth blessed the elves with long lifespans, and decreed that their appearances would not be marred by the passage of time. The Lifegiver cooperates with Sehanine in overseeing the lifespan of elves and their growth away from and beyond mortal realms. He measures the lives of the Fair Folk and decrees when they should be ended, allowing passage to Arvandor.

As Lord of the Continuum, Labelas governs the orderly passage of time and guards against those who would alter the path of history. Labelas confers wisdom and teachings on young and old alike, and although he is rarely directly invoked, the Lifegiver is often praised. The Lifegiver knows the future and past of every Elf, Faerie, and Sylvan creature that lives on Faerûn. Labelas Enoreth is worshiped by sages, historians, philosophers, librarians, and all those who measure the changes wrought by the passing of years.

Labelas is also a philosopher-god, a patient teacher and instructor. His demeanor is calm and meditative, and he is not prone to sudden action or hasty speech. According to legend, long ago, he traded an eye for the ability to peer through time. Labelas concerns himself with transgenerational changes, and the growth of learning and wisdom among Elves. Because of his abstract role in Elven society and Elven life, he rarely involves himself directly in the lives of individual Elves, Fey or Sylvan creatures.

The Sage at Sunset has also been venerated in other guises, at various places during various times in history. When the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* settled the Yuirwood, the Seldarine merged with the ancient deities native to the Yuir, transforming them into aspects of the various powers of the Elven pantheon. The Simbul was the Yuir goddess of the moment of choice, and what is and what is not. When the Seldarine and the Yuir pantheon merged, the Simbul had to choose between Labelas Enoreth, the Elven deity of time and philosophy, and Erevan Ilesere, the Elven deity of

change. She eventually chose to merge with Labelas Enoreth. Since, she has faded into near oblivion.

The Simbul, Queen of Aglarond, only recently discovered the divine ancestry of her name in DR 1368, the Year of the Banner. Likewise, another long forgotten aspect of Labelas Enoreth, known as Chronos, Karonis, or Kronus, was worshiped centuries ago in the tiny realm of Orva, which is now sunk beneath the waters of the Vast Swamp of eastern Cormyr. Like the Simbul, Chronos/Karonis/Kronus has, ironically, been forgotten due to the passage of time.

Labelas gets on well with the rest of the Seldarine, although his relationship with Erevan Ilesere has been sorely tested by the other's antics on occasion. The decision of the Simbul, to merge with the Lifegiver, and not the Fey Jester has also weakened their relationship, slightly. Asides for the Seldarine, Labelas Enoreth has few other allies.

In ancient times, when Mystyl was venerated as the human goddess of time, among other things, Labelas was closely allied with the Lady of Mysteries. That close relationship has continued with the current incarnation of Mystra, though the two powers are not as close as they once have been, especially since Mystra lost the dominion of time. Labelas and the Guardian of the Lost, an aspect of the draconic deity Null, also known as Chronopsis, have an understanding. It is also said that Labelas and Shekinester, Queen of the Nagas, are slowly building an alliance.

Since the Time of Troubles, Clangeddin Silverbeard, Dwarven god of battle and war, has nursed a grudge against Labelas Enoreth, for defeating him in battle on the isle of Ruathym. While the Lifegiver has attempted to apologize for his actions, the Father of Battle is slow to forgive, as is typical of Dwarves. The Lifegiver strongly opposes the powers of entropy and undeath, particularly Tenebrous/Orcus and Yeenoghu. Like the rest of the Seldarine, he also opposes the Anti-Seldarine, and the Orc Pantheon.

Other allies of the Sage at Sundown include Denier, Cyrrollalee, Eilistraee, Milil, Oghma, and Savras. Other enemies include Myrkul, who is now dead, and Velsharoon.

Labelas Enoreth's deific realm, the Vanishing Tower, is literally what it sounds like. The tower that Labelas makes his home vanishes and reappears in random intervals all around Arvandor, except for within another deity's divine realm. When the Vanishing Tower appears somewhere, it is usually taken as a sign of trouble to come, and Corellon Larethian usually signals a meeting of all members of the Seldarine.

Dogma

The march of time is inexorable, but the blessings of the Lifegiver enable the children of Corellon to live long and fruitful lives, unmarked by the passage of years. Record and preserve the lessons of history, and draw lessons from that which has unfolded.

In the end, the sun always sets before the next day dawns anew. When you follow Labelas's teachings, time is on your side.

Avatar/Manifestations

Labelas appears as an androgynous elf with silver hair and misty gray eyes, one of which is always covered by an eye patch. He always wears pale-colored robes of green, blue, white, and gray. He also always appears with some kind of hourglass in hand, or somewhere on his person.

Labelas rarely manifests directly, instead preferring to work through his agents, subtle signs and careful guidance. Nevertheless, on occasion he manifests as a faint mist that envelops a creature or object and alters its age. Typically, such manifestations undo the effects of aging, but the reverse has been observed on rare occasions as well. Labelas Enoreth also shows his favor by having his priests and priestess' discover ancient, yet well preserved, gemstones and items. Conversely, he shows his disfavor by having them discover ancient gemstones and items that have suffered the ravages of time.

Agents/Petitioners

Labelas Enoreth is served by Aasimar, Aasimon, Agathinon, Ancient Treants, Asuras, Baelnorn, Einhenar, Eladnn, Electrum Dragons, Elves, Feystags, Firestars, Gold Dragons, Hollyphants, Hybsils, Incarnates of Hope, Incarnates of Faith, Incarnates of Justice, Incarnates of Wisdom, Kholiathra, Kinn, Lillendi, Lythlyx, Memory Webs, Moon Horses, Opinici, Radiance Quasielementals, Reverend Ones, Scile, Seelie Faeries, Silver Dragons, Sunflies, Talking Owls, Temporal Dogs, Temporal Gliders, Time Dimensionals, T'uen-nn, and Unicorns.

The White Stag of Labelas is a special servant of the Elven deity that has been observed only on Evermeet. It is not to be confused with the mystical white stag that supposedly appears near Neverwinter every so often. Physically, it is a large, snow-white animal, with massive muscles, and red, glowing eyes. Observers say the creature's magical aura is literally tangible, and can felt by all those who lay eyes upon it. The stag's appearance is considered to be an omen of great events to come, because it invariably leads any who follow it to a place where a vision or direct divine message from Labelas Enoreth occurs.

As a pseudodivine being, the White Stag is in no danger on the Green Isle, but should the unthinkable happen, and the beast pursued by enemies, it is fully capable of defending itself. Though capable of goring its enemies with its antlers, or smashing them with its hooves, the White Stag would most likely rely on its misdirection powers, to cause those pursuing it to lose their bearings, and eventually, lose the White Stag's trail.

The White Stag appears wherever Elves are in need of guidance and wisdom. Some claim that when the White Stag is not on the Material Plane, it is grazing the lush landscape of Arvandor, and is sent to Faerûn only when Elves are in danger and Labelas Enoreth requires its services.

Labelas Enoreth has a single Chosen- Vartan Hai Sylvar. During the Time of Troubles, Enoreth used Sylvar as his avatar, and this caused considerable friction between the two afterwards. Through Hai Sylvar, Labelas Enoreth caused considerable destruction on the island of Ruathym, and caused a lot of damage to the *Realms Master*, a vessel that Hai Sylvar and his companions often traveled on. This caused Vartan to reject Enoreth for a time, once the Time of Troubles had concluded.

The two have mended their relationship somewhat, now, and Vartan Hai Sylvar willingly aids Enoreth, though he never says he serves the deity. Vartan can cause any being he touches to instantly age twenty years, a gift bestowed upon him by the Lord of the Continuum. For a brief time, Hai Sylvar served as Labelas Enoreth's proxy. This did not last long,

however, and he returned to Faerûn, where he serves as Enoreth's Chosen.

The Church of Labelas Enoreth

The Lifegiver has a small, but dedicated following, made up mostly of priests, priestess' and Chronomancers. Though his church is small, the influence that they wield is quite large. The counsel of the Clerics of the Sage and Sunset are always sought when far-reaching decisions are to be made. It is said that an entire temple of Labelas Enoreth was involved in the discussion of opening Myth Drannor to *N'Tel'Quessir*.

Temples and shrines dedicated to Labelas Enoreth are constructed in such a manner that they withstand the passage of time. For example, his temples and shrines are often built into ancient forests, or ancient mountains. His temples always include a large sundial inlaid on the floor, along with stained-glass windows, bathing the entire building in rays of colorful light. Temples of Labelas Enoreth often have libraries, and these libraries are said to be the greatest collection of Elven lore on Faerûn.

Novice priests and priestess' are called Tyros. Full-fledged priests and priestess' are called Time Sentinels. Other titles used include, in ascending order, Observer, Recorder, Librarian, Lorist, Scholar, Historian, Sage and Philosopher. Collectively, the upper echelons of Labelas Enoreth's clergy members are known as the Wizenad.

The majority of The Lifegiver's priests and priestess' are Sun Elves. Moon Elves are the next most represented subrace. Wood Elves, Aquatic Elves and Half-Elves make up the rest of the composition of his church. Unlike most other Elven faiths, there are many more priestess' dedicated to Labelas Enoreth than there are priests.

Day-to-Day Activities

Priests of Labelas Enoreth are the keepers of Elven history and lore, and they are charged with searching for hidden facts of the past. They compile and protect such sacred knowledge, and record it for the instruction of future generations. Members of Labelas Enoreth's clergy are also philosophers and teachers, responsible for educating the young and promoting the acquisition of knowledge.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

The faithful of the Lord of the Continuum do not celebrate individual holy days. To them, the passage of time is uniform, independent of the events that unfold in each regular interval. Instead, the Lifegiver's followers gather each day in small groves near his temples, as the sun sets to mark the passage of another day. This daily ritual known as the Marking of Time. They pray to Labelas Enoreth, and recite all that they have learned in the past day, to be recorded by the Lorekeepers of Arvandor that serve the One-Eyed God.

It is considered a great honor to the parents if a priest or priestess of Labelas Enoreth attends a birth. In Elven culture, this is considered a sign that the child will live a long and fruitful life. Such visitations always occur during the first sunset after the birth of the child, and involve casting a spell to bless the infant, as prayers to Labelas are exclaimed to the heavens. A Cleric of the Lifegiver does not perform such a ceremony on his/her own volition. Priests and priestess' only perform these rites if they receive a vision in advance from the Lifegiver, giving such instructions.

Major Centers of Worship

The ruins of the Elven city of Mhnlamniir lay at the heart of the High Forest. At the height of Eaelrann's civilization, Mhiilamniir was the site of a number of major temples, shrines and seats of power for most Elven clergies in the North. While Mhiilamniir's largest building is a now-ruined temple dedicated to Corellon Larethian, the city's oldest temple has always been the Temple Beyond Time, a soaring tower shaped like an hourglass, consecrated in the name of the Lifegiver.

Labelasan religious texts suggest that the Temple Beyond Time existed as far back as the early days of Aryvandaar, nearly 25 millennia ago. Mhiilamniir is no longer safe enough for Elven pilgrims to visit due to a green dragon, Choloracndara, who lairs in the Protector's ruined house of worship, and claims the entire temple city as her domain. Nonetheless, Labelas's temple and its inhabitants survive unmolested due in part to the temple's peculiar relationship with the time stream. The Temple Beyond Time can be seen or entered for a few moments at varying intervals. The faithful of the Lifegiver interpret the god's omens as to when the Temple Beyond Time can be reached and then travel to the site in order to consult with the eternal seers- Barlnorn- who dwell within. The petitioners who enter the tower bear the risk that when they emerge many years may have passed, even though the interval seemed like little more than a few hours to those within.

The calm waters of Lake Eredruie, a large pond at the headwaters of the Glaemril in the forests of northwestern Deepingdale, have long been held to be sacred to Labelas by the Fair Folk. Elves who immerse themselves in the lake's waters are said to gain 3-60 years to their natural lifespans, though this only happens the first time they do this. The waters from this lake are also said to act as healing potions to Elves and Half-Elves. A tree that houses a natural spring that bubbles into Lake Eredruie is one of Labelas Enoreth's holiest sites.

Affiliated Orders

The Order of the Setting Sun is a fellowship of Elf and Half-Elf archeologists, Bards, historians, Lorekeepers, scholars, sages, and the like who seek to preserve and/or rediscover the relics and knowledge of Elven cultures that have already passed into history. Since the reclamation of both Myth Drannor and Myth Glaurach, the Order of the Setting Sun has been very active.

The Knights Paradoxical are an elite order of Fighters, Wizards, and Clerics who seek to preserve the integrity of the time stream and prevent significant alterations to history by Chronomancers and their ilk. Members of this ancient order may be found guarding legendary time gates and tracking down copies of time conduit spells to keep them out of the hands of those who would meddle with history either deliberately or through carelessness.

Priestly Vestments

Priests of Labelas wear light gray robes of made of wispy and loose gossamer. When a small light source is viewed through the robes, such vestments shine with the deep reds, purples, and oranges of the sunset. The holy symbol of the faith is a semicircular gold disk carved to resemble the setting sun.

Adventuring Garb

Servants of Labelas disdain heavy armor and sophisticated weaponry. For most priests and priestesses of the Lifegiver, simple light gray robes, of more durable construction than their ceremonial vestments, and a staff or dagger serve as adequate protection. When available, *Cloaks of Elvenkind*, *Boots of Elvenkind*, and similar items that allow the wearer to walk unnoticed are employed by members of Labelas's clergy.



Rillifane Rallathil

The Leaflord, the Wild One, the Great Oak, the Many-Branded, the Many-Limbed, Old Man of the Yuirwood

Symbol: Oak tree

Home Plane: Arvandor (Oak Grove)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Druids, Nature, Wild Elves, Woodlands

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Good, Plant, Protection

Worshippers: Druids, Rangers, Wild Elves

Aliases: Bear, Eagle, Magnar the Bear, Raven, Relkath of the Infinite Branches, Wolf

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: "The Oakstaff" (Quarterstaff)

History/Relationships

Rillifane Rallathil (Pronounced *RILL-ih-fane RALL-uh-thihl*) is protector of the woodlands, and guardian of the harmony of nature. He is often likened by his priests and priestess' to a giant ethereal oak tree, so huge that its roots mingle with the roots of every other plant in the Realms, that stands at the heart of Arvandor. The great tree draws into itself all the ebb and flow of seasons, and lives within the woodlands of the Green Elves. At the same time, it defends and sustains those lands against disease, predation, and assaults of all kinds. The Leaflord is the patron of the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* and revered by many Voadkyn, as well. Rillifane Rallathil is quiet, reflective, and enduring. He is the least flighty of all the Seldarine, the least likely to act on a whim, and often grave and self-absorbed.

When the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* settled the Yuirwood, the Seldarine merged with the ancient gods of the Yuir, transforming them into aspects of the various powers of the Elven pantheon. Both Magnar the Bear and Relkath of the Infinite Branches, also known as Many-Limbed, Many-Branded, and the Old Man of the Yuirwood, became aspects of the Leaflord. Relkath easily merged with, and slowly reinvigorated a primitive facet of the Leaflord's nature that had been slowly overshadowed over the ages by the increasingly tamed way of life of the Fair Folk, even among the *Sy'Tel'Quessir*.

As a result of this subtle change of heart, in the centuries since absorbing Relkath, Rillifane's primordial spirit has returned to the fore to great effect. Concurrently, the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* and *Cha'Tel'Quessir* have rediscovered the ways of their most primitive ancestors and reformed their tribal cultures, eschewing the formation of successors to the great Green Elven civilizations such as Illefarn, Thearnytaar, Eiellur, and Syorpiir.

In contrast to the obvious impact of the absorption of Relkath by the Leaflord, Magnar the Bear was almost totally subsumed after being absorbed, and this aspect of Rillifane is little remembered even among *Cha'Tel'Quessir*. The Half-Elves of the Yuirwood speak only of Magnar's Great Sleep, a centuries-long hibernation from which the Bear has yet to emerge.

Much like Ubtao, Ulutiu, and Uthgar, Rillifane is served by a host of great spirits including the primeval Bear, Eagle, Raven, and Wolf, among others. These aspects of the Leaflord are recognized only by the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* and very few *Cha'Tel'Quessir*. Other Elven subraces do not recognize these spirits, nor do they consider the Leaflord a "fragmented" deity. Unlike those other powers' worshipers, however, Rillifane's followers do not venerate any one great spirit exclusively, although they may have done so in the distant past. Instead, the Leaflord's faithful call upon one or more spirits associated with their god as appropriate for the situation at hand.

Rillifane is on good terms with all the Seldarine, as well as most Sylvan and Faerie powers. The Leaflord's primary concern is that all creatures have the opportunity to act out their roles in nature without abusing them, a concern Rillifane shares with Corellon Larethian, the great creator and protector of the Fair Folk. Solonor Thelandira and Rillifane work together closely to preserve and protect the natural world, but they do differ fundamentally on the issue of hunting. In the spirit of the alliance that binds the Great Archer and the Leaflord, Solonor does not permit his priests and followers to hunt within the woods where Rillifane's brooding, forbidding presence cautions against this, unless their need is great. While Rillifane permits hunting for food by hungry folk, he detests hunting for sport.

Rillifane is closely allied with Emmantiensien the Treant-King and Silvanus the Oak Father. The trio's conversations are many and seemingly endless to others, as none of the three is given to hasty thought or expression. Rillifane is always a respected guest at the Seelie Court, and aside from Emmantiensien, he is friendliest with Skerrit the Forester and often romantically linked with Verenestra the Oak Princess.

Rillifane Rallathil has a great hatred for Malar, since the Beastlord often makes Elves the object of his hunts. His ethos also is an anathema to the Leaflord.

Other allies of the Leaflord include Baervan Wildwanderer, Cyrrollalee, Eilistraee, Eldeth, Mielikki, Sheela Peryroyl, Oberon, Osiris, Titania, and the rest of the Seldarine. Other enemies of Rillifane Rallathil include Moander, though he has recently perished, Talos, the Queen of Air and Darkness, and the Anti-Seldarine.

The Leaflord's deific realm, the Oak Grove, is nothing more than a grouping of a few extraordinarily large oak trees. Other than that, there are no other ways to distinguish his divine realm from the rest of Arvandor. No sort of structure mars his realm, nor are there any other kinds of boundaries to separate it from the rest of the plane.

Dogma

The Great Oak draws energy from all the living creatures of the world and nourishes, sustains, and protects them from outside threats. Live in harmony with the natural world, allowing each living being the opportunity to serve out its natural purpose in life. As

the Leaflord's countless branches, his faithful are to serve as his mortal agents in the natural world.

Defend the great forests from those who would ravage their riches, leaving only destruction in their path. Contest both the quick and the slow death of Rillifane's bounty and hold strong like the great oaks in the face of those who can see only their own immediate needs.

Avatar/Manifestations

The Leaflord rarely sends an avatar to the Prime, disliking direct action and preferring that his priests carry out his wishes. Rillifane's avatar appears only when major destruction of a *Tel'Quessir*—usually *Sy'Tel'Quessir*—habitat is threatened. The appearance of such an avatar is heralded by sudden gusts of wind shaking leaves from the trees, a sign unmistakable to his priests.

Rillifane appears as a green-skinned male Elf clad in armor of living bark, armed with a great greenwood staff or longbow. He makes no sound as he moves, speaks very rarely, and fires his bow in silence. Rillifane manifests infrequently, but when he does it takes the form of a green or amber nimbus that envelops a creature or tree.

The Leaflord indicates his pleasure to a worshipper by having them witness the rapid budding and sprouting of a tree, or plant, the color changing of a single leaf, or an entire plant, and the sudden appearance of a wild forest animal that has no fear of being pet. The Leaflord shows his displeasure by causing nearby plants to wither, causing the individual to accidentally step on twigs, causing them to snap in rapid succession, or by, comically, causing a small, solid object, such as an acorn, to fall on top of their head.

Agents/Petitioners

Rillifane Rallathil is served by Aasimar, Aasimon, Agathinon, Alaghi, Amber Dragons, Ancient Treants, Asuras, Atomies, Badgers, Bariaurs, Bears, Belabra, Bhaergala, Bombardier Beetles, Buraq, Cantobeles, Cath Shee, Centaurs, Coe Shee, Dryads, Earth Elementals, Einheriar, Eladrins, Elven Cats, Elves, Ehyks, Faerie Dragons, Feystags, Forest Spirits, Giant Lynxes, Giant Sundews, Grigs, Hamadryads, Hollyphants, Hybsils, Jaguars, Jungle Giants, Jungle Snakes, Kholiathra, Leopards, Leprechauns, Lythari, Mist Dragons, Mold Men, Monkey Spiders, Moon Horses, Mountain Lions, Nature Elementals, Norans, Nymphs, Oreads, Owls, Pixies, Porcupines, Pseudodragons, Quickwood, Ratatosk, Reverend Ones, Seelie Faeries, Silver Dogs, Singing Trees, Skunks, Small Forest Mammals, Sprites, Stag Beetles, Sunflies, Swanmays, Sylphs, Talking Owls, Thornies, Thylacines, Tigers, Unicorns, Vampire Moss, Warden Beasts of the Forests, Werebears, Wereboars, Weretigers, Wild Boars, Wild Stags, Wolverines, Wolves, and Wood Giants.

The Church of Rillifane Rallathil

The church of the Leaflord is generally admired by the rest of the *Tel'Quessir*, since the preservation of nature is an idea that all Elves espouse. Because of their beliefs that nature should take preeminence, the church of the Leaflord sometimes comes into conflict with Sun Elves, Moon Elves, and sometimes other churches of the Seldarine.

Temples dedicated to the Leaflord are almost always huge oak trees, with platforms and bridges

connecting the tree to other trees. Shrines dedicated to the Leaflord as oak trees as well, but trees that are still too small to be considered temples. It is not unheard of for shrines to be transformed into temples after the tree has grown enough to house such a place of worship.

Novices of the Leaflord are known as Acorns. Fully ordained priests and priestesses are known as Oakhearts. Other titles used by the church of the Leaflord include, in ascending order, Felsul, Silverbark, Laspar, Hiexel, Blueleaf, Phandar, Duskwood, Shadowtop and Weirwood. High-ranking priests and priestesses all have unique, individual titles.

Rillifane Rallathil is venerated by nearly all of the *Sy'Tel'Quessir*, and they make up most of his clergy. Some Moon Elves, Lythari Elves, Sun Elves and Half-Elves are included in the Leaflord's church as well. A small number of Voadkyn also are included in the church of the Leaflord. The church contains a very equal number of men and women, with there being slightly more males than females.

Day-to-Day Activities

The church of the Leaflord generally keeps to itself, extending only to help fellow Elves and other Sylvan beings. The church hierarchy is organized regionally and divided into branches, as each type of priest serves a specific role. The Druids who compose the bulk of Rillifane's clergy tend to the health of the forests, and those who dwell within, fiercely contesting any attempt to further reduce those forests that remain.

Many Clerics serve as ambassadors of the faith, working outside the communities of the *Sy'Tel'Quessir*, to educate other races and even other Elves about how to better dwell in harmony with nature. The few Wizards and/or Sorcerers found within the clergy act much as individual Druids do, eschewing the formal organization of the circles. In times of war, however, the leaders of each region unite the branches of the faith and the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* warriors into a single force.

Rillifane's priests and priestesses are deadly enemies of those who hunt for sport, or those who harm trees maliciously and unnecessarily. In particular, all priests and priestesses of Rillifane have a great hatred for the priests and priestesses of Malar, since the followers of the Beastlord often make Elves the object of their hunts, and their ethos is an anathema to those who serve the Leaflord. Rillifane's priesthood is charged with rooting out and destroying sentient plants whose nature has been twisted by external forces into a warped perversion of nature. In particular, they seek to destroy Hangman Trees, Oblivix, Death's Head Trees, Black Willows, Serpent Vines, and any form of evil Treant, including Dark Trees.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Rillifane Rallathil's faithful gather twice a year, at the vernal and autumn equinoxes, to hold celebrations in large groves of oak trees deep in the heart of great forests. The Budding is a joyful celebration of new life celebrated through dance and song and preceded by an extended period of fasting. A ritual hunt of an ancient and noble deer is undertaken on this day, from which the venison serves to break the fast of the Leaflord's faithful. This ritual honors Rillifane's bounty and reminds his followers of the natural cycle of life that plays out beneath the Leaflord's boughs.

The Transformation marks the arrival of autumn and the vibrant hues that bedeck the canopies

of the Leaflord around this time. The *Sy'Tel'Quessir* and Elves of other subraces who seek a form of spiritual rebirth or a major change in their lives gather to celebrate Rillifane's eternal promise that the trees will bloom again and that life is a process of continual renewal.

Major Centers of Worship

The Moontouch Oak is the name of both a gargantuan oak tree over 300 feet tall, and the temple of the Leaflord nestled amidst the forest giant's boughs. Located at the heart of the Tangled Trees region of Cormanthor, on the northern bank of the Elvenflow, where Moontouch Creek joins the River Duathamper, the temple tree is believed to be the largest living oak in Faerûn.

Some Elven legends claim that the tree is actually the still-living remnants of an avatar of the Leaflord that led several clans of the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* eastward, away from the devastation of the Crown Wars, many centuries ago. Moontouch Oak has housed approximately two score Wild and Wood Elven Druids of the Circle of Emerald Leaves in its branches since the early days of the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* settlement of Arcorar, as the Elven Woods were then known.

From -982 DR, with the coming of Venominhandar to the Emerald Vale, until -206 DR, when the Green Wyrms were finally slain, the Druids of Moontouch Oak were sorely besieged, as were their kin, but the temple-tree was never abandoned, despite numerous attacks by the Wyrms and its minions. With the death of Venom, as the dragon was known, the *Sy'Tel'Quessir* set about reclaiming the woodlands, now known as the Tangled Vale, under the direction of the Druids of Moontouch Oak. Nine centuries later, when the Army of Darkness ravaged Cormanthyr, and eventually destroyed Myth Drannor, the Druids of Moontouch Oak again stood firm in the face of the Nycaloth-led assault, and the temple tree of Rillifane was never violated.

Nine millennia after the conclusion of the Crown Wars, Moontouch Oak stands unbowed. The temple consists of a network of platforms sculpted from the tree's branches and hollows cultivated in the great oak's trunk, all of which are linked by bridges of woven vines. *Hallucinatory Terrain* spells and the thick leaf coverage mask the religious community's very existence from the outside world, but the influence of the Circle of Emerald Leaves is felt throughout the Tangled Vale and beyond.

Affiliated Orders

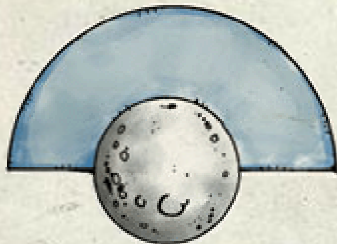
While Rangers are not included in the church hierarchy of Rillifane, many such Elven warriors do serve in loose fellowships, affiliated with individual Druid circles as the militant arm of the faith. Each such band of rangers has its own name, but collectively they are known as the Order of the Oakstaff.

Priestly Vestments

The ceremonial garb of the Leaflord's priests includes a laurel wreath worn on the head, and armor fashioned of tree bark. Dark green dyes are rubbed into the armor, to show rank within the church, with the darkest hue reserved for the high priests of the faith. Tree bark armor provides about as much protection as leather armor, but the wearer is, obviously, a lot more flammable. The holy symbol of the faith is an acorn enclosed in amber.

Adventuring Garb

When adventuring, members of Rillifane's clergy favor armor and weapons made from natural materials, such as wood and animal parts, including those with or without magical enhancements.



Sehanine Moonbow

Daughter of the Night Skies, Goddess of Moonlight, the Lunar Lady, Moonlit Mystery, the Mystic Seer, the Luminous Cloud, Lady of Dreams

Symbol: Full moon with an opaque, milky crescent moonbow

Home Plane: Arvandor (The Crescent Grove)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Death, Dreams, Journeys, Moon Elves, Mysticism, Selûne (The Moon), Stars, The Night Sky, Transcendence

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Goof, Illusion, Knowledge, Moon, Travel

Worshippers: Diviners, Elves, Half-Elves, Illusionists, Mhaornathil, Moon Elves, Opponents of the Undead

Aliases: Angharradh

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: "Moonshaft" (Quarterstaff)

History/Relationships

Whereas Corellon Larethian's symbol is the crescent moon, Sehanine Moonbow (Pronounced *SEH-ha-neen MOON-boe*) is the Elven goddess of the moon or, more specifically, the full moon. She governs divinations, omens, and subtle magics and protects against madness. She watches over the dreams of the Elves, keeping them from harm while in reverie, and sending omens to protect them from future dangers.

Sehanine watches over the passage of Elven spirits from the world, and she is the protector of the dead. The Daughter of the Night Skies is also a guardian and guide to those Elves whose days in the world of mortals are finished and who seek to travel from the lands they know and love to distant refuges such as Evermeet. She also watches over such refuges and ensures they are kept safe from intrusion.

Sehanine governs long journeys, both physical and spiritual, and in Elven cultures that proclaim the reality of reincarnation, Sehanine and Corellon work together to guide the spirit to its best subsequent incarnation as it works its way toward perfection. Although Sehanine is venerated by all the Fair Folk, including Half-Elves and a handful of benevolent Drow, she is particularly revered by Moon Elves, who view her as their protector, and Sun Eves, who are the most withdrawn from the world of all the Elven subraces. *Tel'Quessir* seeking to explore transcendental mysteries, awaiting passage to Evermeet or Arvandor, or undergoing physical or spiritual journeys pray to the Goddess of Moonlight, as do mystics, seers, diviners, and weavers of illusions.

Sehanine Moonbow is the mightiest of the female powers in the Seldarine. Identified with the

mystic power of the moon, Sehanine's tears are said to have mingled with Corellon's blood, and given life to the Elven race. The Elves do not forget this fact.

Sehanine is both the primary aspect of Angharradh and one of the three Elven goddesses -the other two being Hanali Celanil and Aerdrie Faenya-who collectively form the Triune Goddess. This duality tightly binds Sehanine with the two other senior Elven goddesses, and the three collectively serve alongside Corellon in leading the Seldarine, just as the Goddess of Moonlight is said to do in other myths.

Sehanine has excellent relations with all of the Seldarine, and it is her kind-heartedness that soothes the anger of Shevarash in his darkest fury and her welcoming nature that brings Fenmarel back to Arvandor on occasion. The Luminous Cloud has few strong relationships outside of the Seldarine, for her otherworldliness is beyond even most other deities. Sehanine works closely with Selûne, for the two share similar concerns, and the Goddess of Moonlight is a strong ally of Eilistraee, whom she considers an adopted daughter of sorts. Sehanine has also forged alliances with some of the other powers that oversee death, but she has no tolerance for those who practice in the black arts of necromancy.

Sehanine's antipathy for Lolth has existed since the latter was Araushnee, consort of Corellon and the mastermind who nearly engineered the death of the Protector and the defeat of the Seldarine. The Lady of Dreams actively opposes the nefarious schemes of the Spider Queen and the other drow powers. With the rise of humanity and its rapacious expansion into traditional elven homelands, Sehanine has found her energies increasingly occupied by thwarting the destructive ravages of gods such as Auril, Cyric, Malar, Talos, and Umberlee.

Sehanine rarely concerns herself directly with events in the Realms, aside from weaving illusions around secret Elven retreats, and guiding Elves going to those lands. Her power waxes and wanes with the phases of the moon, growing strongest when the moon is full and weakest when it is new. As befits the Elven goddess of mysteries, Sehanine Moonbow is cloaked in secrets and illusions, and rarely speaks her mind directly, preferring instead, to communicate through a process of dreams, visions, and other mystic experiences. The Goddess of Moonlight is truly spiritual and ephemeral being who evades any attempt to define her and whose serenity surrounds her like a mantle of moon dust.

Sehanine Moonbow's deific realm, the Crescent Grove, rests at the heart of Arvandor. It is said that the Crescent Grove is one of the most beautiful places in all of the multiverse. In the center of the Crescent Grove stands Corellon's Tower, the palace of the Coronal of Arvandor. The palace, made of marble, crystal, and plant life is a perfect synthesis of artistry and nature. Along with her consort, Corellon Larethian, Sehanine Moonbow rules over all of Arvandor, and over all Elves across the multiverse.

Dogma

Life is series of mysteries whose secrets are veiled by the Luminous Cloud. As the spirit transcends its mortal bounds and new mysteries are uncovered, a higher form is achieved and the cycle of life continues. Through contemplation and meditation, communion with the Lady of Dreams is achieved.

Through dreams, visions, and omens revealed in sleep or the reverie, the Daughter of the Night Sky unveils the next step along the path and the next destination on the endless journey of mystic wonder that is life and death and life. Revere the mysterious moon, who draws forth tides or being from us all.

Avatar/Manifestations

Sehanine Moonbow appears as a beautiful, fey Moon Elf woman, who is simultaneously youthful and ageless, wearing a diaphanous flowing gown formed of semi-solid gossamer moonbeams. The Lady of Dreams manifests through dreams and waking visions. She grants boons only to worshipers who enter an altered state of awareness, whether it be through meditation, dance, or trance. Sehanine Moonbow sometimes manifests in drugged, drunken, unconscious, or sleeping beings, and causes them to ramble on about random topics in all of the languages that they know.

The foci of such a manifestations need not be worshipers or even Elves, although the Luminous Cloud manifests as such only if at least one worshiper is present. The Goddess of the Moon sometimes manifests in enspelled worshipers when they are sleeping or in a trance state, as to unravel spell effects or to utter cryptic prophecies to those in attendance.

Sehanine Moonbow manifests her pleasure by guiding her followers to precious stones and metals, such as mithral, moonstones, silver, and sunstones, as well as the occurrence of meteor showers, or shooting stars. She makes his displeasure known by causing Selûne to appear to blink, flicker, and wink at those who she is unhappy with.

Agents/Petitioners

Sehanine Moonbow is served by Aasimar, Aasimon (Lights), Agathinon, Ancient Treants, Asuras, Azmyths, Baelnorn, Buraq, Cathshee, Cooshee, Einheriar, Eladrin, Electrum Dragons, Elven Cats, Elves, Feystags, Firestars (Known as Moondancers), Firetails, Frosts, Hollyphants, Incarnates of Faith, Incarnates of Hope, Kholiathra, Ki-rin, Lythari, Mist Dragons, Moon Dogs, Moon Horses, Mortals, Nic'Epona, Pixies, Radiance Quasielementals, Reverend Ones, Seelie Faeries, Silver Dogs, Silver Dragons, Sprites, Sunflies, T'uen-rin, and Tiefling.

Sehanine Moonbow has a single proxy- a genderless Tiefling named Moonsilver. Moonsilver is the grandchild of the unholy coupling of an Elf and a Tanar'ri. Moonsilver's mother, the direct offspring of the two, was hunted down and killed. Sehanine Moonbow felt derelict in her duties of protecting her followers, and took Moonsilver as her own. The Tiefling has been empowered at become invisible at will, and is currently learning how to teleport via moonbeams.

The Church of Sehanine Moonbow

The church of Sehanine Moonbow is generally perceived as removed from the daily concerns of typical Elven life. Because of this, they are seen as mystical by fellow *Tel'Quessir*, and mythical by *N'Tel'Quessir*. Her priests and priestess' serve as guides between this life, and the next life, in Arvandor.

Sehanine Moonbow's temples are soaring monuments open only to Elves, and a handful of pious Half-Elves. All temples contain a lot of circular architecture, and complete symmetry. The central chambers usually have domed roofs, which are either

transparent, or retractable, as to allow the light to Selûne to shine down into the chambers. Older temples often have large rock formations, which are used to track the positions of Selûne, and other celestial bodies. Newer temples substitute these large formations with gardens that represent the passage from the Material Plane to Arvandor.

Novice priests and priestess' are called The Mooncalled. Fully consecrated priests and priestess' are called The Heavenly. Other ranks used by the church include Stargazer, Moondancer, Sky Seer, Vision Seeker, Omen Teller, Dream Walker, Transcendentalist, Reverent Dreamer and Starsinger.

More than half of Sehanine Moonbow's clergy is made up of Moon Elves. Slightly more than one quarter of her clergy is made up of Sun Elves. Wild Elves, Wood Elves, and Half-Elves make up a small minority, and individuals from the rest of the different Elven subraces rounds up the list. Sehanine Moonbow's church is mostly made up of women, as they edge of males ever so slightly in number.

Day-to-Day Activities

Sehanine Moonbow's priests and priestess' are the seers and mystics of Elven society. They serve as the spiritual counselors to Elves and Half-Elves who seek to embark on journeys, in search of enlightenment, so as to transcend their current state of being. As the protectors of the dead, Sehanine Moonbow's priests and priestess' organize and administer funeral rites and guard the remains of the fallen. They seek out and destroy Undead creatures, for Sehanine holds such creatures to be blasphemous. The only exceptions to her wrath are Baelnorn, Reverend Ones, and other good-aligned Undead, who voluntarily prolong their existence into order to further serve their people.

As defenders of Elven homelands, Sehanine Moonbow's clergy is responsible for weaving and maintaining the illusions that guard those sanctuaries, and for divining potential threats to their continued existence. The prime task of adventuring priests and priestess' is the retrieval of lost arcane and magical knowledge, especially if it pertains to illusions and/or divinations.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Sehanine's faithful celebrate a wide variety of holy days, all of which are tied to the position of various heavenly bodies, particularly Selûne. Many of these celebrations occur only once per decade, some once per century, and a few even occur once per millennium.

The most frequent celebrations of Sehanine Moonbow's faithful are held monthly, underneath the light of the full moon. Lunar Hollowings, as such holy days are known, are marked with personal meditation and collective entrance into Elven communion. On occasion, Sehanine Moonbow manifests through her assembled worshipers, melding their spirits in a true communion of mind and soul. Such holy days are concluded with a joyous freeform dance beneath the most visible manifestation of the Goddess of Moonlight, Selûne, which lasts until the first rays of dawn.

Once per year, Sehanine Moonbow's faithful gather on the night of the Feast of the Moon for the Mystic Rites of the Luminous Cloud. Similar to, in many ways, the monthly Lunar Hollowings, the Mystic Rites of the Luminous Cloud are notable for the visible manifestation of the Lady of Dreams, whereby the assembled worshipers are enveloped in a mantle of

shimmering, silvery light that rises up and darts across the heavens. During such mystical flights across the sky, the sacred mysteries of the Mystic Seer are revealed to the participants, with each participant learning secrets appropriate to his current level of spiritual development.

The church of Sehanine Moonbow is also charged with preparing Elven dead. Elven funeral rites vary widely from community to community, and from individual to individual, reflecting the nature of the departed spirit. If the Elf has simply answered Sehanine's call, as opposed to death by accident or violence, death rituals are more often a celebration than the Elf has achieved the joys of Arvandor, rather than a time of mourning.

In cases of violent, or accidental death, where the spirit is not utterly destroyed, Sehanine's Clerics serve in the stead of the departed spirit in the ritual of Transcendence. A Ceremony of Recovery involves one or more days of meditation and mystic communion with the natural and spiritual worlds. If successful, the Cleric performing the rite channels the lost spirit through his or her own link with Sehanine, enabling the spirit to transcend to Arvandor.

In either case, if the body remains, the method of disposal varies as well. In some communities, the assembled mourners gather with great pomp and circumstance to watch the body be interred in the ground. Other Elven societies bury the body immediately, regarding it as a mere husk from which the life force has departed. After disposing of the shell, they celebrate the spirit of the Elf who once resided there. Still, other Elves believe that burning is the only way to truly rid the spirit of its earthly ties. Not only does it free the spirit for Arvandor, it also prevents anyone from using the body for nefarious purposes.

Major Centers of Worship

While the largest temples of Sehanine Moonbow are found on the Evermeet, in Evereska, and in the woods of the Elven Court, the site most sacred to the Lady of Dreams is the Tears of Aloevan. This is an otherworldly cloud of magic, accessed through a mystical pool of water found in an unearthly sylvan glen at the heart of Ardeep Forest. Much like Qilue Veladorn serves both Mystra and Eilistraee today, Aloevan was once the Chosen of both Sehanine Moonbow, and the Lady of Mysteries.

The moon Elven queen's descent into madness and her eventual death was a tragic loss for both the Fair Folk and the other Human and Demihuman races of the region. It is believed that her death was caused by her inability to control the silver fire that raged within her body. Upon her death, Aloevan's spirit was unable to pass on to Arvandor, and was instead enmeshed within a nimbus of silver fire that hovered between Faerûn and Arvandor. To diminish the madness of their queen, who had sacrificed so much, seven Clerics of Sehanine Moonbow created a special link between the natural world and the spiritual limbo in which Aloevan's spirit was trapped in.

For centuries, Sehanine Moonbow's Clerics have labored to ease the torment of the mad queen and, in the process, have recreated the long-lost court of Ardeep within the pocket dimension formed from the silver fire Aloevan could no longer control. Aloevan's spirit is now capable of manifesting in a form similar to that of a spectral ghost within the Court of Silver Fire, as the mystic temple is known, but her laughter and tears are still tinged with madness, and only the

beneficence of the seven priests enables her to hold on to the last vestiges of her sanity.

During times of solar eclipses, passage between the glen in Ardeep Forest and the Court of Silver Fire is possible. At such times a priest or priestess of Sehanine Moonbow may make his or her way into Aloevan's mystical court, at Sehanine Moonbow's request, to replace one of the seven Clerics who is ready to pass on to Arvandor. Although many others have sought entrance to Aloevan's court, none have returned to tell the tale, so it is unknown if any who were not called there by Sehanine Moonbow have ever succeeded or not in getting there.

Affiliated Orders

The Knights of the Seven Sacred Mysteries are well known for their service in the defense of various Elven homelands- from Evereska to Synnoria- from *N'Tel'Quessir* invaders, as well as their ongoing efforts to retrieve and recover tomes of long-lost Elven lore and items of Elven artistry from the ruins of fallen realms. The order is composed of Elves and a handful of Half-Elves, most of whom are of Moon Elven or Sun Elven ancestry.

The order's entrance requirements are kept secret from non-members, but it is generally known that there are seven tiers in the order's hierarchy, and that it can take a century or more of faithful service to Sehanine Moonbow before the next mystery is revealed. Knights of the First Mystery are the lowest ranking members of the order, while Knights of the Seventh Mystery are some of the most powerful agents of Sehanine in the Realms. No Half-Elf has ever risen higher than the rank of Knight of the Fourth Mystery, but it is not known if this fact indicates the difficulty of ascending up the order's rarefied ranks or if it is a manifestation of bias against those who have some degree of *N'Tel'Quessir* ancestry. The order's preeminent chapter houses are found in the cities of Ruith, on Evermeet, Evereska, and amidst the Tangled Trees settlement of the Elven Woods.

The Sentinels of the Moonbow are a small fellowship of Rangers pledged to the service of the Goddess of Moonlight. Sentinels of the Moonbow watch over animals that may hold the reincarnated spirits of Elves of ages past, and that may once again assume Elven form. These Rangers in the service of Sehanine are also pledged to the tracking and destruction of undead creatures whose existence is a blight upon the land.

Elven Mhaornathil also pledge allegiance to Sehanine Moonbow. These warriors track down and destroy evil undead, with the blessings and aid of the Daughter of the Night Sky. Though Mhaornathil do not have a formal order, it is unheard of for a Mhaornathil to not swear allegiance to Sehanine Moonbow.

The Veiled Choir is a mysterious sisterhood of Elven mystics, whose very existence is obscured by a veil of legend, mystery, and rumor. Sisters of the Veiled Choir are renowned for their prophetic abilities, and their visions are revealed in an unending chorus of song. Only a handful of these ancient Elven seers are believed to exist, residing in ancient temples of the Lady of Dreams, whose very existences have long been forgotten by even the most learned of Fair Folk.

Young elves in search of adventure often attempt to find the sisterhood's oracular redoubts, of which, curiously, none are located on the Green Isle of Evermeet. On rare occasions, a lucky and persistent Elf discovers a Veiled Cantoria, but those who seek to

simply follow in their footsteps always fail in their quest. The reward for reaching a sanctuary of the Veiled Choir is always the blessing of the Luminous Cloud, and a mysterious prophecy, the unraveling of which may consume the rest of the recipient's life.

Priestly Vestments

Priestess' of Sehanine Moonbow favor silver-white, diaphanous gowns, while priests favor togas of the same color. A silver diadem is worn on the head, oftentimes with a moonstone pendant dangling above the brow. Simple sandals are worn on the feet, and a silver lace sash is worn around the waist. The holy symbol of the faith is a moonbar crystal carved in the shape of a small flat disk, approximately three inches in diameter, and such devices are often worn around the neck on a delicate-looking silver or mithral chain.

Adventuring Garb

Clerics of the Daughter of the Night Skies favor mail over leather armor, and most carry round shields, whose unadorned, reflective fronts are polished mirror bright. Such armor is typically fancifully adorned, emphasizing the grace and bearing of the wearer. Senior priests and priestess' are well known for the elaborate suits of Elven chain mail or Elven plate mail they favor, although many such suits were lost with the fall of Myth Drannor. Sehanine Moonbow's clergy favors missile weapons, particularly short and longbows of Elven design, and staves. Staves of the Moonlight and Rings of Shooting Stars are particularly prized.



Shevarash

The Black Archer, The Night Hunter, The Arrow Bringer

Symbol: A black arrow snapped in half, above a blue teardrop

Home Plane: Arvandor (Fennimar)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Portfolio: Hatred of the Drow, Vengeance, Crusades, Loss, Revenge

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Retribution, War

Worshippers: Arcane Archers, Archers, Elves, Fighters, Hunters, Rangers, Soldiers, Sorcerers, Those who seek revenge

Aliases: Elikarashae

Cleric Alignments: CE-CN-CG-N

Favored Weapon: "The Black Bow" (Longbow), "Traitorbane" (Great Sword), "Shama" (Spear), "Ukava" (Sling), "Maelat" (Club)

History/Relationships

Shevarash (Pronounced *Shev-uh-rash*) is the Elven deity of vengeance and military crusades against a hated foe. The Black Hunter has come to embody the hatred the *Tel'Quessir* have against Drow, and to a much lesser degree, Fey'ri. Because he is worshipped primarily by those who burn with revenge against the Drow, some theologians speculate that Shevarash exists to keep all of that malice, anger and bitterness out of the hearts of the rest of the Seldarine.

The Night Hunter is unique among the Seldarine, as he was once a mortal being, who was raised to divinity with the assistance of Fenmarel Mestarine. The mortal Shevarash lived approximately six thousand years ago, in the lands around the Elven Court. On Midwinter Night -4400 DR, a large army of Drow and Duergar marched from the Underdark. They quickly overran the Dwarven city of Sarphil, which had been left mostly unguarded, since most of the city's warriors were at the Elven Court, reaffirming their long-standing alliance with their Elven neighbors. The army from the Underdark then turned to the Elven Court itself, and slaughtered countless Elves and Dwarves in a sneak attack.

Shevarash, an archer, was present when the army of Drow and Duergar attacked, and was one of the few to survive the brutality. However, none of his friends or family survived the devastation. Alone, depressed and filled with grief and anger, Shevarash decided that he had no reason to live, other than extracting his revenge for the Dark Court Slaughter, as it would become known as. The grief-stricken Shevarash swore an oath to never smile, laugh, or experience joy until Lolth, and all of her Drow faithful were destroyed.

Shevarash went about doing just this. During his "career", hundreds of Drow were slain by his hands,

male and female, ranging in age from infants to elderly. He was finally slain in -4070, almost 400 years later, after being mauled by a horde of summoned Myrlochar. But, with his final breath as a mortal, Shevarash launched an arrow that buried itself in the breast of Darthiir'elgg Aleanrahel, High Priestess of Lolth, and summoner of those Myrlochar, killing her. Shevarash's body was recovered by his companions, and he was entombed in a small cave in the Elven Court.

The Lone Wolf, Fenmarel Mestarine, had taken an interest in Shevarash. On my occasions, the Lone Wolf secretly aided Shevarash in his crusade against Lolth, and against Drow. Upon the death of Shevarash, Fenmarel Mestarine received permission by Corellon Larethian to appeal to Ao the Overgod, to grant Shevarash divinity. Ao allowed it, and Shevarash underwent apotheosis.

Shevarash existed in relative obscurity, since he had few worshippers, and the portfolios he had gave him little power. When the Seldarine merged with the deities of the Yuir, Shevarash merged with Elikarashae, another relatively young warrior deity, who hated Drow almost as much as Shevarash. This gave Shevarash a moderate boost in power, and coupled with the fact that his worship base was now steadily growing, Shevarash was now an established member of the Seldarine.

Shevarash has many allies in his war on Drow. Of the Seldarine, he is closest with Corellon Larethian, Fenmarel Mestarine and Solonar Thelandria, though he often gets frustrated at their lack of willingness to take the battle to the Drow themselves. The Human deity Hoar shares Shevarash's appetite for revenge, and the Human deity Shaundakul shares his thirst to explore the Underdark.

Both Calladuran Smoothhands and Psilofyr share Shevarash's enmity towards the Drow, and the three deities often collaborate to come up with strategies on how to upset the plans of the Drow. Much to the distress of all of his other allies, Shevarash has recently been drawn to the soothing embrace of Shar. Corellon Larethian is working to slowly distance Shevarash from Shar, but the goddess has a firm hold on Shevarash.

Shevarash's primary foes are Lolth and the rest of the Dark Seldarine, with the exception of Eilistraee, who he tolerates with greatly practiced disdain. In his crusade against Drow, Shevarash has picked up some other enemies, most of whom are deities that are worshipped by some of the more sinister and evil races of the Underdark. These enemies include Blibdoolpoolp, Deep Duerra, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, Gzemnid, Ilsensine, Ilxendren, Laduguer, the recently perished Maanzecorian, The Blood Queen, and The Great Mother.

Shavarash has no actual divine realm of his own, but he shares the Fennimar with Fenmarel Mestarine. Shevarash, seeking solitude, often comes to the deserted glades of Fennimar to be alone and think.

Dogma

The greatest enemy of the Seldarine is Lolth, who sought corruption of Arvandor and the overthrow of the Creator. The greatest enemy of the Fair Folk is the Drow, the debased followers of the Spider Queen who were long ago enmeshed in her dark web. Redemption and revenge may be achieved through the utter destruction of the Drow and the dark powers they serve. Only then may the joy of life begin anew. Hunt fearlessly!

Avatars/Manifestations

Shevarash normally takes the form of a tall, muscular Wood Elf, much how he appeared in life, according to theologians and historians. He wears black Elven Chainmail, and a black Cloak of Elvenkind. Slung over his back is his famous bow, the Black Bow. When appearing to his Yuir faithful, Shevarash takes the form of Eikarashae, a dexterous Wild Elf, who wears animal skin clothing, has leaves tangled in his long brown hair, and carries a spear.

Sometimes, the Black Archer manifests as a bright white flame that engulfs the being that Shevarash is aiding. The flame goes not cast off any heat, nor does it burn, but is still sheds bright light equivalent of a *Daylight* spell. The flames bestow *Mage Armor*, *Haste*, *Ironguard*, *Shield* and *Protection from Missiles* upon the being they engulf. The fire also aids the blessed individual in battle against Lolth's servants, particularly Chitines, Drider, Drow Mylochar and Yochol (+1 to Hit and +2 to Damage).

To indicate his favor, Shevarash has his faithful discover web stone engraved with his symbol, torn spider webs, and crushed spiders. To indicate his displeasure, the Black Arrow manifests as a pair of glowing red orbs in the darkness, like some kind of malevolent creature waiting to pounce from the shadows.

Agents/Petitioners

Shevarash has very few agents. He is served primarily by Aasimar, Agathinon, Ancient Treants, Asuras, Eladrin (Ghaeles), Elves and Reverend Ones.

The Church of Shevarash

The church of Shevarash is fairly small, and in some Elven communities, is completely absent. The church of Shevarash is most well known in communities where Drow raids are fairly common. Among most *N'Tel'Quessir* communities, the church of Shevarash is not present. In Myconoid and Svirkneblin societies, the church of Shevarash is present, is often very well known and very appreciated.

Among we *Tel'Quessir* there is a sort of universal sadness and pity for the faithful of Shavarash, myself included. Though we appreciate what they do, we also have pity for them. The all-consuming thirst for revenge that burns within them is more akin to the way the *N'Tel'Quessir* mind works. Though I do not believe this myself, some Elven theologians say that followers of Shevarash are denied entry into Arvandor, because of what all of the corruption that the anger they carry in their hearts does to their spirits.

Temples of Shevarash are always located in caves that connect Elven-occupied forests with the Underdark. His temples are constructed so that they serve primarily as a fortress, and a base of operations, and a place of worship and spiritualism secondly. Hastily constructed shrines dot the Underdark. Shrines serve as makeshift bases of operations, defensible locations, and burial grounds for fallen comrades, should they not be able to be brought back to the surface for a proper burial.

Novices in the Shevarashan church as known as The Haunted. Fully ordained priests and priestess' are called Dark Avengers. Priests and priestess' have other titles, but all are unique, and make mention of specific exploits, or events. Some titles include, "Destroyer of Drow" and "Murderer of Menzoberranzan".

Shevarash's clergy is almost evenly split between Wood Elves, Moon Elves and Sun Elves. A few Half-Elves from those same subraces round out the list. Very surprisingly, the Black Archer's clergy is exactly evenly split between males and females.

Day-to-Day Activities

For the most part, the Church of Shevarash is totally consumed with its campaign to root out and destroy the Drow. Individual priests and priestess' spend their days drilling, designing tactics for combat in the Underdark, and training new recruits. Many take it upon themselves to guard known entrances to the Underdark, or small communities where Drow attacks are likely. Many Clerics of the Black Archer from adventuring companies that enter the Underdark that attack Drow and Drow communities, while others join already established adventuring companies, for the same reason.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

For the church of Shevarash, Midwinter Night is a somber time of remembrance. The night is in remembrance of the Dark Court Slaughter, but each adherent of the Black Arrow's faith is stressed to think of his/her own losses as well. It is on this holy night that new priests and priestess' are ordained into the clergy. In honor of Shevarash's original oath, priests and priestess' reaffirm their vows to never laugh or smile again until Lolth, the rest of the Dark Seldarine, and their wicked worshippers are all destroyed.

Major Centers of Worship

Upon his death, Shevarash's body was taken to a large oak tree on the outskirts of the Elven Court by one of his closest friends and comrades. His mortal body was entombed in a small natural cavern among the roots of this ancient oak. When the Black Archer ascended to divinity, this oak tree turned charcoal black, stopped growing and stopped producing leaves. The tree is still quite alive, according to Druids, however.

The Vault of Unquenched Vengeance, as the tree and cavern are known now, is Shevarash's most holy site. All followers of Shevarash aspire to make a pilgrimage to this site at some point of their lives. The cave underneath the oak tree has been fortified into a "fortress", and serves as the terminus for the last entrance into the Underdark in the area, or so the faithful of Shevarash say.

Affiliated Orders

The Church of Shevarash is very decentralized, and thus, has no "official" orders. However, this hasn't stopped individual crusaders from adopting their own monikers and operating like an official order of the Shevarashan faith. For instance, the "Black Arrow Brigade" was a group of Shavarashan priests, priestess' and lay worshippers who organized themselves, and participated in the recent Elven Crusade, giving wizards cover while fighting on the outskirts of Myth Drannor.

Priestly Vestments

The ceremonial garb of the Black Archer's clergy includes silver Chainmail, a blood-red cloak that only falls to the small of the back, and a silver helm with a fixed visor that covers the upper portion of the face, including the eyes. The holy symbol of the faith is often

given a physical aspect, as a broken arrow that has been dipped in Drow blood and blessed by a priest or priestess of Shevarash.

Adventuring Garb

Clerics of Shevarash favor bows to other weapons, but have no qualms with drawing a blade in hand-to-hand combat. In most cases, they employ, and utilize a wide variety of weapons, although some priests and priestess' decide to specialize with one or two weapons. Most Clerics prefer Elven Chainmail, since it provides a great deal of protection at no sacrifice to maneuverability.



Solonar Thelandira

Keen-Eye, The Great Archer

Symbol: A silver arrow with green fletching

Home Plane: Arvandor (The Pale Tree)

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Portfolio: Archery, Hunting, Wilderness Survival

Domains: Chaos, Elf, Good, Plant, War

Worshipers: Arcane Archers, Archers, Druids, Elves, Rangers

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: NG, CG, CN

Favored Weapon: "Longshot" (Longbow)

History/Relationships

Solonar Thelandira (Pronounced *So-lo-nar Theh-lan-dee-ruh*) is the Elven deity of hunting, archery and outdoor survival. Like other nature deities, he promotes the protection of pristine, unspoiled woodlands. Unlike most other nature deities, however, he promotes the wise and efficient use of woodlands for agriculture and civilization. Keen-Eye supposedly taught the early Elven people how to survive in the outdoor setting, as well as archery and hunting. Because his knowledge of nature and the wilderness is exceptional, and his skill with a bow is unparalleled, we Elves have had a good teacher.

The Great Archer is constantly on the move, hunting his prey. He likes this time alone, since it lets him reflect on how to best serve the balance between wilderness and civilization, between instinct and knowledge, between domesticity and savagery. He is, for the most part, dour and serious, and at times, can even be grim. As the saying goes, he is as straight as an arrow, an honest deity who is fiercely loyal to his allies, and a fierce opponent to his enemies.

Solonar Thelandira works closest with the Seldarine, particularly with Corellon Larethian, Fenmarel Mestarine, Shevarash and Rillafane Rallathil. He works with Corellon Larethian and Fenmarel Mestarine in defending the borders of Elven homelands. According to some myths, the latter of the two is the Great Archer's brother. Solonar Thelandira works well with Shevarash, since the two are united in their hate for the Spider Queen. Even though they have philosophical differences that sometimes seem to clash, Rillifane Rallathil and Solonar Thelandira put aside any differences they have when defending Elven lands from the ever-increasing flow of Humanity. Some myths romantically link the Great Archer with Eilistraee, even though they may be half-siblings, while other myths link Mielikki and Solonar Thelandira romantically.

Other allies include Chauntea, Cyrollalee, Emmantiensien, Eldath, Ferrix, Fionnghuala, Gwaeron

Windstrom, Oberon, Nobanion, Shaundakul, Silvanus, Skerrit, Titania, the other members of the Seldarine, and various Animal Lords.

Keen-Eye actively opposes any and all deities who corrupt or outright destroy nature. His enemies include Bhaal, who is now dead, Gorellik, Grankhul, Grolantor, Malar, Moander, who is also dead as well, The Queen of Air and Darkness, Talos, Talona and the entire Dark Seldarine, with the exception of Eilistraee.

Solonar Thelandira's divine realm, the Pale Tree, is a large white tree with silver leaves that towers above the rest of the woods it is in. Platforms, ledges and rope bridges have been built unobtrusively, to connect it to the rest of the forest around it, allowing access to his petitioners.

Dogma

Walk in harmony with nature, and oppose the efforts of those who would disturb her delicate balance. Preserve the wild places with excessive encroachment, and work with those who would settle the land to preserve the beauty that first attracted them. Hunt only for sustenance, culling the old and the weak from the herd so that all species may prosper. Like an arrow in flight, it is difficult to arrest the consequences of an action. Choose your targets carefully, for an ill-considered action can have a long reaching impact.

Avatar/Manifestations

Solonar Thelandira appears as a tall, thin, sinuous male Elf, with pale blue hair and pasty white skin. He wears an archer's outfit, boots and archery gloves, all of which are earth tones. His bow appears to be a living, gnarled branch, and his cloak is made, literally, of living leaves and vines.

When the Great Archer manifests himself, he usually appears as a sparking silver-green light. When his flame manifests on an individual, it protects them from all missiles shot at them. When he manifests on a bow, he assists the archer with their accuracy for a limited time (+3 Enchantment Bonus for the next 3 Rounds). When he manifests on an arrow in flight, he bestows upon it some kind of magical spell, or effect. Very rarely does he turn a normal arrow into an arrow of slaying.

Solonar Thelandira expresses his favor though the discovery of bloodstones, obsidian, variscite or phandar wood, the tinkling of chime oaks during the winter, the discovery of game in a time of need, and the splitting of an arrow by another arrow during target practice. He expresses his displeasure by causing bowstrings to snap, having birds fly in strange formations, causing animals to exhibit strange behaviors, having an arrowhead chip, shatter or fall off, and by causing bows and arrows to warp.

Agents/Petitioners

The Great Archer is served by Aasimon, Agathinon, Ancient Treants, Androsphinxes, Asuras, Azmyths, Bariaurs, Bears, Bhaerghalas, Buraq, Cath Shee, Centaurs, Coe Shee, Dryads, Einheriar, Eladrin, Elves, Elven Cats, Faerie Dragons, Firbolg, Firestars, Foo Creatures, Frosts, Griffons, Hamadryads, Hollyphants, Hybsils, Incarnates of Courage, Kholiathra, Korred, Lammasu, Lillendi, Lythari, Moon Dogs, Moon Horses, Oreads, Pers, Pixies, Reverend Ones, Seelie Faeries, Silver Dogs, Sprites, Swanmays, Sunflies, Unicorn, Wemic, Wolves and Wood Giants.

Solonar has no Chosen, or Proxies. Every so often, however, he does grant special abilities to some of his most loyal and devout followers. Such gifts vary, but usually include the ability to move around silently within forests, and the ability to have extremely good aim with a bow for a year or so.

The Church of Solonar Thelandira

While Solonar Thelandira, a benevolent member of the Seldarine, is well regarded throughout Elven society, the majority of his worshippers, priests and priestess' are drawn from those *Tel'Quessir* who exist, for the most part, out of mainstream Elven society. His worship and church is prevalent among Wood Elves and Moon Elves who live in the more untamed frontiers of Faerûn. Most other Elven races romanticize the teachings of the Great Archer, especially living in harmony with the woods, but are condescending towards the actual rank and file members of the Solonaran faith.

Temples dedicated to Keen-Eye can be in the hearts of deep forests, carefully hidden and accessible only by well-guarded woodland paths. Solonaran houses of worship are mixtures of natural beauty, and carefully sculpted arboreal art, emphasizing the two competing principles that Solonar Thelandira espouses. Solonar's temples contain both ceremonial chambers, which hold hunting trophies, and similar items, and more practical chambers, where more day-to-day activities go on. Solonaran temples are most commonly large trees, such as oaks, that have been carefully cultivated and groomed by priests and priestess'. Solonaran temples commonly have large underground chambers beneath these tree-temples, at the base of the tree's roots.

Novices in the Solonaran church are known as Fledgelings. Fully ordained priests and priestess' are known as Hawkeyes. In ascending order, other titles include Fletcher, Bowyer, Archer, Gray Wolf, Snow Tiger, Grizzly Bear, Blood Hawk, Fire Falcon, and Gold Eagle. The highest-ranking priests and priestess' have their own special, unique titles.

The clergy of Solonar Thelandira is very equally split between all of the different Elven races. There is just about an equal number of Moon, Sun and Wood Elves in his service. Half-Elves of all different background and, interestingly enough, Lythari, round out the rest of the Elves in his clergy. Solonar Thelandira's clergy is also almost equally split down the gender line, with males outnumbering females only slightly.

Day-to-Day Activities

Keen-Eye's faithful serve as bowyers, fletchers, archery instructors, scouts, and archers in civilized Elven settlements. In the more rural settlements, they serve as hunters, gatherers, and, in some of the more savage settlements, mystics. When the followers of evil deities make themselves known, followers of the Great Archer are expected to hunt them down and destroy them as soon as possible, before they can cause any harm to others.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

The clergy of Solonar Thelandira generally ignores frivolous celebrations, considering them distractions from the task at hand. Every month, under the light of the full moon, Keen-Eye's faithful gather together to give thanks to Solonar. After sacrificing rare hunting trophies, his followers fire unsharpened arrows

into the sky, punching holes in the foliage above, allowing the light of the moon, and the teachings of the Great Archer to shine down upon them. Every *Cinnaelos'Cor*, more commonly known as Shieldmeet, Keen-Eye's faithful meet and compete in archery competitions. The winners receive his blessings.

Major Centers of Worship

Moondark Hill is a hill located east of Evereska, at the base of Eastpeak, one of the largest peaks of the Shaerdim. The hill received its name because the shadow of the mountain cloaks the hill in darkness, even when the moon is full. When the full moon rises above Eastpeak, and Moondark Hill is illuminated, worshippers of Solonar Thelandira gather at the Hall of the High Hunt, a large open-air pavilion surrounded by a colonnade of ancient shadowtop trees, with a spring in the middle, and a cavern complex beneath.

Moonrise Hollow is another holy site for Solonar Thelandira, located in the Moon Elven village of Ssrenshen, in the northern reaches of Deepingdale, between Lake Sember and the Glaemril at the bottom of Moonrise Crag. Moonrise Hollow is actually an ancient oak tree, nearly fifty feet in diameter. The hollow that has been carved out of the tree, serves as a temple dedicated to Solonar Thelandira, as well as the meetinghouse for the Moonshadows, a militaristic order that dates back to Semberholme. The ancient cellars dug beneath the tree contain some of the greatest hunting trophies, tombs of ancient heroes, and the Greenshaft, a holy relic of the Solonaran faith that is said to be the first arrow shot from the bow of Solonar Thelandira.

Affiliated Orders

Keen-Eye's church has quite a few militaristic orders operating within it. Some are small, and some are veritable armies. The Stag Hunters, the Fellowship of the Fleeting Heart, the Wolves of Dawn, the Shadowsheafs, the Knights of the Green Bowm the Keen-Eyed Hunters, and the Archer Knights are all famous martial groups of Solonaran Elves. The less known groups stalk the more shadowed parts of Faerûn. They do not seek attention, and would rather not have the limelight, actually.

Priestly Vestments

Priests and priestess' of Solonar Thelandira wear silvered Elven chain with silver cloaks and leaf green hoods during religious ceremonies and rituals. The holy symbol of the faith is hung from a leather cord around the priest or priestess' neck. Some priests and priestess' also wear a leather disk with three small bird feathers attached to it around their necks during religious ceremonies as well.

Adventuring Garb

While adventuring, faithful Solonarans trade in their ceremonial cloaks and boots for *Bracers of Archery*, *Quivers of Mielikki*, *Cloaks of Elvenkind* and *Boots of Elvenkind*, when possible. When possible, they wear leather armor, studded leather armor, or Elven chainmail. They favored weapons include daggers, knives, longswords and spears. It goes without saying that priests and priestess' prefer using bows over all other weapons. When possible, Solonar Thelandira's faithful use Elven bows- special bows strengthened to be used in hand-to-hand combat, as well as long range combat- instead of normal bows.

The Anti-Seldarine

Of all the blasphemes ever committed across the multiverse, the Drow Pantheon is, perhaps, one of the most vile. As its name implies, the Drow Pantheon is a dark and vile corruption of the Seldarine- hence, the Anti-Seldarine, or the Dark Seldarine. These deities do not form a true pantheon. In fact, nearly every single member of the Anti-Seldarine is an enemy of another member. But, they are united in the racial heritage of those who worship them, long forgotten, and short lived alliances, and twisted familial ties.

Long ago, before we Elves even lived in Realmspace, Corellon Larethian charged his consort, Araushnee, with the destiny of the Dark Elves, the dark skinned Elves who shared her complexion. Though Araushnee was a fairly minor power, she was the consort of Corellon Larethian at the time. The deity tasted power, and she liked it.

Araushnee sought to make herself the leader of the Seldarine. The only problem was that Corellon Larethian already held that position. Araushnee secretly began plotting Corellon's downfall. She first convinced Gruumsh One-Eye to attack Corellon while the two were supposed to be talking about peace. Araushnee even weaved fell magics into the sheath of Corellon's mighty blade, *Sahandrian*, which caused it to shatter. After that did not work, she tricked the fledgling deity Malar into attacking Corellon in Arvandor. Yet again, the Protector fended off an evil deity. Having failed twice, Araushnee was now convinced that she had to rely on herself, and that matters were in her own hands now.

During a celebration, Araushnee took the form of a spider, and began laying the seeds of her evil plan on the Material Plane. When she returned to Arvandor, the Moon Goddess Sehanine Moonbow confronted her. Sehanine had figured out Araushnee's insidious plot, and condemned her for it. Araushnee wrapped Sehanine in a web as if she were a butterfly in a cocoon. To prevent her from gaining her powers back in the moonlight, Araushnee had her treacherous son, Vhaeraun, hide Sehanine somewhere far, far away. It was also at this point that the term 'Anti-Seldarine' was first used.

Soon, the Anti-Seldarine coalition formed, and attacked Arvandor. The group, which had been assembled by Araushnee, included Vhaeraun, Auril, a goddess of wintry fury and chill, Maglubiet, the leader of the Goblinoid Pantheon, Hruggek, the Bugbear deity, Malar, a ferocious deity of the hunt, and Kurtulmak, the leader of the Kobold Pantheon- and it still surprises me to this day that the Kobolds even have a pantheon. Ghaunadaur came unbidden to Arvandor, simply seeking to wreak havoc and destruction, especially among the pristine trees of Arvandor.

In the fracas, Araushnee cursed an arrow that Eilistraee had intended to hit an ogre. Instead, it lodged itself in Corellon's chest. After the fighting had stopped, and the fell deities had been banished from Arvandor, Araushnee blamed her daughter, the Dark Maiden, for what befell Corellon, and intended to finish him off using a potent poison she created. Before she could do so, Sehanine Moonbow escaped from her prison, and saved the Protector.

Combining her powers with Aerdrie Faenya and Hanali Cenlanil, Sehanine Moonbow formed

Angharradh, the Triune Goddess. Angharradh healed Corellon Larethian, and exposed the treachery of Araushnee, who in turn revealed the treachery of Vhaeraun, and to a much lesser degree, Eilistraee. With the facts now revealed, Corellon's pained heart made a decision that would have a great impact on things to come. He cast Araushnee from the Seldarine, stripped her of her divinity, stripped her of her dark beauty, making her a Tanar'ri, and banished her from Arvandor into the Abyss.

In the Abyss, Araushnee took on a new name- Lolth, Queen of Spiders. She quickly went to work subjugating all those around her. Although only a Tanar'ri, she was still quite powerful. Before long, she had already subjugated Kiaransalee, a minor Drow deity of vengeance and undeath, and Ghaunadaur, the ancient deity of slime. She weaved a great web around her realm, calling it 'The Demonweb Pits', and began to aspire for greater things- divinity.

Lolth finally gained her divinity back when she began operating in Realmspace. The ancient Dark Elves answered her calls, and she became a goddess once more. She also gained two more members to add to her pantheon. She found that her son, Vhaeraun, was an active power in Realmspace. She quickly put him in his place, though to this day, he refuses to admit it, and still plots against his mother. Lolth also gained the power of Selvetarm, her grandson, and the result of an ill-fated tryst between Vhaeraun and Zandilar the Dancer, which ultimately led to the destruction of Zanassu, a rival of Lolth's, and the creation of Shares, the combined form of Bast and the remaining energies of Zandilar.

Eilistraee is considered by some to be part of the Anti-Seldarine, though others do not consider her part of the Anti-Seldarine. I do, and as so, I write list her here. But, although part of the Anti-Seldarine, she is not evil. As the followers of the Dark Maiden say, "Eilistraee is the balance to Lolth's evil."

Eilistraee, Ghaunadaur, Kiaransalee, Lolth, Selvetarm, and Vhaeraun- thus compose the Anti-Seldarine.



Ghaunadaur

That Which Lurks, The Elder Eye, The Ancient One

Symbol: Purple/white eye within a purple circle with a black border; An amber inverted triangle set on a purple background, with amber lines within it forming an upside down 'Y', that bisects the points of the triangle
Home Plane: The Demonweb Pits/ Paraelemental Plane of Ooze (The Cauldron of Slime)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Portfolio: Oozes, Slimes, Jellies, Outcasts, Ropers, Rebels

Domains: Cavern, Chaos, Drow, Evil, Hatred, Slime
Worshippers: Aboleth, Drow, Fighters, Oozes, Outcasts, Ropers
Aliases: Gormauth Souldrinker, Jubilex, The Elder Elemental God
Cleric Alignments: CE-CN-NE
Favored Weapon: An Amorphous Tentacle (Warhammer)

History/Relationships

Ghaunadaur (Pronounced *Gone-ah-door*) is a fell deity that has existed in the deepest reaches of the Realms since the dawn of time. It is an amorphous, tentacled blob that is worshipped by Jellies, Slimes, Oozes, and other creatures who have alien intelligence.

Most sentient, non-amorphous beings consider the worship of Ghaunadaur to be disgusting, but even among these people, secret, hidden alters dedicated to the Elder Eye exist. Ghaunadaur is particularly worshipped among the Drow, who see it as a counter to Lolth's rule.

That Which Lurks is particularly unpredictable, by the standard of nearly all Humanoids. Sometimes, it provides aid to those who merely pay it lip service. Other times, it does not. Sometimes, it lashes out at those who are particularly devout. Other times, it does not. The Elder Eye is just as likely to kill someone, as it is to aid them.

Ghaunadaur speaks telepathically with those who beseech it. It "speaks" in short, simple sentences, such as "Slay", "Come to me", "Approve", "No", and similar things. It is believed that Ghaunadaur actually cannot physically speak. Records of a strange, gibbering, bestial language alien enough to drive individuals mad is the only form of non-telepathic communication Ghaunadaur has been known to use.

In Realmspace, Ghaunadaur has assumed the aspects of both Jubilex, the Tanar'ri Lord of Slimes and Molds, and the Elder Elemental God. Jubilex has occasionally lashed out at Ghaunadaur for doing this, but has yet to be able to wrest his very own name away from the Elder Eye. The mysterious Elder Elemental God has yet to even acknowledge that Ghaunadaur has assumed its identity in Realmspace. Gormauth Souldrinker, an alias of Ghaunadaur's is believed to be a power that Ghaunadaur completely subsumed.

Ghaunadaur's originals are unknown, to say the least. The first mentions of the creature come from the ancient Dark Elven city of Atornnash. Ka'Narlist, the Archmage of the city, and many other influential members of the city worshipped the deity. How or why he came to the city is unknown.

It is an understatement to say that Ghaunadaur has many enemies. A small sampling of his current enemies includes Blibdoolpoolp, Deep Duerra, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, Eilistraee, Gargauth, Gzimmid, Ilsensine, Ilxendren, Laduguer, Laogzed, Lolth, Malar, Orcus, Psilofyr, Selvetarm, The Blood Queen, The Great Mother, The Seldarine and Vhaeraun.

Ghaunadaur has a special enmity towards Lolth. When she first came to the Abyss, it tried to woo, and then conquer her. It failed at both, and in a fit of rage, destroyed a great number of its own followers, and stripped the intelligence of many others. In doing this, it had destroyed a great deal of its own power. Ghaunadaur still blames Lolth for this, and eventually hopes to strike such a blow against Lolth, who humiliated it.

Because of his extensive list of allies, Ghaunadaur has a very short list of allies. At the current point of time, he actually has none. The two powers that most commonly allied themselves with the Elder Eye, Bwimb and Moander, are both deceased. Kiransalee, who also chafes under the rule of the Spider Queen, as Ghaunadaur does, may one day ally herself with That Which Lurks, to gain more power to counter Lolth. The same goes for Vhaeraun, who dislikes his mother as much, if not more, than Ghaunadaur, and would like nothing more than to see her toppled.

Ghaunadaur's deific realms, one on the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze and the other, at the bottom of the Demonweb Pits, are hellish places. Both known as the Cauldron of Slime, these realms are damp, sticky, warm places, where molds, mildews, slimes, oozes, and fungi grow unmolested. Both glow with an eerie phosphorescent glow of unknown origin.

Dogma

All creatures have their place, and all are fit to wield power. Those who hunt weed out the weak, and strengthen the stock of all. Those who rebel or walk apart find new ways and try new things and do most to advance their race. Creatures of power best house the energy of life, which Ghaunadaur reveres and represents.

Make sacrifices to the Eye and persuade others to sacrifice themselves to Ghaunadaur or in service of the Eye. Further the fear and knowledge of Ghaunadaur. In the end, give yourself to Ghaunadaur in unresisting self-sacrifice. Convert all other beings to the worship of the Elder Eye, slay the clergy of other faiths, covet their belongings, and better your own lot, as to further advance to worship of Ghaunadaur.

Avatars/Manifestations

Compared to other powers, Ghaunadaur manifests an avatar on Toril quite often. It's most common avatar a reddish-purple giant slug. Reports from those who have encountered the Elder Eye before, and lived, say that the deity can alter its form into an amorphous, free-flowing shape like a jelly, a giant roper with ten or less tentacles, or a sticky green substance that emerges slowly from the ground.

Ghaunadaur expresses its pleasure in many different ways. The Elder Eye often sends a rolling, purple mist, from which a great golden eye appears from to its followers who please it. Ghaunadaur also sends signs in the form of an eye and tentacles manifesting from an unholy object, or an unholy altar. Finally, he shows his favor by creating flowers that drip blood, or contain a single, staring eye.

Ghaunadaur expresses its displeasure in many ways. Black and blue marks suddenly appearing all over the body of an individual is thought to be a sign of the Elder Eye's disapproval. Another sign of disfavor is the appearance of an eye, which slowly closes before it fades away.

Agents/Petitioners

Various creatures serve Ghaunadaur. These creatures include Aboliths, Alkiliiths, Darktentacles, Deadly Puddings, Gelatinous Cubes, Ghaupopers, Gibbering Mouthers, Ghaunadan, Jellies, Oozes, Ooze Memphits, Metalmasters, Ropers, Slimes, Slithering Trackers, Slithermorphs, Slugs and Storopers.

The Church of Ghaunadaur

Ghaunadaur is little known on the surface of Toril. Its name is only known in a few of Faerûn's larger and more decadent cities, such as Waterdeep, Amn, and Calimshan. Those who know of it are universally reviled and sickened by the horror that the Elder Eye represents.

Ghaunadaur is more widely known in the Underdark, where it has found a somewhat steady base of worshippers in the various Oozes, Slimes and Jellies that live in the caverns of Toril, as well as the Dark Elves. Drow who are disenfranchised with the matriarchal rule of Lolth often turn to the worship of Ghaunadaur.

Any living creature may join the clergy of Ghaunadaur, including Oozes, Slimes and Jellies. The Elder Eye values devotion over ability, and so long as the worshipper feeds it a steady supply of sacrifices, it does not care who or what its worshipper is.

Titles vary greatly in Ghaunadaur's solid, or non-amorphous, worshippers. Some titles include "Loathsome Ooze", "Spawn of the Pit", "Eater of Wastes", "Noxious Slime", "Creeping Doom", and "Amorphous Annihilator". The majority of Ghaunadaur's church is made of males, while only a tiny minority are females. Many of Ghaunadaur's are simply sexless.

Clerics of Ghaunadaur pray to the Elder Eye at times of imagined importance. For instance, members of a certain cult may pray at a specific point of the day, when an avatar of That Which Lurks appeared to them. A different cult may pray at a different time. Ghaunadaur grants spells to all of his priests, no matter when they pray to him.

Day-to-Day Activities

The clergy of Ghaunadaur is primarily concerned with doing whatever it is that pleases their deity. Ghaunadaur can be appeased with sacrifices, so the church of the Elder Eye makes sure that there is always a steady supply of sacrifices for their altars. This often means that the priests and priestesses of Ghaunadaur use force, threat or other means to obtain sacrifices.

The Elder Eye provides the components to allow his followers to procure sacrifices in the form of spells, and *Tentacle Rods*, enchanted weapons that, as some adventurers call them, "Mindflayers on a stick". *Tentacle Rods* come in a variety of different colors and different designs, and each one serves a different purpose.

The clergy of Ghaunadaur is encouraged to become familiar with the use of different acids, oils, bases, poisons, incenses and gasses. Most temples dedicated to the Elder Eye have large stockpiles of these items. Many are simply purchased elsewhere, but many of the poisons, acids and bases are created by the priests and priestesses themselves.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Ghaunadaur expects a prayer of praise and an offering at least once a day. These offerings are almost exclusively living beings, who are sacrificed at the altar of the Elder Eye. However, Ghaunadaur accepts offerings of food and bones burned in oil, along with braziers of incense. Ghaunadaur prefers live sacrifices, and when he accepts non-living sacrifices, it lets his displeasure be known in a variety of different ways.

Some priests or priestesses of Ghaunadaur, in lieu of a living sacrifice, place their own hands in open

flames while offering their prayers and thanksgivings. If the prayers are accepted, and more often than not they are, the priest or priestess removes his/her hand without any significant damage. If Ghaunadaur does not accept the prayer, he allows the priest/priestess to burn his/her hand.

Ghaunadaur has no specific holy days, or any specific celebrations. Some individual cults or groups celebrate independent events, such as their founding, or the remembrance of a particular individual. But, as a whole, the Ghaunadauran church celebrates no special occasions.

Major Centers of Worship

Ghaunadaur's most unholy site is located in a cavern underneath the Forest of Mir. This subterranean locale was discovered by House Hune of Ilythiir shortly before the Fourth Crown War. Here, they built a great temple dedicated to the Elder Eye around the pit of ooze that was located in the center of the cavern. This temple was called the Elder Orb of Ooze. The Elder Eye, in a fit of rage, destroyed all the leaders of House Hune, who wanted simply wanted Ghaunadaur's blessings and power for their future conflict with the Elven nation of Keltormir. The temple still remains, though its exact location has long since been forgotten. Ghaunadaur still lashes out at any who are foolish enough to disturb its temple.

In the north, Ghaunadaur's most holy site is the Pit of Ghaunadaur, which is located deep underneath Mount Waterdeep, in the third level of Undermountain. The pit sits directly underneath another place of worship- The Promenade of Eilistraee. Hundreds of years ago, Qilué Veladorn and other followers of Eilistraee led an assault on the Pit of Ghaunadaur, destroyed an avatar of the Elder Elemental God, and sealed the unholy site.

Recently, in DR 1368, the Year of the Banner, Ghaunadaur tried to recapture his place of worship by commanding a number of Slimes, Jellies, Oozes and Ghaunadan to attack the Promenade. The Drow repelled Ghaunadaur's forces, but the Elder Eye is not one to forget grievances easily.

Affiliated Orders

The Fanatics of the Overflowing Pit were once an order of Dark Elven crusaders who dedicated their entire beings to Ghaunadaur. From their bases in ancient Ilythiir, they waged war on the clergies of all other faiths, including the Seldarine. Texts dating back to this age are not clear as to how these Dark Elves came upon learning of Ghaunadaur. But, however they learned of him, they certainly served him fervently. When the Seldarine banished the Drow into the Underdark, Ilythiir fell. Evidence exists, however, that this order did indeed survive, and that it still exists in some form or another in the city of Llurth Dreier.

Priestly Vestments

The typical garb for a Ghaunadauran cleric includes a full-length robe with voluminous sleeves, a dark tabard emblazoned with the symbol of the Elder Eye, and a gleaming, silver skullcap. The robes that these priests and priestesses wear must always be in hues pleasing to Ghaunadaur. These colors include copper, amber, flame-orange, russet, gold, dark red, plum, purple, amethyst, violet heliotrope, mauve, lilac, lavender and silver.

All Ghaunadauran priests shave their beards and mustaches, as the Elder Eye does not allow them.

All priests and priestess' wear their hair long, and unbound. Holy symbols are normally made of black obsidian carved into three inch in diameter spheres. Many clerics cast *Faerie Fire* on their symbols, to swathe them in a mauve glow.

Adventuring Garb

Ghaunadaurans have no specific mandates about what to wear and what not to wear when adventuring. They employ whatever arms and armors are appropriate for the task(s) at hand. When adventuring, priests and priestess' almost always wear colors that are pleasing to Ghaunadaur.



Kiaransalee

Lady of the Dead, The Revenancer, The Vengeful Banshee, Mistress of Unlife

Symbol: Female Drow left hand, wearing silver rings on all four fingers, except the thumb.

Home Plane: The Demonweb Pits (Thanatos)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Portfolio: Undead, Vengeance

Domains: Chaos, Drow, Evil, Retribution, Undeath

Worshippers: Drow, Necromancers, Sentient Undead, Those Consumed with Revenge

Aliases: N/A

Cleric Alignments: CE-CN-NE

Favored Weapon: "Cold Heart" (Dagger)

History/Relationships

Kiaransalee (Pronounced *Kee-uh-ran-sa-lee*) is the Drow goddess of undeath and vengeance. She is called upon by mortals seeking revenge, or by mortals looking to increase their power, or lifespans, using fell magics. Historically, Kiaransalee has never shown much interest in Realmspace, Toril, Faerûn or the Underdark. Fairly recent events have prompted the deity to rethink her stance. When the Cult of the Goat's Head gained prominence in Vaasa, thanks to Zhengi the Witch-King, Kiaransalee renewed her interest in Faerûn. The Revenancer would not allow her enemy's power to grow unchecked. Currently, her cults are gaining more and more power in the north central Underdark- especially since Lolth went silent. Her most current plot includes turning Cormanthor's Cult of the Moon into a cult dedicated to herself.

Though very few are aware, and even fewer actually care, Kiaransalee is not native to Realmspace. She is an interloper deity, and an ancient one at that. Even more surprisingly, Kiaransalee was once a mortal. Her apotheosis occurred on another world, long before Araushnee was even banished from the Seldarine.

Details are sketchy, and for obvious reasons. But, it is believed that Kiaransalee was once a mortal necromancer queen from a world known as Threnody. Apparently, she relished in conducting sickening experiments with the dead, and the undead. Her husband, the King of Threnody, pronounced his wife a traitor, for some transgression that the sands of time have since forgotten.

Kiaransalee and a group of loyal followers soon fled. It was not much long after that the

necromancer queen turned those followers into undead monstrosities, to ensure their complete loyalty. For centuries, Kiaransalee hid, continuing her experiments in secret and slowly raising an undead army to extract her revenge.

Satisfied with the might of her army, Kiaransalee sprung her trap. In the wake of her surprise attack, Threnody was a dead world. It is believed that Kiaransalee killed every single inhabitant of the world. Fleeing into the abyss with her undead army, which now consisted of the entire world of Threnody, Kiaransalee somehow came upon a divine spark, and achieved divinity.

It was in the Abyss that Kiaransalee came upon the Tanar'ri, Lolth. Though the Spider Queen had lost her divinity, she was still a powerful demon- more powerful than Kiaransalee. Like Ghaunadaur, the ancient deity of slime, Kiaransalee was subjugated by Lolth, and forced to kneel at her throne. In exchange for her "life", Kiaransalee became an unwilling vassal of Lolth.

Kiaransalee never forgot this humiliation, even though tens of thousands of years have passed. If anything, the Revenancer has been brooding for all of these years, making her venom all the more potent. Since this point, Kiaransalee has had one major goal- to take her revenge against Lolth, the Spider Queen.

Whenever Kiaransalee can act against Lolth, she does so. Kiaransalee has instructed her followers to slay Lolthites since she gained her first follower. On more than one occasion, Kiaransalee has aided those who defied Lolth.

One such example would be when the Elven heroine Kethryllia Amarillis of Sharlarion traveled into the Abyss to save her lover from Haeshkarr, a Tanar'ri in the service of Lolth long ago, in the Year of the Singing Sirens. Kiaransalee allowed the heroine to proceed to Lolth's domain after confronting her, and the Revenancer also made Kethryllia swear to proclaim victory to Corellon Larethian for every demon that she slew. Ironically enough, this actually worked against Kiaransalee, because it caused Lolth become interested in Realmspace, where she would eventually gain many twisted worshippers, and would become a deity once more.

For reasons known not, Kiaransalee attacked the Tanar'ri deity known as Orcus. It is widely speculated that she was somehow slighted by Orcus, though the exact nature of this insult is up for conjecture. Some sages believe that because Orcus is a Tanar'ri, he aided Lolth in her bid for divinity, which is what gained him Kiaransalee's enmity. Some say that his mere existence as a deity of the undead was an affront of Kiaransalee, the self-styled "Mistress of Unlife"

Improbably enough, Kiaransalee succeeded, and toppled the mighty and feared Orcus. She struck quickly, with surprise and treachery, allowing her to quickly usurp his realm and his divine power. After taking over his realm in the Abyss, Thanatos, and killing or converting many of his former followers, the Drow goddess proclaims that Orcus' name would be spoken aloud no more.

It is said that after Kiaransalee destroyed Orcus, she gave the following speech, which echoed all over the Abyss and many other Planes. "Know that forevermore, he who once claimed Thanatos is no more. The past master of this place is gone and shall not return. I, Kiaransalee, Mother of Vengeance, and

Mistress of Unlife, rule here now, and shall into infinity. My will is law in Thanatos, for it is now my realm."

"Let no soul, mortal or otherwise, speak of the former ruler again. Let no written word, anywhere in all existence, past or present, record his misbegotten appellation. Let this be the last moment any creatures hear the name fall upon their ears. The last voice to speak his name shall be that of his executioner, and I say it now for the final time. Orcus!"

Though Kiaransalee- and the rest of the multiverse- did not know it, the recently born undead deity Tenebrous was actually Orcus reformed. In this guise, he was able to plan his revenge without being noticed until it was too late. For eons- because time is inconsequential and different for divine powers- he plotted to regain his former power, his former position, his former realm, his former name, and revenge on the one who killed him- Kiaransalee.

Eventually, Tenebrous hatched his evil plot, and was able to resurrect himself. The divine entity that was Tenebrous became Orcus again. Kiaransalee was ousted from the Abyss, and was forced to flee to her small realm in the Demonweb Pits. Much of the power that she gained after slaying Orcus was lost.

Since his return, she has become paranoid (even for the insane Kiaransalee), and has been fortifying her tower, Thanatos, in preparation for an assault by Orcus. That assault has not come, but Kiaransalee is convinced that it is, and is coming soon. Armed with the power of the Last Word, the ultimate unmaking force, and the Wand of Orcus, the powerful symbol of Orcus' might, Kiaransalee is seriously convinced that her end may be near. As a result, she has swallowed her pride and has been seeking to aid Lolth, thinking that Lolth would aid her should Orcus ever attack.

Kiaransalee has an impressive list of enemies. Her most hated enemy, obviously, is Orcus, and any vestiges of Tenebrous that remain after Orcus returned. Other enemies include Deep Duerra, Dumathoin, Eilistraee, Kelemvor, Laduguer, Jergal, Lolth, and the Seldarine. All of these deities have slighter her in the past, and the Revenancer intends to eventually get her revenge. Whether or not these slights actually occurred, or if they were only perceived slights by the mad Kiaransalee is unknown.

Unlike all of the other members of the Anti-Seldarine, Kiaransalee actually has a long list of allies. She allies herself with some of these deities because they share similar interests. She allies herself with other deities because she understands that they oppose Lolth, and can help her gain freedom from the Spider Queen. Kiaransalee's allies include Blibdoolpoolp, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, Gzimnid, Hoar, Ilsensine, Ilxendren, Laogzed, Malar, Psilofyr, The Blood Queen, The Great Mother and Velsharoon. Before they perished, Myrkul and Maanzcorian were both allies of Kiaransalee.

Her realm, located on a small, desolate stretch of the Demonweb Pits, is called Thanatos. It is a single tower, made of bones, and surrounded by hordes of undead of all different stripes. Kiaransalee recently renamed this underused domain to Thanatos after she lost control of the 113th Layer of the Abyss, which bore the same name.

Dogma

Death comes to all, and cruel vengeance will be exacted on those who waste their lives on the petty concerns of this existence. True power comes only from

the unquestioning servitude of the once dead, mastery over death and the eventual earned stature of one of the ever living in death. Hunt, slay, and animate those who scorn the Revenancer's power, and answer and slight a thousandfold so that all may know the coming power of Kiaransalee.

Avatars/Manifestations

Kiaransalee's avatar appears as a lithe, sinuous, attractive Drow woman, wearing only silver jewelry and black silks. At a sheath on her upper thigh is Cold Heart, a wicked dagger that drips acid. On occasions, Kiaransalee's avatar wears the *Mantle of Nightmares*, a rattling cloak that is made completely of bones of different shapes and sizes. Kiaransalee rarely sends an avatar to Toril. Instead, she prefers to work through her underlings, and occasionally send a manifestation.

Her most common manifestation is that of a simple skull. It suddenly rises from the ground, and begins to spin. When it stops rotating, the skull suddenly takes the form of a Drow woman's face. At this point, the skull usually communicates something, which is usually fairly cryptic, threatens vengeance against a past or future slight, and laughs, before disappearing. When Kiaransalee is feeling particularly angered, she has the skull let out a *Wail of the Banshee* instead of laughing.

Sometimes, Kiaransalee manifests as a dry, disembodied, chuckling laughter that seems tinged with madness, coupled with a chill down the spine. Those who hear the laughter are treated as if the *Fear* spell was cast. They also suffer mental, emotional and physical damage for a day (1d4 points of WIS and CON damage)

The Revenancer's most terrifying, and rare, manifestation comes without warning. When a being is walking on soil that is at least six feet deep, skeletal hands suddenly grab the unfortunate victim by the ankles and drag him/her into the ground. If Kiaransalee is feeling generous, she expels the victim within a few second. If she is not feeling generous, she simply leaves the victim buried underground. In either case, the victim suffers from a weakened resistance against death magics for the next year (-4 penalty versus all death magic).

Agents/Petitioners

Kiaransalee prefers to work through her servants and petitioners, rather than sending manifestations or avatars. Her servants and petitioners include Banshees, Coffin Corpses, Crawling Claws, Crimson Deaths, Ghosts, Ghouls, Haunts, Heucuva, Kiaranshee, Larvae, Lhiannan Shee, Liches, Maurezhi, Nightmares, Penanggalans, Phantoms, Quasits, Revenants, Shadow Fiends, Shadows, Shee, Sheet Ghosts, Sheet Phantoms, Simpathetics, Skeletons, Skuz, Slow Shadows, Spectres, Wights, Wraiths, Vampires, Vargouilles, Yeth Hounds and Zombies.

Kiaransalee has one proxy- a chosen being who carries a small portion of her divine essence, and performs important tasks for her. She obtained the services of this being after killing Orcus- after all, the being had previously been a proxy of Orcus. This being is a "berk" (whatever race that is) by the name of Rotting Jack. Kiaransalee knows that Rotting Jack only swore allegiance to her in order to spare his life, and that he really has no allegiance to her, but the "berk" amuses her, so she allows him to live.

The Church of Kiaransalee

Kiaransalee and her followers are little known on Faerûn, in the Underdark, and among Drow themselves. On the surface, only the well educated know of her- the ignorant masses know nothing of her. In the Underdark, more common folk know of her, but many commonly mistake her for something she is not. For example, many believe that Kiaransalee is not actually a deity, but is actually a Lich with divine aspirations and delusions.

For the most part, Kiaransalee is worshipped secretly, in hidden shrines kept far from prying eyes. In most Drow cities, open worship of any deity other than Lolth is forbidden, so the Revenancer has her faithful worship her in secret. Personal shrine worship makes up most of Kiaransalee's unholy places.

Black marble sarcophagi, with carvings depicting the dead walking again and extracting revenge on the living are the most common shrines. It is said that the priestess' of the Acropolis of Thanatos produce these items, so that their hidden brothers and sisters may be able to worship the Vengeful Banshee.

Those praying to Kiaransalee simply lie in the coffins with their holy symbols over their breasts, and ask for supplication and power. Legend has it that priestess' who are ever disturbed while praying in this manner are granted the powers of the vampire for a limited time, usually up to a day. Unfortunately, I cannot confirm these rumors, but they are interesting, indeed.

Chapels dedicated to Kiaransalee dot the wilds of the Underdark. It is said that Kiaransalee herself leads her faithful to these shrines, hidden from the prying eyes of Lolth, to plot their revenge against her and her clergy. These chapels are usually small caves or clearings where the bones of the buried dead have been absorbed into the walls.

Collectively, the members of Kiaransalee's clergy are known as 'Crones of Thanatos'. Individual priestess' titles are related to the undead. Novices and acolytes are known as 'The Commanded'. Other titles include 'Bones of the Dead', 'Flesh of the Zombie', 'Terror Touch of the Ghoul', 'Chill Touch of the Shadow', 'Raking Claws of the Wight', 'Life Leech of the Wraith', 'Rot of the Mummy', and 'Spirit Harvester of the Spectre' and 'Yathrinshree'. These titles are only used at the Acropolis of Thanatos, mainly. Kiaransalee only allows women in her clergy, although many do worship the Revenancer. Many Drow women, dissatisfied with Lolth, but who are reluctant to give up the special status their sex gives them, flock to Kiaransalee.

As one might guess, many of Kiaransalee's faithful are transformed into undead- some by the hands of other priestess', and some by their own hands! In some very rare cases, some of Kiaransalee's faithful have been supposedly transformed into undead by the goddess herself. Most faithful are reanimated as simple skeletons and zombies. Those who are favored are usually reanimated as Banshees, Vampires, Liches or Kiaranshees (Banshees who retain their spellcasting powers and abilities).

Day-to-Day Activities

Kiaransalee's priestess' are secretive, and are rarely live in the more notable Drow cities, such as Menzoberranzan, or the fallen Ched Nesad. Instead, most tend to live in smaller cities, or secret enclaves founded by Kiaransaleens. They are masters of plotting revenge, and this task takes up a great deal of their

time. They do not let even the smallest slight go unpunished tenfold.

When a priestess is not plotting revenge against someone or something, or not acting upon that plan, she is most likely acquiring corpses. The Kiaransaleens have no problem with digging though cemeteries, and burial grounds. In fact, some enjoy doing this. All in all, they will stop at nothing to acquire dead bodies for their necromancy. Some even go so far as killing slaves, or even other Drow, which many particularly enjoy.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Priestess' perform minor prayers and ritual of supplication each day, and more important prayers and supplication rites each month. On Midwinter's Eve, the clergy of Kiaransalee performs their most important, unholy ritual, called the Graverending. The unholy day is celebrated individually by each priestess, rather than a communal celebration. Each priestess animates as many dead as possible, and impresses upon their weak minds one thought- revenge.

Known affectionately as 'Vengeance Hunters', these creatures unerringly track down those who killed them, to extract revenge. If they are destroyed, they do not ever rise up again as undead. If you extract their revenge, the creatures pass again into death, satisfied. If a day passes without killing their quarry, or being killed, they pass back into death, but can be- and usually are- reanimated.

Major Centers of Worship

Deep beneath the Galena Mountains, in Vaasa, lies one of Kiaransalee's grandest temple, known as the Acropolis of Thanatos. The brooding, black temple, built into a great stalagmite, rests in the ruins of the city of V'elddrinnsshar. The ruins and the temple rest in a cavern known as the Vault of Gnashing Teeth. Thousands of skulls lie embedded in the roof of the cavern, and their cacophonous chomping, which is caused by natural elements, such as water and wind, echo through the cavern. The skulls, and other various bones found in the cavern once belonged to the Lolthites who once controlled the area.

V'elddrinnsshar was once a typical Drow city, dedicated to the Spider Queen. In DR 1278, the majority of the city fell victim to the Ascomoid Plague. Ten years later, Duergar scavengers struck the final blow, and finished off the few who still inhabited the city, leaving it a ghost town.

The city sat unoccupied until DR 1337, the Year of the Wandering Maiden, when a small group of Kiaransaleens was guided by their deity to the cavern. They immediately began work upon a grand cathedral dedicated to Kiaransalee. After ten years, when the Acropolis of Thanatos was completed, the skulls embedded in the roof were enchanted to sing an unholy choir, heralding the founding of Kiaransalee's greatest house of worship.

Since being founded, Larynda Telenna has led her followers against the Cult of the Goats Head, in Vaasa. Because the cult swore allegiance to Orcus and Tenebrous, they were natural enemies. The Kiaransaleens have been most efficient in routing Orcus and Tenebrous' followers. In fact, the people of Damara really have the Drow of the Acropolis of Thanatos to thank for being able to gain their freedom from the Witch-King so quickly, though they don't know it.

Affiliated Orders

The Legion of Vengeful Banshees, known also as the Banshee Knights, is an order of zealots who are dedicated to the destruction of Orcus, and all of his followers. In the past, they were dedicated to destroying Tenebrous and his undead tanar'ri servants, known as Visages. Since Orcus' return, they have shifted their mission to destroying Orcus, who was actually Tenebrous in disguise, and all of his minions.

The Banshee Knights are mainly based in the Acropolis of Thanatos. From there, they plan and carry out hunts in the Underdark, and on the surface world, for followers of Orcus, and the deity's undead minions. The Banshee Knights are fervently dedicated to pleasing their master, and stop at nothing to appease her. They stop at nothing to destroy a minion of Orcus, regardless of the collateral damage. The Legion of Vengeful Banshees has had particular success against the Cult of the Goats Head in Vaasa and Damara.

Priestly Vestments

Priestess' of Kiaransalee wear loose, black hooded cowls, stitched with ivory and/or bone. These cloaks are often modeled after the *Mantle of Nightmares*, a magical cowl that Kiaransalee herself is supposed to wear. Many priestess' also wear black veils over their faces as well.

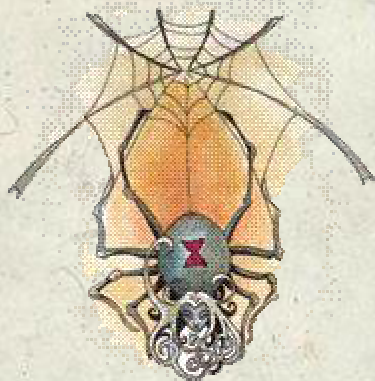
Priestess' shave their heads, and wear gray skullcaps. They also wear silver rings on all of their fingers, except for their thumbs. These rings need not be mundane, and often have magical properties.

Kiaransalee's priestess' often spread a grayish paste over all of the uncovered parts of their bodies, such as their feet, their legs, their hands, their arms, and their faces. This paste is made up by combining unholy water and the ash produced after cremating corpses.

Adventuring Garb

Priestess' of Kiaransalee are forbidden to wear any kind of armor, and instead, have to rely on their own magical defenses, and the combat skills of their undead servants. Most priestess' wear *Rings of Protection* to fulfill their duty to wear silver rings on their fingers, and to augment their own defenses with magic.

Priestess' of the Revenancer are skilled with the use of many weapons. For the most part, however, they favor weapons that inflict little physical damage, such as slim, poisoned daggers, garrotes and maces. The reason for this is so that they inflict as little physical harm as possible to their victims- bodies that can be reanimated at later points in time.



Lolth

The Spider Queen, Queen of Spiders, Demon Queen of Spiders, Demon Queen of the Abyss, Queen of the Demonweb Pits, Weaver of Chaos, the Hunted, the Mother of Lusts, Dark Mother of All Drow, Lady of Spiders

Symbol: Black spider with female drow head (at bottom of figure) or black cloak and short sword (Zinzerena aspect)

Home Plane: The Demonweb Pits (Lolth's Fortress)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Portfolio: Assassins, Chaos, Darkness, Drow, Evil, Spiders

Domains: Chaos, Drow, Evil, Darkness, Destruction, Spider, Trickery

Worshipers: Aranea, Assassins, Chitines, Driders, Drow, Depraved Elves, Sentient Spiders

Aliases: Araushnee, Lloth, Megwandir, Moander, Zinzerena

Cleric Alignments: CN, NE, CE

Favored Weapon: A Spider (Dagger)

History/Relationships

Lolth (Pronounced *Loth*) is the primary patron of the Drow race and architect of Drow society. She is directly responsible for the customs, laws, and survival of most drow communities, as well as the very nature of the Drow themselves. The Spider Queen, as she is most commonly known as, maintains her absolute hold over Drow society by means of her clergy, who unwaveringly seek out and destroy all traces of dissent, disobedience, and sacrilege, as well as rival faiths. The Spider Queen foments unending chaos in Drow society, setting different factions against each other, so that the Drow are eternally at war with each other. Lolth does this for her own amusement, as well as to prevent complacency, runaway pride or rival deities from asserting themselves in Drow society.

Lolth is cruel, capricious, and is thought by many to be insane. She delights in setting her worshipers against each other, so that only the strongest, most devious, most cruel Drow survive to serve her. Supposedly, Lolth roams the Realms often, appearing in answer to the rituals of Drow priestesses, working whatever harm she can to the enemies of the Drow, and furthering her own agenda.

The Spider Queen secretly wants to be worshiped by the Humans, Elves, and other races of the Realms, and sometimes journeys into their communities, whispering of the powers that Lolth can

bring. She is malicious in her dealings, and coldly vicious in a fight. She enjoys personally dealing and causing death, destruction, and painful torture. Even more, Lolth enjoys corrupting Elves and Humans to her service- but especially Elves, the sons and daughters of her enemy, Corellon Larethian. Lolth can be kind, and can render aid to those she fancies, but she really cares only for herself. Her favor and aid can never be relied on, and at best, is fleeting.

Long ago, Lolth was once Araushnee, a lesser power of the Seldarine. She was the consort of Corellon Larethian, and was given the stewardship of artisans, Elven destiny, and the Dark Elves who shared her dusky features. Araushnee even bore Corellon Larethian two children- the twin deities Eilistraee and Vhaeraun. Though she kept it well hidden from the rest of the Seldarine, Araushnee eventually came to resent Corellon Larethian. This simmering resentment would eventually become a deep-rooted hatred, and this hatred would eventually boil over.

Araushnee eventually came to the conclusion that she should rule the Seldarine, and not Corellon Larethian. First, she secretly aided Gruumsh, leader of the Orc Pantheon, and rival of Corellon Larethian, by weaving a scabbard for Corellon Larethian that restricted the use of his fabled longsword, Sanhedrin. When that plot failed, she conspired with Malar to attack a weakened Corellon Larethian. When both schemes failed, Araushnee conspired with a host of fell deities for an all out assault on Arvandor. Shortly after the battle against the Anti-Seldarine had ended, Araushnee's treachery was revealed. The Seldarine unanimously condemned Araushnee to be exiled, and Corellon Larethian stripped her of her divinity, turned her into a bloated, spider-like Tanar'ri, and cast her into the Abyss.

Now an Abyssal Lord, Araushnee assumed the name 'Lolth', for unknown reasons, and conquered the 66th Layer of the Abyss, establishing her own realm. In doing so, she also subjugated Kiaransalee and Ghaunadaur, establishing the current incarnation of the Dark Seldarine. For an untold passage of time, Lolth dreamed about regaining her lost divinity, and striking back at Corellon Larethian. It wasn't until the Elven heroine Kethryllia Amarillis ventured into the Abyss to save her lover that Lolth actually began to do so. Lolth observed Kethryllia return to Faerûn, and decided that Lolth would get her revenge by subverting and corrupting Corellon Larethian's own children, first in Faerûn, and then across the entire Multiverse.

She first turned her attention to the city of Atornnash, home of the cruel and merciless Dark Elves- as well as her rivals Ghaunadaur and Vhaeraun. Lolth began courting the populace of Atornnash, including a physical relationship with the city's leader, Ka'Narlist. All of the progress she made, however, was literally swept away as the Sundering destroyed Atornnash, and most of the Dark Elven populace.

Sensing the opportunity to make inroads, Lolth secretly began aiding the Dark Elven survivors who elected to rebuild their crumbled city, and remain independent, rather than assimilate into another Elven cities. Thousands of years would pass before she actually revealed herself to House Ilythir, the leaders of the Dark Elven survivors.

Dark Elf society would soon find itself fully enmeshed in the webs that Lolth spun. The Crown Wars would begin, and Dark Elves would forever find themselves at odds with the rest of mainstream Elven society. The extent in which Lolth weaved the destiny of the Dark

Elves culminated in the Descent of the Drow. Now a cursed people, the Dark Elves would forever more seek revenge, and to do so, would turn primarily to Lolth.

In the centuries since the Crown Wars, and the Descent of the Drow, Lolth's followers continued to spread throughout the Underdark. While the other powers of the Underdark contested her rule, the Spider Queen's dominion over the Drow of the Underdark continues to expand, albeit more slowly than before.

Always the schemer, Lolth has subsumed the worship of two other deities since the end of the Time of Troubles- Zinzerena and Moander. During the Time of Troubles, Lolth slew Zinzerena, a minor deity of chaos and assassins from another Crystal Sphere, and assumed her alias. After the Godswar was over, Lolth began spreading rumors of a new rogue goddess, Zinzerena, to increase her power by gaining the worship of those who were already disenfranchised with Lolth. Lolth also assumed the alias of Moander, after he was slain by Finder Wyvernspur. This has established Lolth as a deity of the Lands of Light, albeit by a different name, much to the dismay of the Seldarine, and all other benevolent deities. Lolth finds it particularly amusing when Elves and Half-Elves prey to her and receive spells from her, thinking they are praying and receiving spells from Moander, the corrupter.

In 1371 DR, Lolth, attacked Evermeet, the sacred island of the Elves. Allied with Malar, and Kymil Nimesin, she almost succeeded. However, the evil that she brought to Evermeet was turned aside thanks to the grace of the Seldarine, and the power of our queen, Amlauril.

In the latter part of DR 1372, the Year of the Unstrung Harp, Lolth suddenly and inexplicitly went silent. She stopped answering prayers, all divinations pertaining to the Spider Queen failed, and all Drow cities were plunged into even more chaos, if that is possible. A group from Menzoberranzan traveled to the Abyss, only to discover Lolth had somehow become petrified. Vhaeraun, at this time, attempted to destroy his mother once and for all, but Lolth had apparently foreseen this, and had charged Selvetarm with protecting her. The two deities fought to a standstill, but in the end, Vhaeraun was not able to destroy Lolth.

His sister, Eilistraee would shortly attempt to destroy Lolth as well. She charged one of her followers, Halisstra Melam, with finding and wielding the Crescent Blade, which supposedly had the power to kill Lolth. The power of the blade would not have time to be tested, however, as Lolth woke from her slumber as Halisstra, Quenthel Baenre and the battle-captive Danifae Yaunttyr reached her prone form. She absorbed Danifae, her *Yor'thae*, ending her metamorphosis. She corrupted Halisstra into a Drider-like creature, to serve as Lolth's personal enforcer and assassin, the Lady Penitent. Lolth, demonstrating powers that she had never in the past had, literally ripped the Demonweb Pits from the Abyss, and established a brand new plane.

Theologians speculate that Lolth somehow increased her own divine power. The most common model of thought is that of an insect. Certain insects lay multiple eggs, which all hatch at the same time. These infant insects are born with a voracious appetite, and eat everything they possible can, including the mother that laid them, and as many brothers and sisters as possible. The remaining insects are the strongest of the group, and have the most nutrition and power. Theologians speculate that Lolth might have done just

this- sacrificed herself in order to be reborn even more powerful.

Although the Spider Queen detests all the members of the Seldarine, Lolth reserves her deepest hatred for her former lover, Corellon Larethian, who banished her to the Abyss and stripped her of her original divinity. The Spider Queen also particularly despises Sehanine Moonbow, for her part in foiling Lolth's bid to replace Corellon as head of the Seldarine. The Spider Queen has also vowed vengeance against Fenmarel Mestarine, who spurned her advances, after initially falling for her seductions.

Lolth's other enemies include Bliibdoolpoolp, Deep Duerra, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, her own daughter, Eilistraee, Ghaunadaur, Gruumsh, Gzemnid, Ibrandul, who perished during the Time of Troubles, Ilsensine, Ilxendren, Kiaransalee, Laduguer, Laogzed, Maanzecorian, who has since perished, Moander, who was killed during the Time of Troubles, Psilofyr, The Blood Queen, The Great Mother, and her own son, Vhaeraun.

Like any evil tyrant, Lolth has few actual allies. As a Cormyr prince once said, "It is better to be loved, than to be feared". Many other powers fear Lolth, and cooperate with her, but all of those same powers would love to see Lolth destroyed. Her actual allies can all be counted on an Illithid's hand, and include Loviatar, Malar and Selvetarm.

During the Time of Troubles, Lolth's avatar appeared in the city of Menzoberranzan. Already an orthodox city, her appearance in the city was taken as a sign that the entire city had her favor, and the city became even more conservative than it already had been.

Before Lolth removed the Demonweb Pits from the Abyss, she can be found in her mobile fortress, simply known as the Spider Fortress of Lolth. Shaped like a giant spider made of some sort of mysterious gray metal, the fortress was mobile, and was continually prowling the great web that makes up the Demonweb Pits. Since then, Lolth's plane has changed to become similar to a blasted desert landscape, with a giant ziggurat in the center serving as Lolth's home. Her mobile spider-shaped fortress still exists, however.

Dogma

Fear is as strong as steel, while love and respect are soft, useless feelings that none can lean on. All Drow who do not worship Lolth must be converted or destroyed. All weak and rebellious Drow must be weeded out. All who impugn the faith must perish. Males or slaves of other races who act independently of Lolth's dictates must be sacrificed to Lolth. Those of the faithful whose loyalty is weak must be eliminated. Children are to be raised as loyal worshipers of Lolth, and each family should produce at least one Cleric to serve the Spider Queen better than his or her parents. Arachnids of all sorts are to be revered, and anyone who mistreats or kills a spider must die.

Avatar/Manifestations

Lolth commonly appears as a giant black widow spider with glowing, crimson eyes. Other times, she appears in the form of an exquisitely beautiful female Drow. In this form, she often clothes herself entirely in living, wriggling spiders. Other times, she appears wearing Drow chain mail, styled into an artful dress or tunic. The Spider Queen can also combine the two forms, appearing as a giant spider, with the head of

a beautiful Drow woman. This was the form in which she was usually found in the Abyss, and it was thought to be her true form.

Since awakening from her Silence, Lolth exists simultaneously as seven huge black widow spiders, and one female tauric spider. This final aspect seems to be the mouthpiece of Lolth. The Drow torso sitting upon the body of a black widow spider is that of Danifae Yauntyrr, a beautifully seductive Drow woman.

Lolth rarely aids her worshippers directly, by dispatching an avatar. Instead, she prefers to watch and enjoy their suffering, their ecstasy, their triumphs and their failures. When she wishes to make it known that she is watching a worshipper, she causes a pair of smirking lips to appear on a near-by spider, along with *Faerie Fire* to draw attention to the spider. If no spiders are present, she creates a spider shaped outline of shadow. In very rare circumstances, she aids her worshipper directly, imbuing them with power that manifests as a black and mauve radiance around the worshipper.

Lolth shows her favor by leading her faithful to discover arachnids encased in amber, black sapphires, datchas, and webstone. She shows her displeasure by causing items of value to the individual to shatter into eight pieces of roughly equal size.

To those who have lost her favor, or are enemies of the Drow, Lolth commonly manifests as soft, cruel laughter from a husky female throat. The weak are affected by this the most (2 HD or less), and are stricken with an uncontrollable urgency to flee from the laughter. Those who are strong willed (3 HD or more) are able to control themselves, but are left shaken.

Agents/Petitioners

Lolth is primarily served by Yochlol and Myrlochar. She is also served by Abyss Ants, Aranea, Bebiliths, Brambles, Chitines, Cildabrin, Darkweavers, Deep Dragons, Drow, Driders, fallen and corrupted Eladrin, Ettercaps, Greebox, Kalin, Living Webs, Pedipalpi, Quasits, Retrievers, Shadowdrakes, Solifugids, Spiders, Spiderstone Golems, Tanar'ri, Red Widows, Wall Walkers, Webbirds, Web Golems and Werespiders.

Lolth has empowered two mortals on Faerûn to serve as her Chosen. Her first Chosen was Liriel Baenre, the daughter of Gromph Baenre, the Archmage of House Baenre, the first house of Menzoberranzan. Though at one point Liriel was a devout Lolthite, she has since forsaken Lolth. Since doing so, Liriel has demonstrated none of the special abilities granted to her by Lolth. Whether or not Lolth stripped Liriel of these powers, or if Liriel simply chooses not to use them, is unknown.

Lolth's second Chosen, or *Yor'thae*, was Danifae Yauntyrr. When Lolth went silent, she secretly invested a portion of her divine power in the battle-captive. When Danifae arrive in Lolth's temple in the Demonweb Pits, the incomplete, but awakened deity absorbed the divine power within Danifae, and Danifae in the process.

Another one of Lolth's special agents is the Lady Penitent. The Lady Penitent was, in life, Halisstra Melarn. After being reborn, Lolth punished Halisstra by transforming her into the Lady Penitent, a wraith-like spider-creature that unwaveringly serves Lolth.

The Church of Lolth

The Church of Lolth is known through the Underdark and the surface world. It is synonymous with Drow, in general, because of the extent of the influence Lolth has on Drow society. Indeed, Lolth is the single most important entity to all Drow, being as she shaped mainstream Drow society into what it is today.

Lolth is feared, respected, and even hated by her own priests and priestesses. They covet the power that she provides them, and only venerate her because of this power. In other words, her own clergy simply venerates her out of lust for power, and not because of any kind of affection, loyalty, or principle. Lolth wouldn't have it any other way.

The typical Drow city has multiple temples dedicated to Lolth. Most noble houses have one or more temples for the family's own personal use. Most Lolthite cities have at least one "public" temple, where the common folk can pay homage to the Spider Queen, as well as areas to conduct large, public gatherings. Most Lolthite cities also have a larger, Grand Temple of Lolth, that serves as the center of governance, as well as a training ground for new priests and priestesses.

The titles of Lolth's clergy vary from city to city. Because the Temple City of Gualldurth is the "center" of Lolthite activity, many cities simply follow their system. Collectively, the clergy of Lolth are known as '*Yorn'Yathrins*'. High Ranking priests and priestesses are called '*Yathtallars*'. In ascending order, titles include *Noamutha*, *Khalessa*, *Kyorla*, *Alura*, *Quartha*, *Talintha*, *Elamshina*, *Arachne*, and *Xundusa*.

The overwhelming majority of Lolth's clergy are Drow. A smaller number of priestesses are Chitines, and an even smaller number are Elves, Half-Elves and Humans who believe they are venerating Moander. The overwhelming majority of her church is composed of females. Very few males are allowed to be consecrated into the service of Lolth, and of them, none are allowed to progress very far, and gain power and prestige.

Day-to-Day Activities

Lolth's priestesses are the rulers, law enforcement agents, judges, juries, and executioners of Drow society. They wield power daily, and most do so in a manner keeping with Lolth's own cruel and capricious nature. Priestesses of Lolth strive to act as Lolth wishes them, and to force- often brutally- their fellow Drow to do so as well. The ultimate aim of every priestess is to gain, and remain in the favor of Lolth.

The spirits of priestesses who die in Lolth's favor are believed to go to the Demonweb Pits, where they become Yochlol, or other servant creatures. Those who die in Lolth's disfavor are believed to pass into torment on another plane of existence, perhaps to someday return to the Realms as a snake or spider. On this matter, Drow beliefs are confused, and often change with time and location.

The duties of a good priestess are to do whatever is necessary to gain and to keep the Spider Queen's favor. Although treachery and cruelty are often rewarded, Lolth does not look kindly on those who let personal grudges and revenge bring defeat or shame to their house, clan, city, or race. Because Lolth is a fickle deity, not even Lolth's most senior and accomplished priestess can predict how she will interpret any given action.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

Lolth demands total submission in prayer, in addition to regular offerings from her priestesses. Ceremonies involving the sacrifice of surface Elves are

performed on monthly intervals, during nights of the full moon, as deliberate affronts to Sehanine Moonbow, one of Lolth's most hated enemies. Lolth's rituals are customarily practiced in female only company, in a sacred room or area. Rituals requiring extraordinary power or a public display may be celebrated in the open, and in all sorts of mixed company.

When Lolth's aid and blessings are wanted, sacrifices must be made. These sacrifices are traditionally other Drow faithful, and/or captured foes. Their blood is spilled with a special, ceremonial spider-shaped dagger, whose eight descending legs meet at a razor sharp point. In other cases, gems and other precious objects may be burned in braziers, as prayers of offering and supplication are chanted.

In large, important rituals, priestess' customarily light eight braziers, in homage to Lolth. The flames are supposed to represent her eight legs. Though the flames burn and sting the eyes of the Drow, since most of whom are unaccustomed to light, the priestess' take the pain willingly. In their minds, the pain signifies that which they are willing to do for Lolth.

All unholy ceremonies involve the burning of precious oils and incense, live offerings, gemstones, and riches of all other sorts. These items are customarily placed in bowl-shaped depressions on the altar. These offerings are always consumed in black-and-red flames, at some point in the ritual. If Lolth is particularly displeased, the black-and-red flames that leap from the braziers to consume the offerings may also arc to consume other valuables present, such as magical items, jewelry, and clothing. Sometimes, the flames leap up to consume an entire priestess.

Lolth only allows herself to be contacted when it pleases her to do so. Otherwise, Lolth's servant Yochlols are reached during communions, summonings, and the like.

Major Centers of Worship

Because Lolth has such a hold in Drow society, nearly every Drow settlement has at least a moderately sized temple dedicated to the Spider Queen. Because the favor of Lolth is perceived to be so important in Drow society, nearly every house in nearly every city has it's own temple dedicated to Lolth. Because of competition, each house tries to out do every other, by making their temple the "grandest". In most cases, the first house of each Drow city has the "grandest" temple.

Far below the deserts of Calimshan, and the southern tunnels of Deep Shanatar, lies Guallidurth, known as the Temple City of Lolth. The Matron Mothers of twenty-one noble Houses sit on the ruling Council of this city, each one representing one or more sect, cult, or faction of the Spider Queen's church. One measure of a sect's relative influence is the magnificence of the house of worship it can afford to construct. As a result, Guallidurth contains hundreds, if not thousands, of temples, all dedicated to Lolth, ranging in size from simple shrines to modest chapels to grand cathedrals. Members of particular cults in cities other than Guallidurth often make pilgrimages to the Temple City of Lolth to see the magnificence of their sect's temple.

Affiliated Orders

The Militant Myrlochar, also known as the Order of Soul Spiders, is an elite, militaristic order, composed solely of males, this is found in the few Drow cities where Lolth is revered, and males are permitted to enter her priesthood. The Militant Myrlochar directly

serve the ruling Matron Mothers of the city they are based in, tirelessly hunting any creature designated as their enemy. Death is the most common fate of those being hunted by the Order of Soul Spiders.

The Handmaidens of the Spider Queen is an order of female warriors, with no permanent ties to any particular city. Also known as the Daughters of the Yochlol, the Handmaidens serve as instruments of Lolth's will, especially in times when the Spider Queen needs to make an impressive show of force. At least three times in recorded Drow history, the Handmaidens of the Spider Queen have assaulted and destroyed entire Drow cities. When not crusading for the Lolth, the Handmaidens work in small companies scattered throughout the Underdark. They commonly harass merchant trains that look to Vhaeraun for protection, protect the trading routes of Lolth-fearing Drow cities, and conducting hit and run raids on cities ruled by clergy of other Drow deities.

Some Drow in the Realms have even embraced offshoots of the major faiths, following charismatic leaders who claim to be more than what they appear. The only such cult that is known to still be active is the "She-Spider Cult", a Thayan-based sect of Lolthites and Sharrans that link the worship of Shar and Lolth. Opposed in the end by both goddesses, the Cult enjoyed initial success as a secret society, operating slaving and drug running operations in Mulhorand, Unther, and southern Thay. The Cult eventually degenerated into a criminal gang without divine support, though they fake rituals to thrill worshipers, and make sacrifices to the She-Spider, to eliminate political foes and enemies.

Priestly Vestments

When taking part in Lolth's unholy rituals, priestess' eschew clothing, of wear see-through, silk robes of black, deep red, or deep purple. In some cities, ornate helms made to resemble writhing spiders are worn, while in others cities, heads are always left uncovered. The jewelry worn by the Spider Queen's priestess' almost always consists of spider medallions, and other spider designs, all made of platinum. The holy symbol of the faith is a platinum disk at least 3 inches in diameter with an embossed depiction on both of it's sides, in jet black enamel, of a black widow spider or a platinum spider, on a platinum, or mithral chain necklace.

Adventuring Garb

Lolth's clergy favor enchanted Drow chain mail. Typically, such armor is enchanted to enhance the defense of the wearer. Some priestess' also carry adamantite bucklers with similar magical enhancements. Priestess' of the Spider Queen typically their signature snake-headed whips, and less often, adamantite maces. Followers of Zinzarena wield adamantite short swords and long daggers. Like all other Drow, Lolth's faithful also employ Drow hand crossbows, to devastating effect.



Selvetarm

The Champion of Lolth, The Thane of Lolth, The Spider That Waits, The Spider Demon, Prince of the Aranea, Lord of the Venomire

Symbol: Crossed sword (right) and mace (left), overlaid with a black spider

Home Plane: The Demonweb Pits (Lolth's Iron Fortress)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Portfolio: Drow warriors

Domains: Chaos, Drow, Evil, Spider, War

Worshippers: Aranea, Barbarians, Drow, Fighters, Warriors, Those who like to kill

Aliases: Zanassu

Cleric Alignments: CE-CN-NE

Favored Weapon: "Venommace" (Mace) & "Thalack'velve" (Longsword)

History/Relationships

Selvetarm (Pronounced *Sel-veh-tarm*) is the "Champion of Lolth", a cruel and malicious deity who cares for nothing, save battle and destruction. Selvetarm has a great hatred for all things, except for a well-honed and deadly fighting style. Although Selvetarm can wait for hours for his prey to stumble into a well prepared ambush, Lolth's champion prefers to battle with reckless abandon.

Selvetarm was not always such a hateful, destructive power. He once walked a solitary path, not quite good, yet not quite evil. As the child of the forced union between Vhaeraun and Zandilar the Dancer, Selvetarm had many conflicting emotions within in.

Eventually, Selvetarm crossed paths with his aunt, Eilistraee. He began to appreciate her goodness, as demonstrated through her teachings, deeds and actions. His path began to align with that of the path of goodness. Eilistraee began to hope that with Selvetarm, she could further help mend the rift that had developed between the *Tel'Quessir* and the Drow. Her hopes were dashed, however, when Selvetarm was unwittingly snared in Lolth's web of intrigue.

With her silver tongue, Lolth convinced her naïve grandson, Selvetarm, that if he killed Zanassu, a minor Demon Lord, and absorbed his power, he would be more appealing to Eilistraee. Lolth had her own reasons for calling on her dim-witted grandson to do this. Zanassu claimed sovereignty over spiders, which offended Lolth. For this slight, Lolth wanted the Demon Lord eliminated. By convincing Selvetarm to destroy Zanassu, she would accomplish her goal without even lifting a finger, which appealed to Lolth very much.

Selvetarm triumphed over Zanassu, since the Demon Lord was still weak and reeling from a defeat by

Qysara Shoon V, that banished him back to the Abyss. As the victor, Selvetarm absorbed the Spider Demon's essence. In doing so, however, the malignant force that was Zanassu overwhelmed the small amount of goodness within him that Eilistraee was slowly nursing. This caused Selvetarm to snap, and completely lose his mind. Lolth, who was on hand watching the battle, quickly stepped in and bound Selvetarm to her will, making him, in essence, her slave.

Since this defining moment approximately ten centuries ago, Selvetarm has begrudgingly served at his mistress' side. With no regard to his own goals and well-being, the Spider Demon defends the interests of Lolth, whether they be in divine politics, or on Faerûn.

During the Time of Troubles, Selvetarm manifested his avatar as a large spider creature. The deity appeared in the Drow city of Eryndlyn, a city where the clergy of Lolth did not rule absolute, and was in contention with cults dedicated to Kiaransalee, Vhaeraun and Ghaunadaur. Selvetarm devastated the factions that opposed Lolth, before being driven away into the Underdark by the combined might of all those who opposed Lolth. Selvetarm was praised by Lolth's clergy in the city as, "The Swordarm of Lolth, sent to demonstrate her absolute rule".

During the recent Silence of Lolth, Selvetarm served as the defender of his mistress, while she was concentrating her power, and prone to attack. When Vhaeraun appeared to destroy Lolth's prone form, the Spider Demon appeared to defend Lolth. The two deities battled, and both eventually tumbled off of the Demonweb, apparently falling into Ghaunadaur's Caldron of Slime. Both deities survived, and Selvetarm seemed to have permanently injured Vhaeraun in some fashion.

For the most part, Selvetarm has ignored his Aranea followers in Calimshan. For one thousand years, Selvetarm ignored his followers in Lost Ajuutal, barely granting his priests and priestess' there spells. Sixty-six years before the Time of Troubles, the avatar of Selvetarm, a giant spider, seemingly randomly returned to the city, and cloistered itself in the Spider Demon's temple in the city. Shortly before the Time of Troubles actually occurred, the avatar left once more, headed north, presumably into the Underdark, and to the city of Eryndlyn.

Magical divinations and portents give surprising impressions on the future of Selvetarm. Most divinations about the Spider Demon are answered with vague impressions and images that I interpret to be the future, Eilistraee, Sava, a Drow board game, Lolth, and death.

Like his mistress, Selvetarm has few allies. Before he absorbed Zanassu's essence and became evil, Selvetarm was allied with Eilistraee. However, since absorbing Zanassu, he sees Eilistraee as a pathetic weakling who needs to be crushed. Garagos is Selvetarm's only true ally, since both revel in the glory of destructive combat. Lolth, however, limits how much influence Garagos has over Selvetarm, since as far as she is concerned, the Spider Demon is her puppet, and her puppet alone.

Selvetarm, for being such a minor deity, has an impressive list of enemies. The majority of his enemies are the enemies of his mistress, though undoubtedly, if left to his own devices, Selvetarm would choose to be hostile to most of them anyway. Selvetarm's enemies include Blibdoolpoolp, Deep Duerra, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, Eilistraee, Ghaunadaur, Gzemnid, Ilsensine, Ilxendren, Laduguer, Laogzed,

Maanzecorian, while he was still alive, Psilofyr, Sharess, The Blood Queen, The Great Mother, the Seldarine, and anyone else who manages to gain the enmity of Lolth.

Selvetarm has no deific realm of his own, since Lolth does not allow him to create one. She allows him to share her Iron Fortress, however, though all this really entails is a sort of guard duty, ensuring that nothing befalls the Mistress of the Demonweb Pits.

Dogma

War is the ultimate expression of individual power, and only through battle and death can one realize the respect of one's comrades. Hone fighting skills constantly and teach those who will follow into the fray. Never give nor receive quarter, and die amidst the bloodlust of battle against overwhelming odds. Cultivate as many weapon tricks and combat maneuvers as a spider has arms, and never fear that hidden venom, like a secret vengeance waiting to strike, will serve you ill.

Avatars/Manifestations

Selvetarm rarely manifests himself to his faithful. When he does, it is normally by directly dispatching his avatar, since the Spider Demon rarely works in more subtle ways. Selvetarm's avatar appears as a gargantuan black spider, sometimes with the head of a Drow male, and sometimes not. It crawls on its back six legs, and carries a large mace and a large sword in its front two appendages.

Selvetarm sometimes manifests as a tiny sphere of absolute darkness that slowly grows from an inch in diameter to a foot in diameter, before exploding in a shower of blades very similar to the *Blade Barrier* spell. The main difference between this and the actual spell is that Selvetarm's is much more deadly (No Saving Throw). The Spider That Waits sometimes shows his favor by having his faithful discover rogue stones, web stones and small slivers of dried silver bark. He demonstrates his displeasure by causing metal weapons and armors to rust and shatter, even after the most minor of glancing blows.

Agents/Petitioners

Selvetarm has very few agents of his own, since Lolth usually appoints her own agents to aid Selvetarm in the few cases where he needs assistance. Selvetarm does call upon Aranea, Drow, Myrlochar, Retrievers, and spiders of all different shapes, sizes and species.

The Church of Selvetarm

Outside of the Drow city of Eryndlyn, and the small temple of the Spider That Waits in Undermountain, Selvetarm is not very well known. There are very few Drow cities where his actual nature is acknowledged. Few are aware that the Spider Demon is a divine being, since most tales depict him as a Tanar'ri, or some other kind of servant of Lolth.

On the surface world, Selvetarm is even less known. Only the Aranea of Lost Ajuutal and the Humans of Volothamp know of him directly, though they know him still as Zanassu. He does appear in a few Calashite tales, as the Demon of the Swamp, a malicious entity that is capable of insidious plots, powerful enchantments, and unchecked battle fury. For the most part, however, the world remains ignorant to Selvetarm and his followers.

The majority of Selvetarm's few holy places are small shrines that are scattered in the Underdark,

and in the Spider Swamp. Selvetarm has even fewer temples, counting two that are actually his own. Many temples of Lolth feature areas where males can pay homage to Selvetarm, under close scrutiny and supervision by a priestess of Lolth, of course. It is through Lolth that Selvetarm accommodates most of his followers.

The titles given to priests and priestess' of the Spider Demon vary greatly from hierarchy to hierarchy. The Selvetargtlin use the following titles: Edge of the Axe, Crush of the Mace, Steel of the Blade, Tusk of the Boar, Hunger of the Swarm, Claw of the Cave Bear, Talon of the Wyrms, and Bloodlust of the Berserker. A little less than three-fourths of his total clergy consists of male Drow. Male Aranea make up the second largest group, while Female Aranea and Female Drow round out the Spider Demon's clergy.

Day-to-Day Activities

Selvetarm's Drow faithful spend most of their days guarding fortifications, honing their fighting abilities, participating in patrols around Drow cities, and in nearby areas of the Underdark, guarding caravans, and getting into fights with one another over status and perceived slights. Many spend a large portion of their time training others in the art of war.

The Spider Demon's Aranea faithful, in Calimshan, used to spend a great deal of their time *charming*, manipulating and controlling the viziers of Volothamp and the surrounding areas. They also spent a lot of time appeasing the avatar of Selvetarm that had cloistered itself in the Apostolaum of the Spider That Waits. Since the avatar of Selvetarm left, the Aranea lost all of their control in Volothamp. Today, they are working to regain that control in the Human city, as well as search for the avatar of Selvetarm, that wandered north in DR 1358, the Year of Shadows, just before the Avatar Crisis.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

The Drow faithful of Selvetarm are expected to observe and participate in all Lolthite ceremonies, since the Spider Demon is a vassal to the Spider Queen. A small group of heretics, who have begun worshipping Selvetarm since the Time of Troubles, are persecuted for failing to recognize Lolth's power, and for failing to celebrate it. All of his Drow worshippers, heretic or not, constantly cry out Selvetarm's name during battle, every time they strike an enemy. It is important for Selvetarm's name to be the last thing a foe ever hears.

Selvetarm's Aranea clergy venerate the Spider Demon with a totally different set of rituals, which stress patience, craftiness, and subtlety- a far cry from the tenets that Selvetarm's Drow clergy stress. The Aranea do not observe any of Lolth's holy ceremonies, and instead perform their own, which usually include animal sacrifices -boars and lizards, usually- and prayers beseeching Selvetarm to return to them. Their most holy day is the 6th of Kythorn, the day that the avatar of Selvetarm returned to the Spider Swamp after a thousand year absence. This day is celebrated with fasting and ritual combat.

Major Centers of Worship

Selvetarm has two major centers of worship- the Chapel of the Sericeous Sargh, in Undermountain, and the Apostolaum of the Spider That Waits, in the Spider Swamp of Calimshan. His Drow worshippers run

the former site, while the latter site is administered to by his Aranea followers.

The Chapel of the Sericeous Sargh is only a small chapel, but yet, it is still a very important site for Selvetarm. This chapel, which houses a large onyx depiction of the Spider Demon, is home to the Selvetargtlin, the group of Drow heretics who worship Selvetarm alone, and do not bow to Lolthites. The group recently built the site, and is still working on defending and reinforcing it. Because of its location, priests and priestess' from the chapel can raid the surface world, the Promenade, the holy site of Eilistraee, and the Underdark.

The Apostolaeum of the Spider That Waits is much older than the Chapel of the Sericeous Sargh. The temple is located in the ruins of the city of Lost Ajhuutal, which many believe was the capital of the Maridlands, thousands of years ago. Beginning in -530 DR, the Aranea of Calimshan were sentenced to death upon sight. They fled to the Spider Swamp, where they established a peaceful relationship with the coastal city of Volothamp. In 290 DR, Qyasara Shoon V blamed the Aranea for a plague, and the persecution of Aranea began anew. The survivors began worshipping Zanassu, the Spider Demon, for he promised to stop the Qysara from persecuting them. The Apostolaeum of the Spider That Waits was built to pay homage to Zanassu. In DR 292, the Year of Frostfires, Zanassu challenged the Qysara, but lost. Weakened, and banished back to the Abyss, Selvetarm arrived, and managed to destroy the Demon, and absorb his power.

Affiliated Orders

Selvetarm has virtually no special orders, due to his fragmented church, and his subservience and obedience to Lolth. One special group within the church of Selvetarm is the Order of the Spiderswords, a devout order of warrior priests, who are and who train Spiderswords, Selvetarm's nearly unstoppable berserker warriors.

Another important group are the Selvetargtlin, a group that worships Selvetarm as his own deity, and not as a servant to Lolth. The "official" church of Selvetarm considers these rogues heretics, but the fact that Selvetarm continues granting them spells means that he supports the ideas they espouse.

Priestly Vestments

Selvetarm's Clerics wear long, rich scarlet robes lined with chain mail. They keep their hair long, and braid it in long rows. Some Clerics soak the ends of their braids in alchemically treated blood, that hardens into rock hard clumps that can be used as a weapon, by whipping his/her hair back and forth (-4 to Hit, 1d4 Points of Damage).

Gauntlets very similar to the Dragon Bracers used by the Cult of the Dragon are used by Selvetarm's faithful as well. Because they are his very own weapons, Selvetarm mandates that during his holy ceremonies, all priests and priestess' must have on them a longsword and a mace. The holy symbol of the faith, during rituals and ceremonies, is worn on a large platinum disk worn around the neck.

Adventuring Garb

Selvetarm's priests and priestess' employ the best weapons and armors available. They eschew the use of shields, except for spiked bucklers, and any other shields that have spikes that can be used for

bashing. They also eschew the use of crossbows, bows, and other ranged weapons.

Drow Clerics commonly employ Boots of Elvenkind, Drow-Elven Chainmail, and *Piwafwi*. Clerics of the Spider Demon normally use two melee weapons in combat at once. The most common combinations include sword and dagger, sword and axe, and sword and mace. The latter is the combination that high ranking priests and priestess' use exclusively.



Vhaeraun

The Masked Lord, the Masked God of Night, the Shadow

Symbol: Black Half-Mask

Home Plane: The Demonweb Pits (Ellaniath)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Portfolio: Drow Males, Evil Activity on the Surface World, Territory, Thievery

Domains: Chaos, Drow, Evil, Trickery, Travel

Worshippers: Assassins, Half-Drow, Male Drow, Poisoners, Rogues, Shadowdancers, Thieves

Aliases: Vhaerun

Cleric Alignments: CN, NE, CE

Favored Weapon: "Shadowflash" (Shortsword)

History/Relationships

Vhaeraun (Pronounced *Vay-Rawn*) is the Drow deity of thievery, and the furthering of Drow aims, interests, and power in the Night Above, as the surface world is known to his faithful. He is also the deity of Drow males, opposed to the matriarchy of Lolth, teaching his followers that males are just as skilled and valuable as females, and thus, passively opposing the teachings of Lolth and her priestess'. He also believes that Drow should work with the other Elven races, for common advancement, and that no Elf should ever associate or trade with Dwarves and Gnomes. Humans, Halflings, and other Demihumans can be tolerated, however.

Vhaeraun is vain, proud, haughty, and never forgets slights or deceptions, as he bears grudges for very long periods of time. Any underhanded means and treachery is acceptable to him, so long as it furthers his aims, or is done in his service. But if others pull such tricks on him, or his people, it is a deep sin that cannot go unpunished. He actively involves himself in the affairs of his faithful, and often sends an avatar to assist the work of his priests, so long as the proper rituals are performed, and their need is genuine.

Vhaeraun is the son of Corellon Larethian and Araushnee, who would eventually be exiled from the Seldarine, and would become Lolth. He is also the twin brother of Eilistraee. Vhaeraun not only inherited the dark features and grace of his mother, but her deviousness as well. When Araushnee began scheming to overthrow Corellon Larethian as the leader of the Seldarine, Vhaeraun was the first to jump in her camp, and join her cause. However, when Araushnee's treachery was exposed by Sehanine Moonbow, who Vhaeraun himself had imprisoned earlier, Vhaeraun was exiled from Arvandor as well.

Without a cause, or a home, Vhaeraun began wandering until he eventually came upon Toril, a planet in Realmspace that was not only inhabited by Elves, but with dark skinned Elves like himself. Vhaeraun appeared to these Dark Elves who inhabited the southeaster portions of the land that would become Faerûn. The majority of the population embraced him. Vhaeraun once again had a purpose, and, more or less, a home.

Having secured a steady base of worshippers, and a steady base of power, attracted Vhaeraun a lot of unwanted attention. His sister, Eilistraee began converting his worshippers, promoting a world where Dark Elves and their cousins to the north lived in harmony, not conflict. The entity that is Ghaunadaur, attracted by the power that so many Dark Elves wielded, began to steal the worship of some of the most powerful and affluent Dark Elves. Lolth would eventually discover Realmspace, and Toril. Lolth greedily began to covet the Dark Elves, and realized that their worship would allow her to become a deity once more.

After the Sundering, Lolth made her move. The worship of Vhaeraun began to diminish, and the worship of Lolth began to increase. Vhaeraun challenged his mother, but lost. This allowed her to seize a portion of his divine spark, and become a deity once more. Ever since, Vhaeraun has been plotting with his faithful to extract his revenge on the Spider Queen, and those who follow her.

After the Descent of the Drow, Vhaeraun found a way to distance himself from his mother, and allow his power to grow virtually unopposed by her. Vhaeraun espoused to return to the surface world, a world that rightly belonged to the Drow. Those who heeded his call established permanent settlements on the surface world, while those who worshipped Lolth, and the other members of the Dark Seldarine stayed in the Underdark, creating a buffer of sorts between the different deities and their factions.

While some of his plots have caused Lolth to suffer setbacks, a few of the Masked Lord's plots have actually benefited his mother, unintentionally, of course. For instance, when Drow from the Underdark were invading the Yuirwood, Vhaeraun kidnapped Zandilar, one of the Elven deities of the Yuir, and conceived a deific child with her. Vhaeraun intended to use this child to aid him in his machinations against Lolth. The child would eventually grow up to become Selvetarm, the Champion of Lolth.

Most recently, in 1372 DR, the Year of the Unstrung Harp, Vhaeraun directly tried to destroy Lolth. After she fell silent, Vhaeraun, with the help of one of his priests, appeared in the Demonweb Pits, with the goal of destroying Lolth's prone, paralyzed form. Vhaeraun might have succeeded, had Selvetarm not interfered. The two deities fought to a standstill, and toppled off of the great web that Lolth's fortress trod upon into Ghaunadaur's divine realm below.

Vhaeraun survived, but seemed to have been permanently injured, as a hand had been cut off at the wrist. He would again try to destroy Lolth during her silence, this time hiring the services of some powerful Yugoloth. However, before he could succeed, Lolth woke, more powerful than ever. Vhaeraun decided not to test the power of the reborn Lolth, and abandoned his plot to destroy her for the moment.

Most of Vhaeraun's alliances are alliances of temporary convenience. In other words, most of the alliances the Masked Lord enters into a temporary, and

he feels no particular shame in betraying a former ally when it is convenient. There are a few deities, however, that Vhaeraun seems to be in an extended, permanent alliance with. These deities include Mask, Shar and Talona.

While he hates all of the Seldarine, Vhaeraun harbors a particular enmity for Sehanine Moonbow, who escaped the Masked Lord's prison at great cost to herself and unmasked the implicated of both Vhaeraun and Araushnee in bringing the Anti-Seldarine coalition to Arvandor. Likewise, the Masked Lord nurtures a hatred towards Eilistraee, who always held Corellon's favor more than Vhaeraun. The Masked Lord reserves his greatest hatred, though, for the Spider Queen, who gave birth to him long ago, and set him forth on the road that he walks today- that of evil, betrayal and treachery. While he lacks the strength to challenge Lolth in a confrontation directly, he works against her in shadows, undermining her in silence, and looking to unite all other Drow and Elven powers against her.

Vhaeraun's other enemies include Blibdoolpoolp, Cyrrollalee, Deep Duerra, Diinkarazan, Diirinka, Ghaunadaur, Gzemnid, Ilsensine, Ixendren, Laduguer, Laogzed, Maanzecorian, who has since been slain, Psilofyr, Selvetarm, Sharess, The Blood Queen, and The Great Mother.

Vhaeraun's divine realm, known as Ellaniath, is nothing more than a small hiding place near the bottom of the Demonweb Pits where Vhaeraun can hole up in and hide when need be. Only Vhaeraun, and perhaps Lolth, know the exact location of the Masked Lord's realm, since Vhaeraun steals the memories of all who enter into it, including weaker deities. Since the Demonweb Pits were ripped from the Abyss, and altered into a blasted wasteland, it is unknown what became of Ellaniath.

Divinations, and other magics that allow me to glance into the future, hint towards strange developments concerning the Masked Lord. Most of these visions are cloudy, but, more often than not, when I cast these spells, I see Vhaeraun leaping into Arvandor, followed by the goddess Eilistraee wearing Vhaeraun's half-mask, surrounded by an aura of inky darkness and milky opalescence. What this means, I know not.

Dogma

The shadows of the Masked Lord must cast off the tyranny of the Spider Queen and forcibly reclaim their birthright and rightful place in the Night Above. The existing Drow matriarchies must be smashed, and the warring practices of twisted Lolth done away with so that the Drow are welded into a united people, not a squabbling gaggle of rival Houses, clans, and aims. Vhaeraun will lead his followers into a society where the Dark Elves once again reign supreme over the other, lesser races, and there is equality between males and females.

Avatar/Manifestations

Vhaeraun frequently dispatches his avatar to answer summoning rituals performed by his priests. Other than these special summoning rituals, Vhaeraun rarely sends avatars to aid his faithful. Instead, he prefers to manifest to his worshippers in some way, when the proper summoning ritual is not performed.

Vhaeraun appears as a fit, slim, graceful, handsome Drow male with eyes and hair that change their hue, depending on the Masked Lord's mood. Red signifies anger, gold signifies triumph, blue signifies

amusement, and green signifies puzzlement, and curiosity. He is clad in loose fitting silk clothes in dark colors, and never wears armor of any sort. He always wears a long, flowing black cloak that is translucent, and melts into the darkness around Vhaeraun. Its folds can harmlessly absorb most spells, completely protecting Vhaeraun's avatar, and any other beings who are nearby, and would otherwise be harmed by the spell.

When he cannot send his avatar, or when the proper summoning ritual is not performed, he sends a flitting black shadow that cloaks and empowered a favored individual for a short period of time. Vhaeraun also sends manifestations to signify his displeasure, or his defiance towards rivals or enemies of his faithful. This usually takes the form of a floating, insubstantial half-mask made seemingly of shadows, that drifts silently to confront the beings he wishes to confront, passing any magical barriers on the way. The mask can only move, and utter a chilling, mocking laugh. Those who hear the laugh are unnerved, and those who are weak of will are affected as if they were affected by a *Fear* spell (DC 15).

More commonly, the Masked Lord sends a region of absolute, impenetrable darkness, black cats, ravens, dead spiders, agni manis, black opals, black sapphires, black-hued chalcedony, crown of silver, hematite, horn coral, black-hued jasper, jet, black-hued marble, obsidian, black-hued onyx, black-hued pearls, ravenar, or samarskite to show his favor or displeasure and as a sign to inspire his faithful.

Agents/Petitioners

Vhaeraun is served by Black Cats, Drow, Gehreleth (Farastu, Kelubar, and Shator), Mephits (Air, Smoke, and Earth), Ravens, Shadow Dragons, Shadow Fiends, Shadows, Vaerith, and Yeth Hounds.

Vhaeraun has a few proxies, who carry out his will across the multiverse. He keeps the names, identities and abilities of these individuals a secret, however. Only one of his proxies has ever been identified- a Drow man by the name of Allinzir G'Leera. All of Vhaeraun's proxies are believed to be male Drow schemers, like Allinzir, who have exceptional thieving skills, the ability to always see things for what they are, and the ability to meld into the darkness.

The Church of Vhaeraun

Vhaeraun's church is little known on the surface world, and in Drow cities dominated by Lolth. However, in the wilds of the Underdark, as well as in some of the more remote, forested areas of Faerûn, Vhaeraun's name is whispered. Many who dwell on the surface, who are not particularly schooled in this topic, confused Vhaeraun with the Human deity Mask. Though similar, the two remain totally distinct and separate entities.

As necessary for survival, and keeping with the idea of subterfuge, Vhaeraun's holy sites are never in plain view. In the Underdark, his shrines and temples are hidden in deep, rarely used caverns, disguised by multiple, overlapping globes of *Darkness*. On the surface world, his shrines and temples are located in shallow woodland caves cloaked by the thick forest canopy. Shrines and temples are decorated with sparking gemstones studded on the walls, to resemble stars, and other celestial bodies.

Collectively, the clergy of Vhaeraun are known as the Masked. Those who are still training, and learning the ways of Vhaeraun are known as

Uncloaked. Fully ordained priests are known as Nightshadows. Titles used by individual Clerics vary from place to place, but some common titles I have found, in no particular order, include Ascendant Darkness, Black Moon, Dark Mantle, Deep Rogue, Enveloping Night, Raven's Claw, Shadow Hunter, Silent Sable, and Twilight's Herald.

All of Vhaeraun's Clerics are male. This is because almost all of Lolth's Clerics are female, and Vhaeraun seeks to undermine and contradict Lolth at every single turn. All of his Clerics are also Drow. In more remote settlements, it is possible that Half-Drow to become ordained as priests, but such occurrences are rare, and few in-between, I am told.

Day-to-Day Activities

Vhaeraun's priesthood practices and teaches passive opposition to Lolth and her priestess'. Those who are active on surface call for the unity of all Elven races, and their need to work together for dominion of Faerûn once more. They specialize in intrigue, trickery, and treachery, and foment disobedience and rebellion among disenfranchised males. In all communities other than their native Vhaeraunian bastions, the Masked Lord's priests disguise their allegiances, for obvious reasons.

Contact, and intermingling with other Elven races is practiced, and encouraged. The children of such Drow and Elven unions usually breed true, spawning a Drow babe. Vhaeraun sees this practice as slowly, but steadily, raising the number of Drow living in the surface lands.

Every priest works to establish some sort of permanent Drow settlement on the surface world. Familial ties usually break up these settlements, with one, or sometimes, two different families living in one community. The majority of these communities are self-sufficient, which allows them to stay better hidden from the rest of the world.

Poison use, poison manufacture, and poison experimentation are also very common. Vhaeraunians are known to be skilled poisonists, and many of the Masked Lord's faithful spend a great deal of time brewing and testing different sorts of poisons.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies

All of the important activities of Vhaeraun's clergy takes place by moonlight, or the lack thereof. Upon accomplishing anything of note that furthers the interests of the Masked Lord, priests and priestess' utter prayers and thanksgivings, as well as offerings. Offerings almost always include a display of the wealth and power of those they just vanquished, or those who they seek to vanquish. These items are melted in black, bowl-shaped altars, and the contents are offered to Vhaeraun. The bigger value of the total offerings, the more Vhaeraun is pleased, though he favors daily diligence, rather than the rare huge haul.

Midwinter Night, known to Vhaeraun's followers as the Masked Lord's Embrace, is the most sacred time of the year for Vhaeraunians. This annual holy day is celebrated with long, introspective rituals of total sensory deprivation. Each worshiper participating in the "festivities" is expected to cloak him or herself in a globe of *Darkness*, and levitate at the middle of the sphere for a full 24 hours, all while contemplating Vhaeraun's teachings, and contemplating schemes to advance the Masked Lord's goals in the coming year. All faithful who wish to become involved in this ritual are granted the ability to employ both spell-like effects, with

the necessary extended duration, by a special boon of the Masked Lord.

On the surface world, nights of the new moon are considered sacred to the followers of the Masked Lord. Such occasions are observed with midnight stag hunts that take place all over Faerûn, such as in the Forest of Lethyr, the Forest of Mir, the Frozen Forest, the Lurkwood, the Rawlinswood, the Trollbark Forest, and the Winterwood. Groups of Vhaeraunians, mounted on riding lizards brought up from the Underdark, run down a noble stag, and then sacrifice its rack and still-beating heart to the Masked Lord in dark ritual that pervert the ancient ways and customs of we surface Elves.

Major Centers of Worship

The Drow who reside within the great timberland of the Forest of Mir are concentrated in three separate settlements, all connected by tunnels and caverns underground, created during the Night Wars. Each settlement consists of a few buildings dotting the surface and extensive caverns below. Holldaybim, one of the three settlements, is a small community where both males and females rule, and are regarded as equals. The other two communities- Daltnothax and Iskashyoll- are Vhaeraunian bastions. The Masked Lord has three holy sites in this area- The Hall of Midnight Bloodshed, The Onyx Labyrinth, and the Vault of Cloaked Midnight.

The Hall of Midnight Bloodshed and The Onyx Labyrinth are two small temples dedicated to Vhaeraun. Over the years, both temples have been sacked and destroyed numerous times by the Lolthite Drow of Gualldurth, due to the unending, intermittent conflict between the Lolthites and the Vhaeraunians in the area. However, both temples were designed and created to be the target of the Lolthite's attacks, since their actual purpose is to divert attacks from the true center of the Masked Lord's worship, the Vault of Cloaked Midnight. Vhaeraun's actual high temple is located underneath Mount Serengard, and is known only to Vhaeraun and his followers.

Affiliated Orders

The Dark Dagger, composed of Drow who venerate Vhaeraun, is whispered across dark alleys around the cities and nations of the Inner Sea. Individually powerful, but few in number, Dark Dagger agents habitually use poison, which they are largely immune to, as their "calling card". Already active in Skullport, Turmish, the Vilhon Reach, and, to a lesser extent, Amn and Calimshan, the Dark Dagger is beginning to infiltrate coast cities all around the Sea of Fallen Stars as well. They quickly take control of local thieving guilds and fellowships behind the scenes, hire skilled Human and humanoid agents as fronts, and establish hidden temples to Vhaeraun. They recruit disaffected Half-Elves and Humans to worship the Masked Lord, whose symbol is identical to that of Mask, the Lord of Shadows.

Though not an organized group, Vhaeraun is also known to be served by various "Traitor Priestess'". As the name implies, these priestess' betrayed their former deities, normally Lolth, to work with the Masked Lord. Traitor Priestess' walk a dangerous line, and a slip in their defenses anywhere can lead to death. Most of Vhaeraun's Traitor Priestess' are still in the service of Lolth, spying and funneling information to the Masked Lord. Agents who are discovered, who escape with their lives, flee to the surface in most cases, where they

integrate into Vhaeraun's surface Drow communities.

Priestly Vestments

Vhaeraun's clergy garb themselves in half-masks, loose silk shirts, form-fitting pants, and leather boots, all of which are as black as possible. They are never without at least one bladed weapon, such as a dagger, on their person, and most are normally armed with half a dozen or more such weapons, all in hidden spots.

The god's holy symbol, a black half-mask, can be worn and used like any mask. Clerics of Vhaeraun need only be within a mile of their masks in order to use them to focus spells granted to them by the Masked Lord, or to command and/or destroy Undead creatures. This comes with a small price, however. A Cleric of Vhaeraun must first become attuned to his or her particular mask, wearing it for many tendays. While this itself isn't any kind of problem, it does mark the Cleric as a Vhaeraunian, which may or may not cause problems.

Adventuring Garb

It is customary for no Cleric of Vhaeraun to wear any type of armor except leather armor, or anything lighter. A wardrobe filled with dark colors is always preferred. Vhaeraun's clergy favor daggers, short swords, and long swords, and other bladed weapons, but they always select the most appropriate weapon for the task at hand. The Masked Lord's Clerics are almost always well versed in the use of poisons, and typically prepare several varieties of poisons, with widely varying onset times, methods of application, and strengths, before embarking on a particularly dangerous task.

The Seelie Court

The Seelie Court is the name of the pantheon containing all of the fey and sylvan deities, and is the name of the magical land that they reside in. In the Seelie Court, Sprites Nymphs and Pixies flutter around everywhere, Satyrs and Korred run around, and Unicorns and Centaurs prance in the open.

The Seelie Court is made up of an Inner Court, and an Outer Court. Six deities make up the Inner Court- Titania, the Queen of the Seelie Court, Oberon, her consort, Verenestra, the Dryad goddess, Damh, the mischievous god, Sqeulaiche, the trickster god and Eachtighern, the lord of Unicorns.

The Outer Court is made up of the lesser Sylvan deities. Caoimhin, the shy god of Killmoulis, Emmantiensien, the timeless god of the Treant, Fionnghuala, the goddess of the Swanmay sorority, Skerrit, the lord of Centaurs, and Nathair Sgiathach, the trickster god of Faerie Pseudo Dragons.

Though the Seldarine and the Seelie Court enjoy good relations, most of the *Tel'Quessir* revere Titania and Oberon over the other members of the court. While most of the other deities of the Seelie Court represent a specific aspect of the Fey and Sylvan world, Titania and Oberon most closely represent the all-encompassing ideas that appeal to Elves.

Oberon

Oberon is the Lord of the Beasts, and the consort of Titania, the Queen of the Seelie Court. Effectively, this makes Oberon the King of the Seelie Court. The title 'consort' of Titania is more ceremonial than anything else.

Oberon spends much of his time away from Titania, and the rest of the Seelie Court. Instead, he spends most of his days prowling and hunting in Sylvan woodlands. His dislike of political intrigue and court politics is the main reason he spends so much time away from the Seelie Court. His lack of intelligence and wisdom is his main weakness, and Oberon understands this.

Oberon relies less on illusions, camouflage and tricks than the other members of the Seelie Court. Instead, he relies on his cunning, his intuition, and his physical power. Unlike many of the other Fey and Sylvan deities, Oberon is quick to physically resist any troubles that come looking for him. Oberon complements Titania quite nicely, because Titania is soft and gentle, whereas Oberon is strong and intense.

Titania

Titania is known as the Faerie Queen, and the Queen of the Seelie Court. It is believed that she created all of the Faerie races that exist today. As further evidence, she cares deeply for all Fey and Sylvan creatures, including those who have been turned to darkness, for whatever the reason.

Though all Fey and Sylvan creatures pay her homage, she is the patron of Brownies, Bookas, Pixies and Sprites. Though she tries not to show favoritism, her most common avatar form is that of a beautiful fairy, of unparalleled beauty.

Titania's creed is that of mercy, goodness, compassion and integrity. Titania is rarely driven to anger. Only in extreme cases of blatant and aggravated evil is Titania angered. But, tales speak of the power and intensity of her divine retribution against those who anger her.

It is Titania who orders all meetings of the Seelie Court. Being the Queen of the Fey and Sylvan races, it is also she who runs the meetings of the Seelie Court. All members defer to her judgments, when she makes them.

Titania has a sister, who is the ruler of the Unseelie Court, a dark and twisted parody of the Seelie Court, filled with cruel and malicious Fey creatures. Titania moves to fight against her sister, the Queen of Air and Darkness. But, at the same time, she hopes that she may be able to free her sister from the corrupting influence of the Ten-Faceted Black Diamond, which corrupted her in the first place.

Titania's consort is Oberon, the Lord of the Beasts. This is more of a ceremonial title than anything. Oberon does complement Titania quite nicely, however. Where Titania is soft and gentle, Oberon is strong and intense.

Others

Although there is a member of the Seldarine who is a patron of each Elven subrace, there are a few Elves who pay homage to lesser-known powers. Some are part of the Seldarine, and have always been part of the Seldarine. Some are interlopers, and have just recently been inducted into the Seldarine. Others are not actually deities in their own right, but are believed to be by mortals.

Avachel

In some Elven myths, Avachel was a great Mercury Wyrms who underwent apotheosis after sacrificing himself to defend a group of Wild Elves from a group of evil Humans. Other legends depict an avatar of the draconic deity Hlal, in the guise of a mortal Mercury Dragon.

In truth, Avachel is the male aspect of the Dragon deity Hlal. Avachel is a companion of Evevan Ilesere, and the two spend much of their time together, getting into trouble. Like the rest of the Seldarine, Avachel is a tireless defender of all things Elven. Avachel has a particular affinity with Wood Elves, putting a little more credence into the rumor that he was once a mortal Mercury Dragon who aided a band of Wild Elves.

Also known as 'Quicksilver', Avachel is a good-natured, impulsive deity. Because of the similarities between the two, he and Erevan Ilesere are almost never separated. The two mischief-makers are almost constantly adventuring, and their exploits are legendary among young mortal Elves with like minds for trickery and mischief.

Avachel is known to have two different avatars. His most commonly employed avatar is that of a Great Mercury Wyrms, with all of the powers that these Dragons possess. His lesser-used avatar form is that of a Silver Elf- much similar to a Moon Elf- armed only with a staff. This staff is extremely magical, and causes all of those struck by it to fall asleep, much like the spell, *Sleep*.

Felarathael

Felarathael is one of Corellon Larethian's primary servitors. Though he is not actually a deity, some Elves- particularly Gold Elves- believe Felarathael to be a demigod. Felarathael is a Solar who resembles a tall, shining, androgynous Elf, clad in gleaming white robes. Felarathael has been known to deliver messages to Elves, on behalf of Corellon Larethian. He also has been known to manifest on the Material Plane, to defend Elves in danger.

Felarathael is known for his cool, calm demeanor. When delivering messages, Felarathael speaks in soft, even tones. Everything he says is carefully thought out and worded. In combat, Felarathael is calculating and treats everything with cold logic.

Felarathael operates with his twin brother, Lashrael. Though the two appear physically similar, they act as if they were polar opposites. Lashrael is given to emotional outbursts while speaking. While in combat, Lashrael is a fierce opponent, never backing down and never giving quarter.

In lieu of causing damage, Felarathael can choose one of three special effects to befall his opponents. When struck, an enemy of Felarathael simply falls asleep, much like the *Sleep* spell. When struck, an enemy of Felarathael may find himself

suffering from amnesia. When struck, an enemy of Felarathael may find himself *Polymorphed* into a small woodland creature, such as a field mouse, or a squirrel.

Khalreshaar

Khalreshaar is thought to be, by many, the first true deity of Half-Elves. While many Half-Elves are rejoiced to learn that they too are represented in the Seldarine, many of the more conservative Elves cringe, and go out of their way to demonstrate that these rumors are nothing but that- unfounded rumors.

Khalreshaar is an alias of Mielikki, the woodland deity venerated mostly by humans. Mielikki, who has a small worship base on Evermeet, is known as Khalreshaar there. Khalreshaaran priests and priestesses claim that the goddess serves Rillifane Rallithil, not Silvanus. Obviously, the change in her mythos has caused some friction between the more conservative groups of Mielikki's followers, and the followers who know her as Khalreshaar.

Mielikki in her Khalreshaar aspect is somewhat of an interloper deity among the Seldarine. She was originally a part of the Finnish Pantheon, but successfully integrated herself into the Faerûnian Pantheon. Now, she seems to be trying to integrate herself into the Seldarine.

There are some rumors that Khalreshaar isn't actually Mielikki, but instead an entire different entity. There are some tales that mention a Human woman who was given divinity by the Seldarine after she died defending Elven woodlands from a tyrannical despot who was intent on spoiling the uncivilized forests. Whether or not these stories are true, or that Khalreshaar is indeed this woman, is unknown.

One final theory about the identity of Khalreshaar has recently sprung up. Since the end of the Time of Troubles, a tumultuous period of time in which deities walked mortal lands as mortals, a small but growing cult has begun to give credence to the myths that Khalreshaar is the daughter of Silvanus and Hanali Cenamil. This cult is made primary of Half-Elves, and they seem to enjoy the idea of a Half-Elf member of the Seldarine.

Lashrael

Lashrael is one of Corellon Larethian's primary servitors. Though he is not actually a deity, some Elves- particularly Gold Elves- believe Lashrael to be a demigod. Lashrael is a Solar who resembles a tall, shining, androgynous Elf, clad in gleaming white robes. Lashrael has been known to deliver messages to Elves, on behalf of Corellon Larethian. He also has been known to manifest on the Material Plane, to defend Elves in danger.

Lashrael is known for emotional extremes. When delivering messages for Corellon Larethian, he speaks with great fervor and emotion. In battle, Lashrael is a ferocious opponent, never yielding ground to an opponent, and never asking opponents to yield ground.

Lashrael operates with his twin brother, Felarathael. Though the two appear physically similar, they act as if they were polar opposites. For instance, Felarathael always speaks in a slow, calm, measured voice. While in combat, Felarathael is cool and calculating, fighting at an even, unhurried pace.

In lieu of causing damage, Lashrael can choose one of three special effects to befall his opponents. When struck, an enemy of Lashrael simply falls asleep, much like the *Sleep* spell.

When struck, an enemy of Lashrael may find himself suffering from amnesia. When struck, an enemy of

Lashrael may find himself *Polymorphed* into a small woodland creature, such as a field mouse, or a squirrel.

ELVEN MAGIC

"What is magic, you ask me? I can only tell you what I know. I know magic is my life, my path, my friend, my art. That is something any of The People would tell you, because that is the truth about magic. Humans- and please don't take this as an insult- use magic only as a tool, but they never feel it. History shows how "mighty" human empires that abused of magic were destroyed not by outside enemies, but by themselves, due to their hubris by believing themselves above gods.

For us Elves, magic is different, since before we are born, we are already connected to its source. Yes, we can blast our enemies with powerful evocations. I am a good example of this, because I study Air Magic in all its shapes, both offensive and defensive. The difference is that we only do it when the need is dire. It's the most important lesson of wielding the Art, when not to cast a spell. Learn it and you will be on the right path to become a great wizard."

-Alediran Tir'ent of Evermeet, DR 1371, Year of the Unstrung Harp

Someone I once knew said that, while Humans only use the Weave, we are the Weave. In a way, he was being metaphorical. But, at the same time, he was telling the truth. We *Tel'Quessir* are linked to the magical Weave of Faerûn.

Most Human wizards I have encountered in my travels over the centuries see magic as a tool. They use it to unlock doors when they need to. They use it to blast enemies, when they need to. They use it to alter events more to their liking, when they need to. To them, magic is simply an instrument that is used as an end to a means.

Magic is something much more personal to the *Tel'Quessir*. Magic is our being. Magic is our sustenance. Magic, simply, is what we are. We are one with the Weave, and because of such, have such an understanding of it that most other wizards can only dream about. Just as a peasant can only dream of attaining such heights as a wizard, most wizards can only dream about attaining such closeness with the Weave as we Elves have.

I have lived for over four centuries, and I know of no Elf who has never touched the Weave, and cast at least a single cantrip. Because we all share the same understanding of magic, we all have a healthy respect for it. Wizards are respected for their ability to touch the Weave, and High Magi are nearly revered, for their understanding of the magical Weave is unparalleled. Many other cultures look down upon those who shape the Weave, especially those that espouse martial abilities. The *Tel'Quessir*, however, have a great deal of respect for those who follow the Arcane path.

With the use of magic, we Elves have created some of the most famous, and most powerful cities and nations on all of Toril. Magic was responsible for the many wonders of Cormanthyr. Magic is responsible for the beauty that is Evermeet, the Green Isle. In the past, magic was responsible for cleansing blights, protecting the land, feeding and healing the people, and creating the many marvelous structures that are synonymous with Elven culture.

We Elves are responsible for some of the greatest feats ever accomplished with magic in part because we were the first to use it. It is a well-known fact among the *Tel'Quessir* that we taught most other races how to feel the Weave, and draw power from it. Many, to this day, regret that decision, made thousands and thousands of years ago, because most "short-lives" wield the power irresponsibly. The Netherese, who

learned magic from the *Tel'Quessir*, overused, overtaxed and abused the Weave of Mysteryl. Karsus, the greatest Arcanist of Netheril, went so far as to temporarily steal the divinity of Mysteryl, and nearly unraveling the Weave. Fortunately, Mysteryl sacrificed herself so that Karsus' spell would end, and the Weave would be preserved.

Like wizards of any other race, we study as apprentices before we can be considered wizards. Until recently, when the traitor Kymil Nimesin attacked Evermeet, we studied for years in the Towers of the Sun and Moon. Because of our extended lifespan, however, we often apprentice for decades- far longer than most other races. It is because we study the basics of arcane knowledge for so long that we have such an understanding of magic, and use it wisely.

That is not to say, however, that there were never times in our long history where we *Tel'Quessir* abused our power. Long ago, during the Elven Crown Wars, High Magic wrecked destruction across the world. The *Mormhaor'Sykerylor*, The Killing Storm, ravaged Miyeritar. The *Uaul'Selu'Keryth*, The Sundering, literally shattered the world. Other legends speak of spells that could turn air into fire, and spells even more destructive.

Unlike most Humans, we learn from our mistakes. Never since those ancient days have spells so potent been unleashed upon the world. Most of these spells have been intentionally forgotten, so that they may never be used again. Some have been locked away, and guarded by Baelnorn, only to be used again during the most dire of emergencies.

Humans seem to stumble over the same mistakes again and again. Ancient Imaskar reached great heights using magic, but used it irresponsibly, and eventually fell. Netheril reached great heights using magic, but used it irresponsibly, and eventually fell. Corellon knows, in the future, yet another Human civilization will attain great heights using magic, but will use it irresponsibly and will fall.

We Elves shape magic for more modest reasons than the power hungry wizards of Imaskar, or Netheril. We create glassteel, a strong, transparent glass used in furniture and buildings. We coax plants to grow in different ways. We enchant our sea vessels to gracefully sail the seas. We enchant our spelljammers to effortlessly sail through the Outer Void. We create *Mythals* to protect our people and our cities. Reverie, and even the communion that we all share is a form of magic that we all tap into.

As I mentioned a few times earlier, we Elves are shapers of great magics. The greatest of our magical treasures is called High Magic. Elven High Mages, known as *Selu'Taar*, or 'High Casters', work together in groups called 'Circles', in which they create feats of magic unparalleled by any specific being from any culture. I myself am not a *Selu'Taar*, but an acquaintance of mine, Alediran Tir'ent, knows one of the *Selu'Taar*. When the young Elfing asked, the *Selu'Taar*, his own father, responded, "The first thing an Elf needs to remember, is that becoming one of the guardians of this powerful Art carries a great burden and responsibility."

The elder Tir'ent is correct. With great power and prestige comes great responsibility. *Selu'Taar* are always old, even by Elven standards. When the call to Arvandor begins singing in their ears, they ignore it, and therefore do not pass west, to Arvandor. It is said that their inner longing for Arvandor is what powers their spells, and allows them to perform such feats with magic.

According to the elder Tir'ent, "High Magic, when used, is also very dangerous. Many High Magic rituals take the life of the central Mage and some, even the lives of all spell casters in the ritual." This is the reason why no other cultures have ever had spell casters such as the *Selu'Taar/Tel'Quessir*. While other races fear death, and will do anything to prevent it, we Elves embrace it, for only in death will we commune with the Seldarine, in Arvandor.

We Elves, given our eldritch nature, have created many different forms of magic over the many years. Asides for mundane wizards and *Selu'Taar*, there are many different paths a young Elfing can follow. Arcane Archers, also known as Spellarchers, are wizards who have combined the arcane arts with the bow. *El'Tael*, known as Bladesingers are a special lot, who have blended martial and arcane arts into a single fighting style, known as the Bladesong. The *Valantra*, also known as Spellingers, command great magics with simple song.

There are still some lesser known paths that an Elf may follow, but like many a secret, are not meant to be known by other *Tel'Quessir* and *N'Tel'Quessir* alike...

Elven Attitudes Towards the Shadow Weave

The blood and tears of Corellon Larethian and Sehanine Moonbow, it is said, created we *Tel'Quessir*. As such, like our creators, we are generally benevolent creatures. Like our creators, we are generally fun loving, freedom loving creatures. For all of these reasons, and more, we *Tel'Quessir* tend to abhor the Shadow Weave, the dark, twisted echo of Mystra's Weave, maintained by Shar.

Being a deity of magic himself, Corellon Larethian is allied with Mystra. While Corellon Larethian isn't a source of magic, as many incorrectly believe him to be, he is the patron of the Elven traditions of magic and wizardry, and we Elves owe him all we know about magic. Since Corellon Larethian is allied with Mystra, he is in direct opposition of Shar, who is a bitter enemy of Shar. Therefore, we are taught by the priests and priestess' of the Protector to do our best to look out for interests of Mystra. Drawing from the Shadow Weave is not something that does this.

More insidious and problematic, however, is what the Shadow Weave does to those who draw from it. Like Mystra with her Weave, Shar has the ability to

deny others the ability to access and cast magic from the Shadow Weave. Unlike Mystra, however, Shar is under no order to be impartial about whom she allows to draw from the Shadow Weave. In most cases, Shar demands some sort of payment before or after the Shadow Weave is accessed and used to cast magical spells. Very often, payment is simply her veneration, while in other cases, payment is a portion of the magician's very mind! Either way, using the Shadow Weave opens a direct channel from Shar's corruptive influence to the spirit of the caster. Inherently changing and corrupting out spirits is something that most Elves try to avoid.

Concerning many things, Drow are often the exception to the rule. While most Elves abhor violence, Drow relish in it. While most Elves abhor murder, Drow are masters of it. While most Elves abhor evil, Drow are masters of it. Concerning the Shadow Weave, however, like surface Elves, the Drow tend to stay away from it.

Lolth and Shar are not on the best of terms. Shar, being a deity of darkness, has been making significant inroads into increasing her worship in the Underdark as of late. As such, more and more often, Shar has been encroaching into Lolth's territory. And, the Spider Queen does not appreciate being challenged. Because Lolth believes that the spirits of Drow belong to her, and no one else, she does not permit her Drow to utilize the Shadow Weave, which draws Shar's corruptive influence into their spirits. The Shadow Weave is practiced in Drow society, but in secret. Even in non-Lolthite societies, such as the Drow city of Sshamath, the Shadow Weave has had a hard time penetrating into public knowledge and common usage.

Elven Attitudes Towards Incarnum Magic

Incarnum is a type of magic that is practiced by many, but is known to few. In other words, many individuals who utilize Incarnum do not even realize that they are doing so, and believe their magic to be utilizing Mystra's Weave, as other magic does. It is because of this fact that most practitioners don't even know what Incarnum is, while many sages and scholars do.

Incarnum, itself, is an amorphous magical substance that resembles a radiant, blue mist. Incarnum is the source of spirits, souls, and any other terms that are used. In other words, Incarnum energies are what make up the souls and spirits of sentient beings. Deities themselves, some scholars believe are composed of Incarnum energies as well, mixed with divine energy.

Among the *Tel'Quessir*, the tradition of shaping and manipulating Incarnum has a long and storied past. We bear no specific fears against using Incarnum. Crafting it into semipermanent items known as 'Soulmelds', or using it to simply imbue oneself with power is not morally reprehensible to our scholars and theologians. Utilizing and manipulating it has no ill effects on the spirits of others, or the spirits of those who are doing the actual spellcasting, so there are no stigmas against using it in Elven society.

Among the Elves of Faerûn, the Wood Elves have the most extensive Incarnum use tradition. Sun Elves and Moon Elves living on Evermeet often know of Incarnum, but do not practice it, as it is not a tradition of magic that is regularly utilized on the Green Isle. Aquatic Elves, Lythari Elves and Avariell, they do not regularly practice using and shaping Incarnum as well, because their own magical traditions utilize other paths

of obtaining power. Star Elves do not practice this tradition, as, again, their own traditions are prominent in their extraplanar refuge. The same thing goes for the Drow of the Underdark.

Wood Elves across Faerûn have practiced shaping and utilizing Incarnum for thousands of years. The practice, some oral histories state, can be traced all the way back to the Plane of Faerie, before the Wood Elves even came to Realmspace. In many of the Sylvan realms of the Wood Elves, nature spirits are worshipped, in addition to the Seldarine. They are seen as totem guardians of sorts.

In magical rituals, many Wood Elves have learned to take the forms of these creatures, altering the Incarnum energies within them to take these forms. Many of these Wood Elves believe these nature spirits actually possess the Elf casters, but as a learned scholar, I cannot support such notions. Rather, reading about such rituals, it appears that these Elves alter their own Incarnum- knowingly or unknowingly- during these rituals in which they transform into or take on the aspects of their totem animals.

Elven Attitudes Towards Sanctified Magic

Sanctified Magic is a very special type of magic, and transcends what normal magicians consider 'Good'. Some Elves completely devote their lives to doing good, and their reward comes in the form of Sanctified Magic. These spells require sacrifices from the caster, but in return, the effects of these spells are quite powerful. In other words, these powerful spells draw directly from the caster, as well as from the Weave.

Only paragons of good can utilize Sanctified Magic. Sanctified Magic is white, holy magic, and only those who are worthy of wielding such power can cast these spells. Many of the most holy and virtuous men and women who live today, I do not think, would be considered worthy of being able to utilize Sanctified Magic by the Seldarine, or whatever other cosmic entities that determine such things.

Elven practitioners of Sanctified Magic exist today, but these individuals are somewhat rare. We Elves are somewhat predisposed to good, but the standards that one needs to cast Sanctified Magic take a determined effort. Drow and Fey'ri, because of their inherent natures, are generally incapable of casting Sanctified Magic. While, in theory, it is possible to reject their evil natures, I, myself, have never heard of such a case. Among other Elves, Sanctified Magic is most common among we Sun Elves, but that is not to say that it is a common magical tradition practiced by Sun Elves, or that practitioners of this tradition don't exist amongst other Elven subraces.

Ilyrana Moonflower, the daughter of Queen Amlauril, was said to have been a practitioner of Sanctified Magic. If so, she was probably the most notable of practitioners in the recent past. Many Elves who can indeed cast Sanctified Magic do not show off their ability, afraid that it may increase their egos, or that others might try to take advantage of them because of their special gift, or for whatever other reasons. Evermeet is the most likely place to find Elven practitioners of this magic tradition. On mainland Faerûn, Elven practitioners can in theory be found, but as I have never met any individuals specifically, I cannot say for certain.

After the dissolution of Aryvandaar and the end of the Fifth Crown War in -9,000 DR, a

philosophical movement swept across many of the Elven realms that existed at the time, such as the Elven Court, or Keltormir, or Illefarn. It was known as the 'Time of Penance', and it signaled the height of Elven usage of Sanctified Magic. The philosophical movement's goal was to atone for the sins of Aryvandaar and Ilythiir during the Crown Wars. It marked a rise in Elven who were devout and genuine enough to utilize Sanctified Magic. Like anything else, though, the movement lost popularity as time passed, and it eventually faded into nonexistence as a footnote in history.

Elven Attitudes Towards Corrupt Magic

It is no secret that many spells perform feats that most would consider evil. Casting a spell to poison another individual, I know I would consider this an evil action. Casting a spell to capture the spirit of a dead individual and force it into serving you, I know I would consider this an evil action. Casting a spell to unleash a Demon into the world, I know I would consider this an evil action. There are some spells, however, that descend into depravity even greater than these sorts of spells.

Corrupt Magic is a tradition that, thankfully, is practiced by very few. Thankfully, however, it is not a magical tradition that is practiced openly, nor is it practiced with any amount of regularity. It is a magical tradition that, historically, has a great deal of relevance, but its practice has come to a near halt.

Corrupt Magic is evil sorcery, that channels it's power from dark and depraved deities, or sources of power that are equally as malevolent, such as Demons or Devils. These spells often involve unsavory practices such as drug use, or cannibalism, or necrophilia. These spells, unlike other magical traditions, have no purpose other than to cause harm and suffering, and bring evil into the world.

Such spells come at a price, however. Those who delve into this black tradition often have to trade their own bodies or souls for the power to utilize Corrupt spells. This often manifests itself as the practitioner being drained temporarily by casting such spells. In some cases, however, this manifests itself as the practitioner giving his or her spirit away, in order to power a Corrupt spell.

Among most Elves today, this magical tradition is nearly unheard of. Such debasement is an anathema to the natures of most Elves. Only the Drow and the Fey'ri willingly and knowingly cast spells of this nature. And, those among the Drow and Fey'ri who do are in the minority, as only the most extreme can successfully cast Corrupt Magic.

In the past, Corrupt Magic was somewhat more common among the *Tel'Quesir*. Long ago, when ancient Aryvandaar and Ilythiir existed, various evil entities twisted and swayed the rulers and citizens of these nations. Lolth, Wendonai, and Ghaunadaur twisted the people of Ilythiir, and spread the tradition of Corrupt Magic among the Dark Elves. Malkizid twisted the people of Aryvandaar, and spread the tradition of Corrupt Magic among the Moon Elves and Sun Elves.

Elven Attitudes Towards Pact Magic

Elves rarely travel down the path of the Binder, the individuals who practice the form of magic known as Pact Magic. This form of magic is well known to our people, with examples of it being used

throughout our history, especially during the years leading up to and during the Crown Wars. Since the days of the ancient Elven Empires, however, a stigma against using this sort of magic has developed.

We Elves, natives of the mythical world of Faerie, are at our core, a freedom loving people. We have inherent resistances and immunities against magical spells and other abilities that enchant others, and wrestle the command of their own will and bodies from them. As such, we, ourselves, rarely practice magical traditions that do this to others. We, ourselves, known the stigma of having own wills wrestled from us, so, in turn, very few would be willing to force this on other creatures.

This is one reason why so very few Elven Binders exist on Faerûn. Binders press a foreign entity into service for them, regardless of the entity's wants and wishes. Being intelligent and empathetic creatures, we do not want to do to others what we ourselves would not want.

And second reason why Elves, as a whole, tend to disdain Pact Magic is because, upon making pacts, the summoner and the vestige are inexplicably bound. The spirit of the vestige and the spirit of the summoner fuse together and create a link so tight that the summoner physically and mentally changes. Any kind of changes to an Elf on such a basic level makes him or her *N'Tel'Quessir*. That is, they are no longer Elves. They become something more- or perhaps something less- than an Elf.

These theoretical rules and practices, sadly are ignored when it comes to the Drow. It is said that, since embracing Lolth, the Drow have become debased Elves. Their attitudes towards Pact Magic shows this. The Drow dominate other creatures with glee, sometimes taking pleasure from forcing their own will on another intelligent creature. Binding vestiges is another way that Drow can do this, forcing these entities to do their bidding. Binding vestiges to themselves is also another way to "get ahead" in the Drow world, as any advantage that one can use is used in mainstream Drow culture. Fortunately, there are not many Drow who know of, or practice, Pact Magic.

The last widespread use of Pact Magic by Elves was long ago, during the Fourth Crown War, and during the Fifth Crown War. During the Fourth Crown War, the Ilythiir used Pact Magic to bind various entities into their service. During the Fifth Crown War, the Vyshaanti used Pact Magic to bind various entities into their service. These legacies from the past have, for the most part, disappeared from Abeir-Toril. Some, however, remain, despite the passage of thousand of years. Many sites have been long forgotten, and rightfully so. Others are known to scholars, and are protected by the Olin Gisae.

Elven Attitudes Towards Shadow Magic

Shadowcasters, as they are known, are magicians who draw their power from the Plane of Shadow. Being as that this is the source of their power, the spells and abilities of Shadowcasters are somewhat reflective of where the actual power stems from. In other words, the magic that Shadowcasters can manipulate tends to deal with darkness, shadows and limiting light.

In other Crystal Spheres, a Weave such as Mystra's Weave does not exist. Instead, magicians tap into raw power trapped in the Crystal Sphere itself to power themselves and their magic. In places like this,

many magicians have learned to tap into the power of the Planes themselves to empower themselves and cast various magical spells and abilities. Shadow Magic is one such example of this sort of Planar spellcasting tradition.

Realmspace is different, however. In Realmspace, magic taps and draws from Mystra's Weave. Even magic that might draw from the different Planes of reality elsewhere draws from Mystra's Weave. There is a dangerous exception with Shadowcasters, however. Shadowcasters, often unknowingly, draw magic from Shar's Shadow Weave. As such, they slowly subject themselves to her dominion.

Very few Elves on Faerûn practice Shadowcasting, as we recognize it as a risk, as one can slowly become under the control of Shar by accessing the Shadow Weave. Some understand these risks, but utilize Shadow Magic nonetheless. There are very few Elves who do this, however. Instead, those who are most at risk are those who come from Crystal Spheres other than Realmspace. Thinking their powers are drawing from the Plane of Shadows, they practice this form of magic until it is too late, and Shar is already corrupting them.

Elven Attitudes Towards Truename Magic

Truenames are very powerful forces of nature. Know the Truename of a specific person, or a specific thing, and you hold a great deal of power over it. As such, Truenames are a very powerful weapon. Truenamers- those who use the Truenames of other creatures, things, and places as weapons- wield very powerful weapons.

For many of the same reasons why, in general, general mainstream Elven society frown upon Pact Magic, we also frown upon Truename Magic. To use one's Truename against them- whether it is to aid in the targeting of a magical spell, or to cause them to freeze in place, or to summon them into a binding circle, or whatever other reasons- is an act that is inherently against the Elven yearning to live and be free. Invoking the Truename of other sentient beings, and bending their will to your own through their Truename is a form of slavery and domination. No true Elves would stand for such.

Which brings me to the Drow. Sadly, like their attitudes on Pact Magic, the Drow have no qualms with utilizing Truename Magic to give themselves advantages over foes, opponents and rivals. Lolthite priestess' regularly utilize the Truenames of various Demons to summon them into the Material Plane, into a binding circle. That they consort with these fell creatures is bad enough, but oftentimes, they make alliances with these denizens of the Abyss, and sometimes, willingly let themselves be violated by these creatures, in the hopes of siring a child.

Long ago, the usage of Truenames was much more common in Elven society. It was also much more accepted as well. In the days of Aryvandaar and Ilythiir, Elven magicians were much more liberal in their application of Truenames when casting magic. In foresight, however, I believe that the general condemnation of this sort of thing by the Elven people may be because of where the gross overutilization of such things led to. Aryvandaar and Ilythiir both eventually became anathemas to the Seldarine and the Elven people. Today, many people still consider both inherently evil, although there are many sociopolitical

reasons that led to what happened to both Aryvandaar and Ilythiir.

Elven Attitudes Towards Psionics

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR: The following narrative has been transcribed from the thought-crystal referred to below, as it happened to fall into my possession during my research. I have taken the liberty of editing the account into something resembling a coherent narrative for ease of comprehension, but I cannot vouch for everything referred to within.

-Daerian Sunstar

Greetings, dear listener. You can call me Nym, Nym Glitterleaf of Silverymoon – explorer, free thinker and dashing adventurer. I'm also a practicing Psion, though only a mere dabbler in the arts of mind. I know a few tricks, that's all. Oh, and I'm also an Elf, Moon Elf to be precise.

You may be wondering why I'm telling you this, or how. It might be by the pages of the manuscript that I will soon transcribe these thoughts too, or you may be listening to my thoughts directly via this funny little crystal thing – it's a reildoxia, a quite handy relic of Jhaamdath, that records thoughts for others to see and hear, which is why you'll hear me rambling so much. Stream of consciousness, and all that. Sorry, I'll try to keep it clear. Or, you might be lucky enough to be meeting me in person, in which case I'll be telling you all this directly.

I need to explain to you certain things, of Elves and Psionics, of history and secrets. No, no, don't get excited or worried. I'm not going to spill any proper secrets, at least, none that deserve to be kept any longer. The rest will be broadly true, as far as I know and can reveal and can be bothered checking my facts about. But there are some things that need to be known, and known wide, by Elves and Humans alike, and others. Why? I'll explain later.

Whenever you think about Elves, you're inevitably going to think about arcane magic, aren't you? Well, of course you would. We Elves have a natural affinity with the Weave and the arcane, and we have great skill with magic. With all the grand legends of the *Mythal* and High Magic and such things, you'd be right for thinking that arcane magic has a prime place in our culture, and is quite powerful. Our divine magic is pretty hot too.

So when I say that I'll tell you about the ways of Elven Psionics, or mind magic, or the Invisible Art, it must come as something of a surprise. After all, we Elves have only a very minor role in what is an obscure field of study. In general, we have no good use for it when we have the arcane and the divine, no great interest in the face of the rest of our culture, no innate affinity with it, and no strong traditions for it in all our millennia of history. Most Elves either never hear about Psionics, or just simply aren't interested.

In short, to be honest, we Elves are terrible at psionics. So this article should stop here, right? Why am I telling you all this? Because, for all its rarity, Elven Psionics does exist, and has existed for a long time, though it has always been on the fringes of our society, an obscure footnote in our lore. But it's about to become very important.

There's a couple of ways in which an Elf might bump into the Invisible Art. Usually, an Elven sage will stumble over a mention of an exotic magic of the mind in a work of old lore. Or an adventuring Elf

might see Psionics in action, either used by an ally or by a foe. Usually, their contact will end there. Some will study a bit further, then lose interest. But a rare few, if they have the curiosity and opportunity, will delve deeper and perhaps even take it up. Some others may find mental ability awoken all by itself – as it does for many other races – thanks to powerful psionic effects or some obscure bloodline of Fiendishness, Illithidae, Yuan-Ti, or something else, though these, I hasten to add, are extraordinarily rare amongst the Elves, except for the Drow and the Fey'ri. But, these are all typical ways for any sentient being to acquire Psionic ability. We Elves lack Psionic schools, and our temples rarely dedicate themselves to meditation, let alone mental training.

More unique to us Elves is the reverie, a nightly session of meditation and mental exercise that all Elves practice. We don't, and can't sleep you see, not even by magic, so the process of relaxation of mind and body and mental tidying has to be done manually. We don't dream, either. Instead, we take the time to review old memories, and the thoughts and feelings that came with them. The revision is helpful when we have such long lives. It's not the chore it sounds like, except when you're young; it soon becomes as natural and easy as other races find normal sleep. But it does provide the perfect opportunity for regular introspection and contemplation, perhaps why we're such nice and level-headed folks, and it causes a number of Elves to discover the secrets of their own minds in the process.

This, dear listener, is how I obtained my Psionic ability. You probably want to know exactly how, especially the Elves out there, but I don't want to bore you with the details. In fact, I don't want to tell you about it at all. Sorry. Yes, it's a personal and deeply intimate journey of self-discovery into the psyche, and so on, where you see your soul laid bare, and– you get the picture. Ordinarily, I wouldn't care a jot, but it was my journey; the same would not apply for an Elf with different life experiences. If I told the story, it would only distract the other Elves who would do the same.

Let's just say that we, like all sentient beings, are at the mercy of our minds and memories. What we remember is not what really happened. Over time it is revised and rewritten, usually to enhance and improve our role in events. All beings do this without realizing it, but Elves, with our longevity and reverie, have more opportunity to do it than most. Never trust an Elf's version of history! The older it is, the less reliable it will be. Check with somebody else wherever possible, or take it with a pinch of salt. And I say this speaking as an Elf.

Now, the key to Elven Psionics in reverie is to reverse all that, strip away the layers of half-truths and little white lies and major acts of misinformation, to get back to the cold hard utter truth of a matter. Examine some important event of the past, your own personal past, and determine what really happened, not what you like to think really happened. Start small, then move on to bigger events. Often you will find your recollection is at fault, and your behavior was not as good as you thought. Uncovering these personal flaws may be shocking, it is difficult and many elves turn away or are guided or forced away by well-meaning friends and relatives or the Memory Keepers, but it is an enlightening experience. It is in this truth that an Elf will find the truth of themselves, and of their minds, and of their place in the world. Then the psychic power may flow.

As you can expect, Elven Psionics is flavored by many themes and concepts from our culture. It's the same for most races; a practitioner chooses their manifestations, or said manifestations arise from their psyche. These choices are usually inspired by one's culture and traditions, shared interests and common fears. Or by just what they think looks interesting. Predominant among themes are powers that grant aspects of the natural world.

Memories are also quite a common theme in Elven Psionics, a result of its usual discovery during reverie. These have a wide range of possibilities. A seer might view the past as memories, newly acquired, but as if they had always been there. A particularly long-lived and experienced seer will simply uncover memories of their own, finding new significance in things that they had forgotten or overlooked. On the other hand, they might view the future and gain a memory of events that are yet to be. Other Psionicists may implant false memories in another, alter existing memories or erase them altogether, in order to impose a selected reality upon the subject. For example, when I manifest the power known as Cloud Mind upon a guard, I merely erase the memories of my presence from his mind, even before they get a chance to form. With respect to myself, the man has absolutely no short-term memory of me, and he has no comprehension of my presence, bar a slight sensation of presence that he immediately forgets.

Okay, that's what we do, now for what we don't. We Elves are naturally resistant to the telepathy discipline- it's usually known as a resistance to magical enchantment, but it's the same thing- both mentally and ethically. Known for our free spirits, we abhor mind control and mental manipulation. There are some bad eggs, of course, like the Drow and others, so this isn't a universal rule. So we have a harder time learning telepathic powers, but these are quite suited to our memory-based Psionics, so we usually make the effort. But dedicated Elven telepaths are quite rare, and the few who persevere and take it up focus on using their powers to help others, in diplomacy, communication and mental health, such as the Memory Keepers.

Little of the rest of the Psionic disciplines are barred to us Elves, though we tend to shy away from the overly cruel or horrific uses of some powers. You would think that our great sense of self and fine bodily control should lead into a talent for psychometabolism, but surprisingly, this is cancelled out by our relatively low endurance, so we have no great skill at it, though we usually pursue it for the natural powers I mentioned earlier. Telepathy and psychometabolism; now do you see why I say we have no skill at Psionics?

Of the many and varied branches of Tel'Quessir in Faerûn, us Moon Elves are by far the most likely to pick up Psionic ability. Perhaps it's our greater curiosity, or our tendency to experiment with magic and push its boundaries, that leads us to discover and explore the field of Psionics and learn its mysteries. We love to travel, so we think nothing of wandering the world in search of Psionic lore, and we aren't afraid to learn what we can from other races either, be they Humans, Dwarves or others. Most of us draw the line at studying with a Mind Flayer or Yuan-ti and other evil races, but we aren't above stealing their items and records where possible. My own stash of psionic items speaks of that.

Less likely to be found practicing psionics are the Sun Elves. It's a pity, really. Though they have the intellect and the mental discipline to make great

Psionicists, they rarely have the interest. Sun Elves are snobs, they see themselves as the appointed guardians of the vast body of Elven lore, especially the arcane arts, and that does not include Psionics. To many, Psionic ability is a strange and foreign thing, practiced by the Humans of Jhaamdath, who decimated the Elven realm of Nikerymath, and by the Illithid, and the Yuan-ti, and by the Drow. With the Elven arcane arts and High Magic being such excellent and pure sources of power, they see no need for any other. That said, a rare few do overcome this aversion, or come to view it as merely a variant of ordinary magic and dedicate themselves whole-heartedly to its mastery.

Drow, Drow, Drow... Okay, I have very little knowledge of Drow proficiency with Psionics. All my efforts to sneak into their cities have ended in, well; you can guess how it went. I am quite sure that some of them practice the Invisible Art though; I once dueled a warrior who wielded a deep crystal blade, and spied upon the leader of a mercenary band in Menzoberranzan who had abilities that I recognized as psionic in nature. Their dealings with Fiends, Illithids, Duergar, Aboleth and other creatures of the Underdark are far too close for them not to have discovered the powers of the mind. I don't like to be prejudiced, but from all that I have seen, the Drow have no qualms against the worst that psionic power is capable of, from mind control to exploding-heads- The same goes for the Fey'ri; I have heard that they have produced at least one Psionicist, probably due to their demonic relations. Indeed, the Disciples Of Phelthong, may in fact be a Psionic organization.

There are other types of Elves, the Wood, the Avariel and the Aquatic, as well as the Star, but as far as I know, Psionics amongst them is rare to point of non-existence.

"Speak not of the Mythal's full powers and glory, but leave it for those with the will to discover it on their own. Teach those who would learn of the Mythal, but never solve all of its puzzles, lest a student have no cause or drive to learn further. Enlighten others that they might feel the Mythal, rather than draw a map to show them where it truly lies. The Mythal lies in the hearts and minds of those it encompasses, and such knowledge and insight must be learned by each one who touches its Weave."

-Mythanthor of Cormanthyr, DR 261, Year of Soaring Stars

Mythals

Perhaps the most well known of Elven Magics is the *Mythal*. Countless foolhardy adventurers have ventured into the ruins of Myth Drannor, seeking treasure, adventure, and many seeking to control the powerful field of magic that surrounded the city. For years, adventurers, knowingly or unintentionally, traveled to the ruins of Myth Glaurach, to recharge their wands, staves, and similar items that deplete over time.

Over the years, numerous cities have had *Mythals* cast over them. Of them, the most famous is certainly Myth Drannor. Other cities, known only to the most erudite sages include Evereska, Myth Glaurach, Myth Ondath, Myth Dyraalis, Myth Unnohyr, Myth Rhynn, Myth Lharast, Myth Nantar, Myth Iiscar and Myth Adofhaer.

Firstly, what is a *Mythal*? They can be described as a ward around a city, a magical field that has set limits. But, a *Mythal* is much more than just a simple magical field around a city. A living, pseudo-sentient web of magical energy is, perhaps, the best explanation of what a *Mythal* is for those N'Tel'Quessir who do not fully understand the concept of a *Mythal*.

Mythals bestow powers upon those who lie within the bounds of the magical blanket. These powers all vary in scope, and are named accordingly. Grand powers, major powers and minor powers are the three categories.

Grand powers are permanent and constant within the bounds of the *Mythal*. There can be only one grand power per *Mythal*. Grand power tends to have major effects on the physical and magical natures of the area and the people it envelops. For example, the grand power of Myth Nantar's *Mythal* is that it allows those within its bounds to breathe water as if were air.

Major powers, like grand powers, are constant within the designated bounds of the *Mythal*. Most major powers permeate their mythals as either amplifiers or dampeners of certain effects, but their primary purpose is defense of the mythal-cloaked area. For example, a major power of Evereska's *Mythal* was to hurl large, flaming meteors at those who threaten the city enough. Or, as was the case in Myth Drannor, one of the major powers was that scrying and teleporting into the city was prohibited. Unlike the grand power, those who have the knowledge on how to do so can bypass major powers.

Finally, there are minor powers. This is somewhat of a misnomer, as minor powers often rival that of the major power(s), and the grand power. The minor powers of a *Mythal* are also not constantly functioning. One needs to activate the powers, through a command word, or by wielding a specific item. Myth Glaurach's *Mythal* has a minor power that recharges magical items that are in need of recharging.

There are two distinct types of *Mythals*- those created through the use of Ar'Selu'Tel'Quess- Elven High Magic- or those created through other means. To

make it easier to distinguish, *Mythals* created through the use of Elven High Magic will be referred to as 'High Magic *Mythals*', while *Mythals* created through more

mundane means will be referred to as 'Wizardly *Mythals*'.

High Magic *Mythals* are extremely rare. Only the Selu'Taar known the exact methods needed to create High Magic *Mythals*. The *Mythal* encompassing Evereska is an example of High Magic *Mythal*. Note, however, that Galaeron Nihmedu, using the power of the Shadow Weave, recently repaired the damaged *Mythal* of Evereska. There will be future consequences to this, for sure.

From what I have learned, A Ritual of Myriad slowly links together the casters of the spell. What exactly this entails is something only explainable by one of the Selu'Taar, of which I am not. In the end, a fully developed High Magic mythal contains a maximum of 27 powers: one grand power, four major powers, and up to 22 minor powers.

Wizardly *Mythals* are much more common than High Magic *Mythals*, relatively speaking. On Faerûn today, very few Wizardly *Mythals* exist. Silverymoon, Shoonach, Herald's Holdfast and are all known to be surrounded by *Mythals*. Undermountain has hundreds of wards in it, and although they do not technically encompass a *Mythal*, the effects are the same. The *Mythal* of Myth Drannor is a Wizardly *Mythal*, ironically. The iconic *Mythal* of Faerûn is not even a true, Elven High Magic *Mythal*.

While *Mythals* are among the greatest of magics available to mortals, they are not without their hazards. As I will now elucidate, crafting a *Mythal* is a very perilous process. *Mythals* crafted from High Magic, and Wizardly *Mythals* have their own individual perils, as well as common problems.

Wizardly *Mythals* have a tendency to become corrupt after the passing of many centuries. This is because these *Mythals* are only maintained through the initial power generated from the original spellcasting. In other words, think of a Calishite sand-timer. All of the sand is contained in a single chamber. However, after time, more and more of the sand falls into the opposite chamber, until the top chamber is empty. Although this is a crude analogy, it hits the point home. Wizardly *Mythals* unravel themselves, and become corrupt due to the fact that the power binding the *Mythal* is wearing out.

It is theorized by some of the most learned scholars of Silverymoon that a Wizardly *Mythal* will last at least nine hundred years. Many, myself included, believe that there is a correlation between the amount of energy sacrificed by those weaving the *Mythal* spell, and the amount of time it takes a wizardly *Mythal* to become corrupted.

Once a wizardly *Mythal* begins unraveling, it begins to lose its powers. Every century or so, one or more of the *Mythal*'s minor powers cease functioning. Every three hundred years or so, one or more of the *Mythal*'s major powers cease functioning. As more time passes, the chances increase for the *Mythal* to become corrupted. This is the case where the *Mythal* ceases to function as it was designed to, and it begins to function in a completely alien manner. It is common for corrupted *Mythal*'s to create Wild, or Dead Magic Zones. What determines what effects a corrupted *Mythal* produces? This is a question sages are still trying to remedy.

Mythals created from Elven High Magic are much more stable. They too, however, eventually suffer from degradations. The cause for the corruption is different, however. Whereas wizardly *Mythals* seem to "burn out" and unravel with age, High Magic *Mythals* do not. Instead, these *Mythals* only suffer when nature, and the land around the *Mythal* becomes corrupt. If the status quo of the natural setting is not maintained to a high enough degree, the *Mythal* begins losing its strength, its powers, and even its structural integrity. There is a correlation between the amounts of land desecrated, and how badly the *Mythal* itself is damaged. The most knowledgeable sages estimate that there is a 20% for minor powers, a 6% for major powers, and a 2% chance for the grand power to cease to function for every mile or so of land that is befouled. Powers are fully lost if the environs of the *Mythal* are totally stripped bare.

Both wizardly and High Magic *Mythals* react to the presence of creatures from the Lower Planes. These creatures include, but are not limited to Baatezu, Tanar'ri, Yugoloth, and Slaadi. By having their mere presence within the *Mythal*, they knowingly or unknowingly corrupt the magical field. The stronger the creature, or the more present, the more of a strain they are on the *Mythal*. Their presence can erode minor and major powers, disrupt the stability of the *Mythal*, and cause the inherent magics of the field to fluctuate when accessed.

Drow Spellweb

In my research of the Drow, I came across a few references to something known as a 'Spellweb'. The contexts that this word was spoken in intrigued me. I inquired in the right places, and was lucky enough to receive firsthand information from an individual who I will not name, for privacy reasons. This individual, a worshipper of the Dark Maiden, was a Wizard formerly from the Drow city of Ched Nesad. The information he was able to provide for me about just what exactly a 'Spellweb' was most enlightening.

In the most basic and simplistic terms, a Spellweb is a magical ward, very similar to Spell Cages, Spell Mantles, and Spell Spheres. Drow Wizards cast spell on top of spell on top of spell, creating a complex matrix of various spells. This creates a ward that contains chain contingencies, making it extremely hard to dispel. These wards can be bypassed through the use of an item attuned to the Spellweb itself- usually a Drow House insignia.

When viewing the Dweomer through the use of a spell that allows one to see magic on a physical level, the ward appears as a spider web, with different spells and wards interconnecting. The size of these magical constructions vary.

My research could not determine the origins of these specific magical wards. We Elves have employed variations of the basic ward for tens of thousands of years. The Mythal is perhaps the most well known. The Dark Elves of old employed such magical constructions as well. However, the appellation given to this particular magical construction, as well as its literal shape, leads me to believe that the technique that is used today was developed sometime after the Descent of the Drow.

Drow are very secretive and paranoid, so at this point, I am unable to draw on specific examples to explain how these Spellwebs work. However, based on what information I do have, coupled with the concepts of magical theory I am already familiar with, I believe I can paint an accurate picture of how these complex magical constructions operate.

The initial 'strands' of a Spellweb are 'spun' by a powerful Wizard, usually using the life-force energy of willing and unwilling participants to the ritual. Once enough raw energy has been gathered, the Wizard can use his or her expertise in the Art to shape the energy. He or she first attunes the Spellweb to a particular item- a 'master key' of sorts. This allows the creator of the Spellweb to bypass any and all strands of the Spellweb.

It is after this phase that spells and wards are actually threaded into the matrix of spells. The Wizard, and any others who are assisting him or her, cast spells into the Spellweb, and the life-force energy powering the spell matrix keeps these spells in a stasis of sorts.

When a mage casts a spell into the Spellweb, he/she cannot study his/her spellbook to regain the ability to cast another spell until that particular spell is triggered (The Wizard loses access to that spell slot until the contingency is set off). When and if it is, the spellcaster immediately becomes made aware. If a spellcaster dies while his/her spell is still within the Spellweb, the spell does not immediately dissolve. Whoever holds the 'master key' to the Spellweb gains the ability to control the spell, and sense when it is activated. This is why some of the Spellwebs from older Drow Houses and institutions grow to become truly massive.

Bypassing a Spellweb, as opposed to a normal magical ward, is much more difficult, because of the various interlocking and interconnecting spells. One cannot simply dispel one ward, and not worry about others. Because of the interconnected nature of Spellwebs, improperly dispelling one ward causes connected wards to trigger.

In order to bypass a Spellweb, one first needs to physically see the magical wards. There are a variety of ways to do this, via magical spells and/or magical items, as well as special abilities. Once this is accomplished, one needs to properly identify the individual wards on the specific 'thread' he is encountering (Knowledge [Arcana] DC 10 + Spell Level + Number of Spells in the Specific Chain).

So, for example, were I to encounter a Spellweb, in order to not trigger the contingency spells, I would first need to physically see the Spellweb. I would accomplish this by casting the Arcane Sight spell. Next, I would have to identify all of the spells on the particular chain I am dealing with.

There are two ways to deal with the wards on a thread of magic in the Spellweb. One can either modify the existing wards to 'turn them off', for a limited time, or one can permanently dispel them. In order to manually modify the existing wards, one must tap into the Weave, and alter the ward (Spellcraft DC Caster Level + Spell Level). Once one successfully does this, he needs to successfully alter all of the wards on the chain, in order to not trigger an contingencies. One can also counter these contingencies by targeted applications of Dispel Magic, and spells that work similarly.

If a ward is not successfully countered, all contingencies on the chain go off. Depending on the size of the chain, this can be anywhere from two to ten contingency spells, ranging from Acid Fog spells to Zone of Silence spells. All in all, a very cunning trap, created by a very cunning race.

Faerzress'

The Underdark is home to many places, things, and phenomena that we, those living on the surface, find quite odd and alien. Araumycos, Earth Nodes, and weak planar boundaries and leakage between the Material Plane and the Plane of Shadows are only a handful of such wonders that exist beneath us. One such phenomenon that has a great importance for both surface Elves and Drow would be *Faerzress'*.

Faerzress' are patches of ambient magical radiation that suffuses through the air, stone and water of many places in the Underdark. Its magical properties can infuse living things, such as plant life and even animal life, as well as inanimate things, such as rocks or water. For example, many plants and fungi lack the sunlight needed to produce energy via photosynthesis. As such, they have somehow learned to survive on a diet of *Faerzress* energy. Sentient living creature infused with the power of *Faerzress'* are often more powerful than others of their species, and often exhibit mutations, such as Dragons with two-heads, or Minotaurs that glow pink and purple. Items infused with the energy of a *Faerzress* have become known as 'Drow Craft', for reasons I will explain later.

The term '*Faerzress*' is actually an Elven term. In Elven, the term translates loosely as 'Magic that Remained/Dominating Magic/Magic that Compelled'. '*Fae'*' translates to 'Magic', and '*Z'ress*' translates to 'To Hold Dominance/To Remain in Force'. Ancient Elven explorers from Ilythiir, Illefarn, or Aryvandaar coined the term long ago. According to ancient thinkers, *Faerzress* energies are remnants of the mighty force that long ago shaped the Underdark, and possibly even the planet itself.

Faerzress' play an important role in the Descent of the Drow. After the spell was cast that transformed the Dark Elves into their Drow forms that we know today, Ilythiir and other former Dark Elf realms toppled and the newly christened Drow fled into the Underdark. Knowing that nothing was stopping the Drow from returning to the surface world and renewing their war against not only Aryvandaar, but Illefarn, and nearly any other Elven realms they saw fit, the *Selu'Taar* who cast the spell that transformed the Drow cast another spell. Utilizing the network of *Faerzress'* that existed- evidence seems to show that thousands of years ago, *Faerzress'* were more common than they were today- the *Selu'Taar* bound the Drow into the Underdark. In a final act of compassion, they augmented the Drow with the ability to be resistant to magic, so that the *Faerzress* radiation in the Underdark would not be inherently harmful, upon contact.

In the thousands of years that have passed since, the Drow have incorporated *Faerzress'* into their society, without knowing that long ago, Elven *Selu'Taar* bound them into the Underdark using these sites of magical radiation. *Faerzress'* hamper divination magics and teleportation magics. The ambient magical energies make anything built in or near a *Faerzress* site highly resistant to divinations and teleporting into or out of. As such, many Drow cities (as well as sites settled by other Underdark races) are built near *Faerzress'*, to provide them with additional protections against these kinds of intrusions.

Over the course of the years, the Drow have learned to infuse items with the power of *Faerzress'*, enchanting them. These items are known to most as Drowcraft items. Such weapons and armors are left within sites of *Faerzress* energy to "charge" and absorb

ambient radiation. It has been recorded that sometimes *Faerzress* sites "run out" of energy, and cease to exist. Such occurrences seem to be random, however. These Drowcraft items, once they are finished being "charged" act as magical weapons. Eventually, it is said, they do run out of storied magical energies and deaden, if they are not left to soak up the energies of *Faerzress'* once more.

When exposed to the light of the sun, Drowcraft items risk turning into nothing more than blackened ash. Why this is, scholars are unsure, but it has to do with *Faerzress'* being Underdark phenomena only. Drowcraft items can be protected in one of two ways. Items can be kept within lead-lined cases. They can also be coated in darkoil, which protects them from being destroyed by sunlight.

Bladesingers

Elves, virtually regardless of where they hail from, have near synonymous opinions on the Elven word 'El'Tael'. The word evokes feelings of pride, fear, honor, skill, admiration and respect, among others. There is no doubt that Elves hold El'Tael, which is translated into Common as 'Bladesingers' in high regard.

Just what is the Bladesong, and what are Bladesingers? To those whose grasp on the concept is very faint, Bladesingers are magicians who are skilled with the sword, or swordsmen who can use magic. Both definitions, while technically correct, are quite crude. To describe the Bladesinger as either is to not do justice to the Elf or the tradition.

To be a Bladesinger is to adhere to a certain type of life, a specific moral code, a specific philosophy. Perhaps the best allusion to make when describing the Bladesinger to an *N'Tel'Quess* would be to that of a Samurai on the distant shores of Wa and Kozakora, which my nephew has described to me in his letters. Such individuals live by a special code, and are warriors, poets, philosophers, and artists, among other things. Likewise, Bladesingers live by a special code, and are warriors, magicians, poets, philosophers, and artists, among other things.

The Bladesinger embraces, perfects and incorporates all aspects of Elven life into their training. Indeed, most Elves would agree that swordplay, magic and art are the most important aspects of Elven culture, and these three things are at the heart of Bladesinger tradition. It is in the seamless blending of swordplay, magic and art that the Bladesong is created. Indeed, it is only when all three are combined that an individual can access the Bladesong. In a symphony, if three horns are not in tune with each other, three different notes are played, not a single, unified note.

Swordplay is the first aspect of the Bladesong. Bladesingers are masters of swordplay, being intimately familiar with their own strengths and weaknesses, as well as the strengths and weaknesses of their preferred weapon. Bladesingers train daily with the use of their preferred weapons, striving to become flawless in their approach. Experienced Bladesingers tend to think of their weapons as extensions of their own selves, rather than tools to be used in combat, or other situations.

Magic is the second aspect of the Bladesong. Like all Elves, Bladesingers are part of the Weave that permeates through all life. Bladesingers learn to feel the Weave flow through them, rather than to actively seek it out and draw from it as other magicians do. This metaphorical explanation as to how Bladesingers see magic is important. Bladesingers believe that the Weave flows through them. This allows them, in combat or in practice, to access it easier.

Art is the third aspect of the Bladesong. It is certainly not the least, however, as many feel that this aspect is the most difficult to master. Art is generally regarded as an expression of the soul, and is made through paint, sculpture, song, dance, literature, or various other ways. Bladesingers express themselves through all of these, and utilize them when tapping into the Bladesong. Bladesingers, it is said, sing while immersed in the Bladesong, dance while immersed in the Bladesong, and see colors more vibrantly while immersed in the Bladesong.

When all three are blended in perfect unity, the Bladesong is born. The Bladesong is a different

composition from individual to individual. Named after the Bladesingers, it is a transcendental state in which magic, physical actions and thought all become one, along a melodious background. I, myself, am no Bladesinger, so I cannot describe the exact details of the Bladesong from first hand experience. I can, however, relate tales that others have told of it. It is said that immersing ones' self in the Bladesong is akin to slowly dipping into a pool of warm water in which the warm embrace of the water sharpens all of the senses, all within the backdrop of a harmonious melody that can bring one to tears.

The knowledge of the Bladesingers is passed down from generation to generation in two different forms. Some Bladesingers teach the Bladesong to multiple students at the same time, in schools or sorts. Other Bladesingers teach the Bladesong to a single student at a time, entering into a teacher-and-apprentice relationship. Bladesinger schools, or lodges, often teach the more common Bladesinger traditions, while individual teachers teach the less common traditions, in most cases. Bladesinger styles vary depending on the weapon of choice that the Bladesinger specializes in, and the prevalence of magic into their fighting style.

The style known as 'Kerymvia' is known for using graceful weapons, such as the scimitar or the thinblade. These weapons allow the wielder to take advantage of his or her natural dexterity. In combat, Bladesingers who fight using this style of combat utilize magic to further enhance their own dexterity and mobility.

The style known as 'Keryth' is known for using larger weapons, such as longswords or bastard swords. These weapons grant the wielder some grace and some strength. In combat, Bladesingers who fight using this style of combat utilize magic to further enhance their own strength and fighting prowess.

The style known as 'Arkerym' is known for using very large weapons, such as greatswords, or two-handed swords. These weapons grant the wielder the ability to land very damaging blows, at the expense of his or her natural balance and speed. In combat, because both hands are needed to wield their weapons, spells are rarely cast.

The most common Bladesinger style that is passed down is the 'Keryth' form. This is because the style does not stress speed over strength, or strength over speed. It is, instead, very well balanced in that regard. The least common Bladesinger style that is passed down is the 'Arkerym' form. This form requires as a prerequisite the ability to cast magical spells without somatic components, so very few Bladesingers learn this form.

Bladesinger styles of combat can be broken down even further. Specific teachers, and specific schools have developed, over the years, have developed very own forms, that stem from the aforementioned base three. The style known as *N'Ivae Teukerym* was developed by a group of lady Bladesingers long ago, who wielded scimitars, that were members of the church of Sehanine Moonbow. The style known as *N'Ivae Teu'Arkerym* was developed by a group of Bladesingers who utilized falchions. The style known as *Kerym Syolkiir* was developed by a group of Bladesingers who relied on magic to augment their speed and accuracy to levels impossible without relying on magic. The style known as *Nael'kerym* more

commonly known as H'ei'Yal Drathinmaleé- uses heavier armor and deadlier spells than most other traditions. Various other forms exist, some that are still taught and practiced, while others have since become extinct.

The origins of the Bladesinger tradition are lost to time. Many cite Corellon Larethian as being the first Bladesinger, who taught it to his children, but these stories are really little more than that- stories. A Moon Elf created the first Bladesinger tradition, though the identity of this visionary has been lost to time. The Bladesong was a tradition that was practiced in many of the ancient Elven Empires of long ago, such as Aryvandaar, Ilythiir, Shantel Othrier, and Illefarn, among others. As such, I postulate that the first Bladesinger began practicing his or her trade sometime after the Sundering, long ago in -24,000 DR. Bladesingers have remained on Abeir-Toril since. At some points in time, there have been numerous Bladesingers in existence, such as at the height of Myth Drannor. At other points in time, like most recently, with the Elven Retreat in full force, there has been a relatively small number of Bladesingers on the planet.

Avariel, Sun Elves, Moon Elves, Star Elves and Wood Elves are the primary practitioners of the Bladesong tradition. Aquatic Elves, for obvious reasons, never established traditions of their own. Lythari, also for obvious reasons, never established their own traditions. In the past, Dark Elven Bladesingers existed, primarily in Ilythiir and Miyeritar. Since the Descent of the Drow, however, most Drow have forgotten about this ancient tradition. Some have mixed swordplay and magic as Bladesingers do, but these Drow do not enter into the Bladesong as Bladesingers do. Half-Elves, because of their Elven blood, can maintain a very loose and brief connection to the Bladesong. I would advise all Half-Elves away from the path of the Bladesinger, however. Their very tenuous connections to the Bladesong have caused insanity and worse, for those who have attempted to immerse themselves into it.

Ilythiiri Bloodmarks

The Ilythiiri Bloodmark is a tradition that started long ago, and continues to exist today, albeit in a form that only vaguely resembles the form it took thousands of years ago. As the name suggests, the tradition was started with the Ilythiiri, who considered themselves proud and brave warriors.

The tradition of the Ilythiiri Bloodmark first began thousands of years ago, shortly after Aryvandaar and Miyeritar went to war and started the First Crown War. In retaliation for Aryvandaar's annexation of Miyeritar, Ilythiiri went to war with Elven nations of Orishaar, Syörpiir, Thearnytaar and Eiellûr. While the realms of Orishaar, Syörpiir, Thearnytaar and Eiellûr were not as politically or militaristically powerful as Ilythiiri, the Elven nations were home to many warriors who were the equals of some of Ilythiiri's greatest warriors.

It is unknown who started the tradition, but at some point during the conflicts, Ilythiiri soldiers began marking themselves with scars on their biceps, shoulders, wrists, and sometimes even faces. These scars were supposed to be representative of scars received from enemies who were skilled enough to score blows on highly trained and proficient Ilythiiri warriors. In the minds of the militaristic Dark Elves, those foes who were highly skilled and trained enough to land blows upon Ilythiiri warriors were quite skilled, and deserved their prowess and exploits to live on, even in death. Thus, Ilythiiri warriors began wearing scars on their bodies as living testaments to the prowess of foes who they considered honorable and worthy adversaries.

The tradition would become more refined during the Sable Wars, between Ilythiiri and Thearnytaar and Eiellûr. Ilythiiri warriors would continue marking themselves with ritualistic scars and tattoos to celebrate the lives and death of worthy foes. The more accomplished the Ilythiiri warrior, the more foes he would have vanquished. As such, accomplished warriors began emerging bearing very stylized and intricate tattoos and scar patterns. Some warriors seemed to turn their entire bodies into living pieces of art, telling the stories of his accomplishments for the defense of his realm.

Like the ruling echelons of the Ilythiiri, in time, the tradition would become corrupted. By -10,450 DR, after the destruction of Miyeritar, the rulers of Ilythiiri no longer tried to hide the corruption that they had fallen prey to. They openly wielded the power of fell entities such as Lolth, Ghaunadaur and Wendonai. The Ilythiiri Bloodmark, which had once been a symbol of honor and martial prowess, soon became a debased form of magical enchantments bestowed upon warriors by priests and priestess' of Lolth and Ghaunadaur. Warriors loyal to Ilythiiri willingly subjected themselves to these brands, either unknowing of the dangers that they could cause, or already themselves corrupted to the point that they did not care.

During this point of Ilythiiri history, priests and priestess' of Lolth and Ghaunadaur would give Ilythiiri warriors tattoos in which they were empowered, but at the expense of their mortal souls. Indeed, and many did not know this, accepting these empowering tattoos meant accepting the taint to Lolth or Ghaunadaur into their soul. This is not to say that all Ilythiiri warriors during this point in time were corrupt. Many Ilythiiri were noble, and continued the tradition of the Bloodmark

without the assistance or application by priests and priestess' of Lolth or Ghaunadaur.

In time, the Dark Elves would be transformed into Drow, and would be banished into the Underdark. The nation of Ilythiiri would topple, and Drow from various nations would mix and intermingle in a great diaspora. The foundation for traditional Lolthite Drow society would soon form, and eventually bring us to the present. The Ilythiiri Bloodmark is still a tradition that is practiced to this day, but like the Drow themselves, it is more or less a twisted parody of what it once was, and what it once stood for.

Overall, the Ilythiiri Bloodmark tradition still exists, but in two different forms. One path that it has taken is in the ritual scarring and branding that Arachnomancers undergo. The other path that it has taken is in the ritual scaring and branding that is done to those who are attuned and infused with the energy of *Faerzress*'.

Upon being accepted as being worthy to become an Arachnomancer, the candidate must undergo a scarification ritual that involves searing his or her face, arms, torso, hands, feet, and back with brands, and rubbing dark ash or other pigmentations into the wounds to create raised scars, normally in the shape of a spider.

Upon being selected to be infused with the power of a *Faerzress*, Drow, or other creatures who are being infused, have ritualistic markings scarred into their bodies, by priestess' of Lolth, and magicians working with the priestess'. These scars run up and down the individual's body, and are normally semi-magical glyphs that allow the individual to be protected from the harmful effects of *Faerzress* exposure, and to channel the power of the *Faerzress* at will.

Elven Totem Magic

It is said that the sylvan realms of the Wood Elves literally teems with eldritch and mystic energy. Those less attuned to the Weave sense this though the phenomenon of feeling as if they are being watched, and having their hair stand up on end. Those who are more attuned to the Weave can literally see physical manifestations of this (Spot DC 25), as small blue, white, yellow and green lights that dance in the air, and fade away within an eye blink.

The Elves hidden deep within these forests have developed on a divergent path than we Sun and Moon Elves. Deep within their Forests, the more primitive Wood Elves worship nature spirits, as well as the Seldarine, in rituals that involve flames, natural hallucinogens derived from plants, and wild dances. One specific form of worshipping the spirits of the woods deals with totems.

Deep within the sylvan forests, many Wood Elven settlements have strange poles and tokens, engraved with runes, placed all around. These are Totem Poles, known as *Ehalaeraegis*, or 'Protection Staffs', and Totem Charms, known as *Giiraegis*, 'or Protection Brooches'. Certain Wood Elves even practice an art where they engrave these runes onto their own bodies.

When these runes are inscribed on an item, or on a person, it is said that they channel the spirits who inhabit the woods into the individual, and shape them in beneficial ways. It is said that these spirits, in one way or another, possess, or merge with the individual for a limited time, fueling him with their incarnum energy. As goes with anything, certain spirits are more potent, and stronger than others.

Stories passed down from generation to generation speak of mighty totem magics, where the spirits of the woods possess individuals, and transform them into mortal vessels capable of wielding near godly powers. These stories speak of rituals that involve summoning the spirit aspects of the Seldarine, and infusing them into brave and courageous members of the community, transforming them into limited avatars for a limited time. Never in recent history has a community had to resort to such last ditch efforts, and the validity to some of these stories may be, in my mind, exaggerated.

ELVEN PHYSIOLOGY

"We can adapt to any environment anywhere, and there are members of our race in places most have deemed too inhospitable. We do not try to prove that we are naturally better than everyone else. We only know that our abilities far exceed those of most, and our long lives give us the perspective to use these abilities to their fullest extent."

-Laranis Callirr, circa DR 1373, The Year of Rogue Dragons

We Elves have certain abilities that the other 'lesser' races simply do not possess. *N'Tel'Quessir* often have to resort to magic to do the things that come to us Elves naturally. The Elves do not gloat, but rather, we feel sympathy for those creatures not blessed with our gifts. Among the more important abilities the Fair Folk are born with are *Communion*, *Elvensight*, *Manifestation*, *the Reverie*, *the Elven Bond*, and a natural hardiness that allows for adapting to extreme climatic conditions and resistance to diseases.

Our gifts are said to have been given to us by the Seldarine, to set us apart from the other races that exit across the multiverse. No other races share the gifts that we *Tel'Quessir* possess- not the Humans, not the Dwarves, not the Gnomes, not the Halflings, not the Illithid, not the Giants, not even the Dragons. It is by our unique and special physiology that we are able to consider ourselves special.

Elven Bond

Though not truly part of our physiology, the Elven bond is related to the Communion on a deep spiritual level. An Elf can form a mystical and unbreakable bond with another being, and that being is not necessarily another Elf. Sometimes this bond is formed with all the pomp and ceremony of certain Human marriage, and at other times, it is a quiet and personal thing. For each Elf it is different, as different as love itself, and the gifts exchanged can vary from a simple flower to an elegant crown of emeralds.

When an Elf first feels this type of strong commitment forming, we begin to feel what the other person is feeling, much like during Communion. If the recipient of our affection is another elf, they will begin to feel those feelings too, and will return those feelings, in most cases. We Elves do not "wear our hearts on our coat sleeves", as Humans and other *N'Tel'Quessir* so often do. We weigh our hearts long and hard before attempting to bonding that that special someone, sometimes centuries, and that is why we rarely need deal with rejection. It is a sad Elf indeed who mistakes someone's feelings after centuries of friendship and togetherness.

This bond is, in many ways, much stronger than the communion ability we share, for this is a lifelong bond and not so easily broken. Through this bond, each person can sense all of the feelings the other is feeling, as well as any physical pain or distress they might be in. If separated, we can get a general sense of direction the other person is in, as long as they are on the same plane. We can tell how far they are from us with almost pinpoint accuracy when within 20 miles (nearby), and also roughly gauge the distance when they are further (20-50 miles=fairly close, 51-100= some distance away, 100-500 =Very far, and 501+ = a great distance). This helps us to locate our

loves when we sense they are in trouble. And, woe to any creature that stands in our way, for an Elf fighting to aid his/her beloved fights like no other.

At this point, the bond between two lovers has become so strong that the other person's life now means more to us than our own. This level of rapport is called *Aleiryid*, and both the Elf and their love now live solely to make the other happy, at whatever cost. This is the most altruistic pairing two mortals can share (for game purposes, treat this exactly as if the two shared communion within the last 24 hours; it is an ongoing effect however, and they get all combat bonuses that apply as long as they are side by side). Elves can only form these bonds after 150 years of life- anything younger is considered too immature for such deep spiritual commitment. They also must spend at least one year with their beloved prior to bonding, and spend some time together at least once a day during this period.

Unfortunately for many, an Elf's ego works against them, and their intended bond-mate. A high sense of self interferes with the bonding, and it takes a longer period of time before the actual bond can be made (In game terms, the couple must spend 1+[Both of their CHA Bonuses] years together first, but no less than one year). You must give wholly of yourself, and there is no room for egotistical feelings. An ego does not prevent forming a bond, but it certainly makes it more difficult to do so.

Few Elves care to bestow this honor on *N'Tel'Quessir*, because the bond would be all but wasted on them. In the case of Humans, this is especially true, for their lives are like a guttering candle flame buffeted by the winds of time, too soon blown out. Conversely, it is the Human lust for life itself that allows Elves to form bonds with them even quicker than with other Elves! (In game turns, change years to months when determining the amount of time the couple must spend together before bonding). It amazes even the Eldest amongst us that these 'children' can sweep even the wisest Elf up into their passion for living life to it's fullest, and many an Elf has died while barreling through adventures at an alarming pace along side human companions- especially Moon Elves. We Sun Elves have somewhat of a resistance to this, but we do fall pray from time to time!

This is often called "Walking Destiny's Path", for many know the Humans to be "The Children of Destiny" in our many of our most ancient prophesies. Although their lives are often too short, as compared most other *Tel'Quessir*, these Elves are usually amongst our most well sung and remembered heroes. But I digress... Suffice it to say that a blink of an Elf's eye spells the end to these ties, but the love they gain lasts the rest of their lives.

When the bond is broken, either by death or treachery, it is a tremendous shock to the other

member of the union. It is possible for an Elf to die from the grief caused by the bond breaking (DC 15 Fortitude Saving Throw. Failure results in a loss of 200 EXP per level, and results in the *Crushing Despair* spell for a number of months equal to the amount of years the bond was in place. Success means losing half as much EXP, and *Crushing Despair* is limited to a number of weeks equal to the amount of years the bond was in place. Critical Failure results in death, one that cannot be reversed through the use of magic.) Many time, if a bond is broken with betrayal, the partner who was betrayed becomes a Banshee, if female, or an Allip, if male. They pursue their lost loves for all of eternity, seeking revenge.

I am sure you can understand why bonding is not undertaken lightly, and why most Elves never bond again after losing a love. If they ever choose to do so, they must wait another 150 years for their heart to heal to the point where it can handle the strain. In theory, this would mean an Elf could conceivably bond four times or so during our long lives. But, in actuality, bonding twice is practically unheard of, and anything more than that is an extremely rare occurrence.

Our love may be powerful, but our hearts are but fragile things. This bond applies to the earth itself, to a lesser extent. If an Elf is denied access to the land, or sunlight, or even other Elves, he or she may die from grief and loneliness. This is why Elves cannot be held captive for long, and why we make terrible slaves. Even if uninjured, and kept near nature or with other elves, an Elf can lose hope and will his or her own death. It may be a terrible price to pay, but many a would-be torturer or captor have been denied their prize by this means of 'escape'.

Elven Communion

The greatest gift that Corellon Larethian bestowed upon his chosen people, we Elves, was that of communion- the innate ability to share our inner selves with other Elves. Our hopes and dreams, our fears and desires, even the feelings we hide from themselves, are all laid bare during the sharing that is communion. It is a window into our souls, and it is the most important thing that one Elf can give to another.

Up to four Elves may participate in communion. They must all be willing and have no reservations. This includes if they are under a charm or any other mind-altering affect. The communion will know what is truly in an Elf's heart, and a bond cannot be formed thusly, and will fail if attempted.

The participants sit in a circle, palms touching, and they must be in a state of total peace, preferably in an outdoor setting, such as in a sacred glade or meadow. They may be indoors, but a place where there is no chance of interruption works best. They then enter a state that is akin to the reverie, clearing their minds of all thoughts save those of the other members of the circle. When they have sufficiently calmed and retreated from the rigors of the world, they open their minds to the others, and explore all facets of the other's personalities.

While in this trance-like state, the Elves are vulnerable to any form of attack. Any physical or magical assault upon their persons will break the communion, and all participants will be stunned for a brief moment (For 1D6 rounds, the Elves can't act, lose any DEX bonus to AC, and take a -2 penalty to AC). During communion, these Elves are particularly vulnerable to mental attacks, because their minds are

particularly open and unguarded (All saves versus magical and psionic mental attacks are at -4).

Interestingly enough, the act of communion offers a limited form of protection itself. Those taking part in the communal circle cannot be spied on by any means. This effect takes the form of an invisible barrier that surrounds the Elves involved, and prevents arcane, divine and psionic scrying. To any being who happened to walk by, they would only see an empty field or room (For all intents and purposes, it is as if the Elves were under the effect of a *Camouflage* spell). However, walking within 20' of the Elves in commune will break the effect. Many scholars believe that the Elves involved are so enrapt within their inner selves that they project a mental shield that helps to avoid discovery.

The benefit of communion is not only to learn the most secret facets of others, but also to become intimately aware of the other's habits, fighting styles, and ways of thinking. For the next twenty-four hours after a communion, the bonded Elves can fight in perfect harmony, moving in synchronized combinations that both amaze and over-power their foes. This is referred to as *Aegisaleirin'Evereae*, or 'Protective Bond of the People'. An Elf must wait a brief period of a few (7-CHA Bonus) days before attempting any communion again.

Greater Communion

Called *Selu'Quor* or 'High Communion', this is an ability that is so seldom used that many Elves do not even know of it. By forming a greater communal circle of twenty-one participants within the confines of a *Mythal*, an Elf is able to project his or her personal feelings outward to a much larger group. This is an incredibly difficult and draining power to use, and it is a one-way sharing effect, unlike the normal communion that most Elves know of.

The only prerequisites for the *Selu'Quor* is that the *Mythal* must be a true Elven *Mythal*, having been created using Elven High Magic and the leader of the communion must be capable of casting High Magic him/herself. The Greater Communion has only been used a handful of times in recorded history, and only in dire circumstances. Should it ever be attempted again, it should only be attempted in the direst of circumstances.

The *Selu'Quor* begins with four separate groups of four Elves, each forming a normal communal circle. Normally, the groups are arranged in a circle themselves within the confines of the same locale. This is more to ease the transition into a greater circle, but the groups only need to be within one mile of each other to advance to the next step. Once all four groups have entered the communal trance, a fifth Elf, traditionally a priest of an Elven Deity, stands in the middle of each of the smaller circles.

He begins to softly intone prayers to his gods, and becomes only marginally aware of the others feelings. He also opens himself up to the other three Elves who are attempting to lead their circles, and if all four complete their prayers without interruption then they form an upper circle. The upper circle does not require physical contact. Once all four groups have completed the second stage, then the final stage may begin.

A *Selu'Taar*, an Elven High Mage, must place himself in the center of the other four circles. Once he/she does so, he/she begins to chant in Seldruin, the ancient Elven language that the High Magi utilize for

their spells. The exact chant may be memorized, or read directly from the *Glaurachsuor Selu'Quor Tel'Quessir*, the Holy Book of High Communion of the People. This ancient text, of which only one copy is available, lies in Queen Amlauril's library, in her palace on Evermeet.

The chant lasts one hour, during which time the Elf takes on the aspect of manifestation, while concentrating on each of the other four Elves in the upper circle. Once again, no physical contact is required for this stage to be complete. Once this final ritual has been completed, the leader of the new greater communion continues to appear as if using manifestation, and is linked to all other members of the circle. He or she may now begin projecting the 'spirit' of any single Elf within the circle outward, and any

Elves inside of the Mythal will be able to share in this Elf's feelings, knowing at a deep, empathic level, the core beliefs which drive this Elf. This is one way, and can only be used to project the feelings of one member at a time. The leader may project another participant's inner self after he/she feels sufficient time has elapsed, but traditionally it is only something the leader herself wishes to share with her people.

All elves within the confines of the Mythal will be able to 'listen in' to the projected Elf's emotions, and experience their feelings about a particular subject. These Elves are not overly distracted, and are able to go about their business while 'tuning in', although most stop what they are doing during this momentous event. They are not in any way prevented from 'listening' and can disconnect themselves from the communion at any time, although any Elf would loathe doing so. During this time, the city itself becomes invisible to anyone on the outside viewing it from greater than twenty feet away, and cannot be scried upon just like with a normal communal circle. It is said that Corellon Larethian himself shields the *Mythal*-clad city personally.

The circle can also be expanded beyond the Mythal, but this takes an incredible amount of willpower. For each hour of chanting the circle leader performs past the first, the radius of the communion effect expands by 10 miles. However, to maintain the chant, the leader of the circle temporarily loses his/her own vitality (One point of CON and must make a DC 15 Fortitude save every hour past the first, to prevent unconsciousness).

This means that, to extend the borders of the communal circle forty miles past a city, an Elf would have to be chanting for five hours straight, and would have severely taxed his/her mortal form. Extending the radius of the greater communion is practically unheard of, because of the physical and stress placed on the *Selu'Taar* conducting the ritual.

More often than not, the *Selu'Taar* passes out, having placed too much stress on his/her mind and physical body. History shows that there is a correlation between how long the *Selu'Taar* falls unconscious and how long he/she was chanting- apparently, the ratio is 1 to 6.

The last recorded time in our history this was done is when Queen Amlauril wanted to share her grief for her murdered husband, King Zaor, in DR 1321. She maintained the circle of communion for twenty hours straight, until it encompassed the entire Green Isle, and the smaller islands around it, including the fortress of Sumbrar. This unprecedented event is thought to have been made possible because of Her Majesty's obvious connections to the Seldarine. Unfortunately, I had not yet returned to Evermeet, and it pains my heart to know

that I did not get to share in the grief of my Queen. Perhaps the pain that I feel for missing this momentous event is a pale shadow of the grief that all of the Elves of Evermeet felt that day.

It is rumored that the High Council of Cormanthyr performed a similar feat when they ordered the Retreat and created a communion that encompassed their entire forest. This story is very doubtful, though. Without the aid of the Seldarine, Queen Amlauril would not have been able to create such a powerful *Selu'Quor* field. The High Council of Cormanthyr never had such "exclusive access" to the Seldarine, and therefore, it is doubtful that the Retreat was the result of a *Selu'Quor* communion ritual.

During a greater communion, all Elves receive the same benefits of *Aegisaleirin'Everae*, but Elves outside of the *Mythal* do not get the protection from scrying or invisibility granted by the more common form of communion. Some say the entire island of Evermeet vanished from sight during Queen Amlauril's grief. Though this sounds like nothing more than a fable, knowing Her Majesty as I do, anything is possible.

Elven Resistance

Once again, because of our affinity to natural cycles, we are blessed. We Elves are less affected by extremes of temperature than many other races. What others perceive as miserable rainstorms, we see as a gentle caress of nature. While others feel the blistering heat of the dry desert, we know only the kiss of the lifebringer. Even cold has little effect on us, being simply the natural rest time for living things. I have even heard stories of Snow Elven tribes living in the high reaches of the Spine of the world, but this is little more than rumor.

We may find some discomfort at the very edge of the extremes, but we normally shrug off Mother Nature's whims. We find the extreme heat, or the extreme cold a lot more bearable than *N'Tel'Quessir*. Perhaps it is this natural resistance to the elements that prevents much of the skin damage suffered by less hearty races. We do not experience the phenomena of "sunburn", and it takes many years for the sun to "tan" our skins.

Our resistance to temperature variations does not extend to fire or snow however, or anything that simulates these conditions. If an Elf sticks his hand into a fire, he will get burned. We have no immunities to weather-related effects created by magic, such as fire, ice, and wind. It is only natural temperature changes we can shrug off, but it is still a benefit we have over others.

Our hated cousins, the Drow, don't conform to the Elven 'norm' in many ways, and not just in attitude. They do not enjoy Communion or the Elven Bond. That is not to say it isn't possible for them, but they do not possess the mind set to use these rituals. Whether the followers of Eilistraee are able to use them is yet to be seen. Their sight, as has been said, is the only physical ability that Drow have that is superior to ours. Although they should be able to use Manifestation, given that they dwell in a natural locale and are physically closer to the earth, they have sadly lost this ability. Perhaps it is more than just drawing strength from the earth, but rather a 'connection' to it on a much more personal level that leaves Drow inadequate for the task.

The Reverie is the hardest to explain when it comes to the Dark Elves; it is only in the last 500 years or so that they have lost this as well. Most older Drow can no longer enjoy the peace it offers, and the younger have never tasted its sweet embrace. Not all are effected as of yet, but those that are must sleep like the *N'Tel'Quessir*. They become less like us every day, and perhaps soon they will be of a different race entirely.

Elven Reverie

We Elves do not sleep in the normal sense, although we can if we so desire, or if we are gravely wounded. Normally, we enter a trance-like state known as the Reverie, and this is how we gain the rest our bodies need at the end of each day. We 'dream' as Humans do, but our dreams exactly similar. Whereas Human dreams are simply superfluous images and ideas linked together in the mind, our dreams are actually true memories.

The scenes we experience are also so much more 'real' than dreams, and when we 'wake' we can still sometimes catch the smell of perfume or the taste of past feasts on our tongues. Like dreams, we cannot control what we see, and it is not always happy. Many an Elf has cried an entire day after re-living the loss of a friend, relative, or loved one. Fortunately, the majority of our dreams are happy ones, because we live our lives to ensure that our memories will be filled with happy thoughts. In fact, many believe this is why so many Elves live carefree and un-cluttered lives of whimsy—who wants to re-live sad memories night after night?

There are some truly nobles Elves known as *Ansrivarress*, or the 'Memory Keepers', who through Communion are able to remove bad memories from others minds and take them into themselves. They draw in the suffering of their people, so other, more innocent Elves can continue with their happy lives.

There is also a very rare form of 'dream memory', called a sending. A sending is not a memory that actually belongs to the Elf who dreamed it, but rather a memory from another time and place. When this occurs, normally it is of some important event from Elven past—something that has a special meaning to the Elf. Some believe these are sent by our ancestors, to help guide us.

Even rarer is the 'dream' that hasn't yet occurred. These are looked at carefully, through communion, by a group of Elves who specialize in the prophesies of the Elven people. They are recorded in the *Tirandiel Arcanum*, a tome of prophecies, so that the wisest among us may be prepared for whatever the ill winds of fortune choose to blow our way. It is said that Coronal Eltargrim received these kinds of 'dreams' in his Reverie, and it glimpse into the future that caused him to decide to open Myth Drannor to all *Tel'Quessir* and *N'Tel'Quessir* alike.

To enter Reverie, an Elf relaxes his entire body, one muscle at a time. It is not necessary to close one's eyes, unless there is a harsh light present. Slowly, as peace takes the Elf's mind, a dazed, glassy look enters his/her eyes and their features take on a faraway look. They are somewhat aware of their surroundings at this time, but cannot act to influence them in any way. If necessary, an Elf can force himself out of the Reverie, but they will be confused for a short time after doing so (Stunned for 1D6 rounds). It is through these memories that Elves maintain their high sense of self, and probably explains why we have such a high resistance to Enchantments. The fact that we do

not sleep as others do also explains why we are unaffected by sleep spells. The memories re-lived through Reverie gives every Elf such a deep understanding of him/herself that they become more aware of outside efforts to influence them. Truly, we are blessed.

Elven Sight

We Elves have incredibly keen eyesight, nearly as good as some birds of prey. When traveling with *N'Tel'Quessir*, Elves tend to notice things before they do. Whether it's a concealed doorway, or something following them several miles back, an Elf will almost always be the first to take note. Rumor has it that some Halflings have even superior eyesight to Elves, but I have yet to see this for myself. In all likelihood, it is most likely just a tale told by the wee folk. However far the average human can see, we see twice that distance.

When an Elf spots a rider approaching five miles off (the maximum anyone can see on a clear sunny day), a human will not be able to make them out until he is within two or three miles. Besides being able to see twice as far as humans can under most conditions, we Elves can also see very well in dark places, much like a cat. Scholars refer to this as low-light vision, and explain that our eyes can 'magnify' available light, so that we can still see even in the dimmest of lights, such as weak candlelight, or phosphorescent cave molds (nearly all Prime material worlds have some sort of natural occurring mold or fungus that gives off light too faint for the human eye to see).

When most others perceive only total darkness, we still can make out dim features and shapes in our surroundings. In an area of complete and utter darkness, such as certain planes, or in subterranean areas with no bioluminescent fungi, an Elf would be just as blind as any other *N'Tel'Quessir*. Fortunately, areas with no natural light sources are very rare indeed.

Our vile brethren, the Drow, have an even greater ability to see in darkness. Their 'natural' eyesight is able to see by picking up heat sources, however faint. They refer to this as ability as 'Infravision'. Infravision is very limiting, since it can only be used to see things that radiate heat, rendering inanimate objects and most undead completely invisible to them. Fortunately for them, microscopic organisms normally covers these things, so they are able to at least make out some sort of outline.

Infravision was one of the loathsome spider goddess's gifts to her children, but like so many of her blessings, it is a double-edged sword. If a Dark Elf is using solely infravision, and is suddenly confronted with a light source, he will be completely blinded for a limited time. The other drawback is that their eyes glow when their eyes are in the infrared spectrum, which can be deadly considering how many subterranean predators consider Drow a tasty treat. This ability, like many other gifts bestowed by Lolth, normally fades within a short time of being on the surface, and their vision reverts to their secondary mode.

In recent years however, for some strange reason that has confounded even Elven scholars, the Dark Elves are now able to use many of their special abilities on the surface as well (Player's may refer to the artifact known as the Windwalker, the events around which was fully described in Elaine Cunningham's *Starlight & Shadows* trilogy).

Beside the vision granted by Lolth, nature herself has seen fit to adapt the Drow to the Underdark. Over the course of millennia the Dark Elves have developed darkvision, something normally found in Dwarves and hideous creatures like the Orcs. Darkvision is even more acute than our low light vision, in that they are able to see in total darkness, albeit only in black and white. Like infravision, sudden exposure to light leaves you temporarily dazed and blinded. They accomplish this by having developed a secondary eyelid that closes from the sides rather than from the top, as with the normal eyelid. This membrane is semi-transparent, and transforms their normal infravision into darkvision. This also has the added benefit of hiding the glow that is normally given off by their eyes.

Over the years, the amazingly adaptive Drow have learned an interesting 'trick' - by only closing the secondary eyelid partially, they gain a new hybrid form of vision that allows them to see colors while using darkvision! This has become the default state of how they view the world, for they can quickly shift back and forth between the darkvision and infravision this way. Perhaps there is some truth to the theory that colors themselves radiate heat after a fashion. Whatever the reason, our evil cousins have yet again developed benefits that none of the rest of their race share.

This, of course, brings us to the Aquatic Elves. The Sea Elves, or *Alu'Tel'Quessir*, have a type of vision that functions much like low light vision, except that it can be used underwater. This allows the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* to see far better than surface races can underneath the waves. With other, more common types of vision, beings can only see $\frac{1}{4}$ of the distance they would normally under the same lighting conditions (for more on lighting and levels of light source see chart below). Marine races do not have this problem, and some deeper ones actually have a membrane similar to the Drow, which give them an aquatic version of Darkvision. The Sea Elves do not have this ability, and because so, tend to stay in the shallower areas of the sea.

There is yet another rumor, one concerning Sea Drow, of all things! We Elves know that such claims are preposterous, and those spreading such a vile tale will eventually have to answer to the Elven Court! There is some truth to this though - there is a race of evil Aquatic Elves with translucent white skin known as the Marels. They are in no way related to Dark Elves, however, and can only be found in the Moonsea area.

ELVEN SOCIETY

"For humanity, life is change. For Elvenkind, life is and ever shall be. That basic philosophical difference shall stand between Elves and Humans as a near-unconquerable breach between the races' understanding of each other. Many sources, sages, and soothsayers have attempted to explain the Elves to Humans, to little avail and much information. Strange that they now, in plumbing the depths of Elven history and its heights, find it prudent to ask the People about themselves. As for the Elves of Cormanthyr, they were true Elves, and much of what we can learn of them still holds generations later. However, bear in mind that the elves of Myth Drannor, and those of other lands (including others in Cormanthyr), may hold differences equally as diverse as those among humans of other cities and countries."

-Haalaari Nhachashaal, Moon Elven historian of Candlekeep circa DR 1369, Year of the Gauntlet

From the perspective of *N'Tel'Quessir*, I am told that Elves appear haughty, arrogant, overconfident, egotistical and lethargic as a whole. *N'Tel'Quessir* will never understand what it is to be *Tel'Quessir*, however. They will never understand how the mind of an Elf works. The main difference between the Fair Folk and other races is the enormous lifespan we possess. Most races do not- or can not- fathom the perspective that possessing hundreds of years of life lends.

Having centuries to live bestows the Fair Folk with a driving ambition. There is no task that we cannot complete, because time is not an issue. But, paradoxically, it also bestows us with a lackadaisical attitude. Why finish something this year, when there is time next century?

This is the reason why Elves have achieved such great heights, but at such a slow pace. It was not because of a lack of inspiration, or societal stagnation, preventing us from reaching new goals. It was because of our own natures.

Ancient Netheril, which was undoubtedly the greatest nation to stem from Human hands, achieved great heights nearly overnight, but quickly became no more. Cormanthyr, arguably the greatest nation to stem from Elven hands, achieved great heights over a long period, and diminished in an equally long timeframe. Netheril was a flame that suddenly roared to life, but quickly dissipated. Cormanthyr was a small flame that over time- grew strong, and- over time- flickered out.

Of course, our amazing lifespan bestows upon us an important virtue- patience. We do not mind waiting days, weeks, years, decades, or even centuries to complete a task we have begun. We are most bemused with the vice of impatience that other races possess, especially Humans. In the time an Elf takes to truly sit back and contemplate the beauty that is existence, generations of Humans could have been born, risen kingdoms, and fallen.

Elven sculptors, who are called Shapers, often take centuries to finish their work. Harnessing the power of nature, they can spend centuries shaping a stone using the steady drip of a waterfall, or the steady flow of the wind. Elven wizards- especially the *Selu'Taar*- have been known to take decades doing research and testing for one specific spell. Most Elves live their first century under the protective wing of their

parents, before being allowed to venture out on their own, as adults. To us, the passing of time is simply not an issue.

That is not to say that we never move with haste. If the need for haste is truly urgent, the Fair Folk move faster and more decisively than most others, having had years of practice. The entire Crusade against Sarya Dlardrageth, which included the defense of Everska, the reclamation of Myth Glaurach and the reoccupation of Myth Drannor all took place within less than a year.

We do not worry about experiencing things during our time among the living. A young Human sell-sword I once met while living on Faerûn was not yet into his second decade of life, and seemed to have his entire future planned out. "One day, ah plan t' find a nice lass, settle down, an' have a few children. Ah figure, once ah get adventurin' out of my system, ah'l open up a shop back in Suzail, an' become a smithy. Hell, maybe ah'l strike it rich, slayin' a Dragon, an' won't have t' work..." This young lad, with mere wisps of the facial hair Humans call moustaches, had planned out his entire future.

We do not worry about getting everything we plan to do finished. Instead, we simply live- a concept foreign to many, I understand. When I was naught but a young lad, I did not worry about my future. I did not worry about a wife, about a job, about any of that. I simply lived in the present, searching more things to quench my insatiable appetite and curiosity.

On all of Toril, there is truly no one like the *Tel'Quessir*. We are born carefree, and generally keep this lackadaisical attitude all our lives. Of course, as we grow older, we mature, and grow more cautious and weary of the world. But, a true Elf never loses his or her warmth, vitality and zest for life.

Very rarely are Elves born who have a serious attitude. Often, enough nudging by family and their elders is able to put them back on the proper track. But, some disdain the advice of their elders, and believe that life is too short for endless celebration. These joyless Elves often grow older, searching for fundamental truths of existence, and this search often becomes an obsession. Sadly, in their search for meaning and purpose, they lose what they should, but often do not, value most. Their own lives...

Elven Art

Music, song, sculpture, writing, and other forms of art play an important part in Elven society, as well as an important part in the everyday life of an Elf. Artists of various races have called all music, song, sculpture, and writing, "doorways to the soul". The Fair Folk use these arts in a similar way. Music, song, art, sculpture, writing, and the host of other aesthetic pleasures are enlightening. They are what separate us from lesser creatures, such as pigs, cows and Orcs. These aesthetic pleasures provide an outlet for centuries of experience, joy, sorrow, pain, pleasure, and any other emotion, really.

From Evermeet all the way to al Qahera, this one rule stays true- an Elf that does not have at least some experience with the arts is a rare being. Some would even say that these rare Elves might be emotionally stunted, or somehow otherwise damaged. Leuthilspar has beautiful architecture. Al Qahera has vibrant storytellers. Both are different forms of artwork, but both provide a look into the inner souls of those who created them.

Elven Music is in credibly complex. Such tunes haunt those who listen, and leave them with a vague, unsatisfied yearning that can only be eliminated by more Elven music. It is because of this that there are actually few Elven Bards. Though others may find us arrogant for saying this, we keep our music to ourselves to allow others to enjoy their music, for if Elven music was played to a large group of others, they would be too transfixed to ever contemplate their own music again!

It is a widely known fact (at least, within communities of *Tel'Quessir*) that Humans, and other races learned what they know of music from Elves. After all, we are the true children of Corellon Larethian, one of the most incredible powers known throughout the multiverse. Though what they normally produce is nothing but a pale shadow and poor imitation of our music, they continually strive for the ultimate musical experience, the sublime grandeur, which Elven music provides the listener. Many believe that this is why there are so many musicians who are dissatisfied with their own work- their own melodies can never compare to those of Elven music, and they therefore become discouraged, and often suicidal.

Elven songs are no less awe-inspiring than Elven music. Traditional songs of grief are often wordless acapella melodies, that stir great emotion in those listening. Most find themselves in tears before the songs are anywhere near complete, for the grief and anguish contained in these songs actually transcend the Human experience and capacity of pain. It is said that those who hear Elven mourning rituals are never quite the same ever again. The sorrow these songs express often haunt the listeners for years, and often, even the rest of their lives.

On a more positive note, Elven songs of joy are quite uplifting. It is said that songs of joy can reinvigorate and brighten even the darkest of souls. There is a popular folktale that Wood Elves like to tell. Long ago, there was once a small community of *Sy'Tel'Quessir* who were threatened by a very evil Green Wyrn. The Green Wyrn was able to sneak to the outskirts of the Elven community, without being detected, for the Elves were celebrating. After only a few moments of listening to the songs of hope and joy the Green Wyrn simply flew away, having a new lease

on life. Some say that the Green Wyrn was actually smiling as it flew away.

Elven sculpture craft is the most time consuming of all Elven arts. Shapers, as they are called, can take centuries to finish a single work. This is because, unlike Dwarves and Humans, who forcefully carve shapes and designs from stone, wood and other materials, the *Tel'Quessir* do not. Shapers employ natural means, such as erosion, or fire to shape their mediums.

Shapers approach each piece differently. The shapers have a say in what they make their material into, but the materials themselves also have a say in the matter, according to shapers. Once the shaper decides what he will create, he goes to work- a procedure that may take less than a year (if magic is employed) to centuries.

The natural force of erosion is most commonly employed by shapers of stone. Slow dripping waterfalls can be used to wear different portions of a rock surface naturally. The only drawback is that this process can take over a century to perform. This matters little to the Fair Folk, however, due to our long lifespans.

The heat and cold of temperatures both little and great, are employed by shapers of glass. Like stone-shaping, glass-shaping can take centuries to complete. Shapers move the viscous glass liquid around ever so slightly, in order to make the integrity of the final product perfect. The process of glass-shaping is much more demanding than stone-shaping, because the Elf him/herself plays a much more active role.

Nature itself is utilized by wood-shapers. Wood-shaping is an artform unique to the *Tel'Quessir*. No other races of Toril can shape wood as we do. The process is done using a combination of many methods. Sundrying and wind wearing are the two most common techniques employed. Some wood-shapers also use termites, woodpeckers and beavers creatively to naturally alter the appearance of their medium.

Arun Maerdrym, among other things, was the first to create magical spells used solely for shaping. His magical experimentation yielded spells that allowed a shaper to envision and magically create the medium that is wanted, in whatever shape is wanted. Many, at the time, disdained Arun's breakthrough. His spell, and those based originally on it, have come to be accepted by nearly all of the Fair Folk as of today, though there are still a few archconservative Houses and Clans who refuse to acknowledge the work of the Half-Elf Arun.

Artistic Elven writing has two major types- poetry and story writing. The *Espruar* script, which is the written alphabet used by Elves, is flowing and artistic in and of itself. Many poets and writers use this to their advantage, making beautiful designs and symbols using their own text. Written Elven also has more verb-tenses than Common. Asides for past, present and future tenses, written Elven has the ancient past-tense, the long past-tense, the near past-tense, the near future-tense, and the far future-tense. These different tenses make poems and stories a bit clumsier and less eloquent when translated into another language. But, they allow a story to transcend the limits and barriers that all other languages have.

Like other forms of Elven art, poetry is extremely expressive. Common themes in Elven poetry include nature, anguish, sorrow, joy and resignation.

These poems often explain the feelings of the author, and can even contain the feelings of the author's family.

Elves consider poetry to be the "last refuge of song", for those who can no longer sing, for whatever the reason. To *N'Tel'Quessir*, Elven poems may seem long, jumbled and convoluted. But, to a trained eye, and those familiar with the way an Elf thinks, Elven poetry is exceptional, weaving a detailed picture of the personal and communal feelings about a particular issue.

Elven story writing is the second form of artistic writing. In a way, those who weave stories using the quill are pitied, and sometimes even looked down upon. Story writers are often without talent for song or poetry. Like most of our arts, *N'Tel'Quessir* have difficulties following our stories.

Most Elven stories start at the height of the action or climax, and weave around the different details of what has happened, until the entire story has been given. A specific moral is usually focused on, though only in allegory and symbolism. Most of our literature cannot truly appreciated outside of our own tongue, because much of the true meaning is lost in translation.

Elven Food

The Elven palate, like the Human palate, is omnivorous. The Fair Folk can survive by ingesting both plants and meats. But, this is the closest similarity that the Elven taste shares with that of Humans, or any other race, for that matter. While an Elf may subsist on food prepared in the styles of Humans, or Dwarves, or Halflings, our tastes are much more discerning. We prefer delicate food and drink, particularly those that possess subtlety-heavy foods often distress the Elven stomach.

Of Elven foods, most others find the portions too small, but amazingly tasteful. It is true that we Elves require less sustenance than *N'Tel'Quess*. And, it is also true that *N'Tel'Quess* find our foods extremely tasteful. In Silvermoon in particular, I remember that many of the top chefs of the city stem from apprenticeships where their masters were *Tel'Quessir*.

For the most part, we Elves survive on the fruits of the land, and in the bounty of nature. Though we eat both plants and meats, side dishes and entrée dishes that are composed of vegetation are much more prevalent than side dishes and entrée dishes composed of meats. Consuming the indigenous vegetation has a much smaller impact on the local ecosystem than consuming the animal population. When we do hunt for game, we always make sure to carefully cull the excess animal population, as not to upset the natural balance of things.

For drink, sparkling waters from springs, and fermented and unfermented berry juices are most common. Dry wines and sweet dessert wines are also very common, and many Elven settlements cultivate the grapes and other ingredients necessary to produce exceptional casks of the beverage. Elven wine is particularly potent- though this rarely affects *Tel'Quessir*. We have been known to drink even the most hardy Dwarf under the table.

Mead is another beverage that we enjoy. This fermented honey beverage leaves us with a pleasant feeling after consuming enough of it. I believe that Humans refer to this phenomenon as "a buzz". Unlike Humans, and other races, we do not suffer from "hang-overs" after consuming too much mead, or any other kind of alcoholic beverage made by other Elves. Certain Elves are affected adversely to the swill Humans call 'ale' and 'beer'.

By far, though, the preferred drink of the Fair Folk is a sweet nectar, made from the juice of flowers, honey and a third, secret ingredient. This beverage, called *Feywine*, induces frivolous behavior, revelry, and celebration. That is only to us Elves, however. To Humans, and other *N'Tel'Quessir*, the effects are a bit more exaggerated, and a bit more harmful. That is why we seldom allow *N'Tel'Quessir* to sample *Feywine*. There have been incidences where Humans wake up after months of drunken revelry, to find that they have absolutely no recollection of anything occurring to them in the months they were under the influence of the *Feywine*. And, to Humans, who have significantly shorter lifespans than we do, a few months is indeed a great amount of time.

As a general rule of thumb, Elves disdain heavy spices, overpowering flavors, or excessive amounts of flavor. This style of preparing dishes often seems to contradict the way most *N'Tel'Quessir* chefs prepare their food. For example, while staying in Luskan, I was appalled by the way the Halflings- who take so much pride in all things relating to food-prepared their meals. The hen that was prepared for me was spiced much too heavily for my liking, even after I specifically stated that I wanted my meal 'lightly' spiced. The hen that was prepared for me simply overpowered the flavors of the other portions of my meal, which consisted of baked potatoes roasted in an open fire, steamed leek and some sort of venison stew.

Many, myself included, consider cooking to be a delicate art, that takes time and experience to fully master. One must gauge so many different variables at once- time, temperature, food texture, miscibility of flavors- the list goes on and on. In certain ways, being a chef is very similar to being an alchemist. One must fully know how so many different variables effect each other if there is any hope of yielding an end product that is useful.

Asides for the normal methods of preparing foods, which are known to the *N'Tel'Quessir*, we Elves have a special way of preparing them, that is only known to us. This method, which is called "breezed", involves magical cantripts that allow dry ingredients to be "swirl-mixed" in midair. Most breezed dishes are for special or memorable occasions, and it is safe to say that most Elven dishes are prepared in the same mundane ways that *N'Tel'Quessir* prepare their dishes.

Elven culinary creations usually involve four sense- sight, smell, taste and touch. We it possible to somehow utilize hearing into the consumption of food, there is no doubt in my mind that an enterprising chef would incorporate that sense as well. Only the *Tel'Quessir* can truly appreciate the minor shifts in colors, textures and/or smells, because of the fact that our senses are much more acute than *N'Tel'Quessir*. To most, these subtle changes would be either meaningless, or lost.

Also, Elven dishes are often designed to elicit a certain response, and because of the psychological differences between the *Tel'Quessir* and the *N'Tel'Quessir*, such responses are often unattainable. For example, certain textures and combinations of spices are supposed to affect the mood, and invoke different memories of each particular Elf.

For example, I recall that as a child, I was particularly enamoured by a particular myth about Aerdrie Faenya. In the myth, Aerdrie Faenya created pumpkins out of the heads of Orcs, so that we Elves might show our foes economy, by using their heads in a far more useful way than they ever did. Even today, so

many centuries after my birth and weaning, I still chuckle and recall this comical myth as I enjoy mashed gourds, or pumpkin soup.

Contact with sunlight and water aids in our metabolism. As such, when exposed to large amounts of sunlight and water, we do not need to eat as much as a Human, or any other creature our size and stature. Thus, we would be able to derive more nourishment from, say, a handful of berries than a Human would.

Elves living within a *Mythal* find that this ability is heightened, and that it almost replaces the need for food. When living within a healthy *Mythal*, an

Elf can forgo eating food for nearly a month, living on sunlight, water, and the power of the *Mythal* alone.

Most Elves do eat, however, as we enjoy the sensations that different foods cause.

The following is just a very small sampling of Elven dishes. If one included specific racial preferences and recipes, the list would be nearly endless. Aed of the Greenwood, a particularly knowledgeable sort who can often be found in, or around, Queen Amlauril's palace at Leuthilspar, was kind enough to provide me with this menu:

Quaffs/Slakes (Non-Alcoholic)

Sprucebark Quaff (Cleanses Palate/Freshens Breath Before And After Meals)

Mintwater

Various Berry Juice drinks (Unfermented)

Vegetables (Raw, or Diced and Fried with Herbs and Other Vegetables)

Cress

Leek

Chives

Hotwhips (Spring Onions)

Searshoots (Wild Faerûnian Vine Onions)

Parsley

Coushoots (Green, Growing Shoots of Certain Forest Vines, such as Chokeyvine and Thaelthorn)

Greenspear (Asparagus, Both Raw and Steamed With Herbs)

Various Ferns (From Fiddleheads to Stewed Broadleaves)

Brownbuds (Brown Faerûnian Wild Forest Radishes)

Fruits

Berries

Rhubarb

Roseapple (A Mild-Flavored Apple-Like Fruit that Grows at the Thorny Junctures of the "Rosethorn," that Grows Abundantly in the Heartlands)

Soups (Usually Served Cold)

Leek

Turtle

Blalatha (Mushrooms, Diced and then Boiled)

Darblalatha (Mushrooms, Diced, then Fried with Leeks, and then the Mixed Result is Boiled)

Haendur (Simmered Glow Worms, Seasoned with Particular Sharp-Tasting Leaves)

Blackbark (The Stewed Bark of Four or Five Different Sorts of Forest Bushes)

Snake (Four Sorts, Beheaded and Then Boiled Until Skins Separate From Flesh- Skins, like Heads, are Discarded)

Meat and Fish Dishes

Seared Rabbit

Thaenwing (Spiced-and-Diced Grouse, Partridge, Quail, and Woodguth [Wild Turkey])

Silvereyes (Fish Stew, of Silverflash and Other Small Forest Stream Fish)

Sornstag (Roasted, Hotspiced Venison)

Surkyl (Beaver, Herbed and Rolled in Clay and Fire-Baked)

Hooroun (Moose, Always Marinated with Particular Herbs To Counteract the Natural Seasonal Tastes of Spruce in Winter and Spring and Swamp in the Summer and Fall.)

Lulleth (Muskrats, Shrews, Voles and Branchcats, Usually Simmered Into A Thick Stew)

Groundsnake (Beheaded and Roasted on Skewers Over A Fire)

Trail Food

Various Nuts and Dried Berries

Mintnut Cheese

Taece (Fire-Dried, Tiny Forest-Stream Fish That Are "Crunched" [Eaten Whole, Bones and All])

Marruth (Pastries Into Which Cooked, Spiced and Herbed Mashers of Vegetables Have Been Baked, Let Cool, and Rolled Into Rallow Leaves)

Desserts

Mint Jelly

Tarts Made of Various Berries, Sweetened with Berry Juices

Elven Lifecycle

Humans are known among the *N'Tel'Quessir* for being the most uneducated about the ways of the world. For example, many Humans believe that Dwarves are not born, and that they just "spring out from holes in the ground", Halflings have always existed, and they will always continue to exist, and that we Elves are immortal, and cannot give birth or die. Concerning we *Tel'Quessir*, that statement cannot be further from the truth. The Elven lifecycle is beautiful to behold.

Like Humans, Dwarves, Gnomes, Halflings, and a multitude of other bipedal creatures, we Elves reproduce sexually. Males and females couple and their unions result in Elven babes being produced in the wombs of the female. We Elves breed true. In other words, should a Sun Elf have a child with a Moon Elf, the babe would take on the characteristics of either his mother or father, but not both. Thus, this child would be either a Sun Elf, or a Moon Elf. This is because of our divine origins, and the fact that we, as a species, do not physically evolve as, say, Humans do.

The normal gestation period for an Elven maid is two-years. Unlike Humans and Halflings, who grow quite large in the latter days of their pregnancies, Elven women do not really show that they are pregnant. Many Human women are jealous of their Elven counterparts because of this fact. Many Human women lose their beauty after giving birth, while Elven maids do not.

The birth of an Elven babe is a celebrated occasion. We *Tel'Quessir*, unlike Humans, and various Goblinoids, have a rather low birthrate. Therefore, unlike Human and Goblinoid births, which are sometime unheralded, we Elves celebrate each addition to our collective family. Though customs vary from settlement to settlement, towns, villages, cities, and sometimes entire nations set aside their days work, to celebrate the birth of the infant with the infant's parents. Celebrations can last for up to a week, and can include all sorts of feast, prayer and party.

Babes and younger children are often showered with gifts and well wishes by family, and close friends of the parents and/or family. Though I do not know this as fact, it is rumored that when Prince Lamuril was born, Queen Amlauril received gifts from all over the Green Isle, and it took nearly a week for her to physically lay eyes upon each gift, and thank the Elf who contributed them.

Elves are considered babes until they reach the age of 110. Of course, this exact number differs between community and subrace. For example, while Moon Elves of Silverymoon consider themselves adults at the age of 100, Wood Elves of the Forest of Tethir consider themselves adults as soon as they can accurately wield a bow and knife. But, for simplicities sake, an Elf is considered an adult at the age a decade after their first century of life.

Most Elf families hold ceremonies to formally announce that the young babe is no longer a child, but is instead an adult. During these ceremonies, the newly announced adult receives gifts, and is expected to decide his own fate. He or she is expected to make their own way in the world. They are expected to find their own places to live, to find a mate and start their own family, or pursue some other future goal, like wizardry or the priesthood, for example. I fondly remember my own coming-of-age ceremony. Among

my most treasured gifts was a *Cloak of Elvenkind* that I received from my father, and a matching pair of *Boots of Elvenkind* that I received from an aunt. Both articles of clothing were created for the defenders of Myth Drannor, and I still have both gifts.

The next logical step is marriage. Some Elves, however, do not get married. Many decide to become wizards, and pursue the magical arts. Depending on their success and seriousness, many choose to not take a husband or a wife, for the fear that doing such a thing would upset their magical training. Some Elves decide to enter the clergy. There are no members of the Seldarine who prohibit marriage, but still, many Elves forgo bonding with another Elf of the opposite gender, to signify that their relationship with the Seldarine is strong enough to replace a husband or wife.

The marriage of an Elf is an occasion for great joy. Such unions represent the continuation of the Elven race, and the potential birth for the next generation. Courtship rituals differ from place to place, and from subrace to subrace. Traditional Moon and Sun Elves courtship rituals on Evermeet can take up to decades. Wood Elves from the High Forest are said to be able to choose their mate in a matter of days. There are tales that Drow Elves do not pick their mates because of love, but merely because of their physical attributes, and their ability to aid the family.

Among we *Tel'Quessir*, marriage is always due to the love that the two Elves share. It is not unheard of that two Elves are married to seal treaties, or to strategically bring two families together, or for other diplomatic purposes. These instances occur rarely, however.

Marriages last until either or both partners die. In Elven culture, there is no such thing as "divorce". Our marriage vows bind more than just honor and familial ties. Our marriage vows unite the very hearts of the two betrothed, and intertwine their spirits and their destinies. It is because of this that Elven marriage is not too common. Great thought is put into deciding whether or not to get married. Most Elves prefer less formal arrangements and allow them more freedom and individuality. Only the most ardent and devout lovers make the decision to get married and forever join each other.

I am lucky that I never had to make such a difficult decision. Since I left Evermeet shortly after completing my apprenticeship at the Towers of the Sun and Moon, I never had the opportunity to develop a loving bond with an Elven maid. Yes, while I was exploring Faerûn, I had several trysts (one of whom was a Half-Elf), and might have sired a child or two, but I never developed a strong bond with any Elven women.

My younger brother, Pheren was deeply in love with another woman, Alarendi Durothil, who was an apprentice at the Towers of the Sun and Moon. While he spent a year or two debating with himself and others as to whether or not he should marry Alarendi. Before he could come to a decision, the traitor Kymil Nimesin attacked the Green Isle, and the Towers were destroyed, along with Alarendi. When Pheren learned the news, he was heartbroken, as he had ultimately decided to marry Alarendi. I fear for my younger brother, as he has bouts of madness, where he locks himself within his manor, and allows no one to enter for days at a time.

The typical marriage ceremony is fairly formal, and is presided over by a priest or priestess of Helani Celanil, Labelas Enorath, or Corellon Larethian. These priests only serve the purpose of witnessing the marriage ritual, and providing the blessings of the Seldarine upon the newly wed Elves.

Though I will never experience it, Elven marriage is said to be a wondrous thing. Husband and wife are literally joined in communion, and their spirits literally become intertwined. This specialized communion is said to be much more intense than the communion that all Elves share. Married partners are said to be able to feel their partners needs and emotions, and is so strong that it barely stops short at reading their exact thoughts.

Only the gravest tragedies and disloyalties can tear an Elven couple apart. Because we *Tel'Quessir* relive our past emotions through reverie, the love between a husband and his wife is always "fresh". Many Humans cite this reason for leaving their significant others. We Elves are not effected by this problem. Sometimes, a husband and wife will become tired with each other, however. They do not stop loving each other, but apparently, becoming more intimate than any non-Elf can ever suspect becomes boring after a while. Many couples alleviate this problem by living apart for brief or long periods of time.

Many Elves spend time away from their loved ones in order to make their time together that much more precious and special. When reunited, both partners shower love and gifts upon the other. Their time alone also allows them to contemplate their relationship, and to share any new experiences and perspectives with their mates.

Before I understood why, I was often distressed that my father frequently made his residence somewhere other than with my mother, my younger sister, Aniyala, and my younger brother, Pheren. However, with the gift of foresight, I now understand why my father was often living elsewhere, and I do not grudge him, either.

Elven Death

Like all intelligent races, we Elves understand death. And, like most other intelligent races, we have special customs and practices regarding the dead. Humans often cremate their dead, or bury them underneath the ground. The Mulhorandi even go so far as to mummify their dead, and build grand, elaborate tombs for them. Dwarves often build elaborate tombs for their dead. Orcs usually simply eat their dead, but then again, Orcs are not intelligent creatures.

There are no exact reasons that explain why we pass on to Arvandor. As we grow older, the call to Arvandor begins to sing in our ears. The older we grow, the louder the call is, until we cannot ignore it any longer. When we reach the appointed time, we "pass west", to Arvandor. The phrase "pass west" is often confused by *N'Tel'Quessir*. Many often believe that the term means that the Elf in question is traveling to Evermeet, which indeed lies to the west of mainland Faerûn. To a certain extent, this is true enough, since many of the Fair Folk venture to the Green Isle before they pass to the next life. But, the phrase' true meaning means that the Elf in question passes from the Prime Material plane altogether.

The call comes to us at different times. It takes longer for some of the *Tel'Quessir* to hear the call to Arvandor than it does for others. I, myself, am in my

fourth century of life, and recently, the divine song of the Seldarine, the call to Arvandor, has begun to resonate within my mind.

Like every other intelligent race, we have access to life-enhancing magics. *Potions of Longevity*, and items that bestow similar effects are not lost on us. However, unlike so many other races, we actually disdain such magics, and never condone them. These magics simply forestall the inevitable, and upset the natural balance of things. When it is time to pass west, it is simply time to pass west.

When an Elf heeds the call, his/her spirit leaves their body, and travels to Arvandor, and leave their body behind. Contrary to many popular beliefs, Elves do not simply fade away! We *Tel'Quessir* have many different funeral customs. For instance, my kinsmen, the Sun Elves, generally bury our dead in honored tombs. Wood Elves as well, generally bury their dead in secret. Moon Elves often opt to follow either method, depending on the wishes and the status of the deceased. Our Aquatic cousins bury their dead in coral catacombs hidden at the bottom of the ocean.

Because passing to Arvandor is not a sad event in our culture, most death rituals are more often celebrations of that Elf's life than anything else. Funeral rituals of my people, the Sun Elves, often include celebrations of the achievements of the deceased, as well as honoring their descendents, and feasts. Wild Elves have been known to mark the death of their people in a number of different ways, ranging from a somber burial, to night long celebrations, feasts and dances. The common thread between all Elven subraces, excluding the wicked Drow of course, is that we all know that the deceased has now passed on to somewhere better.

Arvandor is said to be a wonderful place, that is even more beautiful than Evermeet herself! It is said that the most wonderful poems about it do it no justice. It is said that the most wonderful paintings about it do it no justice. Arvandor is simply a place that the mortal mind cannot comprehend. Captain Fflar Starbrow Melruth, one of the generals of the Crusade, and the greatest defender of Myth Drannor, is one of the few who has actually seen Arvandor, it is said. However, upon returning to the world of mortals, his memory of the Great Forest, for that is what Arvandor means in the Elven tongue, has faded. Now, all he recalls is a general feeling of acceptance and benevolence, which can be compared to nothing he has ever experienced before.

Succumbing to the call of Arvandor is a voluntary thing. The moment an Elf hears the call, he/she can will their spirit free of their body, to travel to Arvandor. There are many who resist the call, however. Though communion with the Seldarine is perhaps the ultimate goal of any of the Fair Folk, many noble Elves put off the call. This is the reason why there are Elves who are extremely old, even for our standards. For their own reasons, they have put off, and continue to put off the call of the Seldarine.

The Elven High Magi all ignore the call to Arvandor. It is said that their yearning and longing for Arvandor is what fuels their potent magic. Because I am no High Mage, I do not know if this is true, or if it is simply poetic allegory. Either way, this is one of the many reasons why the Elven High Magi are respected so. Elven High Magi forego their own happiness, so that Elven lore and Elven life may continue as it has for thousand of years.

Baelnorn, undead Elven "lich" guardians also ignore the call to Arvandor. As mortals, they made the decision to allow themselves to become Baelnorn, knowing full well the implications of doing so. After the High Magic ritual which transforms these Elves into Baelnorn, they live for thousands more years, bound by duty to unswervingly protect Elven culture, in one way or another. Eventually, when their duty is finished, it is believed that Baelnorn are welcomed to Arvandor with open arms by the Seldarine.

While still mortal, Elves can beseech priests and priestesses of Corellon Larethian, or Labelas, to become Reverend Ones after death. Reverend Ones are Elven spirit warriors, who march at the request of Corellon Larethian himself, to defend Elven interests under siege. While these Elves do not ignore the call to Arvandor when it is their time, they do forego the eternal bliss that accompanies uniting with the Seldarine. Reverend Ones do reside in Arvandor, true, but they are rarely at rest, like most warriors. Instead, they are continually training for conflicts, and are totally devoted to warcraft.

Elves who have a special affinity with nature often forego communion with the Seldarine. Like Reverend Ones, these Elves do not resist the call to Arvandor. When it comes, they heed its call. However, steps taken before their passing prevent their spirits from traveling to Arvandor. Some female Elves, particularly in Wood and Wild Elf clans, can have magic rituals performed so that they are reborn as Dryads, or Nymphs, and are forever tied to the sites of their transformations.

Centuries ago, during the days of Cormanthor, it was said that if an Elf was buried underneath the roots of a tree in Cormanthor with the blessing of a particular High Magic ritual, he/she supposedly was reborn as a Treant, and became a voice of the Elven Court. Bear in mind, however, that both choices were only even considered on rare occasions, and were even less commonly allowed.

Very few Elves leave Arvandor once their spirits arrive. *Resurrection* spells are nearly unheard of. In my many centuries of life, I have only heard of one occasion where Corellon Lariathan granted a priest access to the *Resurrection* spell. This, of course, was recent, when Fflar Starbrow Melruth was given the opportunity to live once again by Lord Miritar. Whenever an Elf's spirit is called from Arvandor, it is believed that the spirit resists as much as possible. No Elf wants to leave the glorious forests of Arvandor. Whether or not Captain Fflar resisted the summons back to the Material Plane is unknown, as Fflar has no recollection of his activities in Arvandor.

There have been very few cases where a spirit was forced back to the Material Plane, and the Elf *Resurrected* against their will. Such Elves are said to shortly succumb to madness and despair. Some cannot survive the return at all, and tales say, become Elven Ghosts, or even Banshees.

Sadly, there are certain circumstances that completely eradicate an Elf's spirit. Once their spirit is no more, the Elf is no more. Being slain by certain types of Undead abominations, committing suicide, being slain in unnatural, unholy places are among the ways that destroy the Elven spirit. These poor Elves are mourned for months, and their children cherished, in the hopes that they will be able to carry on the works of their parent(s). Both, of course, are dependent on whether or not the Elf died honorably. It is said that only

the strongest of magics, or the will of the Seldarine themselves can rekindle the fire of a slain Elven soul.

The bodies of our dead are sacred to us. Ornate and elaborate traps and wards are placed in the tombs of our people, to prevent grave robbers and tomb plunderers from defiling our dead. Evereska even has a specialized corps of warriors, called the Tomb Guardians, that protect Elven tombs from those who wish to defile them. Thus is the reason The Fair Folk despise necromancy, in all its forms. That particular school of magic is all but sacrilegious to our sensibilities, and those who practice it are looked upon in a non-flattering light.

Unlike most other races- especially Humans- we have no ingrained fear of death. To us, passing west to Arvandor is simply the beginning of another stage of our lives. It is, by no means, the surcease of life, as so many others think of death. This in no way makes us clueless about how precious life is, however. Most Elves who die are missed, but are also envied, for they are already in Arvandor, with the Seldarine. Elves who fall in combat are pitied, since they made their trip earlier than was expected, but also envied, for they too have already joined in communion with the Seldarine.

Even worse than death, to us, is having our free wills and our own spirits violated. We are benign, fun loving creatures, and prefer anything than having our own wills bent and violated. As a younger Elf, I had the unfortunate honor to encounter an Illithid. I was nearly helpless from resisting its mind-influencing powers. When I was rescued, I openly wept for several minutes. Even to this day, I occasionally relive the moment while in reverie, and I still weep.

Creatures that feeds on the life-force of others are fervently hunted and slain. These creatures include Ghouls, Vampires, Liches, and assorted other undead creatures. No Elf, not even a Drow, feels kinship among such abominations of nature.

Elven Companions

We Elves are deeply enmeshed in the natural order of things. Not only do we share a special connection to the Weave, and to other *Tel'Quessir*, but we also have a close relationship with nature, and the physical world we live in. Many- Humans in particular- try to replace nature with their own society and surroundings. We Elves, however, live in union with the world around us.

This is not limited to just the trees, air and water around us. Nature also includes living creatures. Unlike Humans and *N'Tel'Quessir*, we do not try to dominate those creatures that are "lesser to us". Instead, we work hand in hand with all of the wild creatures of nature, who are our equals.

Because of their environment, the *Alu'Tel'Quessir* work with creatures that most of us do not ever encounter. The Aquatic Elves see dolphins and porpoises as kindred souls. Most Aquatic Elf communities contain dolphins and porpoises, who serve as guardians, messengers, and play companions.

Aquatic Elves also have a great respect for the mammoths of the seas- whales. Although the migratory patterns of these beasts makes it impossible for them to settle down in or around Aquatic Elf communities, the Sea Elves are still very interested in befriending these mammoths. In dire situations, it is not unheard of for pods of whales to aid Aquatic Elves, and vice versa.

Some Aquatic Elves also train seals and sea lions as guardians. Sharks are almost universally reviled by Aquatic Elves, as they are seen as unnatural monsters, tainted by the evil of the Sahuagin, the Aquatic Elves' most hated enemy.

The *Aril'Tel'Quessir* also interact with many unique creatures, because of their environment. The Avariel consider Giant Eagles their allies. The two races have a long standing relationship that reaches back ages. Avariel are fond of all birds, really, and keep them as companions and pets. But, because Avariel dread being cooped up themselves, they do not keep their pets and companions in cages.

Avariels sometimes train arrowhawks, griffons and hippogriffs to protect their aeries. They also have an awe for rocs, but admire these creatures from a distance, as their size often makes direct interaction impossible, or at best, a hassle.

Sadly, the Drow have degenerated to a point where they do not really understand the concept of pets and companions. The closest notion they have to companions are the slaves and thrall that they favor. They do not keep pets as we know the term. Drow revere spiders, believing them to be heralds from their wicked Spider Queen, Lolth. They breed these mindless vermin to perform various tasks, and have met with some success. Most of the time, their attempts to train and breed spiders ends in failure. However, Sword Spiders are said to have been created by the Drow, and are ferocious and dangerous creatures.

The Dark Elves are also said to use subterranean lizards in a way that we would use horses. These lizards are used as mounts, and as pack animals. They sometimes use bats as scouts and/or alert mechanisms. Molds and oozes are said to be trained to deal with the wastes that Drow produce. It is said that occasionally train Cavvekan, bat-faced cavedogs, as guards or sources of amusement.

Fey'ri have, as far as I know, no particular affinity for any pets of any kind. Fey'ri sometimes enspell phoenix, swan, pegasi and griffins to serve them. The reason for this is because these animals were depicted on the original heraldic devices for the different Houses that make up the Fey'ri today. House Dlardrageth's was the phoenix, House Aelorothi's was the swan, House Ealoeth's was the pegasus, and House Floschin's was a two-headed griffon. The Fey'ri, when they can, perform horrible experiments that result in fiendish versions of the above mentioned creatures.

The *Teu'Tel'Quessir* value the companionship of all different kinds of animals and magical beasts during their travels abroad, and at home. Many Moon Elves that I know keep at least three different pets at once, and can boast that, over the spans of their lives, they have taken care of hundreds of different species. Hunting dogs and raptors are often a favorite of Moon Elves, as many of them enjoy the sport of hunting. Moon Elves rarely keep mounts, because many, as they put it, "prefer traveling on our own two feet". There is an exception for Moon Horses, known as *Teu'Kelytha*. Many Moon Elves develop mystical bonds with these eldritch creatures, which roam freely on Evermeet.

Some Moon Elves keep very exotic pets. These magical creatures range from Blink Dogs to Unicorns. Moon Elves generally keep benevolent creatures as companions and pets. In the course of their wanderings, Moon Elves often come upon new and interesting species of creatures that they have never encountered, and they often send these

creatures back to their homes, to enjoy upon their return.

Star Elves are very much like we Sun Elves on the matter of pets and companions. They appreciate nature in all its forms. But, Star Elves really do not keep these animals as pets, or companions. They have no problem with allowing them to live around, and in their very own settlements, but they do not seek to put any of these creatures in captivity.

We Sun Elves do not really keep pets. I keep a pair of songbirds in my manor, because I enjoy their songs, but asides for them, I have no other pets. We welcome any creatures who make their homes, lairs and dens near our homes, but we do not go out of our way to train them, or befriend them. Perhaps this is because we have come to rely on our magic to protect our lands and our people more than the natural creatures who share the land with us. In other words, we *Ar'Tel'Quessir* are more likely to summon powerful Elementals, or benign Outsiders rather than to rely on good-hearted beasts and woodland creatures.

Sun Elves, unlike most other Elves, are keen riders. We enjoy equestrian horse riding, and training our steeds. Of the course of the centuries, we have also developed special relationships with winged creatures, including pegasi and Giant Eagles. Many of my brethren have taken to the sky on winged mounts such as these.

Animals play an important role in the society of the *Sy'Tel'Quessir*, the Wild Elves. Not only do the different tribes use animals to aid them in protecting their lands, but the Wild Elven tribes also revere animals. Rillifane Rallathil is said to have many different fragments, and many of them include animals. By revering natural animals, the Wild Elves believe that they also revere their patron, Rallathil.

Wolves, great cats and birds of prey and even wolverines are commonly employed by Wild Elves to defend their lands. Dire versions of these creatures are also trained as guardians, but these instances are much less common.

Wild Elves also believe that a spirit animal protects them all. In their youth, all Wild Elves undergo a ritual that includes inhaling the smoke from various burning herbs. These herbs eventually cause the young Elf to see visions to their spirit guardians, which manifest themselves as animals. Each Wild Elf feels a particular affinity for whatever animal he/she saw in this dream.

Wood Elves, like Sun Elves, are completely at home with the other creatures who live in the surrounding areas. Wood Elves do not keep these animals as pets, but instead, treat them as fellows who happen to share the same territory. The favored guardians of the Wood Elves include all kinds of great cats, such as mountain lions, pumas and leopards.

Wood Elves also share a natural kinship with Giant Owls. Unlike other birds, the *Or'Tel'Quessir* see Giant Owls as intelligent creatures, much like Giant Eagles. Wood Elves and Giant Owls often share a symbiotic relationship- the Giant Owls serve as advance scouts for the Wood Elves, and the Wood Elves serve as protectors of the owls.

Elven Swordplay

We Elves have existed on Abeir-Toril for many thousands of years, even though we are truly not native to the planet. Because we have existed for so many years, and because many of the native races

were fairly primitive when we arrived on the planet, we Elves are the creators of many things that are relatively common across most of Faerûn, and even other continents on Abeir-Toril. Swordplay and bladecraft is a passion that many Elves share, so it should come to no surprise that many styles commonly practiced on Faerûn were first developed and/or perfected by we Elves.

The art of fencing is commonly practiced by various peoples across Faerûn. We Elves were the first to develop the formal art of fencing. As far back as the Crown Wars, Elves have been fighting "blade-chime", as it is called around Faerûn, with rapiers, sabers, lightblades, quickblades, and other weapons. Other N'Tel'Quessir have only recently "discovered" what we developed long ago. We called this form of combat 'Kerymvian', which roughly translates into common as 'Graceful Sword'.

Over the course of the years, hundreds, if not thousands, of different Kerymvian schools have been developed. The relatively simple 'Keryth', or 'War Sword' style was commonly taught by different Elven realms to new recruits to defend the realm. 'Kery'Faen', which translates roughly as 'Life Sword', is a style that focuses on defense and non-lethal combat. 'Mhaor'Arkerym', which roughly translates as 'Greatsword of the Corruptor', is a style that utilizes two-handed swords that wears down the opponent stylishly. 'Kerym Syolkir', which translates roughly as 'Shooting Star Sword', is a style that relies on blazingly fast attacks at a distance, that only very impressive duelists can properly utilize. 'Nyr'lolaa', translated roughly as 'Flash Arrow', is a style that relies on flashy moves to distract the opponent and lightning fast thrusts to finish them.

Individual schools exist, that teach specialized forms of the above genres of fencing and swordplay. For example, Natha Kerymvian is a dueling style developed and practiced by the Nathalans of Evermeet. Other practitioners are self-taught, and as such, do not have proper, ceremonial names. The various different Bladesinger styles that exist all have 'proper names' as well, as I listed in my discussion of Bladesingers.

The term 'Biir Kerym', which roughly translates as 'Junk Sword', is a general term used to describe any sword-school that is considered inferior to one's own. All sword styles taught by N'Tel'Quessir are generally considered Biir Kerym by many, more conservative Elves, regardless of their merits. It is a grave insult to be called Biir Kerym, or to have your style of dueling called Biir Kerym. The term was actually outlawed in Myth Drannor after the city was opened to N'Tel'Quessir, because of the problems such pronunciations were causing.

Biir Kerym styles- that is, self-made and self-taught styles- are typically very undisciplined, and improvise a hodge-podge of different skills and techniques, coupled with raw enthusiasm. The end result, generally speaking, is very ungraceful. A swordsman or swordswoman may be quite proficient with their weapon, but without formal teaching, most dismiss such individuals.

Inter-Elven Relationships

We *Tel'Quessir* are linked physically, emotionally and spiritually with each other because of our communal lifestyles, and because of our innate connections to the Weave. Though we take on many forms, the core of an Elf, our spirit, is always the same.

The Drow, and the Fey'ri are the only exceptions to the rule, though it is easy to not consider them *Tel'Quessir*. But, to make this tome as complete as possible, I will consider those two vile races Elves, much to the dismay of my own heart.

As I alluded to a moment ago, we Elves take on many different forms. Deep below many bodies of water, both salt water and fresh water dwell the *Alu'Tel'Quessir*, more commonly known as Water, or Aquatic Elves. Hidden in the deepest parts of ancient forests are the *Ly'Tel'Quessir*, more commonly known as the Lythari, or Elven Werewolves. In the lightness caverns, far from the warm kiss of the sun are the *Ssri'Tel'Quessir*, who are more commonly known as Dark, or Drow Elves. Though these three examples are vastly different, all are Elves.

Because of the complexity of interracial relationships, I will only be talking about Sun Elves, Drow Elves and Fey'ri. Moon Elves, Wood Elves and Aquatic Elves tend to believe the same things that Sun Elves do. Wild Elves, Star Elves, Lythari and Avariel (Winged Elves) tend to be generally mistrustful of any outsiders, including other Elves. They do not actively participate in the affairs of other Elves, and do their best to stay neutral, hidden away. Because of their particular status within Elven society, I am not including Half-Elves, and their views on others, but I will include the Sun Elf, Drow Elf and Fey'ri view on Half-Elves, who are also known as the *A'Tel'Quessir*, or the 'Almost People'.

We Sun Elves enjoy good relations with Moon Elves and Wood Elves. Most Elven realms in the past were made up of these three subraces, and most current Elven realms are made up of these three subraces. The physical, mental, sociological and psychological differences between Sun Elves and Moon and Wood Elves are also minimal. Uneducated *N'Tel'Quessir*, who are unaware about the differences we all have, usually lump Sun, Moon and Wood Elves together simply as 'Elves', which is a testament to how similar alike we all are.

Sun Elves share a good relationship with Aquatic Elves, even though there are obvious differences between us. Aquatic Elves serve the Seldarine, and the general good just as much as Sun Elves do. In the past, we have fought together, and to this day, we still do.

We have no real relationship with Star Elves,, Avariel and Lythari. All three groups tend to keep to themselves. Star Elves are very similar to us Sun Elves, but because their Realm exists in another demiplane, formal relations between the two subraces is all but nonexistent. There are too few Avariel and Lythari to have formal relationships with Sun Elves.

Most Sun Elves have a mixture of pity and scorn for Half-Elves. Some of the more conservative Sun Elves see Half-Elves as abominations, and are better off being killed as newborns, rather than having to live in a twilight world. Others see Half-Elves for what they are- individuals who make their own futures, and decide their own fates. I, myself, can be placed in the latter category. Every individual is different, and even *A'Tel'Quessir* can serve the greater will of the Seldarine. Arilyn Moonflower, who often uses the alias Moonblade, who is a Half-Elf is a perfect example of this.

Like all other Elves, we Sun Elves see Drow as wicked, evil creatures. Most Drow will stop at nothing to eradicate us 'Faerie Elves', and we reciprocate the feeling, though not in such extreme measures. There

are a few Drow who have turned their backs on their evil brothers and sisters, and are generally benevolent beings. Though we often view these Drow with some suspicion, we have decent relations with these benevolent surface Drow.

It pains me to admit it, but Fey'ri were once Sun Elves themselves. Long ago, during the days of ancient Siluvanede, the Sun Elves of House Dlardrageth sold their spirits to the Demon Lord Malkizid, in return for power. They were eventually exposed as having courted with demons, and were imprisoned in what became the Nameless Dungeon. Recently, they escaped, and resumed their feud with all Elves. Sarya, their leader, was slain, and her Fey'ri armies routed. Few Fey'ri remain, and those that do are being hunted down by the Fair Folk. It is suffice to say that we do not share a good relationship with each other...

Drow have low regards for all surface Elves-Sun, Moon, Wood, Wild, Star, Winged and Lythari. These 'Faerie' races, as the Drow address us, supposedly betrayed them long ago, and banished them to the Underdark, where only Lolth, the Demon Queen of Spiders, was kind enough to take them under her wing. There is no doubt, however, that these lies are the result of eons of Lolthite propaganda, for the true events of what happened in those early days are nothing like what the Drow claim. It was their own wicked natures, and their own wicked goddess who caused them to be banished to the Underdark.

There are certain Drow who have escaped the wickedness of their brethren, and have come to venerate Eilistraee, the daughter of Corellon Larethian. These Elves are still Drow, though they have overcome their wicked society, and their own evil natures. They yearn to be accepted for who they are individually, and not based on the merits of their race, as a whole.

Sadly, most Drow do not even get along well with each other. Tales of the infighting between different Drow Houses is legendary. It is said that in Drow society, the only being you can trust is yourself. Parents have children killed, and children have parents killed.

Drow have an interesting view on Half-Elves, particularly Half-Drow. During surface raids, many Drow enjoy capturing females, and forcing themselves upon them. In many cases, the woman who was violated gave birth to a Half-Drow bastard. Most Drow care little for such abominations, except that they remind the woman who was violated of her pain and suffering. Half-Drow who are also Half-Faerie Elf sit at a strange paradox in Drow society. On one hand, they are tainted with Faerie Elf blood, but at the same time, they are corrupting blood of the vile Faerie Elves.

Drow do not get along with the Fey'ri at all. It is known that while the Fey'ri occupied Myth Drannor, they encountered the Drow of the Elven Court. They Drow begrudgingly worked with the Fey'ri, but only because they understood that the Fey'ri were in a better position to bargain. Drow consider themselves superior to all other races, and do not like it when they are reminded that they are not always the strongest.

The Fey'ri, and the Daemonfey, do not get along with any Elven subrace, save their own. The Fey'ri have a particular enmity against Sun Elves, which they once were. In their twisted minds, they are the pinnacle of what an Elf should strive to be. Anything less is inferior, and should therefore be destroyed. The Fey'ri's special hatred for Sun Elves comes from the

fact that it was because of the *Ar'Tel'Quess* that they were imprisoned for so long.

Like all other Elves, they Fey'ri despise Drow. Fey'ri were once normal Sun Elves, so they still retain their hatred for Drow. Strangely enough, of all the Elven subraces, the Fey'ri and the Drow are most similar, and yet, the two share nothing but hatred for each other. The Fey'ri are not beneath using the Drow, however, as we saw during the final days of the Crusade. Unlike all other Elves, who feel that the best Drow is a dead Drow, Fey'ri see Drow as inferior pawns, just like they see all other sentient races.

Elven Relationships with N'Tel'Quessir

We call ourselves the *Tel'Quessir*, which in our tongue, means 'The People'. Anyone who is not an Elf is a *N'Tel'Quess*, a 'Not Person'. Most believe that to call other races *N'Tel'Quessir* is an insult, and stems from our believing that we are superior. While we are superior to nearly every other race in every single way, labeling them *N'Tel'Quessir* is by no means an insult.

The two terms distinguish us from others. We, the *Tel'Quessir*, the People, are linked physically, emotionally and spiritually with each other because of our communal lifestyles, and because of our innate connections to the Weave. *N'Tel'Quessir*, the Not People, are not linked to us, or even to each other, in the same ways that we are linked to each other. Therefore, they are Not People.

We Elves tend to keep to ourselves. We try to keep other races at arm's length, and not to associate with them. The reason for this originally was very simple. Being Not People, they did not share the same beliefs, the same principles and the same goals. However, in time, we tried not to associate with these other races because of a painfully simple reason- their entire lifespans were often fractions of our own. No Elf wants to suffer the loss of close friends, especially when the entire life of a Human is akin to a blink to an Elf. Eventually, we tried not to associate with all of these other races because, repeatedly, they proved to be "lesser races", in many different forms.

The Stout Folk, the Dwarves, are constant sources of consternation. While they enjoy lengthy lifespans, like we do, they spend their time in near constant labor and toil. We, on the other hand, keep labor and toil to a minimum, as to live life to it's fullest potential. The Dwarven fixation on straight, solid lines upsets our sensibility for living, flowing lines. We find the Dwarven diet unappealing, and in return, Dwarves find our diet equally unappealing. Both Elves and Dwarves can agree upon one thing though- the only good Orc or Goblin is a dead Orc or Goblin! While we will never see eye to eye on every issue, our two races can cooperate, and Elves having friendships with Dwarves, and vice versa, is never an uncommon sight.

Gnomes are called the Forgotten Folk by most, Elves included. Throughout our long history on Faerûn, we have had very few encounters with Gnomes. However, the times when Gnomes and Elves have gotten together, we have proved to be good friends. Their passion for illusions and lesser feats of magic was a common ground between our two races. In the past, the Elves of Cormanthyr aided many a Gnome escape bondage in Netheril, the famous empire of magicians. There is a common joke that Gnomes are the result of Elven and Dwarven parents, since Gnomes have the almost perfect cross between our love of life,

and the Dwarven work effort. Although the notion that Gnomes are Half-Elven and Half-Dwarven is absurd, the theory never seems to disappear.

To the Hin, as Halflings often call themselves, we Elves are creatures of great power and mystery, and treat us as such. We, however, do not reciprocate the feeling. Instead, more often than not, we treat Halflings as little children, whose curiosity can land them in a world of trouble. Halflings often take offense to this, and make it their business to poke fun at the *Tel'Quessir*, which causes us to have an even lower opinion of them. For the most part, we treat Halflings as little children, unless they can prove that they are worthy of our respect, a feat that does happen, but not very often.

Of all the "Short Lives", as many *N'Tel'Quessir* are called, Humans are the most fascinating, yet the most terrifying. They can adapt to nearly any situation, produce at an unbelievable rate, and can attain frightening levels of magical might. Yet, at the same time, their personalities range the entire gamut, from good to evil, and lawful to chaotic. We usually see Humans as intelligent, friendly folk, who are slightly in awe of us, or as bigoted and close-minded individuals, who only want power, and will stop at nothing to attain it.

Dragons are one of the few races to truly have our respect. Dragons not only share out long lifespans, but they also share our inherent connections to the Weave, though Dragons' connections are slightly different from our own. We have little respect for evil Dragons, who seek to dominate and despoil, rather than work in concert with the world. While we are not exactly enemies, we are not exactly allies, either. Long ago, we Elves and the Dragons fought terrible wars, for dominance of the planet. Both of our races have long memories, and we simply respect each other.

Orcs, and other Goblinoid creatures, such as Goblins, Hobgoblins, and Bugbears are viewed with a variety of pity and scorn. They are not hated, by any means however. It is our belief that such savages are not even worth the effort to hate. Instead, we look upon them as we look upon any pest or any type of vermin. They are a filthy race that are dangerous only when their populations grow too large. Therefore, it is important to continually "trim the population".

Half-breed races are viewed with either disgust, or are judged on an individual to individual merit system. Half-Orcs are most often dismissed as vermin. Brave and honorable Half-Orcs often gain the respect of Elves simply for exceeding the racial limitations and the racing drawbacks placed on them by their ancestors.

Demons, Devil, Yugoloths, and other creatures from the Lower Planes are hated by the *Tel'Quessir*. We see these creatures as pure evil, and as such, need to be destroyed for the good of Faerûn. Our people have never willingly consorted with such creatures, nor will they ever. The only exception was House Dlardraegeth, and we *Tel'Quessir* severed our ties with them years ago. With the cluture of the Crusade, we hopefully will be rid of them once and for all. Their mere existence on the Material Plane is an affront to us Elves, and we make it our business to cleanse the world of their taint whenever possible.

Celestials, Eladrin, and other similar creatures from the Outer Planes are seen as allies to the *Tel'Quessir*. These creatures share many of the same characteristics as we do, and often have the same enemies as we do. Magical unions with Celestials and Eladrin are not uncommon, though they are extremely rare. The *Surin'Tel'Quessir*, and the Celadrin are the results of such special unions.

THE ELVEN LANGUAGE

The living language that most Elven subraces speak is simply called 'Elven', or sometimes 'Elvish'. The Elven language is very fluid, very melodic, with words that seem to simply flow off of the tongue. Small nuances in words give the language a musical quality.

Only Elves can speak the language as it is made to be spoken. Yes, non-Elves can learn how to read and speak Elven, but, when coming from the lips of a non-Elf, the language seems less lively, less musical. This by no way means that a non-Elf cannot speak Elven.

Elves explain this as a physiological difference between non-Elves and Elves, since only Elves themselves can detect the subtle meanings in words, due to their keen hearing, and sense of communal bonding. Many of the more elite Elves often reference this fact when denouncing the "inferior" *N'Tel'Quessir*.

Our language is in the script known as Espruar. The script, which is equally as elegant and

flowing as our oral language, was originally developed by the *Teu'Tel'Quessir*- the Moon Elves. The written language is ancient, and no single clan or individual will ever be given credit for creating Espruar. Sun Elves, Avariel, and even the malicious Dhaerow eventually adopted the language as their own millennia ago. No records exist of any of their languages before the adoption of Espruar.

The *Selu'Taar*, the Elven High Magi, speak a completely different language when casting their spells, called Seldruin. The written form of Seldruin is based upon the Hamarfae script, which is even more venerable than Espruar. Most scholars, myself included, believe that Seldruin and Hamarfae are the languages that the most ancient Elven civilizations, such as Tintageer, spoke. Seldruin and Sylvan seem to have some similarities, meaning that the two tongues may be related to each other.

Dear readers, keep in mind that this glossary of terms is is merely a small sample of the Elven language.

Aar – 'Home/Land'	Ar – 'Sun'
A'A'Sum – 'Grandaughter' (Daughter of Daughter)	Araegisess - 'Great Protector'
Adoe – 'Time'	Arael – 'Heart'
Adoessuor - 'The Reverie of Ages' (High Magic Ritual)	Arael'Sha – 'Heart Friend'
Adomhoar – 'Unrest'	Arael'Vae – 'Heart Son'
Ado – 'Peaceful'	Aradoness - 'Great Peacekeeper'
Adofaer – 'Peaceful Magic'	Arael'lia – 'Heart Oak'
Adofhaor – 'Peaceful Transformation'	Arakhor – 'One Who Protects The Forest/Tree Warden' (Grandfather Tree)
Adoivaealumanth – 'Peaceful Light Water Vow'	Arakhora – 'Those Who Protect The Forest/Tree Wardens'
Adon – 'Peace'	Aravae - 'Great Happiness/Joy'
Adoness - 'Peacekeeper'	Arcorar - 'The Great King Forest'
Aegis – 'Protection'	Ar'Cor'Kerym – 'Great King's Sword' (The Kingblade)
Aegisess - 'Bringer of Protection'	Ardavanshee – 'Elven Juvenile Delinquent'
Aegisir – 'Guardianship'	Arfaern – 'Great Wizard' (Archmage)
Aegiskeryn – 'Protection Warrior' (Shield Golem)	Argen'Tel'Lirynd - The Palace of Ages
Aelou – 'Meeting'	Ari'l'Tel'Quessir - 'Avariel Elves'
Aeloulaev - 'When Peaces Meets' (Collective Term for Four Years)	Arivae – 'Sunlight'
*Interchangeable with Pyesigen	Arkerym - 'Great Sword'
Aeloulaeva - 'When Peaces Meets' (Collective Term for Four Years Pluralized) *Interchangeable with Pyesigen	Arkerynsuress - 'Great Holy Warrior'
Aerasumé – 'Silvermoon of the Evening'	Arkhdrauth – 'Willful, Wanton, Care-for-Nothing Destruction'
Aestar'Khol - 'Marriage Stone'	Armator – 'Great Defender'
A'E'Sum - 'Grandaughter' (Daughter of Son)	Armator – 'Great Defenders'
Aethen - 'Others' (Non-Elf Slang)	Ar'N'Ehalaer - 'Great Staff that is Not'
Agatha - 'Winterbreeze'	Arrn - 'Storm'
Ahkiilor - 'Place of Duty' ('City Hall' of Myth Drannor)	Arrn'ess – 'Storm Bringer'
Ahnvae – 'Night'	Arrn'Tel'Orar - 'Storm Erosion' (High Magic Ritual)
Ahrmaesuol - 'Restoration' (High Magic Ritual)	Ar'Selu'Taar - 'High Mages of Cormanthyr'
Ahm – 'One Who Wields'	Ar'Selu'Tel'Quess - 'Great High Art of the People' (High Magic)
Ai Armiel Telere Maenen Hir – 'You Hold My Heart Forever'	Arshaalth – 'Great Axe'
Aillesel Seldarie - 'May the Seldarine Save Us'	Ar'Tel'Quessir - 'People of the Sun'
Akai'ye – 'Ancient/Primeval' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Arvador - 'The High Forest'
Akh – 'Duty'	Ary – 'Noble'
Akh – 'Need'	Ary'Faern'Kerym – 'Noble Sorcerer's Sword' (The Artblade)
Akh'Aegis – 'Duty of Protection'	Aryvandaar – 'Noble Woodland Home'
Akhelbhen – 'He whom Magic, Duty, and Honor Defines'	Ary'Velahr'Kerym – 'Noble Warrior's Sword' (The Warblade)
Akh'Faen'Tel'Quess - 'Life of Duty; Form of the Peoples Need' (High Magic Ritual)	A'Su'Nys - 'Niece' (From Sister)
Akh'Faer - 'Army of Art'	A'Sum - 'Daughter'
Akh'Faern - 'One of the Army of Art'(Wizard)	A'Su'Tan - 'Niece' (From Brother)
Akhrasut Neth – 'Mother's Bed' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	A'Tel'Quessir – 'Almost People' (Half-Elves)
Akhrua – 'Warrior'	Ath – 'End of' (Suffix)
Akh'Velahr - 'Army of Arms'	Athamault - 'The Iron Pit'
Akh'Velahrn - 'Soldier'	Athil - 'Bane' (Suffix)
Alae – 'Fortunate Meeting'	Athila – 'Banes' (Suffix)
Alantar – 'A Far-Traveled, Elf Who Knows or Remembers A Lot, and Can Impart What They've Learned On Others'	Athkaraye – 'Friend of the Elves' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Alet – 'Come' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Auglathla – 'Winterbreeze'
Al Hond Ebrath, Uol Tath Shantar En Tath Lalala Ol Hond Ebrath – 'A True Friend, As The Trees And The Water Are True Friends'	Avae - 'Joy'
Aleirin – 'Rapport'	Avae'ess - 'Joy Bringer'
Aleiryid – 'Rapport' (Life-Mate Only)	Baelnorn - 'Undead House Guardians'
Alu – 'Water'	Bedoar - 'Cormanthyr's Silver Piece'
Alu'Dala – 'Water Battle'	Belluth - 'Hand Power/Gifts of Art'
Alurlyath – 'Best of the Temple'	Belkagen – 'Good Seer' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Alushtas – 'Rain'	Besthunit Nenle – 'Hurry Up Slowly' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Alu'Tel'Quessir - 'People of the Water' Amarillis – 'Flame-Flower'	Bhin – 'Young Human Male' (Slang)
Amrulupek – 'Council/Meeting' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Biir – 'Waste/Garbage'
Aniessa – 'Nefarious'	Biir'Kerym – 'Junk Sword' (Insult)
Aniq – 'Ready' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Blalath – 'Mushroom'
Ansrivarr - 'Memory'	Blalatha – 'Mushrooms'
Anyrryt – 'Belt'	Caercilcam - 'Council of the Wood'
Ar - 'Great'	Cállambëa – 'Place of Heroes'
	Casin Cu Calas – 'Honor in Battle'
	Cath – 'Cat'
	Cath'Quessir – 'Elven Cat'

Cath Shee - 'Faerie Cat'	Elaorm - 'Shape'
Cenerea - 'Fetid Place'	Elaorman - 'Place from All Around and Nowhere; Home of Summoning' (High Magic Ritual)
Cha - 'Half'	Eldreth Veluuthra - 'Victorious Blade of the People'
Cha'Tel'Quessir - 'Half-Elves of the Yuirwood'	Elegard Aquilar - 'Ancient Elven Battle Cry'
Chu Set - 'Hold Calm/Calm Down' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Elladyr - 'Starstrike'
Cinna - 'Peace'	Ellyne - 'Sorrow'
Cinnaess - 'Peace Bringer'	El'Tael - 'Bladesingers'
Cinnaelos'Cor - 'Day of Corellon's Peace' (Shieldmeet)	Elverquisst - 'Elven Wine'
Coo - 'Dog'	Es'Caerta - 'Deeply Emotional Plea Ending A Prayer'
Coo'Quessir - 'Elven Dog'	Eska - 'Fortress'
Coo Shee - 'Faerie Dog'	Ess - 'Bringer' (Suffix)
Cor - 'Grand/Grand'	Essraul - 'Enthusiastic Slaying'
Cormanthor - 'The King's Vow Forest' (Pronounced <kor-manth-OR>)	Estierren Nha Morden - 'Spell Intended to Undo Other Spells' (Dispel Magic)
Cormanthor - 'Place of Great Promise' (Pronounced <kor-MANTH-or>)	E'Sum - 'Son'
Cormanthor - 'Ruler of the Forest True' (Pronounced <KOR-manth-or>)	E'Su'Nys - 'Nephew' (From Sister)
Cormanthyr - 'Culmination of Hope and Faith; The Fulfillment of Promise'	E'Su'Tan - 'Nephew' (From Brother)
Cormiira - 'Blessings of Corellon'	Etriel - 'Noble Elven Girl'
Coronal - 'Great Speaker/ Wise Elder'	Etrielle - 'Noble Elven Woman'
Coronals - 'Great Speakers/ Wise Elders'	Evael - 'Intensity'
Cor'Selu'Taar - 'Grand Mage of the High Mages of Cormanthyr'	Evaelathil - 'Flamebane'/ 'Nemesis of Intensity'
Creyala - 'Poker (Card Game)'	Evaliir - 'Song'
Crith - 'Sun' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Evaliir'Enevahr - 'The Song of Enevahr' (High Magic Ritual)
Crith Kesh Het - 'Sun Shield To Me' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Evaliir'Tel'Quessir - 'Song of the People'
Criththa - 'Sunbeam' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Ever - 'Elven Place/Home of the People'
Dala - 'Battle'	Everae - 'Of the People'
Dalsein - 'Thunder'	Everaer - 'Elves Born on Evermeet Who Choose to Remain There'
Damia - 'Term of Endearment Directed Towards Sweethearts and/or Children'	Evereska - 'Fortress of the People'
Daoin - 'Star'	Everantha - 'Watchful Fortress'
Daoine - 'Stars'	Fae - 'One'
Daoine Dun - 'Hill of the Stars'	Faen - 'Form'
Daoin'Teague'Feer - 'Starshine Upon the People' (High Magic Ritual)	Faer - 'Magic'
Darrdartha - 'Foamjaws' (Faerûnian Equivalent of Rabies)	Faerahrn - 'One Who Wields Magic'
Delimbiyr - 'Shining'	Faerfhaor - 'Magical Transformation'
Delimbiyra - 'Shining Bow'	Faergiiir - 'Magical Brooch'
Desmrar - 'Male Chief of Police and Defense'	Faer Glaurach - 'Magical Scrolls'
Desmril - 'Female Chief of Police and Defense'	Faerûn - 'One Land'
Descenthallon - 'Descend'	Faern - 'One Who Practices Art'
Dhaerowathil - 'Drow Bane/Enemy' (Specialty Priest of Shevarash)	Faerna - 'Those Who Practice the Art' (Novices of the Church of Corellon Larethian)
Dhaerowathila - 'Drow Banes/Enemies' (Specialty Priests of Shevarash)	Faernaa - 'Master Mage'
Dhaerow - 'Face of Shadow/Traitor'	Faerniir - 'Acolyte'
Dharasha - 'Destiny'	Faernos - 'Navigator'
Dilit - 'Be Quiet' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Faernsuor - 'Holy Practitioner of the Art' (Priest of the Church of Corellon Larethian)
Dlabraddath - 'The Ending of Labrad' (N'Tel'Quess District of Myth Drannor)	Faernsuora - 'Holy Practitioners of the Art' (Priests of the Church of Corellon Larethian)
Drag - 'Hate/Malice'	Faervian - 'Battles Boon'
Dragathil - 'Bane of Hatred'	Faerzress - 'Magic that Remained/Dominating Magic/Magic that Compelled'
Drannor - 'Song'	Fflar - 'True Valor'
Drannor - 'No Hatred / Nothing but Love/Passion/True Essence'	Fhaor - 'Transformation'
D'Rienne - 'Acceptance of Potential Challenge Avoided'	Fhaor'Akh'Tel'Quess - 'Tribute of One's Duty to the People' (High Magic Ritual)
Dun - 'Hill'	Fhaoralusyolkiiir - 'Transformation of the Water Meteor'
Dur - 'Twilight'	Fhaorn - 'Transformed'
Durmista - 'Forest of Twilight'	Fhaorn'Quessir - 'Transformed People' (Sharn)
E'A'Sum - 'Grandson' (Son of Daughter)	Fhoeldin Durr - 'The Thousandfold Way' (The Waymeet)
Ebrath - 'Friend'	Filliken - 'Open Skirt' (Prostitute)
E'E'Sum - 'Grandson' (Son of Son)	Foqal - 'Summon/Conjure'
Ehalaer - 'Staff'	Gabreth - 'Likely To Turn On You / Cruel In Battle (Dangerous/Vicious)'
	Gaudutu - 'Burning Legs' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
	Ghaatiiir - 'The Traveling Path' (High Magic Ritual)
	Giir - 'Brooch'
	Giiraegisir - 'Brooches of Guardianship'

Giiraegis – 'Brooch of Guardianship'	Kehrareth – 'Intense Grief/Despair' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Gisiae – 'Keepers/Guardians'	Kehrareth – 'Fey' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Gisir – 'Keeper/Guardian'	Kel'Min'Hara – 'Fleet Defenders of the Blessed'
Glaeth – 'Formidable In Battle / Well Armed / Having The Capacity To Do Much Damage' (Dangerous / Vicious)	Kelytha – 'Horse'
Glaurach – 'Scrolls'	Kelythaess 'Horse Bringer' (Stable Hand)
Glaurachyndaar – 'City of Scrolls'	Kerdrim – 'First-Mate'
Gray – 'Dross'	Kerradu – 'Privation/Want'
Grugach – 'Feral Ones' (Also a Term of Oearth)	Kerraduess – 'Bringer of Want' (Beggar)
Guenhyvar – 'Shadow'	Kerradunath – 'The End of Privation and Want' (Nobles Ward of Myth Drannor)
Gyrah – 'Bird'	Kery – 'Foe'
Gyrlass – 'Falcon'	Keryfaertel – 'The Lore of Battle Magic'
Gyrlasszthraen – 'Swift Strike Hunting Bird'	Kerym – 'Sword'
Gys Sa Salen – 'Give Me a Drink/I Need A Drink'	Kerym'Faen – 'Life Sword'
Haera – 'Center'	Kerym Syolkiiir – 'Shooting Star Sword'
Haereenunmn – 'All Things Elven'	Kerymvian – 'Graceful Sword' (Fencing)
Hahlorkh – 'Butchers' (UnElf-like Brutes and Savages)	Keryn – 'Warrior'
H'ei'Yal Drathinmaleé – 'Steel Dancers' (Duskblades)	Kerynsuoress – 'Holy Warrior'
Holme – 'Haven'	Keryth – 'War Sword'
Hond- 'True'	Keryvian – 'Foes Boon'
Hrayek – 'Cut Off/Exile' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Key'anna De Cormyr – 'We Guard This Wooded Land'
Hro'Nyewachu – 'Heart of the Piercing' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Kholiathra – 'Spirit-Servants of Sehanine Moonbow'
Hykyath – 'Prance'	Kholiast – 'Elven Card Game'
Iaras- 'Elven Term for Planet Chandos'	Khov – 'Trio'
Iilor – 'Place' (Location)	Khov'Anilessa – 'Trio Nefarious'
Iket Sotha – 'Fort of Winter/Winterkeep' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Kiharian – 'Gem Mirror'
Ikwe – 'Get Back'	Kiir – 'Gem'
Ilaerothil – 'Sentinel'	Kiira – 'Gems'
Ileleste – 'Falling Rain'	Kiira N'Vaelahr – 'Shadow Lore Gems'
Ilyrana – 'Opal of Rare Beauty'	Kiiratel'Uvaeranni – 'Lore Crystals of Uvaeren'
Inisach Tin Nekutha Hro'Nyewachwe – 'Seeker and Survivor of the Heart of the Piercing' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Kileaarna Reithigir – 'Unjoining the Mystic Weave' (High Magic Ritual)
Iolaa – 'Gunner'	Kintiar – 'Marine'
Iolaa – 'Arrow'	Kintiara – 'Marines'
Iorwe – 'Step Aside'	Kweshta – 'Dear One/Special/Unique' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
I'osi – 'Mother of Mother' (Grandmother)	Kyed – 'Now' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
I'osu – 'Mother of Father' (Grandmother)	Kyre – 'Flawless'
Iquar – 'Create'	Kyre'Kiir – 'Flawless Gem'
Iqua – 'Creator'	Kyre'Kiira – 'Flawless Gems'
Iqua'Tel'Quessir – 'Creator Races'	La – 'Crescent'
Irbryn – 'Riding / Hunting / Trained'	Laev – 'Peace'
Iriador – 'Garnet'	Lalala – 'Water'
Irinal – 'Forsaken' (Drow)	Lalyshae'Seldar'Wihylos – 'Sacraments of Seldarine Blessing' (High Magic Ritual)
Irrel – 'Idea'	Laranla – 'Regal Lady'
Irrend – 'Memory / Single Remembered Thing'	Laranlor – 'Regal Lord'
Irreth – 'Mind'	Lasz – 'Savagely Stab, Slash, or Attack'
Ityak'Ortheel – 'The Elf-Eater'	Lateu – 'Crescent Moon'
Iumathiashae – 'Mother of Oceans' (Aquatic Elf City)	Lateu'Suoress – 'Crescent Moon Blessed'
Ivae – 'Light'	Lateuquor – 'Forest Communion of the Crescent Moon'
Ivaebhin – 'Boy Filled with Brightness'	Levarithin – 'Levitate'
Ivae'ess – 'Light Bringer'	Lharast – 'Full Moon'
Ivae'kiir – 'Shining Gem'	Lorkh – 'Savage Butchers who Lost Their Elven Nature Long Ago Through Such Behavior'
Iyilitar – 'Unigender Equivalent to Coronal in Elder Days' (Has Fallen Out of Use)	Lothen – 'City of Silver Spires'
Kaer'Vaalen – 'First Hilt of the Bladesingers'	Luridel- 'Elven Term for Planet Coliar'
Kaharenharik Ket – 'Fires of Heaven Fall' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Lusbaren – 'Swords of the People'
Kai'Soeh'Takal – 'Skin and Breath of the Wyrn' (High Magic Ritual)	Lusabrar – 'Sword of the People'
Karakhnir – 'Sharpens the Bite' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Ly'Tel'Quessir – 'Lythari Elves'
Kaweh – 'Speak' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Maethe – 'Perhaps' (Slang)
Kaweh Rut Kyed – 'Speak Out Now' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Mah – 'Having to do with Magic'
	Mahri – 'Mage Fiend'
	Maniferil – 'Reappear'
	Manth – 'Vow'
	Manth'Elh'Nar – 'Place of Pride's Fall'
	Manthor – 'Vow of the Woods'

Mathor – 'Defender'
 Mathora – 'Defenders'
 Menelmen – 'Skyway'
 Mhaor – 'Corruption'
 Mhaor'Arkerym – 'Greatsword of the Corruptor'
 Mhaorathil – 'Bane of Corruption'
 Mhaorkiira – 'Corrupt Gem'
 Miior – 'Shared Flower' (A Cluster of Elf Tree Dwellings)
 Miir – 'Priceless'
 Mista – 'Forest'
 Mor – 'Darkness'
 Mor – 'Absence of Life' / 'True Death'
 Mormhaor – 'Corrupted Death' / 'Undeath'
 Mormhaor'Sykerylor - 'The Killing Storm' (High Magic Ritual)
 Morvian - 'Darkness' Boon'
 Mraerital – 'Vigilance of the People'
 Mraeritar – 'Vigilances of the People'
 Mythaalniir Darach – 'Spell of Mythal Shaping'
 Myth – 'City'
 Myth – 'Place Set Apart From Others'
 Myth Adofaer – 'City of Peaceful Magic'
 Myth Adofhaor – 'City of Peaceful Transformation'
 Mythal – 'Near-Not-Place of Splendor/Sunlight/Glory'
 Mythmathor – 'City Defender'
 Myth Drannor - 'City of Song'
 Myth Drannor – 'The Place Apart For No Hatreds'
 Myth Nantar – 'City of Destinies'
 Myth Ondath - 'City of Peace'
 N – 'Negates the Suffix Or Shifts the Meaning
 Somewhat, To Be Something Other Than The Literal Word/Root'
 N' Ivae Teu'Arkerym – 'Dark Moon Greatsword'
 N' Ivae Teu'kerym – 'Dark Moonsword'
 Na Kwast Wahir Athu Kyene Wekht Unarihe – 'Better A Cold Truth Than A Warm Lie' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 Nalavarauthatryl - 'The Maiden Alavara, Betrothed of Thatoryl, Painted in Blood'
 Nanta – 'Destiny'
 Nantar – 'Destinies'
 Nar – 'Stone'
 Nar – 'Immovable / Eternal'
 Nar'Talas – 'Stone Body / Frozen Soul / Statue Form'
 Nath – 'End Of' (Suffix)
 Nelath – 'Season'
 Nestirtye - 'Elsewhere'
 Newetik – 'Without Heart/Without Honor' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 Nharaiigh Lathanyll - 'Noontime Sunlight'
 N'Landroshien - 'Darkness in Night'
 Nias – 'Agreement'
 Nikerym – 'Short Sword'
 Niketu – 'Ice Fields' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 Nikym – 'Dagger'
 Nilaa – 'Sailor'
 Nin – 'Highest' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 N'Maernthor - 'Hidden Homeland' (High Magic Ritual)
 Nor – 'Passion'
 N'Quor'Khaor - 'The Banishing' (High Magic Ritual)
 N'Tel'Orar - 'Corrosion/Erosion' (High Magic Ritual)
 N'Tel'Quessir - 'Not of the People' (Non-Elves)
 N'Tel'Que'Tethira - 'City Dweller'
 N'Vaelahr - 'Shadow Soldiers'
 N'Vaelahm - 'Member of the Shadow Soldiers'
 Nyr – 'Flash'
 Nyr'Iolaa – 'Flash Arrow'
 Nyrrt – 'Flashy'
 Nys – 'Sister'
 O – 'Parent'

Oacil'Quevan - 'The Forms of Unity and Age Among the Forests' (High Magic Ritual)
 Ochael- 'Elven Term for Planet Karpri'
 Ol – 'On'
 Ol Ahnvae Sehanine – 'On Sehanine's Night' (Feast of the Moon)
 Olin – 'Secret'
 Olin Aelou – 'Secret Meeting'
 Olin Gisir - 'Secret Keeper'
 Olin Gisiae - 'Secret Keepers'
 Ol'Iirtal Eithun - 'Flights of True Mark/Arrows of Art' (High Magic Ritual)
 Olkiir – 'Star'
 Omah – 'Chief/Leader' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 Omah Nin – 'Highest Chief' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 Onal – 'Speaker'
 Ondath – 'Peace'
 Ondreier Ysele - 'Word of Potency' (High Magic Ritual)
 Or – 'Wood'
 Or – 'Home/Land'
 Ora – 'Woods'
 Or'Tel'Quessir – 'People of the Wood'
 Orar – 'Erode'
 O'Si – 'Female Parent' (Mother)
 Osi'Nys – 'Aunt' (Sister of Mother)
 Osi'Tan – 'Uncle' (Brother of Mother)
 Os'Nys – 'Aunt'
 O'Su – 'Male Parent' (Father)
 Os'Tan – 'Uncle'
 Osu'Nys – 'Aunt' (Sister of Father)
 Osu'Tan – 'Uncle' (Brother of Father)
 Parlu – 'Eight'
 Penaal – 'Battlepoet' (Bard)
 Piir – 'Treasure'
 Pye – 'Four'
 Pyesigen - 'Four Snows' (Collective Term for Four Years)
 *Interchangeable with Aeloulaev
 Qu – 'Binding'
 Quamaniith - 'The Vow Tangible' (High Magic Ritual)
 Quar – 'Binder'
 Quefirre Soora Kan Izst? – 'Amnestria, Can it Really Be You?'
 Quex – 'Most'
 Quex Etrielle – 'Most Noble/Supreme Lady'
 Qu'Kiir – 'Binding Gem'
 Qu'Kiira – 'Binding Gems'
 Qu'kiir Vian Ivae, Qu'kiir Nethmet. Ivae Marat Vand Cormanthor. Mythal Selen Mhaor Kenet. Qu'kiir Vand Tir T'Nor – 'Binding Gem Awaken Your Light. Dance the Weave of the Mythal. Bind It to Me that I Might Drive Corruption From Our Home.'
 Quess'ar'Teranthvar - 'Golden Grove of Hidden Knowledge'
 Quess - 'An Honorable Elven Male'
 Quessir – 'The Elven People'
 Quinpah – 'Elven Bread'
 Quor – 'Communion'
 Raegar – 'Trained Hunting Dogs'
 Rathla – 'Blood-Bound/Blood-Brothers' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
 Raun – 'Large'
 Ri – 'Out'
 Rien – 'Trick'
 Rua – 'Star'
 Ruar – 'Stars'
 Ruar'Tel'Quessir – 'People of the Stars'
 Rua'Coronal – 'Great Star Speaker' (Admiral)
 Ruathimaer – 'Starwings' (Spelljamming Vessel)
 Ruavel – 'Star Blade' (Pilot)

Ruendil - 'Cormanthy's Platinum Piece'	Te - 'Well' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Rûn - 'Land'	Telardon - 'City of Emerald Spires'
Rut - 'Out' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Telegaunt - 'Veteran War Leader'
Ryniesta - 'Seeds of Heroism'	Tel'Kiira - 'Lore Gem'
Rysar - 'Duration of Coronal's Reign'	Telmiirkara Neshyrr - 'Rite of Transformation'
Saloh'Cint'Nias - 'Gift of Alliance' (High Magic Ritual)	Tel - 'Of'
Saratycoron - 'Coral Crown'	Tel - 'Lore/History/Legends'
Saurot - 'Taint/Rot' (Slang)	Tel - 'Ages'
Seneirril Tathyr - Mooncrescent Order	Tel'Quessir - 'Of the People'
Selarrynm - 'Rainydale'	Tel'Teukiira - 'Moonstar'
Seldarine - 'The Fellowship of Brothers and Sisters of the Wood'	Ter'Ael - 'Whetstone'
Seldarine! - 'Gods!' (Expression of Exasperation)	Ter'Ael Veluuthra - 'Whetstone of the Victorious Blade'
Selkerdrim - 'Captain'	Teu - 'Moon'
Selu - 'High/Grand'	Teu Kelytha - 'Moon Horse'
Selu'Kiira - 'High Lore Gem'	Teuivae - 'Moonlight'
Selu'Taar - 'High Caster'	Teu'Tel'Quessir - 'People of the Moon'
Selumista - 'High Forest'	Teuvel - 'Moonblade'
Seanchai - 'Storyteller of Rare Skill'	Thalver - 'Cormanthy's Copper Piece'
Sept - 'Minor Branch (Of A Family/Clan)'	Thaes - 'Young Stranger Elf'
Sha - 'Friend'	Tham - 'To Be Close To'
Shal - 'Spear/Lance'	Thammarch - 'Cormanthy's Electrum Piece'
Shalaquin - 'Elven String Instrument'	Theur - 'Shield/Screen'
Shanta - 'Tree'	Theur'Foqal - 'Summoned Shield; Conjured Screen' (High Magic Ritual)
Shantar - 'Trees'	Thil - 'Evening'
Sharde - 'Winds Blow'	Thimae - 'Wing'
Sharr - 'Hold/Towers Of'	Thimae Kelytha - 'Wing Horse' (Pegasus)
Sha'Tel'Quessir - 'Friend of the People'	Thimaer - 'Wings'
Shaalth - 'Axe'	Thor - 'Vow/Promise'
Shee - 'Faerie'	Thraen - 'Hunt'
Shee - 'A Wise Female Elder, Strong in Magic'	Tiru - 'Tower'
Sheshyrinnam - 'The Homes of the Faithful' (Religious Community in Myth Drannor)	Tiru'Tel'Quessir - 'Tower of the People'
Shessepra - 'Scepter'	Tol'ithraen - 'Indentured Servant'
Shilmaer - 'Cormanthy's Gold Piece'	Trazaethe - 'Living Tree Homes'
Shil - 'Shadows'	Trunalar - 'Star People'
Shilmista - 'Forest of Shadows'	Ty'athalae - 'The Peace Attained Through the Absolute Beauty of Nature and Harmony with Ones Surroundings'
Si - 'Female'	Tyss - 'Cousin'
Sig - 'To Snow'	Tyssir - 'Cousins'
Sige - 'Snow'	U'Aestar'Kess - 'One Heart, One Mind, One Breath' (High Magic Ritual)
Sigen - 'Snows'	Uaul'Selu'Keryth - 'The Sundering' (High Magic Ritual)
Siiluth - 'Beaching Bay'	Uluemyn - 'Elven Term for Planet Anadia'
Siksin Neneweth - 'Ice Skins (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Uluuth Phlarenn - 'Cleansing Blade'
Slaugh - 'Mud Wallowing Dogs' (Orcs)	Uluvathae - '[May Your] Fortune Bring you Joy'
Soond - 'Land Lover'	U'Osi - 'Father of Mother' (Grandfather)
Srinna - 'One Who Tests Limits and Establishes New Boundaries'	U'Osu - 'Father of Father' (Grandfather)
Srinshee - 'Keeper of the Secrets (of Magic)/ Keeper of Our Power'	Uskeche - 'Fire/Flame/Spirit/Ghost' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Ssri'Tel'Quessir - 'Drow Elves' (Pre-Descent)	Uuthra - 'Victorious' (Suffix)
Su - 'Male'	Uvahlura - 'Other-Than-Here Places of Extremes' (Elven Term for The Outer Planes)
Sum - 'Child'	U Werekh Kye We - 'Great Winds Be Born' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Sumezh - 'Stray Dog' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Uwethla - 'Skin-Bound' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Surin - 'Celestial Places'	Va - 'Father'
Surin'Tel'Quessir - 'People of the Celestial Places'	Vae - 'Son'
Suor - 'Holy'	Vael - 'Blades'
Suress - 'Blessed'	Vaelahrn - 'Those who Wields Blades' (Fighters)
Suyoll - 'The Revival' (High Magic Ritual)	Vaendaan'naes - 'Reborn In Life's Bright Struggles'
Sy - 'Wild'	Vaendin'thiil - 'Fatigued By Life's Dark Trials'
Syolkir - 'Wild Star' (Meteor)	Valantra - 'Spellsingers'
Sy'Tel'Quessir - 'People of the Wilds'	Vandor - 'Forest'
Ta - 'Beam' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)	Vandora - 'Forests'
Taar - 'Sender/Caster'	Vanessariil - 'Disappear'
Tael - 'Apprentice'	Vel - 'Blade'
Tal - 'Swift'	Velahrn - 'One who Wields Blades' (Fighter)
Tan - 'Brother'	Vel'Nikerym - 'Blade Lord'
Tanar - 'Send/Cast'	Vel'Nikeryma - 'Blade Lords'
Tanar'ri - 'Outcast/Cast Out'	
Taryaryah - 'Dog'	
Talas - 'Body / Soul / Self'	

Veluthe – 'Beautiful'
Veluthil - Beautiful of the Evening'
Veluuthra – 'Victorious Blade'
Vian - 'Boon' (Suffix)
Vil – 'Wolf' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Vili – 'Wolves' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Vilinetu – 'Wolves of the Ice Fields/Winterwolves'
(Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Voeraen – 'Elf Toddlers'
Vuorl'Kyshuf - 'A Message on Birds' Wings to Silver'
(High Magic Ritual)
Vyshaan - 'Power-Mad' (Vile Elven Curseword)
Walaxyrvaan – 'Lynx of Approaching Dusk'
Wealdath – 'Unspoiled Woods'

Wutheh – 'Find/Seek' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Yastehanye – 'Honored Exile' (Eastern Lythari Dialect)
Yathaghera – 'Lurue'
Y'Landrothiel - 'The Travelers Star'
Yrryt – 'Utilitarian Belt'
Y'Tellarien - 'Far Peak'
Yulthaari – 'Promissory Note of Myth Drannor'
Za – 'Grand'
Zaen'Sheaen – 'The All-Seeing Gaze'
Za'Rua'Coronal – 'Grand Great Star Speaker' (Grand
Admiral)
Zenar – 'Less than Half'(Slang)
Z'Ress – 'To Hold Dominance/To Remain in Force'

ELVEN NAMES

Male Names

Abadda
Abarat
Adamar
Adorellan
Adresin
Aduce
Aelrindel
Aerendyl
Aermhar
Aesar
Aeson
Afamrail
Agis
Aglanthol
Ainésilver
Aithlin
Ajaar
Akhelbhen
Akkar
Alabyran
Albondiel
Alinar
Allain
Alok
Alosrin
Althidon
Alyanir
Amrynn
Anarallath
Andariel
Andaerean
Andrathath
Anfalen
Anlyth
Aolis
Aquilan
Araevin
Araevil
Arafel
Arandron
Aravilar
Arbane
Ardreth
Ardryll
Argus
Arkhun
Arkiem
Arl
Arlen
Arun
Ascal
Asturian
Athtar
Aubric
Aubron
Aulathar
Aulauthar
Aumanas
Aumrauth
Avourel
Baerdelcoam
Baerithryn

Belanor
Beldroth
Bellas
Belstram
Beluar
Bhyrindaar
Biafyndar
Bialaer
Braern
Brathtar
Bravel
Brindarry
Brookwine
Buttorwyr
Cameron
Chaalmyth
Chathanglas
Cheyrth
Chozzaster
Chylnoth
Cluhurach
Cluym
Cohnal
Conall
Connak
Cornath
Corym
Cymbiir
Cystenn
Dalyor
Dakath
Dannyd
Daratrine
Darcassan
Darfin
Daried
Darthoridan
Daryngrynth
Deldrach
Delmuth
Delsaran
Dharvanum
Dhisten
Dhoelath
Divisav
Drannor
Droth
Druindar
Durlan
Durothil
Dyffros
Earynspieir
Edansyr
Edgewarden
Edicûve
Edwyrd
Edyrm
Ehamond
Ehlark
Ehrendil
Eilauver
Elaethan

Elaith
Elandorr
Elanjar
Elashor
Elbauthin
Elbereth
Eldaernth
Eldar
Eldrin
Elénaril
Elenshaer
Elephon
Elhieardacil
Elidyr
Elion
Elkhazel
Ellisar
Elorfindar
Elorshin
Elpaerae
Eltaor
Eltargrim
Emmyth
Entrydal
Erendriel
Erglareo
Erladar
Erlan
Erlathan
Eroan
Erolith
Erun
Eschallus
Essam (Al-Qaheran Elf)
Estelar
Ethlando
Ettrian
Euchoé
Evindal
Eyrnnhv
Faahresc
Faelar
Faelyn
Faeranduil
Falael
Faoraar
Felaern
Fenian
Fflar
Fhaornik
Fhociin
Filarion
Filvendor
Filverel
Finufaranell
Flardryn
Flinar
Foxfire
Fylson
Gaeleath
Gaelin
Galaeron
Galan
Galather
Ganamede
Gantar
Garrik
Garynnon
Gervas
Ghanim (Al-Qaheran Elf)

Gilvas
Giullio
Glarald
Glorandal
Goronyyv
Grathgor
Haalaari
Hachaam
Haemir
Haladavar
Halafarin
Halamar
Haldreithen
Haleem (Al-Qaheran Elf)
Halfar
Halgondas
Halpaeril
Halueth
Halueve
Hamafil
Haryk
Hastos
Hatharal
Herianamae
Hiflanyl
Hoccar
Horalden
Horalain
Horith
Hralien
Hubyr
Iefyr
Ievos
Ihimbraskar
Ilbryn
Illianaro
Ilimitar
Iliphar
Ilitharath
Illithor
Illitran
Ilphas
Ilrune
Ilthurn
Ilyndrathyl
Imesfor
Inchel
Inialos
Injros
Intevar
Iolas
Iolrath
Itham
Ithraides
Ivlisar
Ivósaar
Ivran
Iymbryl
Iyrandar
Iyriklaunavan
Jallinal
Jander
Jannalor
Jaonos
Jassin
Jhaan
Jhaartael
Jhaeros
Jharak
Jharym

Jhered
Jhuvik
Jonas
Jonik
Jorildyn
Josidiah
Juppar
Kahvoerm
Kalaerede
Kaminas
Katar
Katyrr
Keletheryl
Kelvhan
Kendel
Kerym
Keryth
Kesefehon
Khaalindaan
Kharis
Khatar
Khidell
Khiiral
Khilseith
Khorl
Khuumal
Khyrmn
Khyssoun
Kiinyon
Kindroth
Kivessin
Kiyuigh
Klaern
Kolvar
Korrigash
Kroloth
Kuornos
Kuskyn
Kuskyn
Kwarun
Kymil
Kyrtaar
Laerorth
Lafarallin
Lamruil
Laosx
Larongar
Larrel
Lashul
Lathai
Lathlaeril
Leayonadas
Lendri
Leojym
Leren
Lhombaerth
Lhoris
Lianthorn
Llarm
Llewellenar
Llombaerth
Lorsan
Luirlan
Luthais
Luvon
Lyari
Lyklor
Lysanthir
Maasli
Maendellyn

Maeraddyth
Maeral
Maiele
Malgath
Mardeiyim
Marikoth
Marlevaur
Mas'ud (Al-Qaheran Elf)
Melandrach
Melisander
Merellien
Merith
Methild
Mhaenal
Mi'tilarro
Mihangyl
Miilaethorn
Miirphys
Minigan
Miroden
Mirthal
Mirthal
Mlartlar
Mlossae
Mohmafel
Molonym
Molostroi
Montagor
Morgan
Morthil
Mothrys
Mourel
Mourn
Myrddin
Myriil
Myrin
Myronthilar
Mythanthar
Naertho
Naeryndam
Nangulis
Napraeleon
Narbeth
Nardual
Natal
Nécalama
Nelaeryn
Nelaeryn
Neldor
Neldor
Nesterin
Nevarth
Nhamashal
Nieven
Nindrol
Ninthalar
Nlossae
Nopos
Norlorn
Nremyn
Nuvian
Nyaalsir
Nylian
Nym
Nyvorlas
Oacenth
Oenel
Ohmbryn
Olaurae
Olinsivver

Olithir
Onas
Oncith
Ondabrar
Ondroth
Onvyr
Orem
Orist
Orlpar
Orndacil
Ornthalas
Ornthalas
Ortauré
Orym
Oslarelal
Otaehryn
Otaerhyn
Othorion
Ourevel
Paeral
Paeris
Passilorris
Paulorin
Phaendar
Pharom
Phraan
Phoenix
Pirphal
Pleufan
Primul
Purtham
Pyrder
Pyrravym
Pywaln
Pyxaanthal,
Qildor
Quastarte
Quynn
Raeranthur
Raibyr
Ralikanthae
Ralnor
Rashkatar
Rathal
Raunaeril
Rauthomyr
Rauvelore
Reluraun
Reluvethel
Rennyn
Reptar
Respen
Rhaac'var
Rhalyf
Rhangyl
Rhenalyrr
Rhespen
Rhistel
Rhothomir
Rhys
Ridinlahr
Riem
Rilitar
Riluaneth
Rolim
Rotheloe
Rothilion
Ruardh
Ruehar
Ruith

Rumathil
Ruvaen
Ruven
Ruvyn
Rychell
Ryfon
Rylff
Rysodyl
Ryul
Ryvvik,
Sadalyrn
Saelethil
Saevel
Sakrattars
Samblar
Sandevv
Seanchai
Seith
Selanlar
Selgauth
Seiveril
Shael
Shammath
Sharian
Sharlario
Shaundyl
Shevarash
Shonassir
Shyrrik
Sifahir
Siirist
Sileron
Silvyr
Simimar
Sinaht
Sittl
Skalanis
Sontar
Srindin
Strohm
Sudryl
Sundamar
Sylvar
Symkalr
Sythaeryn
Taanyth
Taegen
Taeglyn
Taenaran
Taeral
Taerntym
Taleisin
Talthaliel
Tammson
Tamnaeuth
Tamsin
Tanithil
Tannivh
Tannyll
Tanseril
Tanyl
Taranath
Tarathiel
Taredd
Tarosspur
Tarron
Tasar
Tassarion
Tathaln
Tehlmar

Teirist
Telarian
Tenyajin
Teriandyln
Tessaernil
Tethir
Thaeleven
Thalanil
Thallan
Thatoryl
Thiilthan
Thindhul
Thurdan
Thurruvyn
Tiarshus
T'karon
Tiannatar
Tolthe
Tordynnar
Toross
Traeliorn
Travaran
Triandal
Triktappic
Tsaer
Tseth
Tsiilmas
Tyvollus
Ualair
Uevareth
Uldreiyn
Urddusk
Urrinnar
Usunaar
Uthorim
Vaalyun
Vaeril
Valaderion
Valmaxian
Vander
Vartan
Velethuil
Venali
Vesperr
Vesryn
Vesstan
Vhoadan
Vhoori
Vhoorhin
Volodar
Voron
Waernas
Winebrook
Wistari
Wylchyr
Wylym
Wyn
Wyndelleu
Wyqhael
Wyrran
Xalph
Xanotter
Xenophor
Xhalh
Xhalth
Xharlion
Xzorsh
Yalathanil
Yámarion
Yeschant

Yhendorn
Yldar
Ylyndar
Ynloeth
Yrind
Zabbas
Zaltarish
Zandro
Zaor
Zaos
Zelphar
Zhoron
Zulae

Female Names

Aelieyeeva
Aelrue
Aelynthi
Aerilaya
Ahrendaaria
Ahrendue
Ahskahala
Ajhalanda
Alaglossa
Alais
Alarendi
Alauthshaee
Alavara
Alea
Alerathla
Allannia
Allisa
Alloralla
Allynna
Almithara
Aloevan
Alvaerele
Aluendalee
Alyndra
Amara
Amaranthae
Amkissra
Amlaruil
Amnestria
Amra
Anaharae
Anarzee
Aneirin
Anhaern
Anyllan
Ara
Araushnee
Aravae
Arcaena
Arielimnda
Arlayna
Arnarra
Artin
Ashemmi
Aubaudameira
Auluua
Auraa
Ava
Axilya
Ayaeqlarune
Azariah
Bhuraelea
Blythswana
Bonnalurie

Bracatha
Braerindra
Caerthynna
Calarel
Calastra
Calihye
Cauladra
Chaenath
Ceelia
Chalsarda
Chandrelle
Chasianna
Chichlandra
Chin'nesstre
Chomylla
Cilivren
Ciyradyl
Claire
Coralay
Csharynn
Cwuvain
Cythara
Daenalaia
Daratrine
Darshee
Dasyra
Dathlue
Dathlue
Dathlue
Delimbiyra
Delshandra
Deobra
Deularla
Dilthari
Duilya
Eallyrl
Ecaeris
Echo
Edraele
Elanalue
Elanil
Elasha
Eldratha
Elénaril
Eletha
Ellarian
Ellifain
Eloen
Elora
Elvandaruil
Embrae
Emvorele
Enajharas
Eredhor
Erevyella
Erunyaüvë
Eshenesra
Essaerae
Esta
Ester
Esyae
Evindra
Fadheela (Al-Qaheran Elf)
Fairra
Falindra
Faranni
Faunalyn
Faylin
Feraih (Al-Qaheran Elf)
Ferret

Fhaertala
Fieryat
Filaurel
Filauria
Fildaerae
Fox-at-Twilight
Francessca
Gaelira
Gaerradh
Gaylia
Gemstarzah
Ghilanna
Glynnii
Gvendor
Gweyr
Gwynnestri
Gylledha
Gylther'yel
Haalija
Hacathra
Halaema
Halama
Halaema
Halanaestra
Hamalitia
Haramara
Helartha
Hhora
Hlessa
Holone
Huquethae
Hycellyn
Hycis
lahalae
Ialantha
Ikeshia
Ildilyntra
Ilmadia
Ilyrana
Ilythyrra
Imdalace
Imizael
Imladra
Immianthe
Imra
Imramarthree
Imryll
Innovindil
Ioelena
Irhaal
Irindriaul
Is-ciira
Ithrythra
Itiireae
Itylra
Janesta
Jastra
Jeardra
Jhaer
Jhalass
Jhanandra
Jhaumrithe
Jhess
Jhiilsraa
Ilsevel
Ilyrana
Immianthe
Isilfarrel
Kavralla
Kaylessa

Keerla
Keishara
Kethryllia
Keya
Khiipaera
Kileontheal
Kaliawen
Kiril
Kyre
Kythaela
Laamtora
Laerdya
Laerune
Laurlaethee
Lauratha
Lazziar
Leilatha
Leissera
Liluth
Listle
Llamryl
Lorelei
Lydi'aleera
Lyraesel
Maaleshiira
Maelyrra
Maeralya
Maith
Makaela
Malruthiia
Mariona
Marissa
Martainn
Meira
Melarue
Meraera
Merethyl
Merialeth
Meriel
Merlara
Mistale
Mladris
Mnuvae
Morgwais
Moryggan
Muerlara
Mylaela
Mylaerla
Myriani
Naevys
Nakiasha
Nambra
Namyriitha
Nanaletalee
Nanthee
Nanthleene
Naumys
Nimara
Nlaea
Nuala
Nueleth
Nuovis
Nushala
Nylaathria
Ochyllyss
Oluevaera
Paeraeroyal
Phaerl
Phantyni
Phelorna

Phuingara
Phyrra
Pollae
Puorlaas
Qemba
Quamara
Raejiisa
Raerauntha
Rathiaia
Renestrae
Rhiannen
Roanmara
Ruavia
Rubrae
Ryllae
Saelihn
Saélihn
Saida
Sakaala
Salariel
Sana
Sarana
Sariandi
Sarya
Schimae
Seirye
Seldanna
Selussa
Séonais
Shael
Shadowmoon
Shalana
Shalantha
Shalendra
Shalheira
Shandalar
Shanyrria
Sharaera
Sharlarra
Sheedra
Sheera
Shialaevar
Shi'larra
Shialaevar
Shoulree
Shyael
Shyael
Shyllisyrr
Sinnafain
Soliania
Soora
Soreenna
Sorsasta
Susklahava
Sylmae
Symrustar
Syndra
Synnorha
Syrune
Syviis
Taenya
Takari
Talaedra
Talanashta
Talila
Talindra
Tamara
Tarasynora
Taslin
Teharissa

Teryani
Thalaera
Thalanil
Thaola
Thasitalia
Threlya
Throleatha
Tiatha
Tira'allara
Tiriara
Tisharu
Tsarra
Turha
Tyllaetha,
Uleeya
Ulesse
Unae
Urmicca
Uschymna
Vaervenshalice
Valindra
Varele
Vashti
Velaethaunyl
Velatha
Veluthil
Verrona
Vestele
Viansola
Winterflower
Xiiltharra
Yaereene
Yalanilue
Yalathanil
Yathlanae
Yeshelné
Yghiilra
Ygrainne
Ynshael
Yrlissa
Yrneha
Yrthraethra
Ysaltry
Ysmyrlda
Ytharra
Yulmanda
Zallanora
Z'Beryl
Zharilee
Zhuirentel
Zoastria

Unknown Gender/Unisex Names

Aloiene
Amancathara
Avarin
Black Pearl
Corellon
Deryth
Dynod
Entreya
Felarathael
Felissan
Hasterien
Ievos
Ilidyrr
Ilygaard
Lashrael
Louenghris

Nandor
Nelandrion
Nimieye
Nimmetar
Sarran
Sontar
Sylleth
Talianas
Tardoun
Wistari
Xanotter
Ygrainne

Elven Surnames

Aelasar
Aelorothe
Aendryr
Aerasumé
Aeravansel
Aerilpé
Agayous
Agrivar
Ahmaquissar
Alaenree
Alantar
Alavara
Alastrarra
Alenuath
Alerothi
Alluth
Aloevan
Aluanti
Aluviirsaan
Alydyrrin
Amalith
Amarallis
Amaratharr
Amarthen
Ammath
Amrallatha
Anuaer
Argentaamn
Argentresses
Arren
Arvaeyn
Ash
Ashenbow
Ashgrove
Audark
Auglamyr
Auglathla
Aunglor
Autumnfire
Bellas
Berethryl
Berilan
Bharacraiev
Bhephel
Blackhelm
Boughstrong
Braegen
Briarbosc
Brightcloak
Brightsong
Brightwing
Caersaelk
Calaudra
Calauth
Camusiil

Cathdeiryn
Ceretlan
Chaadren
Chamaranthe
Clatharla
Colbathin
Cormyth
Coudoarluth
Craulnobar
Crystalembers
Dahast
Darkeye
Dawnhorn
Dawnsong
Deirr
Dhorinshyl
Dlardrageth
Doedance
Donnathlascen
Dracoseir
Dree
Duirsar
Durothil
Duskmere
Duskmourn
Duskwalker
Duskwood
Duthjuth
Ealoeth
Echorn
Elaéyadar
Elassidil
Elian
Ellarian
Elond
Eluarshee
Ereuvyn
Erkowe
Erladden
Eroth
Erishade
Estelda
Evanara
Eveningfall
Eveningshine
Everlove
Evioro
Eyriendor
Faerondaerl
Faerondarl
Falanae
Felinaun
Fellmirr
Fenmarel
Fernsong
Fflannidan
Floshin
Fynnasla
Gildenguard
Goadulphyn
Goldenleaf
Gourael
Greencloak
Greenleaves
Gwaelon
Hael
Haerlgent
Hai Sylvar
Haladar
Hawksong

Haevaul
Halavanthlarr
Hlarr
Hydryad
Hyshaanth
Iazymnal
Ibryil
Ilbaereth
Ilbenalu
Ildacer
Ildroun
Iliathor
Iliathor
Iliathorr
Ilntar
Imesfor
Immeril
Ipyllasc
Irian
Irithyl
Irithyl
Ithruen
Iydril
Jaglone
Kadelaryn
Kelerandri
Kelpor'ral
Keove
Kevanarial
Korianthil
Kraok
Krissellian
Laelithar
Laralytha
Larenthanil
Larethian
Laughingwater
Leafblower
Leafbower
Leafgrace
Leafsigil
Le'Quella
Lharithlyn
Lhoril
Llundlar
Loceath
Lightshiver
Maendellyn
Maerdrym
Melruth
Meirityn
M'Haaren
Miritar
Mistrivvin
Mistwinter
Mithalvarin
Mithanai
Moonbow
Moondown
Moonflower
Moonglade
Moonglamaer
Moonsnow
Moonshadow
Moonveil
Moonweather
Moridian
Morningdove
Morninglight
Morningstar

Mornmist
Morvaeril
Mrhulaedir
Nacnar
Naelgrath
Narlbeth
Narlbeth
Nathalan
Neirdre
Nelnueve
Never
Nhachashaal
Nhaéslal
Nharimlur
Nightsong
Nightstar
Nightwing
Nihmedu
Ni'Tessine
Nierde
Nightmeadow
Nimesin
Nlossae
Nlossae
Nolbrae
Nyamtharsar
Nyntynel
Oakstaff
Oakwood
Olortynnal
Olyrnn
Omberdawn
Ongluth
Orama
Orbryn
Ortauré
Oruenbrow
Oumryn
Peacehorn
Phenthae
Pholont
Presrae
Q'Naep,
Rachiilstar
Raedrimn
Raryndur
Reithel
Revven
Rhaevaern
Rhothomir
Rhuidhen
Rhyllgallohyr
Rivleam
Rivvikyn
Runemaster
Rhyllgallohyr
Sarsantyr
Selakiir
Selmer
Selorn
Selsherryn
Senterune
Shadowmantle
Shadowwater
Shaeremae
Shaethe
Shalandalan
Sharparrow
Sharriith
Shaurlanglar

Shraiee
Shyr
Sicafei
Siltral
Silverblade
Silverbow
Silverhand
Silveroak
Silverspear
Sinaran
Slenderbow
Spellstalker
Snowrunner
Soryn
Srinshee
Starnar
Starbrow
Starchild
Starglance
Starglow
Starthorn
Starwind
Starym
Stillhawk
Stilmyst
Stormhawk
Straeth
Strongbow
Suldusk
Sultaasar
Summerstars
Sundstar
Sunstar
Sunweaver
Swordstar
Sylerin
Symbaern
Talandren
Talesspur
Tamlyranth
Tanagathor
Tamruth
Tarsap
Tarsis
Tassarion
Taurntyriith
Tellynnan
Telynna
Teshurr
Thea
Tlanbourn
Tohrthaal
Toralynnsyr
Tornglara
Torthtan
Toryvhallen
Trueshot
Tsornyl
Tymeladhelu
Uirthur
Ulondarr
Ulongyr
Vandiir
Veverell
Vindrith
Vispasial
Vyshaan
Waeviyrn
Waelvor
Whitethistle

Elves of Faerûn

Windstar
Windwalker
Woodsong
Woodwalker
Xantrani

Yeschant
Yhendorn
Yraueme
Yridnae
Yundraer

AN ELVEN CHRONOLOGY

-27,000 DR

~The Fey creator race, the leShay, seeking to undermine the power of the Dragons on mainland Merrouboros, open portals into the Plane of Faerie, and trick some of the Wood Elves from Faerie into entering them, introducing the first Elves into Realmspace.

~Following on the heels of the Wood Elves, Ka'Narlist Ilythiir travels into Realmspace using the same portals, and brings with him an army of Dark Elves. The Dark Elf army of Ka'Narlist encounters an Ooze Drake settlement, and without hesitation or reservations, the Dark Elves wipe out the Ooze Drakes, garnering the attention of the other Dragon Barons in the area. It is here that Ka'Narlist Ilythiir learns of Ghaunadaur, and begins worshipping the Elder Eye, and that the Ilythiiri Empire is founded. Construction of its capital city, Atornash, begins immediately.

-25,400 DR

~Fleeing the destruction of their island homeland, Tintageer, on the Plane of Faerie, a small group of Sun Elves, led by Prince Durothil, and a single Moon Elf, Sharlario Moonflower, come to Realmspace. Prince Durothil calls their new home 'Faerûn', Elven for 'One Land'.

~The Red Wyrms Mahatnartorian attacks the survivors of Tintageer. The Avariell save the leaders of the new community, and then disappear.

-25,100 DR

~Sharlario Moonflower, and his son Cornaith, visit the Ilythiiri capital of Atornash, to the south of their own settlement.

~Prince Durothil becomes the first Elven Dragonrider, and does combat with the Red Wyrms Mahatnartorian. Durothil is killed, but he, in turn, slays Mahatnartorian.

-25,000 DR

~In an ancient citadel in the north, the Elves weave the *Dracorage Mythal*, a planetary-wide Mythal keyed to the appearance of the King-Killer Star in the skies of Abeir-Toril. During the weaving of the Dracorage Mythal, Dragons who knew of the plot arrived and began attacking the citadel. Through the efforts of the Avariell, who took massive casualties, the spell was completed. The first Rage of the Dragons takes place, causing the Dragon barons to lose their minds, and their dominance on the territories they ruled.

-24,990 DR

~A schism takes place in the government of the Elven nation of Sharlarion, and as a result, a large number of Sun Elves, led by the son of Prince Durothil, found their own nation, called Occidian.

-24,450 DR

~The city of Occidian reaches its zenith, heralded as the Elven center of art and magic. Meanwhile, the city of Sharlarion is regarded as an unrivaled crossroad of trade and commerce.

-24,400 DR

~The fiend Haeshkarr, summoned by Ka'Narlist to punish Occidian for taking the side of Sharlarion during

a dispute between the Moon Elven and Dark Elven nations, begins gathering Orc hordes in the proto-Galena mountains, and lays siege to Occidian. The Sun Elf city is destroyed, and Orc Horde moves on to Sharlarion next. The Elves of Sharlarion successfully defend their city from the massive Orc army, but not without their share of casualties.

~Kethryllia Amarillis, a defender of Sharlarion, is drawn into the Abyss when the Demon Haeshkarr escapes with her lover in tow. She battles numerous Demons, looking for Haeshkarr. After being given the location of the Demon by Kiaransalee, the Elven heroine would destroy Haeshkarr and rescue her lover.

~For the first time, Lolth- still a Demon, not yet a deity- becomes aware of the existence of Realmspace. Scrying on the environs of Abeir-Toril, she discovers the Dark Elves of Ilythiir. Pleased with the ambition and evil of Ilythiir's leaders, Lolth begins a plot to control the nation of Dark Elves, and amass enough worshippers to make herself a deity once more.

-24,000 DR

~Congregating at a small tower in Faerûn's heartland, known as The Gathering Place, hundreds of Moon Elven, Sun Elven and Wood Elven *Selu'Taar* begin casting an Elven High Magic ritual designed to create a glorious Elven homeland. The *Ever'Sakkatien* ritual succeeds in creating a magical Elven homeland- Evermeet- but the powerful energies cannot be controlled by the gathered *Selu'Taar*, and consume them. They then unleash themselves upon the entire world, sundering the continent of Merrouboros, creating Faerûn, Kara-Tur, Maztica, Zakhara, Osse, Anchorome and other continents. This event would become more colloquially known as 'The Sundering'. ~Starleaf, the center of the Circle that created Evermeet, and the only survivor of the spell's aftermath, is greeted by avatars of Corellon Larethian and Sehanine Moonbow, made aware of the existence of Evermeet, and is given the Tree of Souls.

~The magical city of Atornash is destroyed in the worldwide calamity, swallowed by a mighty wave, and its leader Ka'Narlist disappears. A young, charismatic Dark Elf, the nephew- many generations removed- of Ka'Narlist takes the mantle of leadership of the shattered Ilythiiri Empire. With Lolth as his secret patroness, he begins rebuilding the empire his ancestor had founded thousands of years ago.

-23,997 DR

~The Arvyvandaar Charter is signed and put into effect by the rulers of Sharlarion. Having survived the Sundering mostly in tact, the settlement begins expanding into the nearby hills, forests, plains and lowlands, due to a sudden population influx, and lack of enemies or competitors in the area.

-23,995 DR

~Daerden Ilythiir successfully establishes full control of the remnants of Ilythiir, and refounds the Dark Elven nation.

-23,900 DR

~The Elven settlement of Sharlarion, centered in the present day High Forest, Sharlarion formally becomes known as Aryvandaar.

-23,600 DR

~In what is now the present day Green Fields, the Elven nation of Shantel Othreier is founded.
~The first Moon Elven settlements within the Ardeep are founded.

-23,200 DR

~In what is now the present day Shaar, and Forest of Amtar, the Dark Elf nation of Ilythiir is refounded.

-23,100 DR

~In what is now the present day Ankhwood Forest, and Chondalwood, the Sun and Moon Elven nation of Syõrpiir is founded.

-22,900 DR

~In what is now present day Ardeep Forest, Kryptgarden Forest and Dessarin valley, the Moon and Wood Elven nation of Illefarn is founded.

-22,500 DR

~In what is now present day Shaar, and Forest of Duskwood, the Moon Elven nation of Orishaar is founded.

-21,400 DR

~In what is now present day Thornwood Forest, the Wood Elven nation of Thearnytaar is founded.

-21,000 DR

~In what is now present day Winterwood, the Wood Elven nation of Eiellûr is founded.

-20,000 DR

~The first border skirmish between Ilythiir and Orishaar takes place.

-18,800 DR

~In what is now present day Misty Forest and the High Moor, the Dark and Wood Elven nation of Miyeritar is founded, due to political differences between them and the Sun Elves leading Aryvandaar.

-18,000 DR

~Some Ilythiiri houses discover the power of Ghaunadaur, and begin worshipping the Elder Eye. These degenerate Ilythiiri use their power to create a temple of Ghaunadaur, known as the Citadel of Slime, where they would make sacrifices to the dark deity, in exchange for power.

-17,800 DR

~In what is now present day Tethyr, Amn, Calimshan and Erlikazar, the Moon and Wood Elven nation of Keltormir is founded, due to these Elves seeking to live peaceful lives away from the political strife and conflict of other Elven nations.

-17,500 DR

~The realms of Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, and Syõrpiir begin peaceful diplomatic dialogue concerning unifying the fractured realms of the Sylvan creatures and Elves of the Satyrwood.

-17,100 DR

~Dark Elf spies and assassins kill the leaders of those spearheading the unification of the Satyrwood, by orders of the Coronal of Ilythiir. Their influence is not detected, and as such, this creates tension between Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, and Syõrpiir that breaks out into a war on multiple fronts known as the War of Three Leaves.

-17,000 DR

~Aquatic Elves living in and around Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, and Syõrpiir begin migrating to the Inner Sea.

-16,800 DR

~Peace between Thearnytaar, Eiellûr, and Syõrpiir is restored, but periodic border skirmishes between those nations, and Ilythiir, continue.

-15,300 DR

~The Elves of House Vyshaan rise to power in Aryvandaar. Ivõsaar Vyshaan becomes the Coronal of Aryvandaar.

-14,700 DR

~Coronal Ivõsaar Vyshaan and his advisors diplomatically contact the leaders of Miyeritar, concerning the peaceful annexation of Miyeritar by Aryvandaar, citing familial connections between the two nations. The leaders of Miyeritar turn down the offer.

-13,900 DR

~Miyeritar becomes known as the center of Elven art and magic on Faerûn.

-13,200 DR

~Having been rejected centuries before, Coronal Ivõsaar Vyshaan authorizes a proxy war between Aryvandaar and Miyeritar, and trade interferences, raids and skirmishes begin between the two Elven nations.

-12,500 DR

~Elves from Aryvandaar discover the Hall of Mists beneath the High Forest. At protect and guide this site, an Arakhor is summoned. This creature, over the millennia, would become known as the Grandfather Tree.

-12,000 DR

~After years of fruitless diplomacy, Coronal Ivõsaar Vyshaan has Aryvandaar attack Miyeritar, and exerts political pressure on Shantel Othreier to ally itself with Aryvandaar, or suffer the same fate as Miyeritar. This begins the First Crown War.

-11,800 DR

~Aryvandaar successfully annexes Miyeritar after waging the Coronal's military campaign, though some Miyeritari Elves continue to struggle and resist. Many Elven nations who were neutral during the conflict accept Miyeritari refugees, and provide them safe haven.

-11,743 DR

~Coryselmar, the capital of Arselmalyr in Serõs, is founded.

-11,700 DR

~Dragons set the southern expanse of Shantal Othreier aflame, separating the soon-to-be-called Wyrnwood from its greater body. An Elven hero, Tethir the Dragonslayer, slays two ancient Red Wyrms on his

own, earning his namesake and saving many Elves from his native Keltormir, as well as Elves from Shantel Othreier. Tethir's stand earns the Elves the respect of the Dragons, who had previously dismissed the *Tel'Quessir* as ignorant, biped cattle, much akin to the primitive Humans in the area.

~In retaliation for the annexation of Miyeritar, Ilythiir launches a surprise attack on Orishaar, toppling the trade partner of Aryvandaar rather quickly, and threatening military action on any other nations in the north that back Aryvandaar.

-11,600 DR

~The Ilythiiri use fire to destroy Syörpiir, separating the region from its allies and burning the homes of its people down all in one fell swoop.

-11,500 DR

~Syörpiir's staunchest allies, Thearnytaar and Eiellûr, declare war on Ilythiir, citing that the reckless and wanton destruction cause by the Dark Elves that destroyed Syörpiir and much of the forestland in Thearnytaar and Eiellûr was unforgivable. Rather than invade Ilythiir, the Elves of Thearnytaar and Eiellûr fight on the defensive, on their own home terrain, not allowing the Ilythiiri to march north, towards Aryvandaar.

~Coronal Geirildin Sethomiir summons the Balor Wendonai, and converts to the worship of Lolth. Other nobles, seeking to gain power as well, follow suit.

-11,450 DR

~Thearnytaar and Eiellûr, with minimal backing from Shantel Othreier and Keltormir, put together a small army of the best soldiers and wizards of the realms. This group penetrates Ilythiir, seeking to overthrow her leadership before she can threaten another Elven realm again. They are unsuccessful, however, as the corrupt magics of the Dark Elves, granted by Lolth and Wendonai, overpower the small army. Having lost about half of their original number, the group retreats back to Eiellûr. This covert action becomes known as the Sable Wars.

-11,400 DR

~Ilythiir replies to the Sable Wars by once again using fire to destroy an Elven realm. Their target this time is Eiellûr. Like Syörpiir, the fires both destroy the Elves living in the nation, as well as isolate it from allies who would help. The Ilythiiri are aided by treacherous Wood Elves, who believe that appeasing the Ilythiiri is their own best way for survival.

~The continuing influx of Sea Elves to the Inner Sea sparks off conflicts between the Elves and Merfolk and Sahuagin.

-11,300 DR

~The First Crown War formally ends, as all of Miyeritar is conquered by Aryvandaar, and all Miyeritari resistance ends.

-11,200 DR

~Thearnytaar falls to the unrepentant Dark Elves of Ilythiir, who use enslaved monsters and Undead aberrations to occupy the thorn and bramble choked woods, as well as to deal with the local population. Ilythiir now directly skirmishes with Keltormir, along her eastern and southern borders. This concludes the Second Crown War.

~The Sea Elves expand beyond the Selmal Basin, and establish the kingdoms and regions of Coranthy's, Tor Meraliir, Ullythan Reef and Ryeniir.

-11,003 DR

~Coryselmal, the grandest of all of the Sea Elf cities of Selmalyr, a kingdom in the Selmal Basin, becomes the capital of the Arselmalyr Empire, over the other Aquatic Elf kingdoms in the Inner Sea. Thus marks Year I of the Arselmalyr Calendar.

-11,000 DR

~The seas around the Moonshae Isles, and the seismic activity on the Moonshae Isles calm. The enigmatic leShay are believed to be behind these developments.

-10,900 DR

~Conflict erupts as peace accords between Aryvandaar and Shantel Othreier fail. This begins the Third Crown War.

~In their quest for power and knowledge, the ruling Vyshaan of Aryvandaar summon the fallen Solar, Malkizid, and demand from him the knowledge of forbidden magics. Malkizid agrees, having his own agenda, and becomes the secret patron of the Vyshaan.

~Having cemented enough power to assure that a Vyshaan would always rule Aryvandaar, the Vyshaan formally rename Aryvandaar the 'Vyshaantar Empire'.

-10,750 DR

~Sun and Moon Elf clans from the Vyshaantar Empire flee the nation, disapproving of the warmonger policies of the House Vyshaan. They are joined by Sun and Moon Elves seeking to escape other nearby, war torn realms, and found the nation of Ilodhar, along the western shores of the present day Lake of Miir.

-10,700 DR

~The Gods' Theater, located in the present day Tunlands, located in eastern Shantel Othreier, is the site for one of the largest and costliest battles of the Crown Wars. As the armies of Shantel Othreier and the Vyshaan Empire did battle, an Orc horde of 100,000 strong spilled forth from the mountains, attacking both nations blindly. Nearly 70,000 Elven soldiers, from both sides of the original conflict, perished. The forces of the Vyshaantar Empire won the battle, and moved in to occupy northern Shantel Othreier.

-10,600 DR

~Coronal Ynoleth, leader of Shantel Othreier, dies under mysterious circumstances. The Vyshaanti, threatening further force, bully the new Coronal of the embattled nation into signing an armistice and "peacefully" joining into the Vyshaantar Empire. With this armistice, the Third Crown War comes to an official close. Ardeep, a vassal realm of Shantel Othreier, continues to resist the Vyshaanti, and claims itself the heir of Shantel Othreier.

-10,500 DR

~Vyshaanti assassins secretly begin assassinating various *Selu'Taar* in Miyeritar, performing the deeds to appear as random, natural events, unrelated to each other.

~A Circle of Vyshaanri *Selu'Taar* summon the Killing Storm over Miyeritar, turning the once proud forests into a blasted, poisonous wasteland. The cloud of death hangs over the nation for months, producing cloying

yellow mists and blood red rains. After many months, when the funeral shroud over Miyeritar was lifted, all that remained of the Elven kingdom were a handful of utterly dead ruins. The Vyshaantar Empire claims that the Killing Storm was the result of a magical backlash from a spell the Miyeritari were preparing to use, which would have destroyed almost all of northern Faerûn. ~The leShay establish a kingdom on the Moonshae Isles, known as Sarifal. The capital of Sarifal is the shining city of Karador, built upon a small island at the center of the shimmering blue waters of Myrloch, a large lake nestled within a great vale on the central island of the Moonshae Isles.

-10,460 DR

~The Vyshaanti assassinate two of Ardeep's rulers- Ilitharath, and his grandson, Tarosspur- and bring the Elven nation under their dominion.

-10,450 DR

~The destruction of Miyeritar enrages the Ilythiiri, who rightfully blame the Vyshaantar Empire. In response to the powerful High Magic that annihilated Miyeritar, the Ilythiiri use some of their own forbidden spells, taught to them by Wendonai, Lolth, Ghaunadaur, and the other fell powers the Ilythiiri had been consorting with. Shantel Othrier, under the dominion of the Vyshaanti, is Ilythiiri's closest target, and the Elven nation becomes their next victim. Displaying their fell powers, Ilythiiri called stones from the sky, and caused the earth to boil and the trees to scream, in a show of magical force that made the actions of the Vyshaanti seem tame in comparison. This begins the Fourth Crown War.

-10,400 DR

~Acting on the command of Wendonai, House Sethomiir leaves Ilythiiri, and travels by magic to Riidath, which is the present day Rawlinswood and Lethyr Forest, appointing Clan Hune as the stewards of Ilythiiri in their absence. One in eastern Faerûn, the Sethomiir construct an underground fortress, known as Narathmault the Dark Pit, at the site of present day Dun-Tharos.

-10,300 DR

~With the Vyshaanti Empire opposing them on one border, and Ilythiiri opposing them on the other, the Elves of Keltormir strategically withdraw to Highlands' Edge, holding their lines there.

-10,270 DR

~With the withdrawal of Keltormir to strengthen and fortify her holdings at Highlands' Edge, the armies of the Vyshaantar Empire and of Ilythiiri have nothing buffering them. They soon close rank, and engage each other for the first time in the Stone Giant-infested mountains and the Wemic-claimed plains of unoccupied Keltormir. Because of the presence of the Stone Giants and the Wemics, these battles are known as the Stone and Claw Campaigns.

-10,110 DR

~Ilythiiri Magi charm Dragons, Elementals, and other entities, and assault Shantal Othrier, engulfing the nation in flames that would burn for fifty years, destroying what little was left of Shantal Othrier. ~In response for this most recent show of destruction, coupled with the fell powers the Ilythiiri now openly wielded, and the continued and blatant harm to Faerûn that they were causing, over one thousand priests

and *Selu'Taar* from neutral Illefarn, and other free areas, gathered in Illefarn, to discuss the future. The conclave made a decision that The Ilythiiri would be cast from Corellon Larethian's favor, and be divorced from the Seldarine, and their Elven brethren. The most powerful among this conclave spend decades in prayer, beseeching Corellon Larethian and the Seldarine for an answer concerning what to do with the Ilythiiri.

-10,000 DR

~Having been granted a powerful spell by Corellon Larethian, thousands of priests and *Selu'Taar* begin casting a powerful High Magic spell. This spell transforms the Dark Elves- guilty of confiding in dark powers or not- into the Drow, driving them into the darkness of the Underdark, where Lolth and other members of the Dark Seldarine cemented their grip on the race, now known as 'Drow', a corruption of the Elven word '*dhaerow*'. With the Descent of the Drow, the Fourth Crown War formally ended. One month later, 100 Elves of various nations and stations of life are summoned to a specific site in their dreams, by the Seldarine, which would become known as The Elven Court, to settle their differences and restore peace among the Elves.

~The Dark Elves of Narathmault transform into Drow, like the rest of their kin, shattering their bindings over the various fiends and other fell extraplanar creatures summoned and bound in the fortress by House Sethomiir. Led by Undrek Sethomiir, the Drow elude the freed creatures seeking to destroy them, and travel southeast, to the caverns underneath present day Thay with their Minotaur servants.

-9900 DR

~Fearing that the powerful priests and *Selu'Taar* in Illefarn, the Vyshaanti begin a covert persecution and assassination program, intended to weaken both of these groups. The Vyshaanti then annex both Illefarn and it's colony in the Llewyrwood, in present day Neverwinter Wood. Those Elves seeking to escape being ruled over by the Vyshaanti migrate to the remnants of Shantal Othrier. A large group of Elves from the Llewyrwood, led by their queen, Synnoria, flee to the Moonshae Isles.

-9872 DR

~Garrison towers are built all across the Sharksteeth Mountains, with the help of Vodos the Great Builder. These garrison towers allow the Sea Elves, Merfolk and Locathath to more effectively fight against the increasingly violent Sahuagin raids.

-9845 DR

~Construction begins on the Sharkbane Wall, to unite existing garrison towers to protect against Sahuagin raids, by the clergy of Deep Sashelas, Trishina and Eadro.

-9839 DR

~The First Serôs War begins when the young Sea Elves ally themselves with the Merfolk against the Sahuagin.

-9833 DR

~The alliance between Sea Elves and Merfolk destroys the Sahuagin kingdom in the Trench of Lopol, also known as 'Sekolah's Trench', ending the First Serôs War.

-9,800 DR

~Seeking to escape the destruction caused by the Crown Wars, numerous groups of Elves, primarily Wood Elves, immigrate to the east, and setting in the Yuirwood.

~The Vyshaanti begin the colonization of Evermeet, spearheaded by Rolim Durothil and Ava Moonflower.
~The leShay of Sarifal open their kingdom to the Elven refugees from the Llewyrwood who had traveled to the Moonshae Isles, led by their queen, Synnoria. These Elves found their own kingdom in the mountains, which they name after their queen.

-9,750 DR

~The Riidath, which is now present day Rawlinswood and the Forest of Lethyr, is settled by Moon Elves and Sun Elves formerly of Shantal Othrier, fleeing the oppressive policies being put in place by the Vyshaanti. This realm becomes known as Lethyr. The Elves of Lethyr accidentally stumble upon Narathmault and the horrors contained within. They resolve to clear the forest, and protect all other *Tel'Quessir* and *N'Tel'Quessir* from the foul legacies of the Ilythiiri. It is here that the Olin Gisiae is founded.

-9,600 DR

~The first Drow civilization in the Underdark is founded. In southern Faerûn, two cities- Telantiwar and Guallidurth- spring up.
~The Drow of the Underdark begin harassing the Vyshaanti Elves, and as a result, the Vyshaanti give up their immediate aspirations of annexing Keltormir.

-9,200 DR

~After nearly a millennium of debate, the Elves of the Elven Court judge the Elves of House Vyshaan, the ruling elite to the Vyshaantar Empire, to be the root cause of most of the strife and suffering of the Crown Wars. The Elven Court issues the First Proclamation, and condemns the Vyshaanti, but not all of Aryvandaar. The Vyshaanti were to be stripped of their ruler ship and their nobility, and their lives declared forfeit for crimes against Elvenkind. Spies planted in the Elven Court by the Vyshaanti alerted Giilvas Vyshaan of the Elven Court's First Proclamation, allowing the Coronal to marshal the forces loyal to him and his family, thus causing the Fifth Crown War. At the behest of Malkizid, Coronal Giilvas ordered all those who would not join the army against the Elven Court to be killed. This only bolstered those who stood in opposition of the Vyshaanti, a group that included priests, priestess', *Selu'Taar*, and Elves of various families from various Elven realms, including the Vyshaantar Empire itself. As the tide of battle turns against House Vyshaan, Malkizid abandons the Sun Elves to their own fate, returning to the Nine Hells.

-9,000 DR

~The Fifth Crown War ends with the utter defeat of House Vyshaan, and the dissolution of Aryvandaar. Much of the High Forest, where Aryvandaar once spread her majesty, is purposely left abandoned, so that the deities might restore the area to the opulent peace and beauty that the Elves, long ago, had found it in. This leaves Keltormir and Illefarn as the sole remaining Elven nations of the era. Most Elves living in areas that are being given back to nature resettle to the Elven Court, Keltormir, or Illefarn. Others strike out and seek to settle new realms elsewhere, a time known as the Wandering Years.

~The Drow of Telantiwar attack and overwhelm the Dwarves of Bhaerynden, capturing the rift-city for themselves.

~Ethlando, an Elven Wizard from Aryvandaar, on instruction by Corellon Larethian, forges and enchants 300 Moonblades, to eventually determine a king or queen worthy to rule Evermeet.

~The philosophical movement known as the 'Time of Pennance' begins, in which numerous Elves devote their lives to atoning for the past sins of Ilythiir and Aryvandaar.

-8,800 DR

~Amidst a long drought, a flight of Red Dragons attack Keltormir, setting the center of the nation ablaze, and out of control. Thousands of miles of woodlands are burned, destroying Giant, Dragon and Elven settlements, and the Elven nation is irrevocably splintered.

-8,600 DR

~The Elven settlement of Evereska is founded in secret by the surviving clans of Eiellûr, Miyeritar, and Orishaar.

-8,500 DR

~Keltormir dissolves into three separate forests, all with their own separate governances, due to the great fires that ravaged the nation centuries before. This, effectively, ends the Elven nation.
~Aelinthaldar, which becomes the capital city of Illefarn, is founded on the city that would later become Waterdeep.

-8,400 DR

~A group of Sun Elves, believing that enough time had passed for the High Forest to heal itself from the ravages of the Crown Wars, return to the northern forest and found the realm of Siluvanede in it's northwestern reaches.

~This year marks the end of the first Rysar of Rystall Wood.

~The realm of Jhyrennstar is founded, and with the crowning of it's Coronal, the first Rysar of Jhyrennstar begins.

-8,298 DR

~The Second Seôs War begins when the Aquatic Elven nation uses Locathah forces to rally their enemies' enslaved Locathah forces against them, as well as Merfolk and other enslaved aquatic races.

-8,282 DR

~The Second Seôs War ends with the destruction of the Kua-Toa Consortiums built along the Plains of Duna, rendering Kua-Toa nearly extinct in the area.

-8,200 DR

~The realm of Uvaeren is founded, and with the crowning of it's Coronal, the first Rysar of Uvaeren begins.

-8,210 DR

~Many of the Non-Sun Elf clans of Ilodhar abandon the realm, due to constant harassment from Orcs and Ogres in the area. Most travel north to Rystall Wood, while others travel east, to western Arcorar.

-8,170 DR

~The Drow of Guallidurth take advantage of the civil war going on in the Dwarven caverns of Alatorin, and

launches an attack on them. This war becomes known as the First Spider War.

-8,150 DR

~The First Spider War ends as the Drow of Gualldurth capture the Dwarven settlement of Brightaxe Hall, and topple the kingdom of Alatorin.

-8,145 DR

~In what becomes known as the Second Spider War, the eight reigning kings of Shanatar unite, and turn their combined armies on the Drow inhabiting Brightaxe Hall.

-8,137 DR

~The Second Spider War ends when the Drow inhabiting Brightaxe Hall are ousted from the Dwarven cavern. They return to Gualldurth.

-8,130 DR

~Yrlaancel, the City of Peace, is built within Rystall Wood.

-8,000 DR

~The settlement of Semberholme is founded, to act as a safe haven in times of crisis and war, for Elven women, children, and elders, regardless of their subrace or national allegiance.

-7,950 DR

~The Elves of Darthiir, Tethir and Shantel Othrier begin trade with the Dwarves of Shanatar.

-7,700 DR

~The second Rysar of Uvaeren begins.

~Rogue Marids from the Calim Empire enter Selmalyr and start a war with the Aquatic Elves. Within a year, the new Marid States are settled, located deep beneath the Hmur Plateau.

-7,690 DR

~The powerful Djinni general Calim negotiates with the Elves of the area, and claims the lands south of the River Agis, and east of the western slopes of the present day Alimir Mountains. The Djinn is careful not to evoke the wrath of the native Elves during these negotiations.

-7,600 DR

~The Elven realm of Sharven is founded by Elves seeking to escape the overpopulation in Evereska, and the elitism building in Siluvanede, in the southern reaches of the High Forest.

~The Drow empire of Telantiwar falls, as the great cavern of Bhaerynden collapses during a magical civil war among the Drow. The surviving Drow flee, spreading north, east, south and west, establishing new domains.

~The Drow city of Llurth Dreir is founded by fleeing survivors of fallen Telantiwar.

~The Second Rysar of Jhyrennstar begins when Hoccar is crowned Coronal.

-7,500 DR

~Rystall Wood's second rysar ends, and the Third Rysar of Rystall Wood begins as it's third Coronal is appointed.

-7,400 DR

~Uvaeren's third rysar begins. Coronal Kiyuigh becomes the third coronal of Uvaeren.

~Uvaeren begins proactively pursuing the Orcs and Giants that harassed the borders of Uvaeren.

~The Elven realm of Ildohar falls to a large Orc horde, and it's residents scatter.

-6,950 DR

~The first Star Elves come to the Yuirwood.

-6,900 DR

~Coronal Kiyuigh dies in his 100th venture into the mountains to hunt Uvaeren's enemies. Uvaeren's fourth rysar begins when Coronal Eltaor becomes the fourth coronal of Uvaeren.

-6,800 DR

~The Third Rysar of Rystall Wood end, and the realm's fourth rysar begins when Naevys Caersaelk, the realm's first female Coronal, is crowned.

-6,676 DR

~The Golden Era of Arsekmalyr begins with the end of the Koalinth boarder wars against the Sea Elven cities of the Hmur Plateau and the Selmal Basin, and a peace accord with the Marid States.

-6,600 DR

~The Wood and Star Elven realm of Yuireshanyaar, in the Yuirwood, is formally founded.

-6,500 DR

~Coronal Hoccar dies, ending the Second Rysar of Jhyrennstar. The third rysar of the realms begins with his niece, the Coronal Haalija, being crowned.

~Elf refugees from Syörpiir found the realm of Nikerymath, in the Chondalwood, beginning with the mystical city of Rucien Xan.

-6,400 DR

~Elves meet the Dwarves of Sarphil on the battlefields of the Vast, and forge a tenuous alliance, since the Elves saved the Dwarves from death at the hand of an Orc horde.

-6,300 DR

~Coronal Eltaor of Uvaeren dies of natural causes.

~Uvaeren's fifth rysar begins. Coronal Intever becomes the fifth Coronal of Uvaeren.

-6,200 DR

~The Fourth Rysar of Rystall Wood ends. The Fifth Rysar of Rystall Wood begins under Coronal Esyae, daughter of Naevys.

-6,150 DR

~The Third Spider War begins when the Drow of Gualldurth once again attack the caverns of Alatorin.

-6,120 DR

~The Third Spider War ends with a Drow victory. The Drow of Gualldurth successfully drive out the Dwarves from the caverns of Alatorin, and claim them for their own. The Dwarves, however, manage to take the Wyrmskull Throne with them when fleeing.

-6,100 DR

~The power of Elven High Magic forcibly disembodies Calim and Memnon, and binds their elemental essences to the sky and earth, respectively, and their physical forms, as well as 100 of their Genie servants, are bound to the Calimemnon Crystal, a magical

diamond-like gem. Pharos, an Elven man, is transformed into a Baelnorn, and tasked with guarding the Calimemnon Crystal in the Spinning Keep of Sir'Wadjen, a bizarre rounded tower that hovers above the Calim Desert.

-6,000 DR

~The Fourth Rysar of Jhyrennstar begins.

~Elves from Evereska stumble upon the tomb of Hssthak, a Sarrukh Mummy. Recognizing the threat that this Undead creature poses, a half-dozen Elves volunteer to become Mummies themselves, so that they can guard the tomb for all of eternity, and prevent Hssthak from waking.

-5,660 DR

~Intevar's Librarium, as well as a few other libraries in Uvaeren, are attacked by greedy Elven wizards seeking the secrets of Elven High Magic.

~Coronal Intevar succumbs to the wounds inflicted by a poisoned arrow fired by intruders in Intevar's Librarium.

~Uvaeren's sixth rysar begins. Coronal Mnuvae, the former coronal's apprentice and wife, becomes the sixth coronal of Uvaeren.

-5,590

~Coronal Esysae dies when High Magic that she was the Circle Center of goes wrong, ending the Fifth Rysar of Rystall Wood. Her younger brother, Mhaenal, becomes the Coronal, and thus begins the sixth rysar of the Elven realm.

-5,300 DR

~The Elves of Siluvanede erect a *Mythal* over the city of Adofhaerande, and the city is renamed Myth Adofhaer.

-5,112 DR

~The Webfire Wars in the city of Llurth Dreir, fought between the Church of Lolth and the Church of Ghaunadaur, begin.

-5,000 DR

~A falling star destroys most of Uvaeren, cleaving a 100 mile long, 30 mile long gap in Cormanthor's treeline. The massive fires that follow, known as The Twelve Nights of Fire, kill most of Uvaeren's remaining population. Those few Uvaeranni that do survive flee to Arcorar.

~Rystall Wood becomes a separate forest and realm after The Twelve Nights of Fire clear away the mountains, hills, and trees that attached it to Arcorar. Although it is now an independent forest, it's Coronal still convenes with the leaders of the Elven Court, and other Elven realms in the High Forest.

~Survivors from House Dlardrageth flee from Arcorar to Siluvanede.

-4,973 DR

~The Drow realm of Sshamath, the City of Dark Weavings, is founded deep beneath the Dark Hills.

-4,970 DR

~Coronal Mhaenal of Rystall Wood is killed when deadly monsters are summoned into his bedchambers. The Sixth Rysar of Rystall Wood ends, and investigations into who summoned the creatures begins.

-4,900 DR

~The Fifth Rysar of Jhyrennstar begins when the warrior Khilseith becomes Coronal.

-4,880 DR

~The investigation into who slew Coronal Mhaenal ends when three nobles are identified as the killers. The actual caster of the spell that summoned the creatures is executed, while the other two plotters are exiled from Rystall Wood and Arcorar. After ninety years without a Coronal, Coronal Injros is made Coronal, and the Seventh Rysar of Rystall Wood begins.

-4,835 DR

~The avatar of Ghaunadaur, a great slug, hunts and destroys the Lolthites of Llurth Dreir. The Webfire Wars end with a victory for the Church of Ghaunadaur.

-4,800 DR

~The Dlardrageths subvert several powerful Sun Elven Houses in Siluvanede, and encourage Demon and Elf crossbreeding, resulting in the birth of the Fey'ri. The Fey'ri conceal their heritage, and come to wield great political power in the Elven nation.

-4,700 DR

~Nobles from Sharrven, who seek to restrict the political power of certain ambitious Siluvaneden, found the kingdom of Eaelrann among the ruins of Aryvandaar.

-4,550 DR

~The tree city of Teuvaemanthaar is founded on the present day site of Talltrees, and is named the capital city of Eaelrann.

-4,500 DR

~*Selu'Taar* from Arcorar track House Dlardrageth to a secret lair beneath the city of Ascal's Horn. With the aid of Eaelranni forces, they slay several of the Dlardrageths. Other Siluvaneden Houses under the influence of House Dlardrageth retaliate, beginning the Seven Citadels' War. Sarya Dlardrageth, patroness of the house, and her sons are captured, but the Siluvaneden led by the Fey'ri continue to fight on. To many, these skirmishes mark what they call the Sixth Crown War.

-4,440 DR

~Eaelrann presses into Siluvanede. The Siluvaneden open several caches of ancient magic and weapons from Aryvandaar, and equip their soldiers and wizards with weapons and spells of Vyshaanti origin. This draws the realm of Sharrven into the Seven Citadels' War, as the Elves will not stand the Elves of Siluvanede dabbling in such magic, and reopening the scars of the past.

-4,400 DR

~Drow and Duergar attack and destroy Elven Court and the realm of Sarphil, beginning at the start of the year on Midwinter Night. Within days, the Elven Court is in ruins and Sarphil is occupied by the Drow and Duergar. This event, which would become known as The Dark Court Slaughter, claims the lives of many clan leaders of the Elven Court and both of the Coronals of Rystall Wood and Jhyrennstar. An archer-guard, Shevarash, sends an anger-tinted prayer to Corellon Larethian, and vows to become the Seldarine's hand against the Drow, to extract revenge for the loss of his friends and family, and to never smile again, until Lolth and all of her followers were killed.

~The Eighth Rysar of Rystall Wood begins upon the coronation of the child Wizardess Enajharas as Coronal of the realm, and the Sixth Rysar of Jhyrennstar begins with the coronation of the prophet of Labelas, the aged Oacenth as Coronal of the realm. Enajharas and Oacenth put out the call to arms against the Drow, their now-revealed enemy.

-4,300 DR

~The Seven Citadels' War ends when Eaelrann forcibly annexes Siluvanede. Upon discovering the deceit and depravity of the Fey'ri, untainted Siluvanedenn *Selu'Taar* place the city of Myth Adofhaer in magical stasis, effectively fleeing to escape association with the Fey'ri houses. Most of the surviving Fey'ri warriors are imprisoned in Nar Kerymhoarth, the Nameless Dungeon, but some avoid capture and eventually spawn long-lived houses of Daemonfey that successfully conceal their true nature.

-4,200 DR

~The impressionable Coronal Enajharas isolates Rystall Wood from all dealings with Arcorar, as nobles within her court whisper of conspiracies against Jhyrennstar.

-4,070 DR

~Shevarash the Black Archer is killed while hunting Drow, but undergoes apotheosis to become the Night Hunter and Arrow Bringer. Now a member of the Seldarine, Shevarash hunts Lolth and Vhaerun directly, but he no longer considers Eilistraee and her worshipers to be among his prey.

-4,000 DR

~Coronal Oacenth of Jhyrennstar falls ill, leading to the forging of the three Elfblades and the Ruling Trials. Upon his death, Kahvoerm Irithyl is chosen by the Ruler's Blade and the Ruling Trials, to be the Coronal of a unified nation consisting of Semberholme, Jhyrennstar and the Elven Court, known as Cormanthyr.

~Imaskari artificers are common in the court of the leShay kingdom of Sarifal, as the two nations strike some sort of alliance.

-3,983 DR

~The city of Cormanthor is founded with the summoning of the Rule Tower.

-3,917 DR

~The city of Menzoberranzan is founded by Menzoberra the Kinless.

-3,864 DR

~A terrible battle between House Nasadra and House S'sril leads to the exile of House Nasadra from Menzoberranzan, and the rise of House Baenre as the preeminent and dominant House of the city, and the death of Menzoberra the Kinless.

-3,845 DR

~Eaelranni Elves begin discreetly observing the fledgling nation of Netheril.

-3,843 DR

~The Drow city of Ched Nasad is founded by House Nasadra, formerly of Menzoberranzan. An avatar of Lolth leads House Nasadra, exiles from Menzoberranzan, to the site and weaved the calcified

webs that the city came to rest on. The Drow immediately begin harassing the Dwarves of Ammarindar.

-3,830 DR

~The Eaelranni Elves initiate a formal dialogue with the Humans of Netheril, and begin teaching those with the most promise the secrets of Mystra's Art. Therion of Gers becomes the first Arcanist of Netheril.

-3,655 DR

~Orcs pour forth from the Spine of the World mountains, but the Elves of Illefarn and Eaelrann turn them back with the help of the fledgling Netherese Empire and the Rengarth barbarians.

-3,605 DR

~Orcs pour forth from the Spine of the World once more, but again, the Elves of Illefarn and Eaelrann turn them aside, with the help of the Netherese Empire.

-3,533 DR

~The Netherese discover the *Nether Scrolls* while exploring ruins attributed to Aryvandaar. The Netherese abandon their Eaelranni tutors in favor of the scrolls' power.

-3,520 DR

~The Elves of the north begin helping Gnomes escape from their Netherese masters, and help them flee to southern and eastern Faerûn.

-3,400 DR

~The Ninth Rysar of Rystall Wood begins.

-3,090 DR

~The Elves of Cormanthyr steal one set of the *Nether Scrolls* and hide it away in the depths of Windsong Tower, in the form of the *Quess'ar'Teranthvar*.

-3,002 DR

~Nantar, a small town on the slopes of the Hmur Plateau, and long center of the Dukar culture, becomes Myth Nantar when Sea Elven *Selu'Taar* raise a *Mythal* over the city. This sparks cultural growth in the city.

-3,000 DR

~A quick, bloody civil war leaves all if the Lolth worshipping matriarchs in Sshamath dead, and the male Wizards in control of the city.

-2,900 DR

~The incredibly ancient Coronal Kahvoerm dies, upon placing his *Selu'Kiir* upon the hilt of the Ruler's Blade. His fourth son attempts to take his place, but the Ruler's Blade rejects him and destroys the greedy Elf in a burst of green flames. Sakrattars Irithyl, the youngest of the Coronal's great-grandsons, takes up the blade and is proclaimed Coronal by ancient blade-rite, as was Kahvoerm. This begins the Second Rysar of Cormanthyr.

~The Drow city of Karsoluthiyl is founded by House Karsoluthul. The city is located west of Baldur's Gate, underneath the Sea of Swords.

-2,770 DR

~In an event that is known as the 'Slaughter of Sharrven', the Elf realm fragments and falls due to an explosion in the monster population in the area. Secretly, the Fey'ri of Siluvanedede engineered the

sudden population boom, in revenge for Sharven's alliance with Eaerlann during the Seven Citadels' War. Survivors of the fallen realm immigrate to Eaerlann, or Evereska. The monster population in the area is brought under control by the exploits of the Dwarven King Connar IV of Ammarindar.

-2,600 DR

~The Drow in the region begin work on the Twisted Tower, in present-day Shadowdale.

-2,549 DR

~Despite repeated attacks by the Elves of Cormanthyr and the local Humans of the area, the Drow complete construction of the Twisted Tower and build up their presence in the area.

-2,465 DR

~The Elves of Lethyr use Elven High Magic to stop the spread of the Great Glacier southward and to regulate the temperatures of the area, preserving their forest home and surrounding environs.

-2,439 DR

~Drow inflict the greatest damage upon the forests since the Twelve Nights of Fire by setting the southern Rystall Wood aflame with a swarm of spiders made from arcane fire. Because of a long, dry summer, the woods burn easily. This clears nearly 100 miles of forest south of the River Tesh, and severs the southernmost part of the woods around and to the west of the Twisted Tower from the greater Rystall Wood and widens the cleared lands between them and Cormanthor. This event is known as the Spiderfires.

-2,200 DR

~The Tenth Rysar of Rystall Wood begins. Two Elves, forbidden lovers long kept apart by their feuding noble families, secretly ask the Coronal for aid. He helps them stage their "deaths" and the two are transformed together to become the first Baelnorn sworn to the Coronal and Cormanthor, rather than to a particular House. Forever apart in life, the Guardian Paramours become the most faithful defenders of the grounds of Castle Cormanthor.

-2,000 DR

~Malar unleashes "The Beast" to stalk the Moonshae Islands. The Elves of Synnoria unite with the Dwarves and the children of the Earthmother to confront it. For many decades, war wracks the Moonshae Isles, but the creature and its minions are eventually driven off.

-1,950 DR

~Fighting a Drow incursion into the western woods, Coronal Sakrattars of Cormanthyr sacrifices himself using a *Blood Dragon* spell and destroy the large outpost Drow occupying the last ruins of Uvaeren and the Twisted Tower, though not the tower itself. The Coronal's chosen blade-heir receives and draws the Ruler's Blade without incident, and Sinaht Irithyl is the third Coronal of Cormanthyr, beginning the realm's third rysar.

-1,720 DR

~The Netherese begin peaceful negotiations with Serôs, and construct crystal-domed underwater colonies to further negotiations with the nation of aquatic creatures.

~Netherese Wizards arrive near the blasted ruins of Uvaeren, fleeing something. They die within two years after uncovering a hidden library cache and unwittingly setting loose some of its magical defenses.

-1,700 DR

~Calashite nobles begin hunting Elves in the northern reaches of Calimshan, including the Wealdath, for sport.

-1,674 DR

~The Menrynth Dynasty of Arselmalyr rises to power in Serôs under the warrior Essyl Menrynth, the nephew of the ailing Coronal Tanrah Eshalniith.

-1,660 DR

~During the Battle of the Three Seaflames, allied mages of Serôs, including Aquatic Elven *Selu'Taar* and Dukar, destroy the three Deep Netherese enclaves. The explosions from these three enclaves being destroyed creates Saerloon Bay and Selgaunt Bay.

-1,588 DR

~Attempts to raise a *Mythal* over the Sea Elf capital of Coryselmal fail. Feeling betrayed by the Seldarine, Coronal Essyl of Arselmalyr succumbs to the whispers of Dagon, and begins quietly slipping into madness.

-1,539 DR

~Lashing out against minor Koalinth and Scrag raids to the north, Coronal Essyl of Arselmalyr begins the Third Serôs War when the Koalinth and Scrag unite against their common foe and fight back.

-1,537

~The Merrow Kingdom of P'Karnis falls to the Sea Elves of Arselmalyr.

-1,535 DR

~Yrlaphon established among the eastern woods across the River Lis.
~The Merfolk of Thalorlyn rebel against the oppressive violence of Coronal Essyl. The Coronal co-opts the rebellion by supporting Kyron the Mad, a Merfolk traitor who has also succumbed to the whispers of Dagon. Kyron rises to a position of power and leadership among the Merfolk, all while secretly passing military secrets to agents of the Coronal.

-1,533 DR

~Thalorlyn is established as the first independent kingdom of Hmur. The Merfolk claim Myth Nantar as their own.

-1,531 DR

~Nearly 30% of all of the Merfolk of Serôs are killed when Arselmalyr viciously puts down the rebellion at Thalorlyn.

-1,530 DR

~Coronal Essyl dispatches an expedition into the depths of the Trench of Lopok. They return in the company of a trio of Dagon-serving Fiendish Krakens, bearing a newly forged artifact known as *The Eye of Dagon*. Essyl gives this artifact to Kyron, to ensure his loyalty. With the aid of their allies, the mad kinds seize even more power in Serôs.

~The emir of Calashite-ruled Tethyr engages in open warfare with the Elves of the Forest of Tethir. This conflict becomes known as the Frontier Wars.

-1,527 DR

~The fifth Dukar Order of Nantari, who vowed allegiance to Aryselmalry, goes to war against the other Dukar Orders, sparking the First Dukars' War.

-1,525 DR

~The Horde of the Blodtide, composed of Merrow and Koalinh, are defeated by King Kyron of Thalorlyn. The rebel Republic of Tivaan rises among the Merfolk to unite the Hmur Plateau against Aryselmalry's mad ruler, once spies reveal that Coronal Essyl and King Kyron have allied themselves with Kraken, to augment and supplement their power.

-1,524 DR

~Kyron and his loyalists are deposed of, and exiled from the Hmur Plateau.

-1,523 DR

~The First Dukars' War ends with the destruction of the House of the Nantari Order of Dukar in Myth Nantar. This loss sets back Coronal Essyl greatly.

-1,502 DR

~The Third Serôs War ends when the mad Coronal Essyl is killed, at the hands of his brother, Grand Dukar Jholar of the Jhimari Order. Jholar abdicates the Coronal's throne in favor of his younger sister, Vaeqiis.

-1,400 DR

~The Eleventh Rysar of Rystall Wood begins when Faahresc is made Coronal. Faahresc is aggressively anti-Drow, and leads the people of Rystall Wood on numerous raids into the Underdark, and to the Twisted Tower, to the south.

-1,354 DR

~The combined armies of Rystall Wood and Cormanthyr infiltrate and route the majority of the Drow around and under Rystall Wood, the ruins of Uvaeren, and the Old Skull, the granite crag within the hills of the clearings among the three forests. The remaining Drow flee to the Twisted Tower, in which the Elven forces cannot penetrate. The excursion is considered only a partial success.

-1,338 DR

~The Fourth Rysar of Cormanthyr begins when Miirphys Irithyl, a priest of Sehanine Moonbow, draws the Ruler's Blade. Unlike the Coronals before him, Coronal Miirphys prefers the bow to the blade, and is seen with a bow more often than with the sword of the Coronal.

-1,300 DR

~The Frontier Wars between the emir of Tethyr and the Elves of Tethir ends in a draw. The Calashites loot the Elven dead, and construct facsimiles of Elven bows that they begin arming their soldiers with after this conflict.

-1,293 DR

~Coronal Miirphys aids in the conjuring of the Crescent Court, the grand temple of Sehanine Moonbow in Cormanthyr.

-1,250 DR

~Yuireshanyaar and Unther formally come to blows when, after months of stalled negotiations, Unther lands warships on the southern coasts of the Wizards'

Reach. The two nations fight for months, eventually coming to a stalemate that was ended when Unther recalled her troops.

-1,219 DR

~Coronal Vaeqiis of Serôs dies, and her warrior son, Merath, succeeds her, becoming the next Coronal.

-1,200 DR

~Netherese Arcanists summon three powerful Nyctaloths in the service of Malkizid, the Banded King, known as the *Khov'Anilessa*, supposedly as a way for the Netherese to test the magical might of Cormanthyr, in preparation for a great battle between the two nations. After three months of Aulmpiter, Gaulguth and Malimshaer raiding and pillaging, the *Khov'Anilessa* are stopped. After a climactic battle in the streets of Cormanthor, Coronal Miirphys, various Selu'Taar, and a number of priests and priestess' use Elven High Magic to imprison the trio.

-1,100 DR

~The last great wrym of the Wyrnwood, a part of Shantel Othrier, falls to Elven hands, and the kingdom becomes known as Arundath, the Quiet Wood.
~Coronal Syglaeth Audark of Illefarn, commands a retreat to Evermeet. The remnants of Illefarn splinter into independent realms in Ardeep, Iliyanbruen and Rilithar. Aelinthaldar, the capital city of Illefarn, is razed by Elven High Magic, cast by *Selu'Taar* from Illefarn, by the orders of the Coronal. Nothing is left to indicate that an Elf city had once stood on the site for thousands of years, except for some lingering magics in the air and soil.

-1,094 DR

~Coronal Merath of Serôs is killed fighting Sahuagin raiders, and his Wizard son, Lynsal, becomes the next Coronal.

-1,076 DR

~The Orcgate Wars begin, causing Yuireshanyaar to actively patrol her borders and repel Orc bands.

-1,069 DR

~The Orcgate Wars end, and the leaders of Yuireshanyaar begin discussing how to best protect their nation, and decide that the entire nation will leave Faerûn, for the Sildëyuir, an extraplanar refuge.

-1,020 DR

~After decades of skirmishing with the Nars, the Elves of Lethyr abandon their holdings in the northern woodlands of the Riidath, and move to more defensible positions to the south.

-900 DR

~*Selu'Taar* from Yuireshanyaar begin constructing the magical stone menhir system in the Yuirwood that would create the Sildëyuir.

-819 DR

~A Dukar allegedly assassinates Coronal Lynsal, and his paranoid daughter, Vaequiis II, begins sanctions against the Dukar Orders of Myth Nantar, and all wizards throughout the Sea of Fallen Stars.

-800 DR

~The Twelfth Rysar of Rystall Wood begins.

~Synnorha Durothil becomes a Baelnorn to guard the Library of the Durothil, far beneath the petrified roots of the family's original villa.

-791 DR

~The Fifth Rysar of Cormanthyr begins when Tannivh Irythil becomes the Coronal of the realm.

-790 DR

~Drow raiders attack Calimshan, and other surface nations in Southern Faerûn, starting the Night Wars.

-788 DR

~Coronal Vaequiss II, also known as Vaequiss the Dark, begins the Fifth Serôs War when she mobilizes her troops to march against the Shalarin kingdom of Es'Krin, following the Second Shalarin Passing a year before. This causes neutral nations on the Hmur Plateau to ally with the besieged Es'Krin, against Vaequiss.

-780 DR

~In desperation, Vaequiss allies herself with a pair of Krakens- Borapalys and Rylurkarth- from the Trench of Lopok, in order to shatter the Four Arcana of Humbar.

-777 DR

~The Fifth Serôs War ends when Coronal Vaequiss the Dark and her Kraken allies are slain, but not before the destruction of Es'Krin, the Arcana of Humbar. Aryselmalyr's new ruler, who is approved by the four Grand Dukar, as well as Aquatic Elven nobility, is Pravis Orlson, who restores peace missed for over six centuries. Kayas the Krakenscourage passes into the possession of the Orlson Dynasty.

-750 DR

~Drow hit-and-run raids on Rystall Wood and Cormanthyr begin in earnest once again, as the Drow seek to capture Elven slaves, items, and magic. The Twisted Tower expands twice within the next decades.

-741 DR

~Tulan el Akada yi Calimport creates the Aranea, to use as soldiers to fight against the Drow in the Night Wars.

-736 DR

~Tulan el Akada's forty most loyal Aranea remain in Calimport, and take up residence in hidden byways beneath the city, and among the caverns in the upper Underdark. They fortify the defenses of the city against the Drow.

-733 DR

~Tulan el Akada releases over 100 Aranea into the Forest of Mir, to propagate and to fight the Drow who had taken residence there within.

-722 DR

~In the winter, the Elves of Yrlaphon are weakened by Drow attacks. In the summer, an Orc horde overwhelms the city, destroying it.

-699 DR, Year of Moon Blades Clashing

~By a proclamation of the Coronal of Yuireshanyaar, enough of the Sildëyuir had been constructed to support a new Elven nation. Evidence of the empire of Yuireshanyaar is either destroyed, or brought into the

Sildëyuir. Most Elves begin traveling to the Sildëyuir, but some choose to remain behind as vanguards.

-697 DR, Year of Furious Giants

~The Drow erupt from beneath the cities of Calimport, Manshaka and Almraiven, establishing footholds in those cities as well as the outlying wilderness areas.

-691 DR, Year of Stolen Fire

~Because of a raid by the Drow, the palace of Calimport's Caliph is destroyed, with all of the ruling family in it, bringing to an end the reign of the Vihad Dynasty.

-680 DR, Year of Creeping Thieves

~The syl-pasha of Calimshan, Akim el Ehjoliq, secretly begins negotiating with the Matron Mothers of Gualldurth.

-677 DR, Year of Fervent Glances

~The Drow of Karsoluthiyl begin their first incursions against the Dwarves of Melairbode.

-664 DR

~The Drow nearly destroy the entire town of Keltar, in Calimshan, during a raid that escalated into a 37-hour battle. During their initial raid, the army of Calimport arrived, which leads to the escalation of the conflict. Eventually the army of Calimshan eventually routes the Drow, and rescues the city, more than 3,000 Keltams are never seen again, having either been killed or brought back to the Underdark as slaves by the Drow.

-620 DR, Year of Noble Souls

~After more than sixty years of negotiations, Calimshan's syl-pasha strikes some confidential trade agreements with the Matron Mothers of Gualldurth, in exchange for the withdrawal of their forces from beneath Calimport and other Calashite cities. The Matron Mothers agree, and begin the slow process of recalling those forces that answer to them.

-612 DR, Year of Sudden Mourning

~Eltargrim Irythil, seventh son of the Coronal of Cormanthyr, is born in Sembholme.

-600 DR, Year of Moonlit Unicorns

~The Sildëyuir is fully completed, and Yuireshanyaar disappears from the Yuirwood completely, leaving few clues as to its whereabouts.

-585 DR, Year of Rumbling Earth

~The Troll warlord Harska Thaug gathers an army of Trolls and Orcs, and leads them south from the Spine of the World to assault to the Elven realm of Rilithar. The army attacks the Tower of the Star, and its defenders summon the Slaad Lord Bazim-Gorag to destroy the army.

-530 DR, Year of Meager Means

~The Night Wars draw to a close, and the Drow never again gain more than a toehold in the southern lands of Faerûn. In total, over the course of the war, over 75,000 Humans and other sentient beings were captured and enslaved by the Drow. Many of their descendants become Skulks.

-500 DR, Year of Running Unicorns

~For reasons known only to them, the leShay retreat back into the Plane of Faerie, leaving their kingdom on

the Moonshae Isles deserted. It's capital city, Karador, sinks beneath the waves of Myrloch.

-470 DR, Year of Perdition's Flame

~The Elves of Cormanthyr and Rystall Wood team up and march against the Drow of the Twisted Tower, in a campaign known as 'The Shadow Wars'.

-412 DR, Year of Weary Kings

~The Orison Dynasty in Serôs ends, and the crown of Ayselmalyr passes to House Vesahiir of the barony of Naramyr.

-400 DR, Year of the Gilded Sky

~The first Elven settlers arrive in what is now present day Cormyr, a forest under the rule of Thauglorimorgorus the Black Doom.

-395 DR, Year of Ashen Faces

~Fildaerae, the "Night Flame", the ruler of Ardeep, is slain in an Orc raid. Her grandniece, Imdalace, succeeds her as the ruler of the realm.

-375 DR, Year of Clutching Dusk

~The city of Myth Dyraalis is founded in the present day Forest of Mir as a safe haven for Elves and Gnomes.

-372 DR, Year of Owl's Watching

~The Elves of Eaelrann found Ascalhorn.

-333 DR, Year of Humbling Havens

~The Elves of Eaelrann allow Netherese refugees to settle in Ascalhorn.

-331 DR, Year of Shadows Fleeting

~The armies of Coronals Tannivh of Cormanthyr and Connak of Rystal Wood break the defenses of the Twisted Tower, and destroy the remaining Drow slavers within it. Devoid of enemies, the Twisted Tower is left in the hands of a small group of benevolent Drow, who aided the armies of the Coronals of Cormanthyr and Rystal Wood, who convert the Twisted Tower into a temple of Eilistraee. During the battle, Lord Orym Hawksong was slain and the War Blade, the Elfblade he carried, was taken by the fleeing Drow as a spoil of war, deep into the Underdark.

-310 DR, Year of Glassharks

~As a show of gratitude for their aid during the Shadow Wars, the Coronal of Cormanthyr allows a group of benevolent Drow to settle the remote lands in Cormanthyr, to the east of Cormanthor.

-294 DR, Year of Sundry Violence

~Coronal Luszoch rises to power in Ayselmalyr and makes many veiled threats to others during his first tour of Serôs, as Coronal. Many begin preparing for war, waiting for the new Coronal to make the wrong move, and spark conflict.

-281 DR, Year if the Silvered Thoughts

~Coronal Luszoch is killed, poisoned by his senior general and lifelong friend, in order to preserve peace in Serôs. Esahl, Luszoch's pacifistic son, and a Dukar, becomes Coronal, and promises reform in Ayselmalyr, so that other races can eventually lead themselves.

-276 DR, Year if Overflowing Casks

~Loggers from Jhaamdath come into conflict with the Elves of the Chondalwood. The Jhaamdathi begin

hunting down the Elves of the Chondalwood, promoting the genocide of the Elves in the area.

-255 DR, Year of Furious Waves

~In retaliation for the genocide of Elves living in the Chondalwood, *Selu'Taar* from Nikerymath perform a powerful High Magic ritual, and conjure a massive tidal wave that swallows the Twelve Cities of Jhaamdath, and reshapes the coastline into the contours of the Vilhon Reach.

~The massive tidal wave that was the causes of the fall of Jhaamdath destroys the undersea city of Coryselmal, which signals the end of the Ayselmalyr Empire. All of the powers once subject to the Sea Elves vie for control of Serôs, and the Sixth Serôs War erupts.

-240 DR, Year of Enslaved Swords

~Anti-Elf sentiments finally die down, having erupted during the onset of the Sixth Serôs War.

-231 DR, Year of the Ringed Moon

~Three entire clans of Sea Elves flee Serôs to save their lives, migrating to Lake Sember, within the realm of Cormanthyr.

-223 DR, Year of Burning Briars

~The Sixth Rysar of Cormanthyr begins when Eltargrim Irythil draws the Ruler's Blade and becomes Coronal.

-221 DR, Year of the Shambling Shadows

~The Drow city of Chaulssin is attacked and conquered by Shadow Dragons of the Jaezred clan.

~Elves in the Wealdath ally themselves with Chief Clovis Ithal of the Tethyrian clans, to capture the Calashite city of Calimaronn, formerly known as Ithmong, in revenge for the Calashites hunting the Elves for amusement and sport.

-206 DR, Year of Elfsorrows

~Coronal Syglaeth Audark, the last Coronal of Illefarn, is murdered by Drow raiders from Jhachalkyn.

-205 DR, Year Good Hunting

~Iliphar Nelneuve of House Amaratharr, the Lord of Scepters, bests Thauglorimorgorus the Black Doom in a duel of honor, and is granted rule of the colony forests of Cormyr upon beating the mighty Wyrn.

~An Orc horde swarms Rystall Wood, with the heaviest Orc incursion during the winter months.

-189 DR, Year of Sunned Serpents

~Shyllisyrr Ithal, the Elven bride of Corin Ithal, the brother of King Darrom of Tethyr, is killed when a poisonous snake bites her. According to local Elven custom, the life of her personal retainer was forfeit, but Corin Ithal refused to turn over the to the Elves the innocent man. Tensions between the Elves of the Wealdath and the fledgling nation of Tethyr flare up.

-183 DR, Year of Larks

~King Darrom of Tethyr surrenders to the Elves of the Wealdath the elderly retainer of the slain Shyllisyrr Ithal. The Elves execute the man, but the king's actions blow up in his face, as the clans of Tethyr stage a coup. Varytha, daughter of Corin and Shyllisyrr Ithal, flees into the Wealdath, to live among the Tethir Elves, the clan of her mother.

-173 DR, Year of Hale Heroes

~Varytha the Harbinger returns to Tethyr, and unites the Humans and the Elves against a large army of Goblin. She later marries Quynn Goldengrove, a Suldusk Elf prince, and restores civil Human-Elf relations.

-167 DR, Year of Sudden Kinship

~The Calimshan-Tethyr-Erkazar alliance gains strange allies in the Aranea of the Spider Swamp and the Drow of Dallnothax when the Beholders they are fighting against attempt to solidify their hold on the Spider Swamp and the Forest of Mir.

-111 DR, Year of Terrible Anger

~The realms of Iliyanbruen, Rilithar, and Eaerlann unite to shatter the strength of the Orcs in the area, and halt their rampage into the High Forest and the Dessarin Valley.

-105, Year of the Bloody Goad

~House Tanor'Thal of Karsoluthiyl discovers portals in their holdings in Kyorlamshin.

-75 DR, Year of Leather Shields

~The realm of Teshar is founded in the cleared lands between Rystall Wood and Cormanthor.
~The Netherese survivor Baerauble Etharr is rescued from death at the hands of barbarian tormentors by the Elf Alea Dehast. Baerauble comes to live with the Elves of Cormanthyr, and falls in love with Alea Dehast.

-64 DR, Year of Gleaming Frost

~The realm of Rystall Wood falls in its 12th rysar to a combined assault by Giants and Orcs. Survivor migrate to Yrlaancel and Cormanthyr.

-12 DR, Year of Laughing Lovers

~The Elves of Iliyanbruen resist further expansion from Illusk to the south.

-10 DR, Year of Burning Glades

~Led by Lord Halueth Never, the Iliyanbruenari defeat Illusk, and curb their expansion, although skirmishes persist.

-9 DR, Year of Fell Traitors

~The Circle of Flames, a cabal of magicians, is founded in Cormanthyr. It is primarily composed of retired or current *Akh'Faer* members, or their apprentices.

-4 DR, Year of Pacts

~The Elves of Iliyanbruen and the Humans of Illusk make peace, setting the River Mirar as the boundary between their two realms.

-2 DR, Year of Gruesome Streams

~Tomell, Hylas, and Shyryll Ithal, the only survivors of the Ithal Dynasty of Tethyr, are brought to the Wealdath by a Druid name Kalmin, who soon dies of his wounds. The Elves of the Waldath adopt and protect the three children, keeping their identities secret.

1 DR, Year of Sunrise

~The Elves of Cormanthyr and the Dalesmen, upon the ratification of the Dales Compact, raise the Standing Stone. This begins the Dalesreckoning calendar.

4 DR, Year of the Slaked Blade

~Laranla Imdalace of Ardeep disappears. The rulership of Ardeep passes on to her kinswoman, Embrae Aloeavan.

16 DR, Year of Distant Thunder

~Elves attack the Bleth farmstead, outside of the fledgling city of Suzail. They kill all of it's occupants, in retaliation for logging excursions into the Wolf Woods. Baerauble Etharr acts as intermediary, and counsils Ondeth Obarskyr against further expansion into the Elven woods.

20 DR, Year of the Fallen Fury

~The Human Calendar of Harptos adopts the Elven holiday of *Cinnaelos'Cor* and renames it Shieldmeet, celebrating it every four years.

34 DR, Year of Purloined Power

~Drow overwhelm the Melairkyn Dwarves of Undermountain, claiming it as their own, killing Melair IV, the Dwarves' king, and causing the Dwarves to flee.

68 DR, Year of Echoing Chasm

~Saeval Ammath is born, and portents indicate that he will become a powerful Wizard later in his life.

75 DR, Year of Clinging Death

~Moander the Darkbringer wills his worshippers against the Elven city of Tsornyl, blighting much of the surrounding woods. The magic of Moander twists all life, both follower and victim alike, into corrupt monsters. To combat his malign influence, *Selu'Taar* sever the creeping evil from Moander, and imprison the corruption at Tsornyl. Thirty-two Elven magi were killed checking Moander's power, but the Darkbringer is forever weakened.

~The realm of Rilithar is finally abandoned. Bordering the Sword Mountains, it was continually being encroached upon by Humans, Orcs and Trolls. Several Moon Elf clans travel to the Gray Forest to the east, and establish the realm of Vedrymmell. They ally themselves with Prince Baranth of Impiltur, who guarantees their sovereignty of the woodlands.

77 DR, Year of the Quivering Mountain

~With the aid of the Elves of Vedrymmell, Prince Baranth of Impiltur defeats his rival, and is crowned the king of Impiltur.

101 DR, Year of the Smiling Moon

~Josidiah Starym is born to a Sun Elf father and a Moon Elf mother.

114 DR, Year of the Jagged Leaves

~Representatives from various Drow cities in the east meet, and decide to connect their cities via a web of portals, to increase trade and their collective defenses. Undrek'Thoz, the Segmented City, is born when the portals are put into place.

132 DR, Year of Thirteen Prides Lost

~The magicians of the Circle of Flames begin to record the *Scrolls Ardentym*.

144 DR, Year of the Fear and Flames

~More than 2,00 Elves lose their lives in the Chondalwood, as the free cities of the Vilhon Reach unite against them. These conflicts, which eventually give birth to the nation of Chondath, are known as the

Battle of Elven Tears. The realm of Ariel-Than in the Chondalwood is burned to the ground.

~The Human settlers of Gwynneth, a tribe of Talfiric Humans fleeing persecution from the Shadowking, come into conflict with the Llewyr Elves. Their chieftain, Taylor, dies in combat with the Elves.

145 DR. Year of the Pirates' Port

~Lady Ahskahala Durothil is born at Semberholme to Lady Uschymna and Lord Phaendar Durothil of Myth Drannor.

146 DR. Year of the Risen Towers

~Aravae Irithyl is born, the first child of House Irithyl in centuries. Unfortunately, her mother dies giving birth, Aravae and her great-uncle, Coronal Eltagrim, as the sole heirs of House Irithyl. From birth, Aravae has a personal guard of three armathors, whose sole purpose is to protect the child who will be the Coronal's heir.

154 DR. Year of the Jealous Hag

~King Kaminas of Synnoria and King Deric of Corwell establish peace between their two peoples at the Elven capital of Chysalis.

169 DR. Year of the Weary Warrior

~The Elves of Cormanthyr begin a campaign to destroy the sole remaining temple of Moander in the north.

171 DR. Year of Unkind Weapons

~The Elves of Cormanthyr complete their two-year long siege to destroy the sole surviving temple of Moander in the north, located at the site of modern day Yûlash. The Elves raze the temple after slaying all of Moander's priests and priestess'. The Coronal and sixteen of Cormanthyr's High Magi cast powerful spells that bar the Jawed God from the Material Plane until it is freed by a child who was never born. From this time forward, Moander remains a lurking evil trapped beneath the ruins of his final temple.

177 DR. Year of Troublesome Vixen

~The Elves of Iliyanbruen destroy the Orcs of the Severed Hand and Argrock, though the efforts cost them greatly.

180 DR. Year of Leaning Pillars

~Three years after spending much of their strength and resources on destroying Orcs, Iliyanbruen becomes no more. Many of it's Moon Elf inhabitants travel to Evermeet, or south, to Ardeep, leaving only a few scattered Wood Elf settlements, and the abandoned capital of Sharandar.

199 DR. Year of the Cold Enchanter

~The realm of Hondath instigates the Crown against the Scepter Wars, seeking to raid Cormanthyr of her magical secrets and treasures.

211 DR. Year of Spoiler Splendors

~The Drow of Karsoluthiyl succeed in completely eradicating the Dwarves of Clan Melairkyn, and they claim all of their former holdings in Underhall- what was once Melairbode- as their own, renaming it Kyorlamshin.

220 DR. Year of the Sword Violets

~Coronal Eltagrim opens the forest of Cormanthor to *N'Tel'Quessir*, primarily druids, wizards, and craftsmen who can add to the glory of Cormanthyr.

241 DR. Year of the Hippogriff's Folly

~In late autumn, Elminster Aumar enters the city of Cormanthor both to serve Mystra's will and return the *kiira* of House Alastrarra, which he has in his possession.

244 DR. Year of Elfsands

~Evereska is discovered by Human tribes living in the nearby Greycloak Hills. In response, the Elves of Evereska, and the Human tribes living near it sign the Greycloak Pact together. In exchange for keeping the existence of Evereska a secret, the Elves of the city would provide protection to those living in the area. ~ The Kraken Slarkrethel discovers the ruins of the Elven city of Ascarle on the floor of the Trackless Sea and establishes the Kraken Society.

245 DR. Year of the Dun Dragon

~King Itharl of Cormyr abdicates his throne, and retires to Cormanthyr, to live among the Elves.

253 DR. Year of Somber Smiles

~The panther Guenhwyvar is transformed into a Figurine of Wondrous Power by Anders Beltgarden, a Human magician living in Cormanthyr. The figurine is granted to the young bladesinger Josidiah Starym.

261 DR. Year of Soaring Stars

~In a controversial edict known as 'The Opening', Coronal Eltagrim of Cormanthyr declares that Cormanthyr is to be an 'open' realm, where *Tel'Quessir* and *N'Tel'Quessir* live in unity and harmony, as equals. This follows the magician Mythanther weaving a mighty spell that sacrifices himself in order to cloak the city of Cormanthor in a Wizardly *Mythal*. The city changes it's name to Myth Drannor, the City of Songs.

262 DR. Year of Pages Perilous

~House Bharacraiev, Hyshaanth, Rhae-vaern, Starym, and Tellynnan, among other less noble families, abandon Myth Drannor for other pure Elven settlements, in protest of Coronal Eltagrim's decision to open Myth Drannor to *Tel'Quessir* and *N'Tel'Quessir* alike. They begin cataloguing the crimes that *N'Tel'Quessir*- particularly Humans- commit against nature, and against Elves. It is believed that the Eldreth Veluuthra was formed during this time.

266 DR. Year of the Unspoken Name

~A number of murders in the eastern quarter of Myth Drannor starting in early spring turn many *N'Tel'Quessir* immigrants against each other. The eight victims, all Humans, died of various poisons that Elves are immune to. By the end of the year, armathors apprehend a bigoted servant Elf of the House Ammath, who confesses to the crimes. Secretly, the servant spied for House Symbeam, political enemies of House Ammath, and this scandal caused social and political damage to House Ammath, though the Coronal never found the family guilty of any wrongdoing.

267 DR. Year of Bane's Shadow

~Timindar and Orbech, two Chondathan logging towns, are attacked by Elves living within the Chondalwood. To the Chondathans, this attack is known as the 'Battle of the Fallen Trees'. Shortly thereafter, an army of roughly 10,000 strong marches from Chondath into the Chondalwood, intent on avenging the dead from Timindar and Orbech. Less than a day later, only 200

soldiers escape the woods, their compatriots slain by the Wood Elves in what they called 'The Crushed Helm Massacre'.

270 DR, Year of Unheeded Warning

~The armies of Chondath and Turmish clash in a campaign that would eventually become known as 'The Stalemate'. When the armies of Turmish retreated north, they fell back as far as the city of Xorhun. The leaders of the army attempted to recruit the Elves and other Sylvan folk of Xorhun into the war, but they respectfully declined.

276 DR, Year of the Burnished Blade

~The Dwarves of Clan Snowsbattle and Clan Honedaxe produce three great gifts in gratitude for their new homes in Myth Drannor: The Beljuriled Belt of Battle for the Coronal, the Shield of Briars for the Arms-Major, and the Heralds' Horn for the Spell-Major of the *Akh'Faer*, which would become better known as The Harking Horn of Ishildë.

284 DR, Year of the Fallen Flagons

~A great Halfling migration arrives in Myth Drannor from Meiritin and Tethyr. The Stout Folk arrived in the city via portals.

286 DR, Year of the Jolly Mongrels

~As most social clubs were privately owned and often held exclusive memberships, the Halflings of Myth Drannor surprise all by opening taverns open to everyone, the first and most storied of which is the Treant's Treat, located in a warren beneath a great, petrified tree. Within a decade, even Elven taverns, inns, and halls are lessening their strictures on patrons though some places still discriminate by trade, wealth, or other prejudices.

290 DR, Year of Full Cribbs

~Cormanthyrr experiences a baby boom, and this year marks the greatest amount of total births in the history of the nation. While only half of the total number of births in the mixed nation are Elven, the amount of Elven births exceeds the total number of Elves born in the previous decade. The Coronal deems this a sign that the deities are pleased, and that that Opening of Myth Drannor was indeed the correct course to follow. ~Arkhenthus the Mage-Devourer, a mighty White Wyrms, is slain by a group of Avariel and Humans in Cormanthyrr. This marks the first Cormanthyran Dragonhunt in which *N'Tel'Quessir* aided *Tel'Quessir*. ~After a plague sweeps through the Shoon Imperium, Qyasara Shoon V declares that the Aranea of the Forest of Mir are to blame. This leads to witch hunts to destroy the Aranea. Many flee south, into what is now the Spider Swamp, where a small group of mostly pacifistic Aranea were already living. In response, the Aranea turn to outside help, and many make pacts and come to worship Zanassu, the Spider Demon. To show Zanassu their genuine thanks in exchange for aiding them in their plight, The Apostolaeum of the Spider That Waits is built in the lost city of Ajhuutal.

292 DR, Year of Frostfires

~For the first time since the Elves of Eaerlann aided Netherese slaves, Gnomes walk the glades of Myth Drannor. ~Summoned by his Aranea followers, Zanassu manifests on the Material Plane to kill Qyasara Shoon V. After a titanic battle, the Qysara emerged victorious,

and Zanassu was left weakened and banished back to the Abyss. Selvetarm quickly took this opportunity to destroy the Spider Demon, prompted by Lolth, who claimed to the misguided Selvetarm that if he did, he would gain the love of Eilistraee. Upon absorbing Zanassu's vile essence, Selvetarm himself becomes evil, and Lolth quickly snares him in her web of plots and intrigue, forcing Selvetarm to make himself a vassal of Lolth.

307 DR, Year of Sundered Sails

~After much debate, the leaders of Myth Drannor come to the decision to allow *N'Tel'Quessir* to join the *Akh'Velahrn*, and train in Elven methods and techniques of combat.

308 DR, Year of Promise

~The Crown against the Scepter Wars end with a victory for Cormanthyrr. ~Aloevan of Ardeep descends into madness and death as the Silver Fire provided to her by Mystra consumes her. Priests and priestess' of Sehanine Moonbow sooth her spirit by trapping it in the twilight of worlds, and continually praying to Sehanine Moonbow. Ruardh Lightsilver becomes the leader of Ardeep.

309 DR, Year of the Cascade

~After many years of active crusade, Halaster Blackcloak eradicates the Drow presence in Underhall.

324 DR, Year of Freedom's Friends

~The Harpers at Twilight are formed in secret, deep within the Elven Court by Dathlue Mistwinter, the Lady Steel, whose family crest- a silver harp between the horns of a crescent moon, encircled by stars on a black field- becomes the badge of the Harpers. Among the early members were Elf, Human, and Half-Elf warriors, rangers, druids, thieves, and magicians, including Ruehar Oakstaff, Ioelena Audark, Lyari Pholont "the Shadesilk," and Elminster.

330 DR, Year of Roused Giants

~Arun Maerdrym, who would go on to become patriarch of House Maerdrym, is born, the first Half-Elf of an Elven noble house.

331 DR, Year of Cold Clashes

~An Orc tribe from Vastar launches a surprise assault on eastern Cormanthyrr late in the year, and occupy the ruins of an ancient temple to the Seldarine, fortifying their garrison and strengthening their own forces.

335 DR, Year of Seven Stones

~The *Akh'Velahrn*, for the fourth time since their arrival, launches an attack on the invading Orcs located in the Darkwood, east of the ruins of the Elven Court. During the night, the Orcs surrounded and slaughtered over half of the *Akh'Velahrn* troops. Over 1000 soldiers were killed, 100 of them Elves, due to apparent negligence. This incident becomes known as the 'Darkwoods Massacre'.

339 DR, Year of the Vanished Foe

~The Orcs in eastern Cormanthyrr are finally routed by a force made primarily of Humans and Elves. Instrumental in the battle was a young man named Velar. Velar and his allies resettle in the area, and the forest becomes known as Velarsdale.

342 DR, Year of Cantobele Stalking

~The final council of Illefarn is called into session, and the long fragmented realm is officially dissolved with the Wood Elves of Iliyanbruen, and Rilithar departing for Evermeet. Ardeep and Dardath ally, and seek to create further alliances with the Humans of the region.

346 DR, Year of the Blushing Stars

~Seven senior and junior *Akh'Velahrn* officers- five Sun Elves and two Moon Elves- are dishonorably discharged from service of the Coronal and exiled from Myth Drannor and all of Cormanthyr after an investigation reveals that these individuals subjected *N'Tel'Quessir* soldiers to barbarous treatment, in training and on the field. The blame for the Darkwood Massacre, rightly or wrongly, is pinned on these officers' shoulders, due to perceived, actual and theoretical biased troop placements, failures to maintain communications or deliver orders among encamped forces, and the overall notion of being willing sacrifice of *N'Tel'Quessir* troops in favor of *Tel'Quessir* troops.
~Penitent over his failure to detect bigotry among his troops- especially his second-in-command- Major Pirphal Faerondaryl offers his resignation to the Coronal, which is refused, as Eltargrim bids him to solve the problem rather than avoid it. Major Pirphal commissions the first three of the Baneblades as weapons for each of his new lieutenants. The blades are to be Dwarven-forged, the hilts Elven-crafted, and finally, enchanted by Demron, a human mage.
~Saeval Ammath returns from an excursion into the western mountains, secretly with a Red Dragon egg, and immediately sequesters himself in a tower owned by House Ammath outside the *Mythal* of Myth Drannor.

348 DR, Year of the Dagger

~After nearly two years of incubation, study and experimentation, the egg Saeval Ammath brought back to Myth Drannor hatches, birthing a Red Dragon in the shape of a Blue Dragon, and with the temperament of Gold Dragon. Saeval names this Dragon Garnetallisar, and bestows upon it the nickname 'Garnet'.

351 DR, Year of the Dancing Deer

~Due to a large influx of refugees, the settlement of Yrlaancel grows exponentially, and is renamed Ondathel, the City of Peace.

358 DR, Year of the Battle Talons

~Saeval Ammath presents Garnetallisar to the folk of Myth Drannor, as he takes to the air upon the Dragon's back. Garnetallisar proves it's commitment to Cormanthyr, and Coronal Eltargrim weaves magics that allows this unique Dragon to bypass the wards of Myth Drannor's *Mythal*, that prevent Chromatic Dragons from gaining entry.

~Demron the Wizard completes work on the first three *Baneblades of Demron*, and they are presented to their first wielders with much pomp and ceremony.

379 DR, Year of Seven Stars

~A group of seven notable Wizards from Myth Drannor form an alliance and build the first school of wizardry open to all residents of Myth Drannor, regardless of race. These Wizards become known as the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor.

386 DR, Year of Dawn Moons

~Arun Maerdrym, who is called 'The Half-Elven' among other noble Elves, secretly joins the Harpers.

390 DR, Year of the Half Moon

~The paramour, and first apprentice, of the Srinshree is killed in a hunting accident, and the Elven Wizardess goes into mourning for her lover and student, wearing no colors brighter than dark blue. Rumors that the bear that killed the Elven man was poisoned by another Elven house, to induce madness in the creature, are never substantiated.

398 DR, Year of the Warning Ghost

~In an event known as 'The Night Dragon's Attack', five Black Wyrms and two Green Wyrms assault the *Mythal* of Myth Drannor, seeking to test it's defenses against their combined might. Lieutenant Itharn, commander of the Dragonriders, brings with him a full compliment of six Metallic Dragons and 100 Hippogriffs to repel the creatures. While all of the evil Wyrms were slain, 50 Hippogriffs, 1 Bronze Dragon, 4 Elven Dragonriders, and Itharn himself were all killed in combat as well. The Baneblade Morvian, and the leadership of the Wing and Horn fall to Lady Ahskahala Durothil.

414 DR, Year of Omen Stars

~On Highharvestide, Arielimnda, the wife of Arun Maerdrym, gives birth to a son. Because Arielimnda is a Human, and Arun is a Half-Elf, the baby boy is considered a Human, only having one quarter Elven blood. Following ancient Elven customs on the matter, the child is not allowed to take the Maerdrym name, nor does Arun give the child a name at all, allowing him the freedom to earn his name, and his place within House Maerdrym.

423 DR, Year of the Velvet Night

~The *Mythal* weaved over Lharast is completed, and the city is renamed Myth Lharast.

426 DR, Year of Black Dawn

~The nameless son of Arun Maerdrym, at the age of 12, becomes a pupil of Mentor Wintercloak, one of the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor.

449 DR, Year of Killing Ice

~The nameless son of Arun Maerdrym finishes his tutelage under Mentor Wintercloak and leaves Myth Drannor to learn of the world. Secretly, he vows to claim his place within House Maerdrym, and to become a Harper. He temporarily takes the only name he has known in life as his own: Arun's Son.

460 DR, Year of the Scorching Suns

~The Wizard Demron is commissioned to create another *Baneblade*, for Spell-Major of Myth Drannor, to replace the lost *Ary'Faern'Kerym*, lost a decade ago by Zaos Durothil in battle with the Red Wym Edallisufanxar.

462 DR, Year of the Empty Helm

~Due to overpopulation concerns and objecting nobles, Coronal Eltargrim ends creating new homes within the city limits of Myth Drannor for *N'Tel'Quessir* settlers, and goes as far as to curb the migration of *N'Tel'Quessir* to the City of Song.

~The Wizard Demron completes the Baneblade *Faervian*.

464 DR, Year of True Names

~While traveling across the Anauroch Arun's Son saves a trio of young Evereskan Elves from a Phaerimm abmush, nearly at the cost of his own life. Retrieved

from the brink of death by Mystra, Arun's Son becomes *Akhelben*, "He who magic, duty and honor define", and becomes Mystra's Chosen. Returnign to Evereska, Khelben Arunson becomes the first individual who is not fully *Tel'Quessir* to walk her glades.

472 DR, Year of Full Cellars

~The Halflings of Myth Drannor, citing an excellent harvest, claim that the ales produced in this year were so exceptional that Yondella herself came to the Brewers Haven to taste a sampling of the various fares available.

479 DR, Year of Forestfrost

~Teshar falls because of assaults from Drow in the Twisted Tower.

493, Year of the Estatic Priest

~The few Drow who have secretly evaded Halaster Blackcloak's purges leave Underhall.

500 DR, Year of the Flame Tongue

~Josidiah Starym mounts a campaign to recover the lost Soldier's Blade of Cormanthyr, after nearly 800 years of it being lost. He does this as a way to prove to Coronal Eltargrim that he, heir of House Starym, is noble enough to marry his niece and heir. The opening gambit of his search sees a temporary fall of the garrisoned Drow at the Twisted Tower, since that was where the blade was lost to Cormanthyr. Josidiah and his troupe of bladesingers and *akh'faern* venture into the Underdark beneath the Tower, vowing to return in a century with the lost Elven treasures.

512 DR, Year of the Wyvernfall

~The Coronal of Myth Drannor receives the first of many visits by the Spelljamming elves of the Elven Imperial Navy, at Shadusk, and at Green Monarchs' Glade, northeast of the city.

519 DR, Year of the Phoenix

~Sammkol Thistlestar, one of the two Halfling soldiers in the service of Myth Drannor, is assassinated by bigoted Elves of House Selorn, who implicate and slay a visiting Human necromancer from Cormyr to cover their tracks, and "solve" the crime, thanks to a corrupt armanthor in the service of House Selorn.

522 DR, Year of the Unmasked Traitor

~The Druids of Gulthmere, joined by 30 Elves of Xorhun, request that the Turmishans cease their lumber operations in the forest.

523 DR, Year of Trials Arcane

~The rising power of Orcs in the north leads to the calling of the Council of Axe and Arrow. There, the Humans of Delimbiyan, the Dwarves of Dardath, and the Elves of Ardeep, the Gnomes of Dollunde, and the Halflings from Meiritin found the Tri-Corned Kingdom of Phalorm. Phalorm claims the High Moor as its domain. ~The Elves of House Starym return to Myth Drannor from other realms, having left in protest years before, and restore House Starym as a social power. Illitran Starym takes control of the House, as the patron, Josidiah, is currently absent. To hold this title, Illitran undergoes a "Cleansing March", to purge himself of any imperfections, and allow him to wield the Starym Moonblade. In reality, Illitran actually treks to Moander's abandoned temple, and forges a pact with the imprisoned deity, to be able to draw the sacred Elven

weapon without suffering the retributive powers against those who are not worthy of drawing it, which Illitran certainly was not.

527 DR, Year of Tatters

~Hlondath is sieged by the Kobolds of the Tattered Cloth Legion. These creatures were secretly being manipulated by Shilaris Shemwith, a Drow who used the creatures as a diversion to break into the treasury of Hlondath and steal the riches of the city, to give as a gift to Queen Nathglaryst of Undraeth.

530 DR, Year of the Gluttonous Otyugh

~Upon pronouncement from the Syl-Pasha of Calimshan, all Aranea are subject to be killed on sight.

536 DR, Year of the Laughing Lich

~Hlontar, the realm of Alokair the Wizard-King, is forged out of remnants of Teshar and the Netherese survivor states.

555 DR, Year of Dances Perilous

~Ondathal's High Magi recreate their city anew as they raise a *mythal* over it, and rename her Myth Ondath.

561 DR, Year of the Three Setting Suns

~The Guild of Naturalists forms in Myth Drannor, and builds its hall within two years.

562 DR, Year of the Waking Feyr

~Anhaern Rhyllgallohyr, Captain of the Sisters of Synnoria, loses her life while investigating a disturbance in the Fens of the Fallen. Restored to life by fell magic of unknown origin, Anhaern is seen a tenday later galloping across Myrloch Vale on her ghostly steed. Ffolk skalds name her "Shee", or "Banshee Rider".

572 DR, Year of Writhing Darkness

~Zaor Moonflower is born in Semberholme.

574 DR, Year of the Gored Griffon

~In preparation for battles with Orcs in the area, Pirphal commissions Demron for a fifth magical blade to serve as the Baneblade for the Arms-Major of the *Akh'Velahrn*. Dragathil is forged and enchanted.

580 DR, Year of Loose Coins

~Ecamane Truesilver becomes one of the first Humans to learn of the transformed Nether Scrolls-*Quess'Ar'Teranthvar*- within Myth Drannor, and gains knowledge from it. After ten months of meditation with the artifact, Ecamane leaves Windsong Tower, his hair prematurely white due to the magics and wisdom he gained from the transformed Nether Scrolls. He leaves Myth Drannor shortly thereafter.

590 DR, Year of the Turning Leaf

~Arms-Major Pirphal dies with most of his patrol in the western forest, victims of the black dragon Mrinabnavor. Dragathil is lost to the Elves for the next four centuries, as the dragon steals it for its hoard. ~ Elf and Human wizards from Ascalhorn, Eaelrann, Evereska, Silverymoon, and Myth Drannor raise a Wizardly *Mythal* over the Eaelranni city of Glaurachyndaar, establishing Myth Glaurach.

604 DR, Year of the Immured Imp

~The armies of Phalorm drive off an Orc horse that besieges Secomber. Ellatharion, the nation's Elven

king, leads an army of Elves and Halflings into the High Forest in pursuit of the Orcs, but neither the king nor any members of the expedition return.

611 DR, Year of the Normiir

~Amlauril Moonflower is born on Evermeet.

612 DR, Year of the Jester's Smile

~The armies of Phalorm and their allies crush the Everhorde south of Triboar Village, but their victory comes at the price of many lives, including the Elf King Lathlaeril "Leafspear".

614 DR, Year of the Shattered Scepter

~Greatly weakened by the Everhorde, Phalorm suffers another Orc attack, and loses third ruler, this one Dwarven. Phalorm's armies move south to defend their realm, but are driven into Uthtower.

615 DR, Year of the Lamia's Kiss

~In response to Uthtower's call for aid, the Lich Iniarv floods the land, drowning the armies of Uthtower, Phalorm, and the Orcs, creating the Mere of Dead Men. Phalorm collapses, gaining the moniker 'The Fallen Kingdom' when the Elves in the Tri-Corned Kingdom abandon Faerûn for Evermeet. Ardeep remains an Elven realm in name only.

619 DR, Year of Orcsfall

~An Orc horde pours into western Cormanthyr and the Dales, threatening to overrun Semberholme and the southern Dales. The Dalesmen militias and Elven armies route the Orcs.

623 DR, Year of Nightsilver

~The Spelljammer, the legendary Spelljamming vessel, travels over the waters along Evermeet's northern shores. A young Amlauril Moonflower catches a glimpse of the vessel before it flies away.

627 DR, Year of the Bloodcrystals

~Ecamane Truesilver and his nine apprentices arrive in Silverymoon. Claiming that five goddesses- Eldath, Mielikki, Lurue, Mystra, and Sehanine Moonbow- drew them here, the mage create a school of magic patterned on Elven teachings.

632 DR, Year of Burning Skies

~The Ice Queen's Winter descends on Myth Ondath starting in Eleint. The siege army of the Ice Queen is led by the lich Vrandak the Burnished, and the army is accompanied by magical winter storms that last out the year.

633 DR, Year of Chasms

~Myth Ondath is destroyed, *Mythal* and all, by the Ice Queen's use the Gatekeeper's Crystal.

~After toiling for years, Demron completes Keryvian, the Arms-Major's blade, and the greatest of the Baneblades. Demron succumbs to exhaustion due to his work on the blade, dying two days after the final enchantments are cast into the sword. In honor of his work for the city and his magical prowess, House Ammath and numerous other contributors fund a temple to Demron's patron god, Azuth, which is built on and around Demron's Tower over the next four years.

634 DR, Year of the Darkspawn

~The Drow slaves of Chaulssin overthrow their Shadow Dragon masters, and retake control of their city. The

Drow-Dragons put a patriarchal government in place in their city.

637 DR, Year of the Silver Sun

~Demron's remains are interred in the crypts of the temple of Azuth built in his honor.

652 DR, Year of the Viper

~Zaor Moonflower becomes one of the youngest officers of the *Akh'Velahr* in Cormanthyr.

654 DR, Year of the Coveted Briars

~Many Druid Circles, both Human and Elf, are established this year throughout Cormanthyr.

656 DR, Year of Peaceful Seas

~The Circle of Flames completes the *Scrolls Ardentym*. *Akh'Faern* scholars and strategists receive six incomplete fragments of the Scrolls, but only the Circle and the Srinshree have complete copies of them.

658 DR, Year of the Dangerous Game

~A gate is secretly established between the Hall of the Naturalists in Myth Drannor and the Underhalls of Undermountain.

~Rathdaen, a Cormyrean magician and explorer of note, arrives in Myth Drannor after a decades-long absence. While never a native, he is close friends with many practitioners of the Art in the City of Song, and remains as a guest for years at a time.

659 DR, Year of the Hunting Ghosts

~Thirty magicians from Myth Drannor and 20 magicians from elsewhere on Faerûn migrate to Silverymoon, and begin establishing its role as a sister city to Myth Drannor and a center of learning both magical and mundane.

~Tulrun, born Tallrunner Tigris of the Red Tiger tribe and later known as Tulrun of the Tent, is sent to Myth Drannor by Ecamane Truesilver to study magic under the tutelage of the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor.

661 DR, Year of the Bloody Tusk

~At dawn, on the last day of Midsummer festivals, Coronel Eltargrim Irithyl, passes to Arvandor, leaving only the *Ar'Cor'Kerym*, the Ruler's Blade, hovering in mid-air atop the Rule Tower. Aravae Irithyl, his niece and heir, proclaims a period of mourning for the next five years. Thus ends the Sixth Rysar of Cormanthyr, which lasted 866 years.

662 DR, Year of the Peoples' Mourning

~Rathdaen dies peacefully in his sleep, to the sorrow of many of Myth Drannor's inhabitants. He leaves the Tome of Rathdaen to his apprentice, a foolish braggart by the name of Narsel, who fears attacks by jealous rivals trying to steal his master's legacy and immediately leaves for parts west.

663 DR, Year of the Baleful Song

~Pyraan the Grim and Peridar Snowbrows secede from the faculty of the Incanistaeum, reducing the "Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor" to five.

664 DR, Year of the Falling Petals

~Aravae Irithyl, the heir of the Coronel, and all of her personal armanthor are found dead under mysterious circumstances the morning after *Cinnaelos'Cor*. The Srinshree and the High Court Magi insist on maintaining the Mourning Days and add the funeral of Aravae to the

solemn times while staving off a succession war among the noble Houses. Many suspect the Starym, specifically, Illitran Starym, to have been involved in this foul deed, but to this day, the exact perpetrators are unknown.

665 DR, Year of the Ashen Tears

~Due to political pressure amid his family, Taeral Olortynaal discontinues his long association with the Incanistaeum.

666 DR, Year of Stern Judgment

~The end of the Mourning Days demand an immediate decision on the succession of the Coronal. A Claiming Ceremony is convened to determine the next Coronal of Myth Drannor and Cormanthyr. After 40 Elves and the Rule Tower itself are destroyed, the Srinshée steps in, easily swinging the Ruler's Blade free of its perch. As it is brandished before her, the golden light of the blade crystallizes around her in a massive diamond-shaped energy field that engulfs and restores the Rule Tower, transforming it into the Diamond Tower. Finally, with a whirl of magic, she, the magical field, and the weapon disappear. Her final words haunt those who hear them, as she urged them to work together, *N'Tel'Quessir* and *Tel'Quessir*, and only then would a Coronal of Myth Drannor be born.

667 DR, Year of Austere Ceremonies

~By midyear, the Council of Twelve now rules over Myth Drannor, crafting a new form of representative government. Cormanthyr is without a Coronal for the first time in its existence.

668 DR, Year of the Telling Tome

~Wizards begin mysteriously disappearing from Myth Drannor and the rest of Cormanthyr. The only clue is that when magicians are abducted, all of the visible gates in the city of Myth Drannor crackle ominously and flash blue lightning within their boundaries. In truth, Halaster Blackcloak is abducting wizards at random and banishing them to the Undermountain.

669 DR, Year of the Brutal Beast

~Abarat the Alabaster, an Elven Archmage with a reputation for planewalking, resigns as head of the Six Tyrul Towers Wizards' school, and announces plans to build a tower north of Cormanthyr in the western reaches of the Beast Marches, soon to be called Thar. Made of magically strengthened ivory, it would not only be a bastion of strength against the onslaught of evil creatures in the north, but it would also connect the various Elven nations in the area, and serve as a hub of trade and commerce.

670 DR, Year of the Many Floods

~Entering the Vault of Ages for the first time in years, due to an outbreak of Drow within the northwestern forests, Spell-Major Paeris Haladar finds it empty, the greatest and oldest treasures of Cormanthyr missing.

671 DR, Year of the Shrouded Slayer

~Twenty months after beginning construction on an ivory tower north of Cormanthyr, the Moon Elf Wizard Abarat contacts former associates for aid against a besieging army of monsters. Though some arrive within hours of receiving the magical message, they discover that both Abarat and the monsters are all missing, as are any external signs of anything amiss. Abarat was never found or heard from again, but his unfinished

tower of pure ivory, thereafter known as Abarat's Folly, still stands as a monument of Elven magic, and as a beacon to adventurers seeking gates to the planes that many claim to have seen inside.

673 DR, Year of the Covenant

~The fledgling town of Hillsfar, named in honor of the Dwarf clan of the same name, is founded by Elves, Half-Elves, and Humans on the western shore of Tailings Bay, to trade with the Dwarves of the Scarp. Some found this settlement to both keep Drow out of the area and maintain some vigilance over Moander's Crypt. Within a few decades, the town's name is corrupted and shortened to Hillsfar. Many of Myth Drannor's less-established craftsmen migrate to this new city in search of new opportunities.

674 DR, Year of the Nomad

~Josidiah Starym returns to Myth Drannor, but not with Soldier's Blade. Instead, he wields the blade of the *Akh'Faern*, the Artblade, retrieved from a Deep Dragon's lair far beneath the Storm Horn Mountains. When he returns, he finds heartbreak, as he discovers that all he worked for is gone, as Aravae Irithyl was no longer alive. Josidiah does not take up his rightful place as Lord-Speaker of House Starym, but he does, by right of the Elfblade he restores to Myth Drannor, take over the leadership of the *Akh'Faer* and thus rises to a seat on the Council of Twelve. Josidiah refuses to discuss it, but many notice that he no longer walks with his magnificent cat Guenhwyvar, and some whisper he had to trade the cat's figurine of power for the blade. Of his original twelve comrades, only one survived, Onas Ulondarr, an Elven bladesinger of House Ulondarr.

675 DR, Year of the Bloodfeud

~The scandalous House Ulondarr, by openly accepting Half-Elves among their line of direct succession, suffers censure and much grief- and not a few attacks by mercenaries and assassins- from the other Elven Houses of Myth Drannor. The attacks and social intrigues last for the next 50 years.

676 DR, Year of Gruesome Grimoires

~Taeral Olortynaal returns to the Incanistaeum and to the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor, though they are still only five in number. Later this year, in a politically motivated spell battle among some noble Elves and Humans, Sun Elf students accidentally kill Taeral and two Human students. These Elves are never charged with the crimes, as they frame the only *N'Tel'Quess* left, and the innocent Arlesn of Arabel is forever banished from Myth Drannor for a crime he didn't commit.

677 DR, Year of Resonant Silence

~Hym Kraaven, senior among the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor, uncovers the truth about Taeral's death and is swiftly killed in "an out-of-control tavern brawl" by agents and friends of the now-rogue and obviously power-mad magicians of House Faerondarl.

678 DR, Year of the Poignant Poniard

~Lord Councilor Kharis Maerdrym and his hunting party, which included several Humans of note, mysteriously disappear off the coast of Delthuntle during a Grand Hunt of a near-legendary greater Quelzarn. Agents of Unther are suspected in the attack, as are some of Lord Maerdrym's usual political foes:

679 DR, Year of the Scarlet Sash

~Hillsafar is nearly destroyed by an army of Deepspawn-bred monsters emerging from the tangled, treacherous Beast Marches to the west. The *Akh'Velahr* reinforcements of Cormanthyr succeed in dispersing the beasts by the first snowfall of winter. A small garrison of troops remains stationed in Hillsafar for the protection of the northern forests and villages.

680 DR, Year of the Long March

~After more than a decade, Wizards of the Guild of Naturalists piece together the clues and realize that Halaster Blackcloak has been abducting Wizards all throughout Cormanthyr, in retaliation for their plundering of his monsters in Undermountain. The guild mounts a rescue expedition into the dungeon, which never returns, and they quietly end their sorties to Undermountain. Attempts to dispel or destroy the gate connecting their hall with Undermountain end with failure.

681 DR, Year of the Zombie Lords

~During the festival of Greengrass, Achveult Tattercloak, a student of the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor, and his consort, Tlanchass, depart from the Sixstars intersection in a most spectacular fashion. The latter, who had long maintained the guise of a beautiful human female, revealed her true form by transforming into a gold dragon, and the pair then go off to the south and west.

682 DR, Year of the Howling

~The Masked and Mentor Wintercloak effectively disband the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor by leaving Myth Drannor with their last four students, all Gnomes. After their departure, the Incanistaeum lies solely in the hands of Sakaala of the Seven Rings.

684 DR, Year of the Sundered Crypt

~Dwarves of Clan Tarynstone are found digging deep tunnels under Myth Drannor, despite the long-held prohibition against such actions. Furthermore, some Elf Houses are outraged that the Dwarves' tunneling in restricted areas collapsed some nigh-forgotten crypts of elder and/or long-gone Houses. Clan Tarynstone and its 350 Dwarves, despite a cry within the Ruling Council for death sentences and an equally loud cry for acquittal, are exiled from Myth Drannor and Cormanthyr. The clan travels west into the Thunder Peaks.

~The Dark Diviners of Windsong Tower discover the Book of the Black, the book in which Augathra the Mad penned the Black Chronology. After reading its secrets, they pen the Leaves of One Night. Agents of the Church of Shar promptly steal both texts, and they disappear for several centuries.

685 DR, Year of the Wraithwinds

~Two among the eight senior officers and one junior officer spilt off from the other armathors of Myth Drannor to join the resigning High Court Mage and Councilor Shyael Ildacer to pursue a new course as the "followers of the Srinshree's dream", the Eternal Srinjala.

686 DR, Year of the Unshriven

~Nezras the Scholar weds the Elf magician Raejiisa Sicafei, after both graduate from their studies at the Six Tyryl Towers.

689 DR, Year of the Eager Executioner

~Aunrae Nasadra becomes that Matron Mother of House Nasadra, the ruling house of Ched Nasad, the city's namesake.

~The displaced Archmage Paeris Haladar attempts to slay Josidiah Starym with spells, vowing vengeance for his loss of status as Spell-Major of Myth Drannor. Josidiah survives four assassination attempts, but is nearly slain in an honor duel called to settle the feud. When Paeris seizes the fallen Artblade, he is found unworthy of its power and responsibility. Forever after, a dead magic zone surrounds and permeates from Paeris Haladar, making him a pariah to all within Cormanthyr. Josidiah reclaims the Elfblade and returns to his post as Spell-Major with honor, while Paeris Haladar flees.

690 DR, Year of the Clashing Blades

~Sakaala of the Seven Rings disbands and dismantles the Incanistaeum, the school of wizardry run by the Seven Wizards of Myth Drannor. She and her three remaining students, two Elves, and one Half-Elf, leave for parts unknown after growing wings from their backs and taking flight.

694 DR, Year of the Ominous Oracle

~The first divinations and portents of the destruction of Myth Drannor arrive when Darcassan, the diviner of Windsong Tower sees visions of the near future. He informs the Elders of Windsong Tower of the signs, but they keep the knowledge from the public to prevent a panic. Given the climate of distrust and factionalism, this news is also kept secret from the Council, as it is uncertain where the threat to Myth Drannor's security lies.

~The Circle of Flames and the Wizards of Windsong Tower begin spiriting magical items and tomes—including the Scrolls Ardentym and the Keryfaertel—to safety. Many end up in Ascalhorn and Silverymoon, in the trusted hands of colleagues there, though some magicians take off with their secrets for parts unknown.

704 DR, Year of the Emerald Citadel

~The Ildacer clan, due to the internal machinations of the Ruling Council and other factions, specifically Lord Venali Starym and the Guild of Wizards, Conjurers and Enchanters, loses much of its holdings, monies, and social status in Myth Drannor. While the Ildacers lose all their estates, they move into and maintain four inns and taverns within the city. With the loss of Riiose, the Eternal Srinjala move their base of operations into abandoned mages' towers north of the city, which are owned by another member.

708 DR, Year of Bound Evils

~High Magi and three battalions of *Akh'Faern* magicians battle a resurgence of evil beasts and cultists of the fallen deity Moander, near the site of his fallen temple. While the cult is dispersed, numerous "lost spells" of Moander's clergy are recovered from the ruins by the elder priests and restored to use.

~The three Nycaloths bound in a dimensional pocket prison floating high above Cormanthyr are freed when the conditions to allow for their freedom are met. Their freedom depended on a "Red Dragon that never held malice or greed in its heart [flying] over the Coronal's throne." When Saeval Ammath and his adopted mount Garnet flew above Myth Drannor, they weakened the dimensional prison enough for the Nycaloths to escape.

709 DR, Year of the Earnest Oaths

~The Trio Nefarious and their summoned Yugoloth allies spend 29 months drawing together their forces amid the mountains and hills north of the Dragon Sea. In all, their army consists of Orcs, Ogres, Bugbears, Hobgoblins, Gnolls, Fiends, Trolls, and an ever-growing assortment of lesser Yugoloth.

710 DR, Year of the Toppled Throne

~Drow attacks in Cormyr claim the lives of three noble families of the realm. In actuality, while believed dead, most of the nobles actually survive, and becomes slaves in the Underdark.

711 DR, Year of Despairing Elves

~The Weeping War begins on the Feast of the Moon with the Northern Massacres campaign, as the Army of Darkness, led by the Trio Nefarious, catches the people of Myth Drannor unaware, and engages many Elf patrols and destroys many Elf villages and clan enclaves.

712 DR, Year of the Lost Lance

~The Weeping War continues through the year, resulting in the deaths of many heroes and the collective Harpers at Twilight. There are four major campaigns this year, and Myth Drannor nearly falls prey to the Army of Darkness.

~The Spiders' Truce is established between the Drow of House Dhuurniv and the Elves of Myth Drannor, against the Army of Darkness.

~The Red Dragon Garnet rashly attacks the Army of Darkness, and he manages to split the main army, slowing its advance, destroying its supply lines, and trapping it amid some forest fires for a limited time, buying the defenders of Myth Drannor some time. Garnet disappears in the midst of battle, and is never seen again. His reckless attack is known as the Battle of Garnet's Pyre.

~The Nameless Chosen, Arun's Son, is severely wounded fighting the Mezzoloth host of Cvor. He is rescued by Ecamane Truesilver, and a cadre of other magicians from Silverymoon, who destroy the remaining Mezzoloth that Arun's Son had been battling with, and transport the Nameless Chosen to Silverymoon for healing, via the Silversgate Portal in Myth Drannor. To prevent the portal from being used by the enemies of Myth Drannor and Silverymoon, Ecamane Truesilver destroys the portal. Doing so, however, puts a great deal of stress on his frail body, and causes the death of the elderly Wizard.

713 DR, Year of the Firedrake

~The Spiders' Truce ends, when Aolis Ildacer is killed when the Drow betray the Elves of Myth Drannor. Coincidentally, however, the forces of the Army of Darkness are soon destroyed in and around the Elven Court, and as such, the temporary alliance would have ended anyway.

~After more than 200 years, the Twisted Tower falls once again to the Dark Elves, marking the refounding of the Lands Under Shadow in western Cormanthor.

~The Weeping War rages on, though the allies manage to eliminate Malimshaer and Gaulguth, two of the three Nycaloth leading the Army of Darkness. The defenders of Myth Drannor are not without casualties, either, as Symrustar Auglamyr, Chosen of Mystra is slain as well. While three major campaigns rocked the forest for much of the year, there is a tense peace from Greengrass to Midsummer's Night. During this time, many Myth Drannan natives emigrate either to sister

cities outside of Cormanthor or to Sembholme and Tangled Vale settlements.

714 DR, Year of Doom

~The final campaigns of the Elves and their allies against the Army of Darkness see the reestablishment of Elven Court as the seat of Elven power in Cormanthyr, while Myth Drannor falls under siege by the Army of Darkness. With the slaughter of the army and cavalry, little can be done against the Siege of Shadow, which descends on Myth Drannor on the 21st day of Kythorn. The climax of the Weeping War, known as the Banes' Duel was the duel between the two final opposing army leaders on the streets of Myth Drannor. The Banes' Duel between the forces of Aulmpiter the Nycaloth and Captain Fflar lasts for two whole days, and ends with the pair facing off in one-one-one mortal combat on the 15th day of Flamerule. During their battle, there is a great magical explosion that robs both armies of their commanders. The Siege of Shadow lasts until the Final Flight in Flamerule, as the now-directionless hordes of the Army of Darkness simply swarm over Myth Drannor's last defenders by savagery and sheer weight of numbers. Only 200 Elves and their allies, out of the 3,000 who remained to defend the City of Song escaped to tell of the city's passing.

~The known thirteen surviving *Selu'Taar* of Cormanthyr weave a *Mythal* over the Elven Court, sacrificing their lives to do so, and, in turn, creating the legendary Highfire Crown. The Elven Court becomes the seat of Elven power in the region, and *N'Tel'Quessir* are barred from entering.

715 DR, Year of Hungry Jaws

~Aquatic Elves fleeing the destruction of Myth Drannor immigrate to Serôs, where fears raise of a restoration of the long fallen Arysalmalyr Empire.

720 DR, Year of the Dawn Rose

~The community of Elventree is founded, as a means for the Elves of the Elven Court- which is not open to *N'Tel'Quessir*- to have continued interaction and goodwill with their *N'Tel'Quessir* neighbors

~The Gathering of the deities at The Dancing Place signals the refounding of the Harpers, at the request of some Elves from the Elven Court. In attendance are the fifteen surviving original members of the Harpers At Twilight.

~Myth Lharast is overrun by evil Lycanthropes, and lightning bolts from the heavens seemingly blast the city out of existence. In truth, the city is shunted into a demiplane that can only be accessed when the light of the full moon shines upon the *Mythal* of the city.

~With the Dukars absent, Sahuagin raiding parties slaughter the Sea Elves and Merfolk of Myth Nantar, and destroy much of the city before abandoning it, due to the city's *Mythal*.

727 DR, Year of the Purloined Throne

~The Sea Elves of Serôs establish Keryvyr, in a section of the cliffs overlooking the Haunted Plains, off of the coast of what is present day Sembia.

731 DR, Year of Visions

~The Ring of Eyes, a group of Beholders and Beholder cultists from the Lake of Steam destroy the ruling house of Cortryn and conquer it's territories. The Elves of Shilmista Forest begin fighting against the organization.

734 DR, Year of Shared Visions

~Vhaeraun shows the leaders of Chaulssin a vision that depicts a large army from Menzoberranzan slowly approaching, seeking to destroy the heretics in the city. After a hurried debate, the ruling Chaulssinyr decide to flee to the Plane of Shadows, rather than fight a mostly suicidal battle with the army from Menzoberranzan. Taking over the caverns their Draconic ancestors had once lived in, the displaced Chaulssinyr found the city of Chaul'mur'ssin in the Plane of Shadows.

747 DR, Year of Stagnant Water

~King Strohm III allies with the Elves of Shilmista Forest, to fight against the Ring of Eyes in Cortryn.

757 DR, Year of Lost Wayfarers

~The first recorded murder of Humans and Half-Elves by the Eldreth Veluuthra takes place.

760 DR, Year of Drifting Stars

~Mallin, one of the seven skulls of Tashara of the Seven Skulls, is swept into the ruins of Myth Rhynn.

767 DR, Year of the Beast

~Qilué Veladorn, Chosen of Mystra and Eilistraee, is born in the Drow settlement of Buiyrandyn.

771 DR, Year of the Stalking Knight

~The Sea Elf kingdom of Naramyr, a former barony of Ayselmalyr, is established off the coast of Cormyr, in the depths of the Dragonmere.

792 DR, Year of the Crimson Thorn

~The Church of Vhaeraun in Chaul'mur'ssin discovers that Malaugrym have killed and taken over the identities of many of the patrons of the city. To combat them, the Church of Vhaeraun founds House Jaezred, an elite brotherhood of Drow-Dragon assassins. The assassins of House Jaezred go about methodically purging the Malaugrym from the city.

800 DR, Year of the Black Fist

~The *Mythal* over Myth Nantar is made impenetrable to everything except coral, starfish, and fish. Haunted singing emanates from the barrier, when touched, leading to rumors that the city is haunted, until the hidden Dukars perform a penitentiary ritual for all of the races of Serôs.

802 DR, Year of Patchworked Peace

~Miners digging in the Gnollwatch Mountains discover the Drow city of T'lindhet. The Drow, alerted to the settlements above them, begin raiding towns and villages near the mine entrance, in Dambrath.

803 DR, Year of the Reaching Hand

~King Reinhar IX of Dambrath orders an expeditionary force into the mines of the Gnollwatch Mountains, to take battle to the Drow city within. The expedition, however, is a disaster, and the Humans are quickly driven back to the surface.

804 DR, Year of the Spreading Scourge

~The Drow of Maerimydra establish the outpost of Szith Morcane.

808 DR, Year of the Crescent Moon

~The Drow of T'lindhet slay some five thousand Human warriors at the Battle of the Shadowed Vale, north of Herath.

817 DR, Year of the Deadly Torch

~More than fifteen hundred Drow are slain by Wood Elves in the southern fringes of the Forest of Amtar, after the Drow retreat from a larger force of Human cavalry.

819 DR, Year of the Mendacious Page

~Drow overrun the city of Herath in Dambrath.

822 DR, Year of the Wizard's Chalice

~Drow overrun the city of Prastuil in Dambrath.

825 DR, Year of the Silver Flagon

~The Drow of T'lindhet conquer the cities of Luenath and Maarlith, in Dambrath.

830 DR, Year of Ambitious Proposal

~The Drow besiege the city of Shantil in Dambrath, trapping King Reinhar IX and his army on the peninsula to the south of the city.

831 DR, Year of the Deceptive Tongue

~King Reinhar IX and the Arkiun people are defeated at the Battle of Crimar, by the Drow of T'lindhet, when the king is betrayed by a treacherous Half-Elf priestess of Loviatar, Cathyr, who personally slays the king. She becomes the queen of Dambrath, and agrees with the Drow to rule it in their stead, as they would.

837 DR, Year of the Darkened Sundial

~Qilue Veladorn is blessed by Eilistraee, and is commanded to leave her home in Buiyrandyn to take up the Singing Swords holy to Eilistraee. The young Qilue obeys, and leads her friends into battle against the avatar of the Elder Eye at the Pit of Ghaunadaur. In the aftermath of the battle, the avatar was destroyed, most of Ghaunadaur's worshippers either slain or chased away, and the pit itself is filled with rubble. Qilue and her followers take on the responsibility of patrolling and guarding the city, their tours mockingly referred to by others as promenades.

864 DR, Year of the Broken Branch

~The Orcs of the Nethertusk tribe overrun Myth Glaurach.

870 DR, Year of the Hooded Tracker

~Woodsfolk from Velprin first discover the existence of the Yuir Elvës, within the Yuirwood.

880 DR, Year of Unfettered Secrets

~Human magicians, secretly influenced by the Fey'ri living in Ascalhorn, summon the first Demons into the city.

882 DR, Year of the Curse

~Demons and Devils battle in the Elven citadel of Ascalhorn, and eventually emerge victorious. Triumphant, Demons stream forth, bringing the fall to Eaerlann.
~Moon Elf refugees from Eaerlann resettle Ardeep, and rebuild the realm.

884 DR, Year of the Singing Arrows

~Elves destroy a large mercenary force on the Dragonreach coast, in what is known as the Battle of Singing Arrows. This frustrates the Humans' plans to conquer Cormyr, and delays the formation of an independent state of Sembia.

900 DR, Year of the Thirsty Sword

~Humans are first allowed into the Yuirwood, and many take this opportunity to live side-by-side with the Elves of the Yuir.

906 DR, Year of the Plough

~The Drow of the Twisted Tower are driven from Shadowdale by Cormyte agents.

922 DR, Year of the Spouting Fish

~Crinti raiders from Dambrath attack Ammathlaur. The Halflings turn back the invaders after three days of fighting.

936 DR, Year of the Sky Raiders

~The three Sea Elf kingdoms of Serôs unite, under the leadership of the Wizard Nyratiis, and try to use magic to conquer the Inner Sea. This sparks the Eleventh Serôs War.

939 DR, Year of the Vengeful Halfling

~Nyratiis creates numerous powerful magical items for his generals, and fellow Elven rulers, including Arygantor the Coral Net, the Chariot of Nyratiis, the Unicorn Saddles, the Steff of the Deep, the Helm of the Sea Lion, the Swift Swimming Anklets of Osura, and Aceal the Commander's Trident.

942 DR, Year of the Circling Vulture

~Drow raiders raid cities across the Sword Coast, enslaving Humans of the Dessarin Valley. The small realm of Harpshield and Talmost, are completely ravaged and burned to the ground by the Dark Elves.
~The Eleventh Serôs War ends, when the central Aquatic Elf kingdom of Keryvyr is destroyed. The leader of the Sea Elves, Nyratiis evades capture, and disappears to parts unknown. Of the subordinate kingdoms and duchies of Aryselym's golden era, only Naramyr and Selu Maraar survive.

964 DR, Year of the Pickled Privateer

~Belshareen, a maiden of the Ffolk, marries Ridinlahr, a lord of the Llewyr Elves of Synnoria. Lord Ridinlahr crafts a magic harp for his new bride, which in time will become known as the *Lost Harp of Belshareen*.

973 DR, Year of the Emptied Lair

~Drow and Crinti marauders from Dambrath pass through the Nath Pass to raid towns in Halruaa. This sparks a series of skirmishes between the two nations for four years.

987 DR, Year of the Flaming Dwarf

~Deep beneath the Trackless Sea, Drow raiders attack an expedition of Dwarf miners. During the conflict, a fissure erupts in the tunnels that are in, vomiting a deadly river of magma, causing both sides to take heavy casualties. Separated from Faerûn, and believing their enemies to be dead, both the Drow and the Dwarves head west, further exploring the tunnels they are in. The Drow emerge in the foothills of the Axapoztlan Range, in Maztica.

1,033 DR, Year of the Dreamforging

~Wood Elves and Half-Elves living in the Yuirwood take up arms to resist the Humans of Velprin from entering into the Yuir. These border disputes soon grow bitter.

1,140 DR, Year of the Knight

~House Fey-Branche of Menzoberranzan founds the settlement of Jhachalkhyn, to hide investments from House Baenre, the ruling House of Menzoberranzan.

1,050 DR, Year of the Keening Gale

~After nearly 150 years of Humans living among the Elves of the Yuirwood, a sizable population of Half-Elves now populates the Yuirwood.

1,058 DR, Year of the Spider's Daughter

~Indrilia Demax becomes the Queen of Velprin, and under the guidance of her high council, she musters Velprin's army, and invades the Yuirwood.

1,059 DR, Year of the Broken Pillar

~The army of Velprin breaches into the Yuirwood, and drives the natives deeper into the forest. Brindor Olóssyne, the war leader of those living in the Yuirwood, in actuality, is feigning, and drawing the armies of Velprin deeper into the Yuirwood, as to allow his Wood Elf allies to attack them using Elven bow tactics.

1,065 DR, Year of the Watching Wood

~During the Battle of Ingdal's Arm, the forces of the Yuirwood defeat the army of Velprin, down to the last man. The Half-Elves of the Yuirwood choose to enter into peace talks with the Humans of Velprin, while the Elves of the Yuirwood choose not to. The nation of Aglarond is formed, as the result of these peace accords.

1,100 DR, Year of the Bloodrose

~The Moon Elves of Loudwater and the surrounding environs leave for Evereska, in order to avoid coming into contact with Humans, who are increasing in presence in the area.

1,136 DR, Year of the Shadowkin Return

~House Jaezred returned to Chaulssin, in an agreement to avoid fratricidal warfare with the Church of Vhaeraun in Chaulmur'ssin.

1,140, Year of the Knight

~Matron Mother Brytyn Fey of House Fey-Branche of Menzoberranzan hides some of her families humanoid and material resources by sending them away to found the "independent" settlement of Jhachalkhyn. In reality, the settlers answer to Matron Brytyn.

1,233 DR, Year of Many Monsters

~Seeking to create the ideal slave race, the Drow of House Mylly of Ched Nasad travel to the lands beneath the Far Forest, and secretly begin a magical breeding program. Over time, their efforts culminate in the creation of the Chitine.

1,241 DR, Year of the Lost Lady

~Using information acquired during the Harpstar Wars, Clan Malaug attack Chaulssin, and kidnap a pregnant concubine of the Patron Grandfather.

1,275, Year of the Blade

~The Eldreth Veluuthra establishes a presence among the Elves of Tethir.

1,277 DR, Year of the Beholder

~King Errilium of Tethyr is killed in a hunting accident in the Wealdath, believed to have been the work of the Eldreth Veluuthra. The king is succeeded by his

nephew, Alemander III, who believes the Elves responsible, and begins persecuting the Elves living in his country.

~The Elves of the Wealdath, after learning of the presence of the Eldreth Veluuthra, makes a concentrated effort to rid themselves of the bigamous group.

1,278 DR, Year of Many Bones

~The Ascomoid Plague sweeps through the Drow city of V'elddrinnsshar, leaving few survivors. Those who do survive eventually found the realm of Dusklyngth.

1,288 DR, Year of Roaring Horn

~Duergar plunder the ruins of V'elddrinnsshar, taking with them any valuables they can.

~The Duergar of Dunspeirrin (Underspires) attack the Drow realm of Undraeth. While the Duergar were already engaging in conflict with their surface kin, the rulers of Underspires chose to take the opportunity to attack Undraeth and try to rid the city of Queen Nathglaryst, the powerful ruler of the city, who was known to be a hated foe of the Duergar. The assassination attempt failed.

1,292 DR, Year of the Wandering Waves

~An avatar of Selvetarm appears in the city of Ajuutal, ruins where his Aranea followers lived. The giant spider cloisters itself in the Apostolaem of the Spider That Waits, a temple built for Zanassu, the Spider Demon that Selvetarm absorbed.

1,297 DR, Year of the Singing Skull

~Channeling the pain of giving birth to her son, Drizzt, Matron Mother Malice Do'Urden of Menzoberranzan destroys the leaders of House Devir, and elevates House Do'Urden to Ninth House of Menzoberranzan.

1,305 DR, Year of the Creeping Fang

~The Chitine slaves of Yathchol are emancipated from their Drow masters.

1,321 DR, Year of Chains

~King Zaor of Evermeet is murdered by agents of Kymil Nimesin, in his own garden.

1,335 DR, Year of the Snow Winds

~The Evereska Charter, which put all of the Greycloak Hills into the possession of Evereska, was signed and put into effect.

1,337 DR, Year of the Wandering Maiden

~Led by Reaper of Souls Larynda Telenna, a small band of Kiaransalee's faithful begin construction on a massive, brooding temple of black marble atop the central plateau of V'elddrinnsshar, over what was once a temple dedicated to Lolth.

1,340 DR, Year of the Lion

~Drizzt Do'Urden, the famous ranger of the north, first comes to the surface world.

1,341 DR, Year of the Gate

~In Serôs, Sylkiir celebrates as the first *Selu'Taar* candidate, Pharom Ildacer of Naramyr is chosen by existing High Magi Taranath Reefglamor and Yrlim Tidark for the first time in over two hundred years.

1,344 DR, Year of Moonfall

~After years of thought and meditation, most leaders of various Elven nations agree to withdraw from mainland Faerûn to Evermeet.

1,346 DR, Year of the Bloodbird

~Keryth Adofaer, Talor Vurtalis and Jhanra Merlistar, candidates chosen by the *Selu'Taar* of Selu'Maraar, are presented with *Selu'Kiira* by Taranath Reefglamor. The three go into comas as they affix the high lorestones to their brows, and, to this day, remain behind closed doors in their estate on the outskirts of Sylkiir.

~The Drow settlement of Alisiwhann is destroyed when rumors of over 80,000 Drow frighten the people of Tethyr, and soldier and adventurers head into the Forest of Mir to hunt Drow.

1,347 DR, Year of Bright Blade

~Construction of the Acropolis of Thanatos is completed in V'elddrinnsshar, and the ruins become the major center of worship of Kiaransalee on Abeir-Toril.

1,355 DR, Year of the Harp

~Qilue Veladorn and the clergy of Eilistraee following her begin construction of the Promenade, built atop the Pit of Ghaunadaur, beneath Mount Waterdeep.

1,356 DR, Year of the Worm

~With the help of her daughter Hasafir, and several Drow magicians, Queen Yenandra of Dambrath is transformed into a Spectral Guardian.

1,357 DR, Year of the Prince

~An army from the Drow city of Maeralyn raids the holdings of House Fey-Branche in the city of Jhachalkhyn.

~The Drow of Sschindylryn discover a portal only nine days travel from Menzoberranzan, and claim it as their own, reinforcing it with soliders. The Council of Menzoberranzan feels threatened by Sschindylryn being so close, and sends an army to chase away the Sschindylryn Drow. The army of Menzoberranzan succeeds, driving the influence of Sschindylryn away, and capturing the gate itself in the name of Menzoberranzan.

~The Promenade of Eilistraee reaches a point of enough construction that it is inhabitable. Though construction and maintenance on the structure continues to this very day, the church of Eilistraee is able to use the structure from this point on.

1,358 DR, Year of Shadows

~The Time of Troubles begin, and deities are cast down to Abeir-Toril, wearing mortal avatars. Corellon Larethian and Sehanine Moonbow are seen on Evermeet, in Corellon's Grove. Labelas Enoreth, possessing his Chosen, Vartan Hai Sylvar, on the island of Ruathym, where he caused a great deal of destruction due to a misunderstanding with the avatar of Clangeddin Silverbeard. Lolth, it is said, appeared in the city of Menzoberranzan. The avatar of Selvetarm leaves the populated ruins of Ajuutal, and heads north, where it eventually enters into the Underdark, and attacks the rebel heretics in the city of Eryndlyn.

~Due to the chaos of magic, Undead creatures from Myth Rhynn leave the city and begin destroying everything in their path. Through the efforts of the Elves of the Wealdath, and the Red Knight, the Undead creatures are beaten back.

~The Jaezred Chaulssin learn of the existence of Nurvureem, the only female Drow-Dragon in existence,

the daughter of the Patron Grandfather's kidnapped mate.

~House Oblodra of Menzoberranzan is unaffected by the disruption of magic caused by the Time of Troubles, being as that most members of the House are Psions. They attempt to seize power from House Baenre, but are defeated when House Baenre appeals to Lolth, and has their prayers granted, causing House Oblodra to literally fall into a great chasm created by Lolth.

~Giving thanks to Lolth, House Baenre assembles an army, and marches out of Menzoberranzan to attack Mithral Hall. The Drow are ultimately defeated, and the Matron Mother of House Baenre is killed in the conflict, leading to Triel Baenre inheriting the position.

~Led by Deep Duerra, who was using Queen Mother of Dunspeirrin as her avatar, the armies of Underspires engage in skirmishes with the Drow of Undraeth, to hone the skills of the Duergar army and shape it into its highest level of readiness in centuries.

~Concerned about a possible eruption by the nearby volcano nicknamed 'Eversmoke', the people of Gildenglade hire a Wizard, Danirro of Alaghôn, to research and cast a spell to silence the volcano forever.

1,359 DR, Year of the Serpent

~The Calishite-based cell of the Dark Dagger, a Vhaeraunian organization, is nearly wiped out during the Darkstalker Wars.

1,360 DR, Year of the Turret

~Danirro of Alaghôn prepares to cast his spell to prevent Eversmoke from ever erupting, but as he began the incantations, agents from the Emerald Enclave pushed the Wizard into the heart of the volcano, presumably killing him. Simultaneously, other agents of the Emerald Enclave set the magician's cottage ablaze, destroying it and all of his research notes. The city of Gildenglade was sent a warning by the Druids not to meddle in forces they did not understand.

1,361 DR, Year of the Maidens

~Kymil Nimesin is apprehended by Danillo Thann and Arilyn Moonblade.

~The plotting of the Kraken Society sees Ruathym pitted against the Sea Elves around the island, as well, as with Luskan. Waterdeep, along with the rest of the Lords' Alliance, is forced to threaten war when Luskan once again conquers Ruathym to the west. Liriel Baenre and her companion Fyodor foil the Kraken Society's plot.

~The followers of Eilistraee from the Promenade participate in a daring raid on a slave ship docked in Skullport that results in the death of the Deep Dragon Phaux, and the destruction of the Dragon Horde consortium, a merchant venture led by a priest of Vhaeraun.

1,364 DR, Year of the Weave

~Bunlap, a mercenary captain, begins illegally logging in the Wealdath, and begins enslaving those Elves who oppose him. Arilyn Moonblade unites the creatures of the Wealdath, including the Lythari, in routing and killing all Humans responsible for despoiling the forest.

~Queen Amlauril of Evermeet, in response to the conflict in the Wealdath, informs the government of Tethyr in Zazesspur that funds to repair the forest will be taken from their coffers, and that any transgressions against the Elves or the reforestation project would be met with opposition, including force, if necessary.

1,365 DR, Year of the Sword

~Malar unleashes the *Ityak-Ortheel* the Elf Eater- on the Moonshae Isles. It rampages across Myrloch Vale and assaults the Elven realm of Synnoria. The *Ityak-Ortheel* destroys the portal Fey-Alamline and Synnoria's capital city of Chrysalis, including Argenti-Tellirind, the timeless Palace of Ages before it is banished back to the Abyss.

1367 DR, Year of the Shield

~In the Sacred Grove of the Great Druid on the shores of Myrloch, the Great Druid Robyn Kendrick encounters an old friend, Yaziliclik the Wood Sprite. The Sprite warns the Great Druid, "Sarifal is awakening", before disappearing.

~The Living Gem is stolen from Ghaunadaur's secret temple beneath Holldaybim by Shond Tharovin of Calimshan.

1,368 DR, Year of the Banner

~Baylee Arnvold rediscovers the Lost Library of Cormanthyr.

~Seeking vengeance against his people Joneleth "The Exile" orchestrates a conflict between the Drow of Ust'Natha and the Wood Elf settlements of Suldanessellar. Joneleth unleashes Bhaal's avatar, the Ravager, upon Suldanessellar, while he taps the power of the Tree of Life, seeking immortality. Abdel Adrian and his companions confront Joneleth. During the conflict, the Elf city burns, and Queen Ellesime and a few survivors flee to Myth Rhynn.

~Teldin Moore, a Human, travels from Krynnspace to Realspace, and is granted an audience with Queen Amlauril.

~The Promenade is assaulted by Ghaunadaur's cultists, who lead a full-scale invasion of the temple complex. The conflict lasts for months before the cultists are driven off in defeat.

1,369 DR, Year of the Gauntlet

~The Seven Sisters unravel and thwart a plan involving Drow from Skullport being manipulated by Halaster Blackcloak, to steal the secrets of Silver Fire from Mystra and her Chosen.

~Surviving Daemonfey of House Dlardraegeth are freed from millennia of imprisonment.

1,371 DR, Year of the Unstring Harp

~The Sharn Wall is breached, and Phaerimm and their charmed allies bring war to Everska. The Hill Council of Everska sends for the assistance of Khelben "The Blackstaff" Arunsen to deal with the Phaerimm army. He musters an army, but is heavily delayed. Aubric Nihmedu, the Blade-Major of Everska, is killed as the Phaerim lay siege to the Fortress Home.

~At the command of Matron Triel Baenre, the Drow of Menzoberranzan form an army, and destroy the Svirkneblin town of Blingdenstone.

~Evermeet is attacked by the rogue Sun Elf Kymil Nimesin, who escaped Harper captivity with the help of Lolth. Nimesin leads pirates, Red Wizards, mercenaries, cultists, and Drow to Evermeet. The Towers of the Sun and Moon are destroyed in the conflict, by Spellsingers working with Nimesin. Malar unleashes the Elf-Eater onto Evermeet, but the creature is defeated when Princess Ilyrana, acting as Angherradh's avatar, banishes it. Queen Amlauril herself passes on to Arvandor, but returns upon realization that her people need her. She also comes to the realization that Evermeet is no longer safe, and

tasks her son, Lamruil, with finding a new, safe home for the Elves, where the Tree of Souls was to be planted. Prince Lamruil, accompanied by a small expeditionary force, sets out from Evermeet with the Tree of Souls to found a new, secret Elven kingdom on mainland Faerûn. After weeks of travel, he finds the spot in the Reghed Glacier where he wanted this kingdom, and named in Auseriel.

1,372 DR, Year of Wild Magic

~The Shadovar of the recently returned Shade Enclave, lay a 'Shadow Shell' over Evereska cutting it off from the rest of the world, and trapping the Phaerimm in the city.

~Evermeet rallies an army, and sends it to aid the Elves of Evereska. They arrive around the same time that the army from Waterdeep arrives.

~The 'Shadow Shell' over Evereska falls, allowing the armies fighting for Evereska to enter, and route the Phaerimm. Galaeron Nihmedu aids the *Selu'Taar* in repairing the heavily damaged *Mythal* of Evereska, and creates the first *Mythal* formed by Elven High Magic, the Weave, and the Shadow Weave.

~Settlers begin settling in the newly established Auseriel. Explorers accidentally stumble over the lair of the White Wyrms Harashnalthyn, causing the inhabitants of the city to gain her hostility.

~Lolth enacts a plan to empower herself, and places herself in a cacoon, beginning the time period known as the Silence of Lolth. During this time, Lolth does not answer the prayers of her followers. The Church of Lolth tries to cover this up for as long as possible, to avoid others challenging their dominance while they were weakened, but word of Lolth's Silence eventually makes its way around the Underdark.

~The Jazred Chaulssin ally themselves with the Duergar armies of Gracklstugh, led by King Horgar Steelshadow, the Tanarukk of the Sceptered Legion, led by Khaanyr Vhok, and many other groups, to lay siege to numerous Lolthite cities in the Underdark. Their plans to upset the matriarchy of Lolth work brilliantly. The city of Ched Nasad collapses, and the Jazred Chaulssin gain control of the ruins. The city of Eryndlyn falls to the followers of Ghaunadaur and Vhaeraun. The city of Maerimydra falls to the army led by Kurgoth Hellspawn, and becomes "infested" by the followers of Kiaransalee. The cities of Jhachalkhyn, Dusklyngh, and Karsoluthiyl are weakened, and male patriarchies grow in power in the cities.

1,373 DR, Year of the Rogue Dragons

~Lolth "returns" to her followers, now a more powerful deity, with the Demonweb Pits as its own plane, and saves the city of Menzoberranzan from destruction at the last moment.

~Sammaster, the Lich-leader of the Cult of the Dragon, is able to make fundamental changes to the keystone of the Dracorage *Mythal*, causing it to activate even without the appearance of the King-Killer Star.

~Maddened by the Rage of the Dragons, Harashnalthyn the White Wyrms leads her offspring and slaves on an attack on the fledgling nation of Auseriel. The battle in Auseriel, known as the Battle of Corellon's Tears, begins. Auseriel is ravaged, but Prince Lamruil escapes with the Tree of Souls back to the safety of Evermeet, much against his own will.

~Prince Lamruil returns to the ruins of Auseriel to find his consort, Maura, missing. Lamruil swears to Corellon Larethian, to rebuild Auseriel, and to find his love.

~Narlathra, a Red Wyrms, emerges from her lair in the ruins of Myth Drannor, and flies south, to attack the Wood Elf settlement of Tangled Trees. Only a few inhabitants live through the attack.

~The Lady Penitent, Lolth's servant, begins harrying and harassing the Drow of the Darkwoods, Eastern Fringe, and Velarswood.

~The Jazred Chaulssin cement their control over the ruins of Ched Nasad.

~The keystone of the Dracorage *Mythal* is destroyed, causing the planetary-wide *Mythal* to disperse, and the High Magic to fade, signaling an end of the Rage of the Dragons.

1,374 DR, Year of Lightning Storms

~Daemonfey attack Tower Reilloch in Evermeet, killing numerous *Selu'Taar*, and steal the part of the Gatekeeper Crystal that was stored there. Upon combining the final piece of the artifact, Sarya Dladrageh uses the Gatekeeper Crystal to free the Fey'ri imprisoned within the Nameless Dungeon.

Gathering an army under her banner, Sarya Dladrageh settles in the ruins of Myth Glaurach.

~Seeking to capitalize on Evereska's weakness, Sarya Dladrageh sends an army of extraplanar creatures to attack and lay siege to Evereska. The Hill Council of Evereska sends a plea for help to Queen Amlauril, but due to political pressure, she cannot comply with their wishes.

~Seiveril Miritar, a priest of Corellon Larethian, and a member of Queen Amlauril's Ruling Council, resigns from his political position, and begins assembling an army of volunteers to defend Evereska. Starbrow "Fflar" Melruth is brought back to life by Seiveril Miritar, to serve as his general. After a heated battle, Evereska is successfully defended yet again. The army then marches to attack Sarya Dladrageh in her seat of power in Myth Glaurach and becomes known as the 'Elven Crusade'. The Elven Crusade and the forces of Sarya Dladrageh meet in Myth Glaurach. The Demonspawn army falls back to Myth Drannor, while the Elven Crusade retakes the ancient Elven ruins. In Myth Drannor, Sarya summons Malkizid, and the fallen Solar alters the *Mythal* of the city to attract Demons and Devils. The Elven Crusade, after much politicking, marches on Myth Drannor, and successfully retakes the Elven ruins, using the Tree of Souls as a herald, and as a potent item to fight against the evil extraplanar entities. Sarya Dladrageh is killed, as is Seiveril Miritar. His daughter, Ilsevele, takes the role of leader of the Elven Crusade, and of fledgling Myth Drannor, alongside her lover, Starbrow Melruth.

~The Gatekeeper's Crystal, and the portal network imbued with it, created by Aryvandaar millennia ago, are destroyed by the High Mage candidate Araevin Teshurr, when he slays Malkizid in his home plane.

~Fzoul Chembryl meets in secret with Jezz the Lame, of House Jaelre, and representatives of House Zuzkovyn. The three groups agree to work in concert to destroy the Elven Crusade, before they can truly take hold in Myth Drannor. This marks the beginning of the Cormanthor War, in which masked Drow support the Black Network in harassing the fledgling nation of Myth Drannor.

SOURCE CREDITS

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