

FR3

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

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FORGOTTEN REALMS™

Official Game Accessory



Empires of the Sands

by Scott Haring

An Accessory for Characters of All Levels
for use with the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Game World



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INTRODUCTION

Introductions (particularly introductions to games and game supplements) invariably fall into three categories. They can be truly useful overviews of the product, with good advice on where to start and what to do. They can be self-congratulatory, indulgent tripe in which the author tries to convince the reader what a tremendous amount of work went into the project, and how lucky he is to even have it in his hands. The last type is an obsequious, fawning thank-you note in which the author tries to mention every friend he ever had by name, detailing the invaluable contributions of third-grade teachers, girlfriends, pets, and other people you couldn't care less about. This introduction has to fill an entire page, so I'll give you a little bit of all three.

Useful Overview

With a title like that, this had better be good, huh? Anyway, *Empires of the Sands* is a sourcebook for the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ world setting for the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game. It covers three major areas in the southwest corner of the main continent of the planet: Amn, Tethyr, and Calimshan. They are called the Empires of the Sands because of their generally warm climate and large areas of dry, inhospitable land. The book is divided into three main sections, each dealing with one of these countries.

Opening each section is a General Description, which includes a discussion of the races (both human and non-human) present, the languages spoken, and the social customs of the land. The social customs section will be particularly valuable to those wanting to understand the personality of a resident of one of these lands for better role-playing. For example, trying to bribe a judge will have a totally different result in Amn than it will in Calimshan, and understanding the social customs and personality of the two countries will help the DM know what to do.

Other sections cover the history, government and politics, religion, geography and climate, and money and commerce of the different countries. Together, they give a detailed background to each country, filled with the little details (names of coins, typical expressions, etc.) that make roleplaying more fun.

Of course, the action-lovers out there will have plenty to do, too. The remaining sections list dozens of opportunities for bands of hardy adventurers to right wrongs, bring criminals to justice, alter the course of history, or just make a little profit and pick up a little treasure.

The Cities section provides descriptions of every city listed on the two-part map provided in this sourcebook. (The maps, by the way, are the same scale as the detailed maps in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign set, and fit together with them. If you also add the map in FR2—Moonshae—you are well on your way to having a map of the Forgotten Realms that will completely cover your wall!)

After the cities are described, all the other places of interest are discussed (in a section titled, appropriately enough, "Places of Interest"). The mountains, swamps, ruins, castles, islands, and rivers—plus the dangers and rewards which lurk there—are described.

Last, but not least, is a section called "Characters" which lists some of the important people and groups of people in the Empires of the Sands, along with the necessary statistics for play. The list includes heroes and villains, potential enemies and possible allies, people who will have an impact on campaigns set in this area.

My goal was for a typical DM to take any single city, place, or character description, and be able to come up with an adventure stemming from the circumstances described that would entertain his or her players. Taken as a whole, there should be enough ideas here for a campaign to run for a very long time, with a mix of high drama, low humor, great enrichment, and self-

less sacrifice.

As part of the center pull-out section we have included campaign-tailored character sheets, specific to the Forgotten Realms. Seven of these are filled in, and one is left blank for your personal photocopying use.

Please address any questions regarding this product to: FR3 Questions, c/o Scott Haring, TSR, Inc., POB 756, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

Indulgent Tripe

When I think of this project, I don't think of it as a labor of love, or a labor of duty, but just a *labor*. Deadlines fell victim to procrastination and self-doubt, and soon even my friends began to shun me like a leper. Friendly (and not-so-friendly) hints were dropped with the subtlety of a falling brick. Office supplies were destroyed. There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But finally, I finished. And I can't help but think that despite the delays, it's a pretty good product. Normally, an introduction like this is written well before the art and maps are finished. But this thing is so late that I've already seen the art and maps—I'm very pleased, and I hope you like them, too. And I promise to start earlier next time.

Fawning Thank-Yous

I want to thank my editor, Karen Martin, for being so patient; my boss, Jim Ward, for destroying only selected portions of my office and not the entire thing; Warren Spector, for understanding; and the other TSR staffers, especially Mike Breault, Douglas Niles, and Jeff Grubb, for letting me bounce ideas off them; and my mother, for letting me use her computer to write part of this book.

And a big thank-you to Ed Greenwood, whose 10-year-old AD&D® campaign is the basis of the Forgotten Realms, and whose extensive notes provided the skeleton for this work.

Amn

General Description

Of the three "nations" said to comprise the Empires of the Sands, Amn is the only one that is, truly, a nation. Ruled for over 20 years by a "Council of Six" made up of the richest and most cunning merchants in the land, Amn has enjoyed unprecedented years of peace and prosperity.

Amn's borders are the Cloud Peaks and the Troll Mountains to the north; the Snowflake Mountains to the east; the Sea of Swords to the west; and the northern edge of the Forest of Tethir to the south. This includes the Tethir Road and all the towns along it, from Riatavin to Murann.

Races Appearing

Amn is, first and foremost, a human society. There are no known groups of elves or dwarves living anywhere in the country. There are the ever-present rumors of a lost dwarven kingdom in the Snowflake Mountains, filled with fantastic treasures from a forgotten time, but this story is more of a favorite childhood fairy tale than a legitimate legend.

This is not to say that there are no elves or dwarves to be found; Amn is a country where money talks, and as long as there are non-humans willing to sell their special talents to men and put up with being away from their own kind, a resident of Amn can find an elf or dwarf. Nearly every marketplace worthy of the name has shops either run directly by elves or dwarves or by someone who claims to have been trained by one. These claims are sometimes not very authentic, and travelers will have to ask around: Not every "Dwarven Armory" is run by a dwarf—some shop owners, in fact, wouldn't recognize a dwarf if one walked through the door.

There are, on the other hand, a considerable number of halflings residing in Amn. In fact, nearly 15% of the population is made up of halflings. While there is no discrimination against the

halfling population, it is also true that the halflings tend to live in their own sections of town and do business with their own kind. But a halfling with a talent for business can rise quickly in Amn society, just as a human can.

Gnomes are rarely seen in Amn; the appearance of one in a town would be a cause of great interest. Half-orcs are also almost unheard of, with the exception of the town of Purskul, which has a sizable half-orc population (see below).

Languages

Amn is a merchant nation. As such, a traveler could enter the country speaking practically any known language, and somebody could be found fairly quickly who could handle the translation chores.

However, anyone who wishes to rise in Amn society must know Thorass, the ancient language of trade and commerce that is the ancestor of the "common" tongue spoken throughout the Realms. All contracts and legal documents are written in Thorass, and all court proceedings, government meetings and high-level trade negotiations are done in that language. Generally, the higher up in Amn society one is, the fewer other languages one has to speak.

Social Customs

Amn is a land where money talks, and wealth is the sole judge of social status. This leads to a number of interesting facets to Amn society that are different from practically anywhere else in the Forgotten Realms.

Knowledge and wisdom are not prized and revered traits in Amn; neither are exceptional talents in music, athletics, fighting, art, or any other pursuit. The only measure of success is material wealth. The inspired artist who refuses to "sell out" and dies penniless is a reviled failure, a freak; the mediocre artist who, through shrewd dealing and tireless self-promotion, becomes fabulously wealthy, is a role model for others.

The display of wealth is the only way to gain and retain status. It is not uncommon for a family to scrimp and save for a year, then blow it all on a party for the entire town that is completely beyond their means. Even the simplest and most humble stores have trays of expensive sweets and other delicacies for their customers. And big-money merchants regularly give each other the most outrageous and ridiculous gifts as tokens of goodwill before embarking on delicate negotiations.

Dress, as you may imagine, is gaudy, bright, intricate, and all too expensive. Elaborate headdresses are common among the women, while the men are more fond of long capes of the finest material. Elaborate embroidery, often using real gold and other precious metals, is also common. The only exception is at the very top of the social ladder—the upper crust of Amn society, refusing to become involved in the "petty status games" of those less powerful than themselves, dress in very simple clothes, with a minimum of ornamentation. (Of course, this is in itself a petty status game, but this is a complex society.) However, these clothes are always perfectly tailored, cleaned and pressed, and are always of the highest quality fabric and construction.

Even the common slang expressions of everyday life in Amn reflect a preoccupation with money and business. Some examples:

- *Sold* – Convinced. "I sold my wife we weren't at the tavern, but at your workshop fixing that cabinet, so you've got to sell your wife the same thing in case they get together."
- *Bought into* – Understood. "I really bought into that message today, Your Holiness."
- *Good Business* – A standard greeting, this can mean "Hello," "Goodbye," or even "Get lost."
- *Found The Pearl* – Enjoyed good luck. "So, Mikos has put 500 danters into this wagon, and he's got no takers. Then, he really finds the pearl. Some rich out-of-towner breaks down right in front of



his shop, and buys it right there, at full markup."

- *Lost The Pearl* —Suffered bad luck. "Then, Mikos' wife hears of the deal, and spends the entire purchase price on a new headdress. Talk about losing the pearl!"

- *Foreclose*— To kill. Can refer to practically anything. "I finally caught that stoat that had been rummaging through the trash out back. Foreclosed on him real good, too." Or, "He was just asking too much and not giving me enough security, so I just foreclosed the whole deal."

- *Outbid*— Was more impressive or convincing than. "Since the innkeeper's crossbow outbid their beer mugs, the brawlers quieted down real fast."

- *Take Delivery* —Acquire. "Did you hear Deurthon and his wife took delivery on a new son?"

- *Red Ink*— Bad News. "Red ink, friend. The tavern's closed."

- *The Ink Couldn't Be Any Redder*— Things couldn't be any worse.

- *Finance*— To get something you either couldn't afford or didn't deserve. "You must have done some serious financing to get such a fine husband, Meg."

Amn society has a very paradoxical attitude toward the less fortunate. On the one hand, most people believe that "poverty is the ultimate sin" (to quote a famous Amn proverb). On the other hand, donating large amounts of money to charity is one way of showing off just how wealthy you are. The result is significant amounts of money given to the poor, none of it for the right reasons.

Nearly all the charities operating in Amn are run by various churches. There are, however, a few private charities that operate "for profit." The ultimate in free enterprise, these charities solicit donations and actually do help the poor, sick, and disadvantaged, but keep a large percentage of the take for themselves. In an area where more than one of these "for profit" charities is in competition, each tries to gain the most donations by doing the most for the unfortunates in the area; this is

very good for the poor, who benefit from the better treatment.

Moving about in Amn society is a tricky proposition, because there is a very high degree of attention paid to status, etiquette and protocol. Fortunately, almost every rule of Amn society derives from one simple precept known in Amn as "The Golden Rule": He who has the gold makes the rules.

This means, in general: The poor defer to the rich; the rich defer to the richer; and when in doubt, the person who is paying for it gets to decide.

Monsters

Amn is a civilized country; as such, monsters are rare, and practically nonexistent in the big cities. Of course, there's also a good deal of open country in Amn, and monsters are not uncommon there.

There are several tribes of ogres living in the Cloud Peaks, as well as several groups of hill giants. The largest threat in the area, a family of cloud giants that raided caravans in the Fang Pass, was defeated nearly 15 years ago. Mount Spear-top is rumored to be the home of several immense sleeping dragons, but little stock is given the story.

The central agricultural region of Amn has been rid of intelligent monsters long ago, but there are still incidents of lone farmers, single families, or the occasional small village being attacked by a hungry beast. Typical monsters include jackals, bears, wolves, owlbears, and the like. More rare but still seen are such monsters as the purple worm, anhkheg, bulette, gargoyle, gorgon, werewolf, umber hulk, and will o' wisp.

Of course, the Troll Mountains and Trollford in the northeast part of Amn aren't named that for nothing. A large military presence in Eshpurta has convinced the remaining trolls to pick their targets carefully, but they are still a danger. Recent reports indicate that large bands of goblins and orcs have joined forces with the trolls in the

northern end of the Troll Mountains. In some cases, reports claim that troops of orcs and goblins actually are commanded by trolls.

As mentioned above, the cities of Amn are for the most part monster-free, except for the occasional experiment gone awry or other summoned or magical monster resulting from human interference: various undead, elementals, familiars, demons, devils, daemons, and golems, plus liches, aerial servants, beholders, and the like.

Last, but not least, there is *something* (or several somethings) at the bottom of Lake Esmel. Numerous sightings have been reported, and several boat disappearances have been blamed on the monster, or "Esmelda" as she (or he, or they) has been dubbed by the locals, but no monster has ever been caught. (For more on Lake Esmel, see "Places of Interest," below.)

History

Amn has had the good fortune to be in an area abundant in natural resources—some say Amn is the richest land on the continent. This has worked in Amn's favor for generations, because even when the land was conquered, the new masters were gentle, looking to gain wealth from the land, not put it to the torch.

Amn has been a center of trade and commerce for as long as anyone can remember. Oral traditions handed down from father to son tend to support the theory that Amn has been a trade center for at least 800 years. Unfortunately, written records are difficult to find and incomplete. It seems the typical Amn citizen was too busy trying to make money to write down what was going on.

Amn has always been more interested in the present and the future than the past, and this makes an accurate history difficult to nail down. The best records, the business papers of the oldest trading companies, are jealously guarded. It seems the fear of revealing "trade secrets" is stronger than the call of history; as a result, the average citizen knows



very little about Amn history.

It appears that the Amn of 100 years ago was very much like the Calimshan of today. That is, each major city was basically an independent entity, banding together for defense when necessary, fighting for control of territory and profitable trade routes the rest of the time. A particularly brutal trade war began 24 years ago, with each city exacting prohibitive tariffs on goods imported from other cities. Soon, the trade war escalated, and city troops began to raid caravans sponsored by other cities. In a matter of months, trade had been brought to a halt, a number of cities were under siege, and the war threatened to engulf the entire region.

Into the breach stepped a young merchant with some magical training named Thayze Selemchant. Thayze was very smart, very charismatic, and very well connected (the Selemchant trading house was one of the oldest and richest in Athkatla.) Thayze secretly contacted representatives of the five other richest merchant houses in Amn, and started to plan.

The first part of the plan involved the careful sprinkling of rumors about outside threats. One rumor involved a pirate invasion from the Nelanther, another was about a massing of orcs just on the other side of the Cloud Peaks. Thayze even started a rumor about an elf army in the Forest of Tethir, ready to pounce on a divided Amn. None of the rumors were true, but they began to turn people's thoughts toward unity, not war.

Thayze knew that if he was to take control of Amn along with the other members of his council, he would need broad-based popular support. Rivalries between cities and merchant houses were still high; to get that support, Selemchant and the others agreed to drop their family names and never use them again.

So when news of a "Council of Six" spread throughout the land, a group that would unite Amn under one rule, governing for the benefit of all instead of one city or trading company over another, many people accepted their rule. The

Council raised an army (at great personal expense) to quell the few pockets of resistance that remained, and have been in total control of Amn for the past 22 years.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

The Council of Six still has a firm grip on Amn, and their true identities are still unknown. What started as a deception necessary to gain the trust of the people has become a sign of power backed up by the full force of Amn law. Speaking, writing, or revealing the real name of any member of the Council is a crime punishable by slow torture and painful death.

The head of the Council is known as the Meisarch. The other five members are known (in order of rank) as the Tessarch, the Namarch, the Iltarch, the Pommarch, and the Dahaunarch. It is widely known that the members are representatives of the most powerful trading houses, but nobody (except the council and their closest advisers) knows which houses are represented, and who the members of the Council really are. When a member of the Council dies, all members below him move up a notch on the Council, and a new member (usually a powerful merchant) is chosen to become the new Dahaunarch. This has happened twice so far in the history of the Council.

The Meisarch, Thayze Selemchant, has grown very powerful in the past 22 years. He is now a 9th level magic-user of Chaotic Neutral alignment with a Strength of 18/56 and an Intelligence of 18. He has hundreds of personal servants and bodyguards, all trained from birth to be absolutely loyal to him. There are a minimum of 15 bodyguards with the Meisarch at all times, all of 6th level.

The Meisarch is also living proof of the truth of another old Amn proverb: "Decay follows power as night follows day." The Meisarch is a petty, bitter, jaded man, engaging in perversions and debaucheries that would make a harlot blush. Politically, he changes positions

at a whim (and with no warning), and will crush a person, family or business simply for the fun of it.

The other members of the Council are not much better. Fortunately, one of the major tenets of the Council is, "The business of Amn is business." Free to make as much money as they can, the merchants of Amn do quite well, and the money they bring in provides even the lower classes with a reasonable standard of living. Whether the Council, or the merchants, or just good luck is responsible for all of this is not very important. To quote another Amn proverb: "No matter who prays for the rain, everyone gets wet."

The Council of Six is responsible for defending Amn, both economically and militarily. To accomplish this, the Council has its own army (independent of the various town militias) and spy network. Current troubles for Amn include the constant pirate activity off the coast, and disquieting rumors of a goblin and demon army in the lands to the north of the Cloud Peaks.

The Council also has the power to set tariffs, rates of exchange, and interest rates for all businesses. This power has only been used once, to correct some imbalances brought on by a kickback conspiracy between a Riatavin trading house and some Thay merchants.

The Council's love of free enterprise ends when it comes to activities that could threaten the government. Freelance companies of adventurers are not permitted; if a group of adventurers wishes to operate in Amn as mercenaries for hire, they must be registered and licensed by the national government. Small bands of adventurers have their uses—and the Council of Six demands a modicum of control over those uses.

By the same token, magic use (and magic-users) are also very closely watched. When a magic-user (of any sort) reaches 5th level, he or she is given three choices: register with the government and do one month of service each year for the Council, but otherwise be free to do whatever he wants; banishment; or death. The first option



is the most popular, though a few principled mages (notwithstanding the traditional Amn notion that there is no such thing as a principled mage) opt for banishment.

The average citizen of Amn has little to do with the Council of Six, anyway. The decisions important to daily life are made locally, by a Town Council. Rural areas are usually under the jurisdiction of the closest town large enough to have a council. Criminal matters are decided by a judge, who is appointed by a Town Council. Each Town Council appoints as many judges as it thinks it needs. Judges are usually chosen from the upper classes and serve for two years (although it is not unusual for a judge to be reappointed after his two years are up if he wants to continue). Appeals to a Council Judge (answerable directly to the Council of Six) are possible, but rare.

Restitution and fines are the most common punishment for petty crimes, up to and including minor theft. More serious crimes are also punished by fines, but the fines are usually so high that the offender has no choice but to become an indentured servant (that is, a slave). If possible, the victim of a violent crime is often given possession of the offender as part of the restitution. The death penalty is standard for murder, treason, and other capital crimes.

Religion

It might come as a surprise given Amn's preoccupation with money and wealth, but Amn has a very strong religious streak. The Council of Six has a strict "hands off" policy toward religion, with the exception of those religions that criticize the Council—those are quashed rather quickly. Accustomed as they are to dealing with people of all races and backgrounds, a good Amn businessman would never let a difference of religion get in the way of a good deal. With no official sanction or deterrence, therefore, nearly every religion known to the Forgotten Realms is prac-

ticed somewhere in Amn. A few are more common than the rest, however, and they are listed below:

Waukeen



Also called "Merchantsfriend" by her many worshipers in Amn, Waukeen is the Neutrally aligned goddess of trade and money. Many business negotiations begin with a prayer and small ceremony in her honor, especially if both parties in the deal are believers. It is also common for a tradesman to donate a (small) percentage of particularly profitable business deals to Waukeen's church. Most of Waukeen's believers, however, feel that appeasing the goddess is more for avoiding bad luck than attracting good fortune. As another Amn proverb goes, "The trader's skill finds the pearl; the fates lose it."

Lathander



Lathander, the Morninglord, is the god of (among other things) creativity and new beginnings. He does not have an unusually high number of worshipers in Amn, but he is mentioned here because it is common for devotees of other religions to make a special offering to this Neutral Good god when beginning a new venture or forming a new company.

Selune



This Chaotic Good goddess has dominion over the moon, the stars, and navi-

gations. Also called "Our Lady of Silver," she has been known to aid lost travelers in the dark of night by providing a little magical moonlight by which to see. Almost every merchant or caravan rider has, at one time or another, offered a prayer to Selune in the middle of a dark, forboding night.

Sune



That Sune is worshipped by many people should not be a surprise—she is the goddess of love and beauty, and is the most beautiful of all gods and goddesses in the Forgotten Realms. What is surprising is how many otherwise-mercenary citizens of Amn are among her worshipers. In fact, Sune is the second-most worshipped deity in Amn, behind only Waukeen (of course). Sune's followers tend to be vain and a little overly fond of ostentatious display, and her worshipers in Amn have no trouble living up to that reputation. Sune's temples are among the most magnificent in all the world; a new temple to the Chaotic Good goddess that may be the biggest ever built is currently nearing completion in Es-meltaran.

Chauntea



Chauntea, also called the Earth Mother, is the goddess of agriculture. As such, she has many worshipers in Amn, among both the producers of food and the traders. A bad harvest hurts the merchants, investors, and speculators as well, and many of them have been known to make an offering to this Neutral Good goddess near harvest time.



Leira



Leira has very few worshipers outside the realm of illusionists. However, she is mentioned here because many businessmen make an offering to her (or at least a respectful prayer) because of her position as goddess of deception and illusion. It is thought that by placating this Chaotic Neutral goddess before an important decision is made, the chances of being deceived or making a bad judgment are reduced.

Geography and Climate

Amn is an open and fertile land, especially between the Cloud Peaks and the smaller mountain range (called the Small Teeth) to the south. This area is rolling and gentle, with four or five major rivers and scores of smaller streams crossing the land.

The Cloud Peaks themselves are a surprisingly tall mountain range for their small size. The tallest mountain, Mt. Speartop, reaches 14,500 feet. The Small Teeth are much less severe, averaging only 8,000 or so feet in height. The Troll Mountains to the northeast average about 11,000 feet, and have extensive iron deposits. The Snowflake Mountains, on Amn's eastern edge, are a much larger and taller range. Little else is known about them in Amn; travelers and merchants prefer to simply go around them.

The southern foothills of the Small Teeth is good land for growing grapes, olives, teas, and herbs. The small strip of land further south leading to the Forest of Tethir is flat and unremarkable, good for little but livestock grazing.

The climate in Amn is both warmer and drier than average, but only slightly so. The rainy season begins in Uktar (November) and continues through early Tarsakh of the Storms

(April). The summers are hot (daytime temperatures in the 90s) and dry; the winters are mild, with only two or three hard freezes a year. There is little snow in the lower lands of Amn, but plenty in the Cloud Peaks and the Small Teeth; it is this melting snow that provides water for Amn's vast system of rivers and streams.

Money and Commerce

By order of the Council of Six, Amn has its own minted coins, which are supposedly the only legal tender in the country. While all taxes and official business are transacted in Amn currency, many other business deals and day-to-day purchases use whatever medium both parties agree on, including barter. The coins of Amn are:

Fandar: This is the standard copper piece (1 cp), and while common among the lower classes, it is considered too cheap for most self-respecting Amn citizens to carry.

Taran: This silver coin (1 sp) is worth 10 fandars, and is commonly used by all but the richest folks.

Centaur: This coin is made of electrum (1 ep), and is worth 100 fandars or 10 tarans. This coin is also often called a "decime" (pronounced deh-SEEM).

Danter: This is the Amn equivalent of the gold piece (1 gp). It is worth 200 fandars, 20 tarans, or 2 centaurs. The prices of all major goods and services in Amn are quoted in danters. This coin is also called the "little pearl."

Roldon: This platinum coin (1 pp) is worth 1000 fandars, 100 tarans, 10 centaurs, or 5 danters. This coin is not really necessary for commerce, but since it is the pinnacle of showing off, it is used frequently anyway. This coin is also called the "pearl."

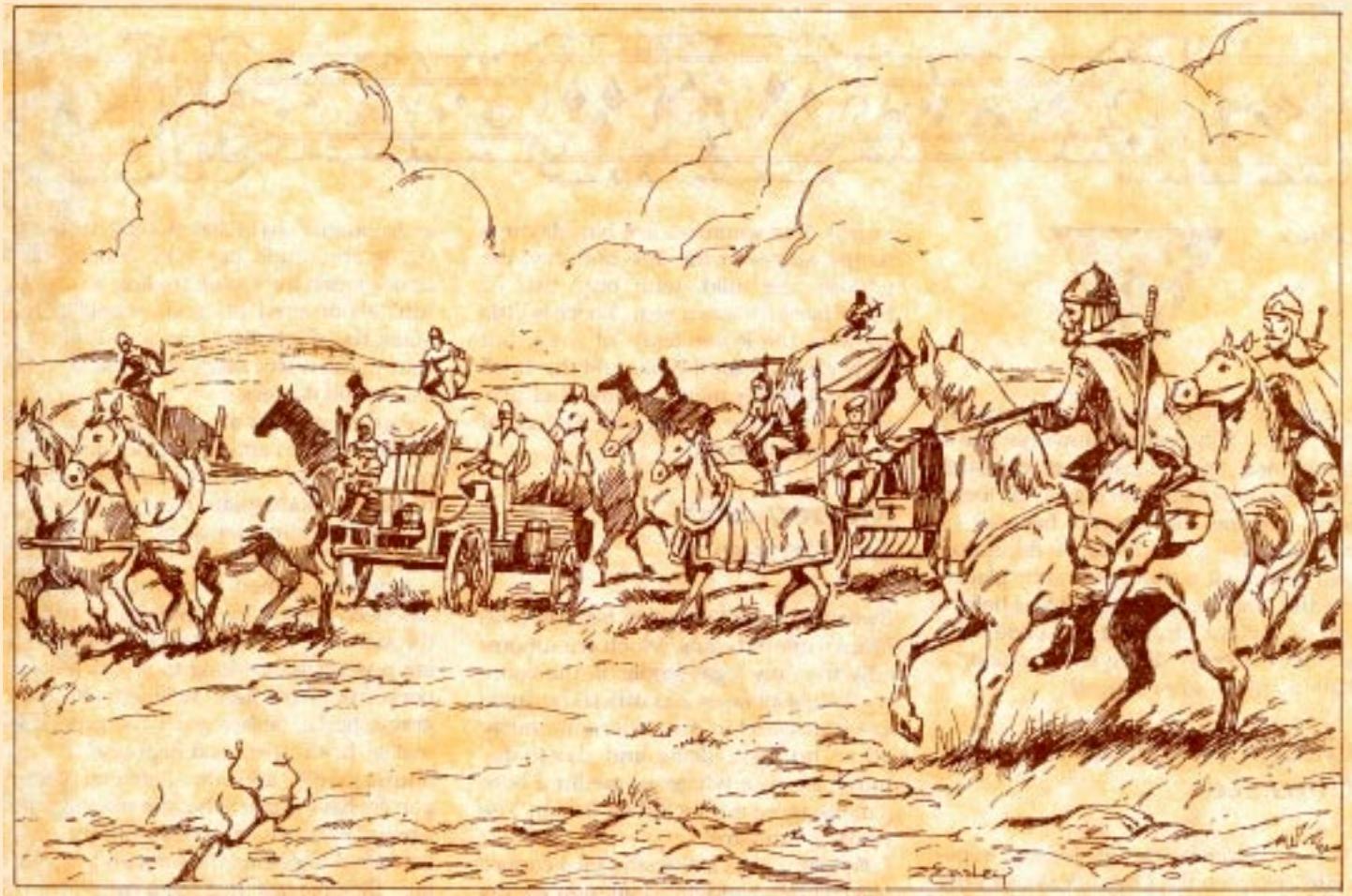
For large purchases and business contracts, trade bars are used. These are electrum or silver bars stamped with a denomination and the seal of the issuing company. Trade bars are generally issued

in denominations of 500 or 1000 danters; the largest trade bar ever issued was struck when the Fenzik trading house of Athkatla ordered 14 cargo vessels from Minik the Shipbuilder and paid the contract in full with a single trade bar worth 3½ million danters.

Paper contracts are still rare in Amn, but as bankers and financiers discover new ways to bankroll business ventures and manipulate the markets for profit, the importance of "paper fortunes" will increase.

Amn's reputation as a trading nation has been forged by centuries of travel throughout the Forgotten Realms, trading practically anything to anybody. Exports from Amn itself include fruits and grains, herbs, timber, gems and precious metals, fine textiles, and high-quality furniture, jewelry, and other handcrafts. Importers have learned that the residents of Amn are a tough lot to please; they're accustomed to getting the best, and there's little they haven't seen. As a result, traders are always looking for something new or different that may catch the fancy of the jaded Amn consumer and become the next fad. Andruth Pearlseeker of Keczulla made an unexpected fortune when he bought three wagonloads of eggs in Cormyr; bad weather delayed his return trip, and by the time he got back to Amn, nearly half the eggs had hatched, revealing strange, small, blue, flightless birds. Suddenly, the birds became a fad pet for the women of Amn upper society, and instead of getting mere fandars per egg, Andruth sold every bird (over 23,000 of them) for 150 danters apiece.

Many Amn merchants go years without setting foot in their home country, preferring to trade among outside countries than travel back and forth to Amn. There is no cargo so strange, no trip so long or hazardous, that an Amn trader won't try it if the money is right. The term "an Amn job" is used throughout the Forgotten Realms to describe a task of any sort that, despite the eventual profit, is so much trouble that only a fanatic would attempt it.



Cities

The following is a list of the major cities and towns of Amn:

Amnwater

Amnwater is an important crossroads in north central Amn. It is the meeting place of the Eshpurta Road, the South Fork (to Purskul), and the Esmel Road (to Esmeltaran). It is a fairly small town (population: 11,000), especially in view of its importance.

As one would expect, the main business of Amnwater is to cater to caravans and other travelers passing through. There are several excellent inns, many more adequate ones, and dozens of taverns. In addition, there are several places where wagons can be bought or repaired, and numerous stables and horse dealers.

Many guards-for-hire call Amnwater home, because it offers the best opportunity to find work in many different direc-

tions. Frequently, a caravan will come limping into town after an accident or bandit attack, looking to bolster its security. For this reason, there are also several armorers who work in town; their work is reputable, but because they often have their customers at a disadvantage because of an emergency, the prices can be inordinately high.

Athkatla

Athkatla is the largest city in Amn (population: 425,000), its capital. The Council of Six lives and meets here; the rest of the Amn bureaucracy is also headquartered in this port city. The National Mint (where all the coins are struck), the Council Library (containing mostly business records), and other important national offices are here as well.

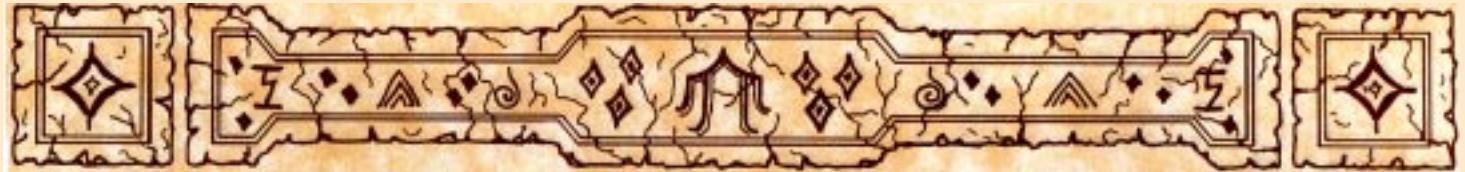
If one city can be said to be the center of Amn business, it is Athkatla. It is Amn's largest port, and the home of the country's most powerful merchant houses. Many houses that got their

start in other parts of the country move to Athkatla when they get big enough. Moving to Athkatla is a sign that a business has "arrived" in the upper crust of Amn commerce. Most smaller trading houses also have representatives in Athkatla, because it is nearly impossible to break into the big time without dealing in the capital.

As befits a city of such stature, Athkatla has the largest and most diverse market quarter in all of the Forgotten Realms, including Waterdeep. The expression "draw air in Athkatla" means to fail in a can't-miss situation; if you can't find a particular item in this market (legal or otherwise), you're not looking in the right places.

Actually, there are very few items that are illegal in Athkatla. Only the most dangerous and addictive drugs are banned; sales of other things, like liquor, powerful magical supplies, and dangerous alchemical compounds are not allowed to minors (defined in Amn as persons under 14 years of age).

For as long as anyone can remember,



Athkatla has been embroiled in a not-so-friendly rivalry with Waterdeep for the position and status of top trading city on the Sword Coast. Both cities employ spies to find out what new trade routes and markets the other is exploiting, and neither is above arranging the occasional "accident" to one of the others' caravans. Current rumors are that Waterdeep is increasing the size of its militia in anticipation of an invasion by Athkatla forces. Athkatlans find the idea sort of amusing—"Don't they know that war ruins business?"—but are more worried that Waterdeep is using the story as an excuse to plan its own attack.

Athkatla is also the home of many large and influential organizations and guilds. One of the most powerful and notorious is the Shadow Thieves, one of the largest thieves' guild in all the Realms. Expelled from Waterdeep long ago, the Shadow Thieves' choice of Athkatla as a relocation spot sparked the great rivalry between the two cities. Waterdeep has long feared that the Shadow Thieves are planning a bold stroke to exact their revenge—a fear that is not entirely without justification.

The Shadow Thieves are run by a man known only as "Deepshadow." Deepshadow makes an occasional public appearance (he is not a total recluse), but he prefers to operate in private, most often in his own guild hall (called "Shadowhouse"). Rated strictly by income, the Shadow Thieves are the ninth-biggest business in Athkatla. This makes Deepshadow one of the most powerful businessmen in the city, and he has used his position to further his own personal fortune (rumored to be in the tens of millions of danters) and the position of his organization. There is now no chance that the Shadow Thieves will be cast out of Athkatla like they were in Waterdeep; too many powerful people—including the Council of Six—depend on them.

Deepshadow is a human of Lawful Evil alignment. He is a 12th level assassin and a 5th level thief with a Strength of 17, an Intelligence of 17 and a Dexterity of 18. The Shadow Thieves have over 500

thieves and assassins actually living and practicing in Shadowhouse, another 3500 or so active members living elsewhere in the city, and a "reserve roster" of part-time and retired operatives (plus specialists) numbering over 10,000.

Shadowhouse is also an extensive training facility. Guild members (even those not living there) are encouraged to use the facility, though it is understood that if a member uses the facilities, he owes a service to the guild. Shadowhouse is also the location of the original "Assassin's Run," a training ground copied by many others. For more on the Shadow Thieves, see below (under "Characters").

Crimmor

Crimmor is a medium-sized town (population: 80,000) that owes its prosperity to its location. It is a major crossroads, freight and trading center, as well as the center for Northwest Amn's agricultural and mining concerns.

Crimmor is perfectly located for trade. The Alandor River flows from Lake Weng through town toward Athkatla and the sea. Goods use both the Alandor and the River Road along its banks to get to the capital. To the east, the Eshpurta Road is the major east-west road in northern Amn. And to the north and south, of course, the Trade Way extends all the way to Calimport in the south and beyond Baldur's Gate in the north.

Crimmor sees a tremendous amount of trade goods and freight pass through its gates and docks. Goods from all over the Realms are routinely brought by road to Crimmor, then transferred to barges for the last leg of the journey to Athkatla and the sea. Freight from Athkatla follows the reverse route; there is never a lack of work.

In addition, Crimmor is a major center for the processing of precious metals and gems mined in the nearby Cloud Peaks. A good portion of the metal is shipped directly to the capital for minting into coins, but Crimmor is

also a major jewelry-making center. (While Crimmor's jewelers are certainly adequate, for some reason jewelry from here has fallen into disfavor among Amn's upper crust—it is seen as somehow inferior.)

One area in which the Crimmor name is synonymous with top-of-the-line is in carts and wagons. Zan Zoldaftel is known throughout Amn as the finest wagon maker that ever was, a reputation that has spread into other lands and has also inspired counterfeitors. Zoldaftel has been forced to place a magical dweomer on his authentic "ZZ" logo so that buyers can tell the difference between his wagons and the fakes.

Over the years, Zoldaftel has taken on many apprentices who have gone on to run their own wagon-making shops. Some of these apprentices have nearly as good a reputation as Zoldaftel himself, and they can also be found in Crimmor. One of the conditions Zan imposes on would-be apprentices is a promise that should the apprentice complete the training and start his own business, that business must also be located in Crimmor. Zan isn't worried about the competition, and besides, there's plenty of work for everybody. This is Zoldaftel's way of making sure that Crimmor remains pre-eminent in this field.

Crimmor is also the center for northern agricultural products—apples, pears, winter wheat, corn, oats, barley, hops, malt, and mild and sweet peppers. Crimmor beers and ales are also well-known for their quality, though they are considered too "common" for the upper crust of Amn society.

Eshpurta

Eshpurta is a town with an image problem. It is good-sized (population: 110,000), nestled in a beautiful valley in the foothills of the western end of the Troll Mountains. But despite its abundant natural resources and great beauty, Eshpurta is regarded by most of Amn as a frontier backwater on the edge of civilization.

Eshpurta has a very large military



garrison, and this is greatly responsible for its reputation. The garrison is considered necessary; military strategists have long ago decided that the open plain between the Troll Mountains and the Snowflake Mountains to the northeast of Amn was the most likely route an invader would take. As a result, Eshpurta is the military headquarters for the entire eastern half of the country.

Nearly 20,000 soldiers, officers, instructors and other military specialists live and work in Eshpurta. Amn's largest military training center (The Golden Fortress) is here, as well as the government's arms and armor makers. The military is Eshpurta's major industry.

In addition to the large-scale arms makers, a number of fine craftsmen have moved to Eshpurta to set up shop and cater to the officers and other more well-to-do members of the military, selling higher quality (and frequently magical) arms and armor.

Eshpurta has very little violent crime (there are easier targets for bandit gangs than cities with permanent military installations), but is rife with the so-called "victimless crimes" that cater to the vices of the soldier—gambling, and loan sharking, among other things. While Amn's notion of "free enterprise" protects most of these operations most of the time, the administrators of The Golden Fortress take note of those establishments which seem to cause the most trouble for their soldiers. Frequently, these establishments end up the victims of "accidents" during catapult practice.

While the military is not Eshpurta's only claim to fame, most of its other industries are somehow related to the army. There are extensive iron deposits in the mountains to the east, and extensive mining in the area provides the raw material for the arms and armor makers of town. Smaller deposits of coal, nickel, and electrum are also exploited.

In what is probably an overreaction to its "backwater" reputation, Eshpurta has an extensive arts and culture program, with a fine opera and several

handsomely-paid "town artists" who provide murals and sculptures throughout the city. Also, the city hosts an "Ice Sports Festival" every other Deepwinter (January). The festival's sledding, tobogganing, skiing, and speed skating events attract competitors from throughout the Realms. The popular winter game "Icedrop" (played with toboggans and an inflated sheep's bladder) was invented here, and at every festival Eshpurta's town team takes on all comers; they haven't lost yet.

Esmeltaran

Esmeltaran is perhaps the most beautiful city in all of Amn. Situated on the shore of Lake Esmel in the very center of the nation, Esmeltaran is well-known as a playground for the rich and a meeting place where many of the biggest deals in Amn are made.

Lake Esmel is the largest freshwater lake in the Empires of the Sands, and ideal for swimming, boating, and fishing. Fed by four rivers which originate in the melting snows of both the Cloud Peaks and the Small Teeth, the lake (particularly the eastern half) is quite cold. However, hot springs near the city provide both temperate swimming waters in the lake and spas for the wealthy in town.

Tourism is this small (population: 35,000) city's main industry. Hotels, inns, spas, theaters, exclusive clubs, and luxury villas abound. Esmeltaran has gone to great trouble to cultivate the image of the city as the "in" place for the top rank of Amn society. This campaign has been very successful. Nearly every family that can afford it has a summer home in Esmeltaran, and families that can't afford it still brag to their neighbors about taking a holiday to this city.

Because of the high concentration of the upper crust of business and society in town, two things are common. One, some of the most lavish parties ever seen are thrown here, as rival families and trading houses try to outdo each other on the social scale. The second is

that Esmeltaran is often seen as "neutral ground" for business rivals to meet and hammer out their differences.

Esmeltaran's other major industry is fishing. The waters of Lake Esmel are full of fish of all kinds, and the risks are low—the waters are calm, and storms are rare. The dunchow, a fish found only in this lake, is a specialty of most Esmeltaran inns and boarding houses, and is also a prized delicacy elsewhere in Amn.

Imnescar

Imnescar is a small (population: 17,000) town that is the center for agriculture in southwest Amn. It is also a popular way station and overnight stop for travel on the Trade Way.

Imnescar is also the end of the South Road, a good but small road that follows the Small Teeth (for this reason it is sometimes referred to as "The Gumline") to the three Hillforts (described below) and then turns north to Eshpurta.

The agricultural region Imnescar is the center of a fertile, warm area famous for its fruits. Oranges, tangerines, grapes, dates, lemons, limes, avocados, and artichokes all grow in abundance here, and the region is also a major grain producer. Just a few miles to the west of town are Amn's finest wineries.

The continuing instability in Tethyr has the people of Imnescar worried. There was a lot of trouble here years ago when the first wave of refugees from Tethyr hit, as the long-time residents worried about losing jobs and land to the "foreigners"; the local authorities want to make sure that doesn't happen again. And even though the town isn't exactly on the Tethyr border, there is also concern an expansionist leader could take power and make trouble. The Council of Six is not as concerned, but they have responded to a request by the Imnescar Town Council and sent 150 army regulars to bolster the town militia.



Keczulla

Keczulla was started centuries ago as a mining town. After the mineral veins were played out, the town nearly disappeared before it became a popular stopping place for caravans and other travelers on the Eshpurta road. Recently, discoveries of new gem and mineral deposits have swelled the population of this city to over 42,000.

Every few years, a new example of a "dirt to diamonds" story (as they are called in Amn) happens to reaffirm the people's belief that Amn is a land where opportunity is everywhere. Last year, the lucky example was Keczulla shopkeeper Pulth Tanislove. He purchased the books and papers of a hermit who lived on the edge of town from the hermit's heirs, who came to Keczulla to settle the hermit's estate upon his death. Upon examining the papers (something the heirs hadn't bothered to do), he discovered an entire book devoted to finding a lost gem mine that most thought never existed. Convinced he could find the mine based on the information in the hermit's book, Tanislove sold controlling interest in his book shop, bought the necessary equipment, deeds and permits, and left Keczulla amid much laughter.

The laughter ended three months later when Pulth returned to Keczulla

with just under half a million danters' worth of rubies. He used the money to buy up more land along the Ridge north of town, where he had discovered more gems and minerals. Today, only two years later, Pulth Tanislove is the owner of Tanislove Mines, the largest gem, mineral, and precious metal mining company in all of Amn. His personal fortune is estimated at 700 million danters, and his success is single-handedly responsible for the rebirth of Keczulla as a major city.

Many other successful mining concerns have sprung up around Keczulla in the past two years, producing everything from iron and electrum to salt. Precious gems and metals of all kinds have been found, and they are even rumors that one company (the rumors disagree on which one) has found a vein of adamantite and is secretly smuggling it out directly to Athkatla.

While thousands have flocked to Keczulla to try and duplicate (or perhaps just share in) Tanislove's success, the other businesses of Keczulla continue. A major travel stop on the Eshpurta Road, the town is filled with inns, taverns, stables, wagoners, and guards for hire. There is also an army outpost here, with 1000 men (200 of them cavalry) charged with keeping the Eshpurta Road clear from Amnwater to halfway to Eshpurta.

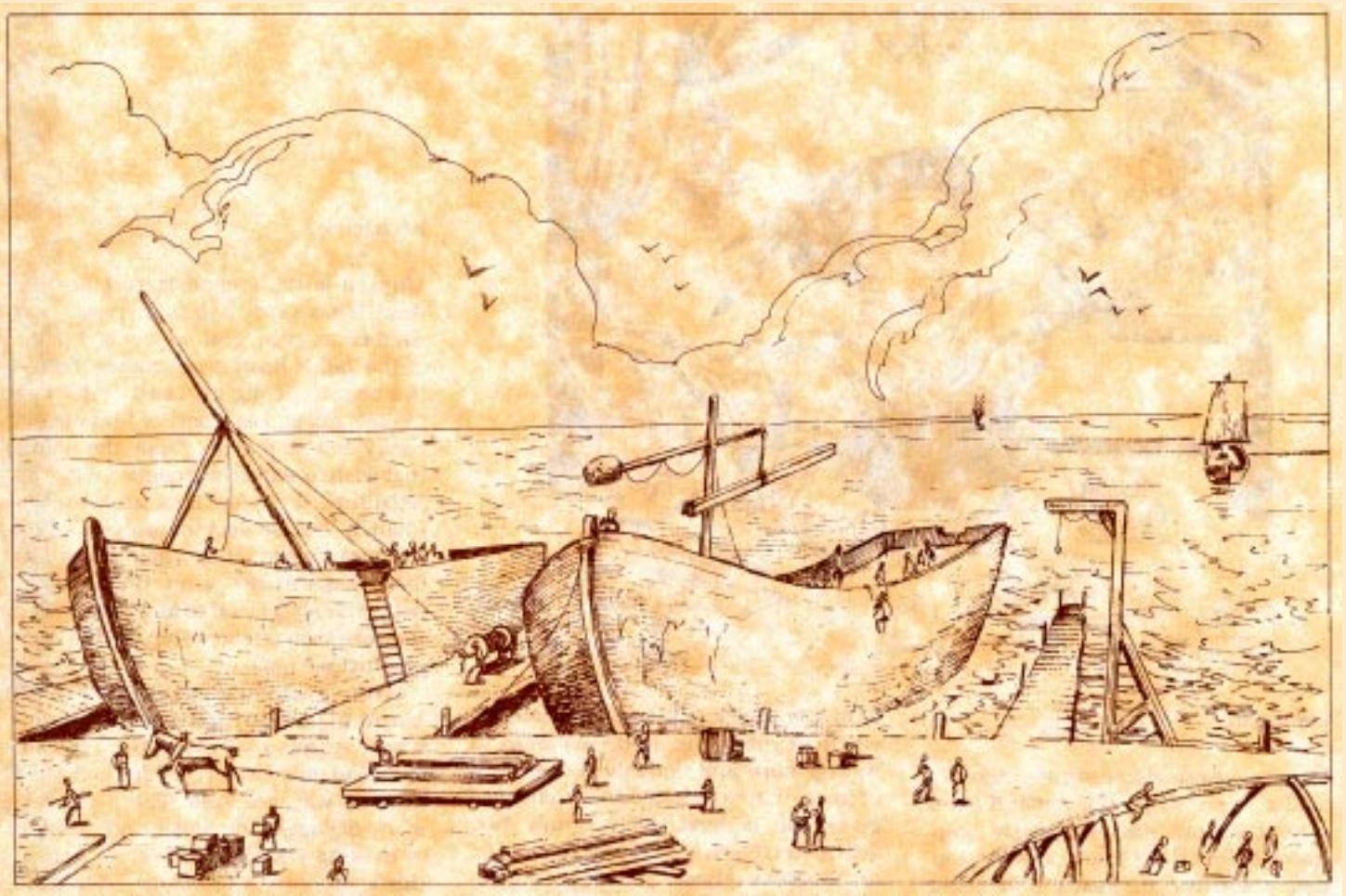
Murann

Murann is the second largest port in Amn. It has a very important position in Amn commerce, both as the end point of the Tethir Road (that crosses the entire country along its southern border to Riatavin) and as a port of first opportunity for shipments from the south that wish to avoid close contact with the Nelanther. Both The Race and Asavir's Channel can be very dangerous when the pirates are active, and many Calishite merchants send their north-bound goods by land to Murann, where they are then put on a ship for the journey further north.

With a population of 130,000, Murann has an extensive shipyard where vessels of all kinds, from private yachts to massive cargo ships and huge ships of war, are built. There are also many drydocks for repair and refitting of existing vessels. Nowhere in Amn is the flavor of the sea stronger. While the port of Athkatla is larger, it is just one feature of a diverse city: Murann's port is the heart of the city. Amn boys who crave the life of the sea don't go to Athkatla—they come here.

Murann is also the home of Amn's navy, such as it is. Amn expects most merchants to pay for their own private protection, but the Council of Six has allocated some funds for a small navy in the realization that with a concentrated attack, the pirates of Nelanther can mount a challenge beyond the ability of any single private fleet to handle. The navy does not have very many ships, mostly small, fast boats for pursuing the speedy pirates. In an emergency, the navy may force any private escort vessels it wants to help repel an attack, but this is a right reserved for full-scale invasions, and has never been used.

Murann has one other claim to fame. It is the home of the largest and most respected Alchemist's Guild in all of Amn. Murann residents love to brag that the guild is the equal of any in Cormyr or Thay, but there's really no way of knowing if that's true. Wherever it ranks in the



overall list, there is no doubt that the group in Murann is impressive. They have been credited with the creation and refinement of many important potions and compounds, including the *potion of treasure finding* (which, considering Amn's preoccupation with money, should come as no surprise).

The guild runs a very complete shop in the market plaza where nearly any alchemical component or finished product can be purchased at a reasonable market price. The shop will also purchase rare components at a fair price, though the guild has no need for common components or finished products.

Nashkel

Nashkel is the northernmost city in Amn, and the coldest. Situated on the north side of the Cloud Peaks on the Trade Way, this small town (population: 4,500) bears the brunt of every winter storm that spends itself on the Peaks. The townspeople are hardy, however,

and never complain about the weather, no matter how miserable.

Nashkel is an important stopping place for southbound caravans and other travelers. Here they can get the information, guides, and equipment necessary to successfully cross the Cloud Peaks if they are not already prepared. At least once a winter, a caravan (always on a first trip through the Peaks) ignores help in Nashkel, gets surprised by a quickly rising winter storm, and has to be rescued. Sometimes, such a caravan takes a wrong turn in a mountain pass and isn't discovered until the spring thaw.

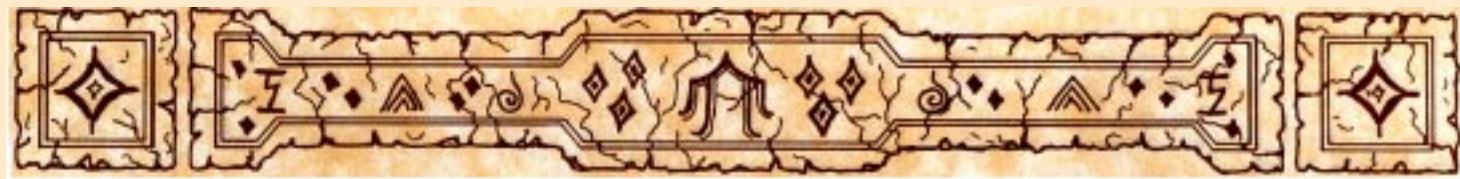
The people of Nashkel also make a fair amount of money hunting and trapping the local wildlife for both meat and furs. There is not a very large demand for furs in Amn because of the generally warm climate, but Amn traders still recognize value.

Purskul

Purskul is another important trade and

freight center in the center of western Amn. It is also the location of the largest grain warehouses in the country. Grain from throughout central Amn arrives via either barge on the Esmel River or caravan on the Trade Way or the South Fork, and is stored, graded, and brokered here. Other goods come through the vast barge docks on the banks of the Esmel as well, but grain is Purskul's lifeblood.

Handling the grain, transferring it from cart to barge to silo, bagging it, and shipping it is difficult, heavy work. This is the main reason that Purskul has the only significant half-orc population in all of Amn. The half-orcs are paid fairly well (for menial labor) but are looked down on by the general population. "Discrimination" is probably too strong a word for it (there are no businesses, for example, from which they are banned), but the human majority definitely considers the half-orcs inferior. Of the 16,000 people living here, about 2,500 are half-orcs.



Riatavin

Riatavin is a major center of commerce, especially when it comes to business with Chondath, the Shaar, and points further east. It is one of the largest cities in Amn (population: 220,000) and considers itself a rival to Athkatla in sophistication and importance. Most Athkatlans feel that to even compare the two would be giving Riatavin too much credit.

Athkatlan snobbishness aside, Riatavin is an important city. Riatavin serves as an anchor of Amn influence in the southeast corner of the nation, and could serve as a springboard for expansion into northeast Tethyr or the area east of the Snowflake Mountains. It is also where the merchants of Amn arrange business throughout the east—as far as Thay, and often farther.

Like most other major cities in Amn, there is a spectacular market where nearly anything can be bought or sold. The usual “support industries” of commerce can be found here: wagon makers, fine taverns, moneylenders, guards for hire, stables, and inns. In addition, Riatavin is an important livestock center. Cattle, hogs, and oxen are plentiful in the grasslands surrounding the city, and these livestock are known throughout the country: “Tender as a Riatavin steak” is a common expression.

Riatavin is also the home of Samdusk Sorocene, a maker of musical instruments with a reputation throughout the Realms. Sorocene makes all kinds of instruments, but his specialty is lutes. A bard’s lute made by Sorocene costs twice as much as normal, but the bard using the instrument gets a ten percent bonus to all spells associated with songs played on it.

Trademeet

Trademeet is a crossroads town where the Trade Way and Tethir Road intersect. It has a population of 8,800, and all the standard businesses and facilities expected at a major crossroads; it is not

remarkable in this sense.

What makes Trademeet remarkable is the tradition of “Merchant’s Peace” that has existed there unbroken for (the legends say) over 430 years. It is said that this peace was declared by the goddess Waukeen herself, and a large shrine to her is in the center of town, on the spot where she is said to have appeared.

“Merchant’s Peace” is a state in which a merchant must be in complete accord with his fellow tradesmen. All negotiations must be completely honest, withholding nothing; no ambushes or thefts may be carried out, or even planned within the town; merchants cannot even disagree on what to have for dinner.

Peer pressure among merchants is usually enough to ensure the “Merchant’s Peace” is preserved. If that is not enough, there are many stories (some even verified) of businessmen who break the peace having terrible bad fortune strike them shortly thereafter, usually something having to do with the way the merchant broke the peace in the first place.

The story is told of a merchant of Keczulla, his name lost in the passing of time, who sent his guards to delay another merchant’s caravan on the edge of town, hoping to enter ahead of the other merchant and get the last room in Trademeet’s best inn. The approaching guards panicked some of the horses in the second merchant’s caravan, his personal carriage overturned and slid down an embankment into a stream, and before help could get down the embankment, the merchant inside was drowned. The first merchant continued his journey to Murann, and boarded a boat for Waterdeep. A terrible storm struck the fleet the first night out, and a tremendous wave struck the lead ship, carrying the merchant from Keczulla overboard. As soon as the merchant was lost, the storm stopped; the merchant was never heard from again.

Trailstone

Trailstone is little more than a collection of inns and taverns that cater to travelers along the Tethir Road. The town was completely built from the personal fortune of the Spulzeer family, to give travelers a place to stay other than Castle Spulzeer; given the unfortunate history of that castle (see below), it seems as good an explanation as necessary.

Places of Interest

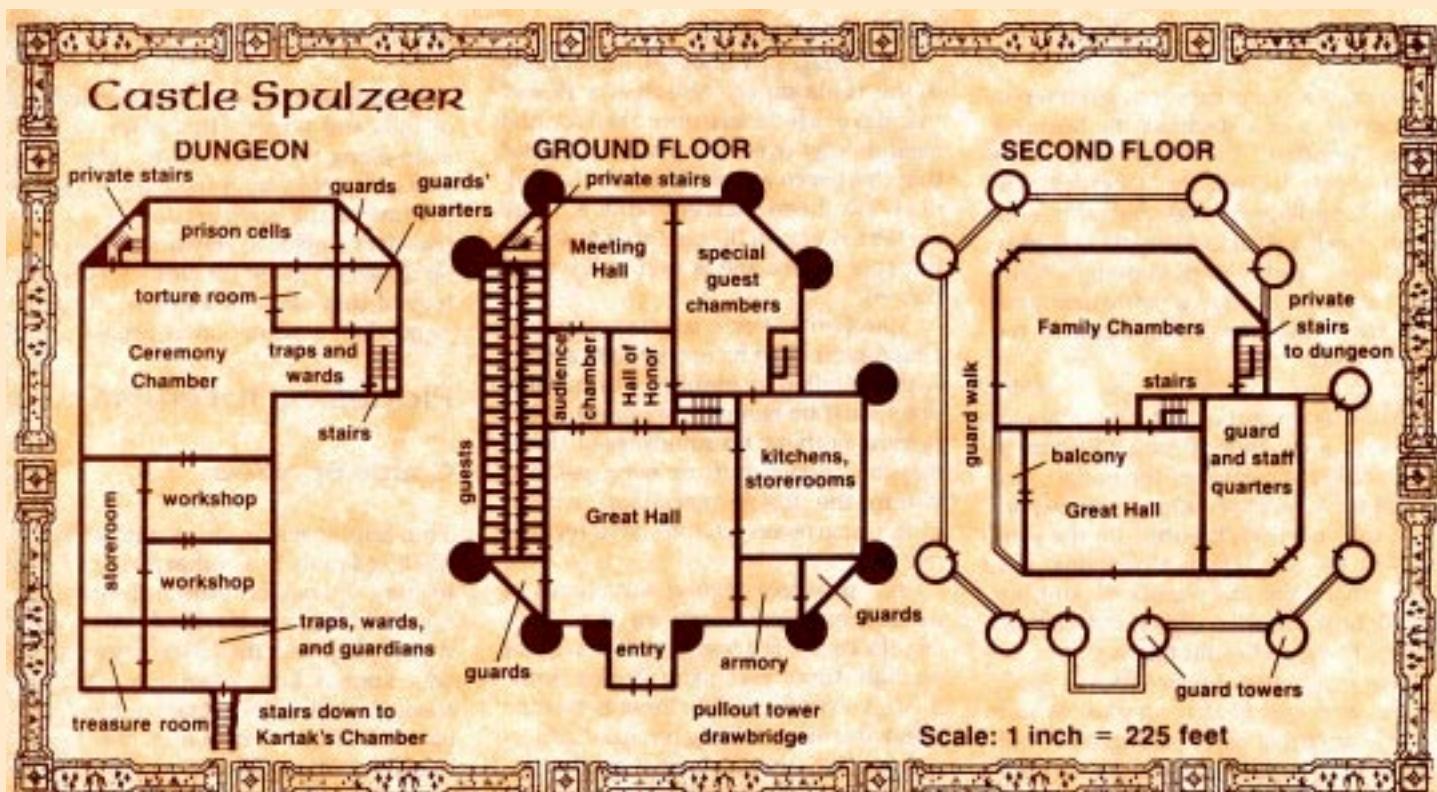
Castle Spulzeer

The Spulzeers were a major landholding family in southern Amn; in its heyday, the family castle and surrounding buildings were a small town unto themselves, and the castle’s hospitality was known and taken advantage of throughout the area. Many a merchant caravan with a choice of routes would take the Tethir Road for an opportunity to spend a night at Castle Spulzeer.

It was eight years ago that things began to change. The outer grounds fell into disrepair, and the castle itself was somehow less wholesome. Entire branches of the Spulzeer family disappeared; the ones that were left continued to offer the hospitality of the castle to travelers, but the visitors began to sense it was out of duty and tradition, not from any real desire to help.

The remaining Spulzeers began to attract a whole new kind of servant and retinue: tall, fur-clad barbarians; painted tribesmen from faraway lands; half-(and some more than half) orcs; and a morbid collection of misshapen and disfigured freaks of all races.

The rumors (fed by the imagination of frightened travelers) of Castle Spulzeer grew ever worse. There were stories of muffled cries in the middle of the night, shadows that passed over the sun on cloudless days, darkened shapes of unknown monsters circling the castle in the hours before dawn, and other fantastic stories. Most discounted the



rumors as campfire stories told to scare children, but as more and more people returned from Castle Spulzeer with similar stories, the doubts ended.

Things got so bad that eventually travel on the Tethir Road suffered, and so did business. Once that happened, the Council of Six was quick to intervene. An emissary was sent to the castle; he returned, shaken, but with an agreement. The sole surviving Spulzeer family member, Chardath, agreed to build an inn and tavern and several other buildings in the farming community of Trailstone, directly on the Tethir Road. Travelers now use the road regularly again, but nobody takes the 12-mile side trip to visit Castle Spulzeer.

Nine years ago, Chardath Spulzeer found an ancient book left by a centuries-dead ancestor named Kartak Spellseer. Intrigued by the book's promise of great wealth hidden in the depths of the castle, Chardath carefully followed the instructions in the book—and awoke the long asleep lich form of Kar-

tak Spellseer. Kartak rewarded Chardath with gems and magic (including an *unholy avenger sword +5*: as a *holy avenger +5*, but lawful Evil) worth hundreds of thousands of danters, and began his plans to reestablish his power in the region. Chardath was completely intimidated by Kartak, and did whatever he was told.

Kartak was never a particularly wholesome person, and he became downright bizarre as a lich. The freaks and strange servants were his idea of entertainment; other members of the Spulzeer family who objected were brutally murdered, usually by unseen magical creatures. Only after the visit from the emissary of the Council of Six did Kartak agree that allowing visitors to stay in the castle was probably a bad idea.

The past two years, Kartak has been busy practicing his rusty magical skills and re-establishing the magical guards about his various treasure chambers and workshops. Chardath is the only surviving Spulzeer; Kartak finds him

useful, and also senses a closeness of spirit between the two (note the similarity in their names). Today, Castle Spulzeer is filled with magical creatures of every type, magical libraries and workshops, and fantastic treasure rooms. (The map shows the castle as it was eight years ago; today, many of the guest rooms and family chambers have been converted to treasure rooms and magical workshops.) And Kartak has made plans with many would-be allies: demons, devils, orc and hobgoblin chieftains, and even a dragon.

Soon, very soon, Kartak will emerge as a terrible lich with the spells of a 31st-level magic user, and will start building a kingdom for himself. He will look first to the chaotic land of Tethyr to the south, but his appetite is sure to grow.



Amnur Citadel

The Citadel of Amnur is one of two heavily-fortified military outposts recently completed in the Cloud Peaks in response to the ever-growing trouble with demon and orc armies farther to the north. The citadel has 720 soldiers and officers permanently assigned; if necessary, an additional 1500 troops will fit inside.

The citadel's outer walls are 40' high and 6' thick. There is a 10'-wide walkway around the top for defensive troops. In addition to being adequately defensible under attack, it is also strategically placed as a jumping-off point for offensive action.

Morale is low at Amnur Citadel, because of dissatisfaction with the commander, Endrick Hardl. Hardl is an inexperienced soldier (only 3d level) with a very nice suit of armor (+4 scale mail and shield) and a rich family with connections. He can't decide whether he wants his men to like him, respect him, or fear him—as a result, they do none of the three. The situation is bad, but nobody in authority will believe how bad until the troops enter battle. By then it will be too late.

Rashturl Citadel

The Citadel of Rashturl is identical in design and make-up to Amnur. The difference is in its commander; the two are as different as night and day.

Reyni Delapond is a skilled, experienced soldier and leader who came up through the ranks. He is 7th level, with a Strength of 18/35, Dexterity of 17, and Charisma of 18. He is much-loved by his

troops, who would gladly die for him. However, they are so well trained, that doesn't seem likely to happen.

Rashturl Citadel is considered one of the "pearl" assignments in the Amn army, because of Delapond and also because of a training program of remarkable effectiveness devised by Delapond and his staff. Fighters must be members of the Amn army assigned to Rashturl to qualify, but those who participate in the program fulfill their training requirements for level advancement in 1/3 the normal time.

The Fangs

The Fangs are a pair of steep crags in the Cloud Peaks. The Trade Way passes directly between the two (in Fang Pass, naturally), and the spot where the road passes directly between the two peaks is generally considered the northern boundary of Amn (even though the town of Nashkel is a little farther north). The spot is marked by a large standing stone.

The Fangs are not the tallest mountains in the range, but they are the most difficult to climb because of their sheer sides and treacherous ice sheets. A remorhaz was slain in Fang Pass a few years ago, and though many adventurers searched for its lair, it was never found. Fourteen men have died in mountain climbing "accidents" in the various searches since then; 23 more were never found and are presumed dead. It is reasonable to assume that the dead monster left behind a mate and young, who are even now growing to maturity.

Ishla Hillfort

Unlike the citadels to the north, which are newly-constructed and state of the art military design, the Hillfort of Ishla (as well as the other two hillforts) has been around longer than anyone can remember. There are no surviving records to indicate when they were built; they've just always been there.

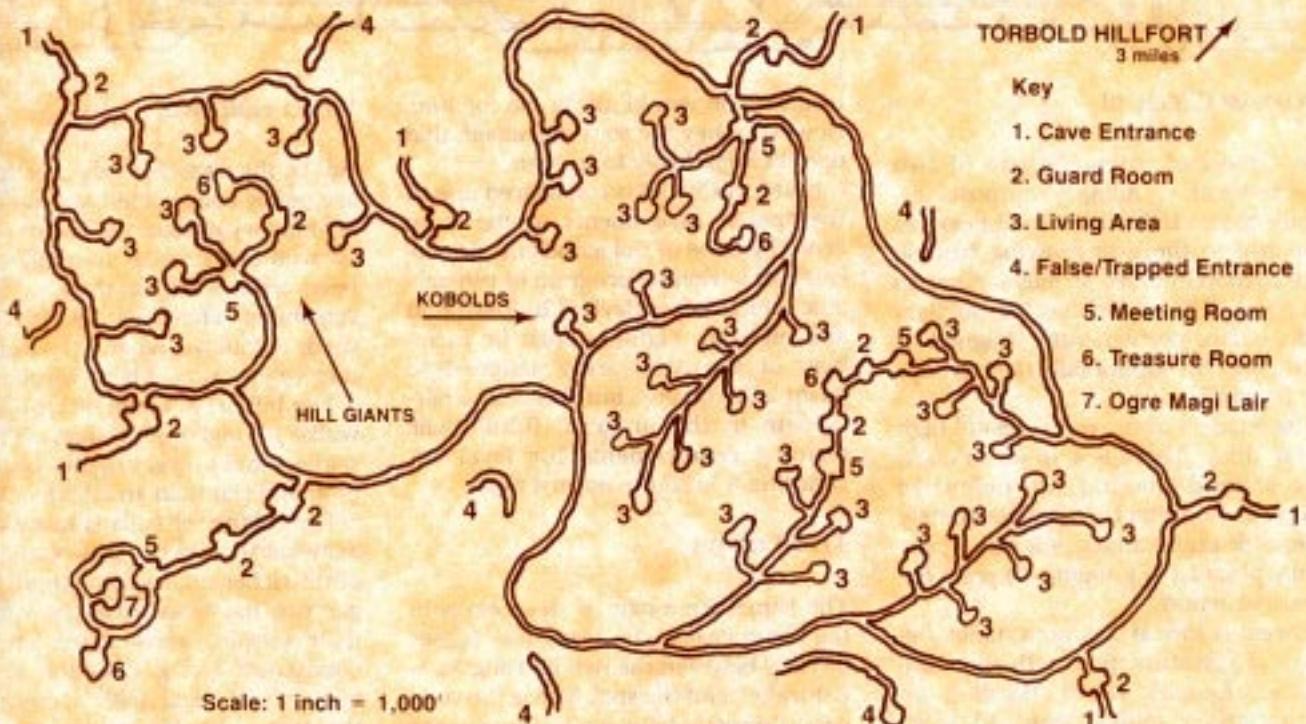
The hillfort is made of log-and-earth walls, 15' high and 3' thick. It has 315 soldiers and officers regularly assigned to it, and can hold an additional 500.

The Hillfort of Ishla is fairly close to Esmeltaran, and for that reason, many of the richer nobles living there feel the garrison has been put at the hillfort for their personal convenience. Squads are constantly being dispatched to Esmeltaran to deal with "emergencies" that turn out to be demeaning errands. One party hostess wanted a company of foot soldiers to act as waiters. The only reason this is allowed to continue is the businessmen pay rather handsomely, including a sizable bonus for the officer who dispatched the troops.

Keshla Hillfort

The Hillfort of Keshla is substantially the same as Ishla Hillfort, except it is somewhat bigger. It has a permanent garrison of 435, and can hold another 900 if necessary.

Keshla Hillfort is the most remote outpost the army has. Assignment to Keshla is a standard punishment for officers and soldiers who make particularly expensive or stupid mistakes. After a few years of this, Keshla has collected most of the misfits and serious incompetents in the entire army. It's a good thing nothing happens out here.



Torbolt Hillfort

The Hillfort of Torbold is the same size and construction as Ishla Hillfort.

The soldiers of Torbold Hillfort are battle-hardened and tough, as the garrison has been involved in a prolonged battle with a tribe of hill giants for the past 18 months. The giants have attacked the hillfort seven different times, but each time they were repulsed. Punitive raids into the Small Teeth have met with only limited success because the giants know the terrain much better than the soldiers. It is also believed the giants have several underground lairs and a series of tunnels connecting the lairs.

The soldiers of Torbold Hillfort don't know it, but the hill giants are the least of their problems. The giants are working for a mated pair of ogre magi who are carving out an underground empire in the Small Teeth. The tunnel system links not only several large treasure troves, but also the lairs of several thousand kobolds, also under the control of the ogre

magi (see the map). The kobolds are currently doing nothing but breeding and training; when the time is right, the ogre magi will send them out.

Lake Esmel

Lake Esmel is the largest body of fresh water in the Empires of the Sands. It is so deep it has never been accurately measured. It is fed by four rivers on three sides, and hot springs on the fourth, the west. The resort city of Esmeltaran lies on the western bank of the lake.

Because of the different temperatures in the lake—cold water in the eastern, snow-fed river end, and warm water in the western, hot spring-fed end—a wide variety of fishes are available in abundance. The lake is not prone to dangerous currents or storms, either, and the fishing is very good (and profitable) year round.

The only black spot on this otherwise perfect situation is the Monster of the Lake. The locals affectionately call it

"Esmelda," and while it is blamed for the occasional disappearance of a fishing boat or lone swimmer, most of the area residents believe the monster to be a quaint myth, a convenient excuse to tell tall tales at a tavern and scare visitors, but not really true.

They're wrong. There is a Monster of the Lake (actually, just over a dozen of them), and they are as dangerous as they are reclusive. The monster's real name is pythosaurus, and it is nearly 200' long from head to tail when fully grown. Its central body is only 120' long and 30' across, with four large flippers for guidance. The 60' to 80' long neck appears to be that of an eel, and the head in which it ends looks like a cross between a snake and a dragon. An eight-foot-tall, rigid dorsal spine runs along the back of this gill-breather's neck.

The pythosaurus is not particularly intelligent, but is an efficient, ravenous eater that is usually quite hungry. Fortunately for the human users of Lake Esmel, the pythosaurus prefers cold water, so it stays away from the west-



ern end of the lake and the surface. The pythosaurus is usually a solitary animal, meeting others only to mate and to teach the young how to hunt. Since the pythosaurus is such a fast learner, the family usually stays together only a few weeks after the eggs are hatched, and then the offspring are left to fend for themselves.

PYTHOSAURUS

FREQUENCY: Rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 4

MOVE: //30"

HIT DICE: 18

% IN LAIR: Nil

TREASURE: Nil

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 5-30

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Swallow whole

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

INTELLIGENCE: Animal

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SIZE: L

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes:

Nil/Nil

LEVEL/X.P. VALUE:

VI/2200 + 20/hp

If the Pythosaurus attacks any creature less than 10' long (or tall, or whatever) and rolls 10 higher than is needed to hit (or a 19 or 20 in any case), the victim is swallowed whole. A swallowed victim will take 2 hit points per round as the monster digests it. A body killed in this manner cannot be resurrected, regenerated, raised, or brought back in any way short of a full wish.

Mt. Speartop

Mt. Speartop is the tallest mountain in the Cloud Peaks, and can easily be seen on clear days from Athkatla. It is such a stunning sight that it is part of daily life in the capital, clear day or no; "I swear on Speartop" is a common oath among the lower classes of not only Athkatla,

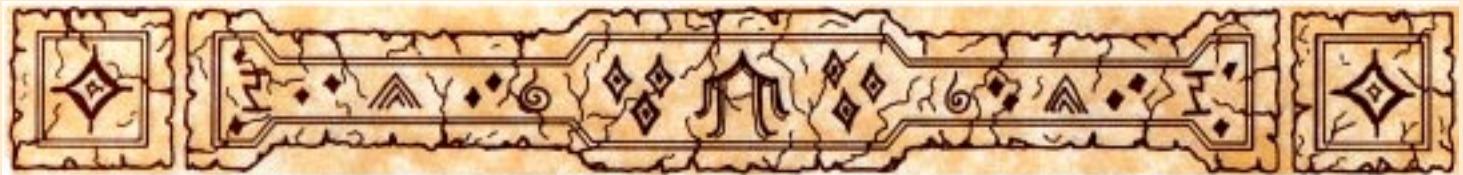
but all of Amn.

Climbing Speartop is a popular challenge for the athletically-minded of Amn's rich. It is a difficult climb, but if the proper precautions are taken, a mistake is not likely to be fatal. This makes the mountain perfect for the serious hobbyist. Climbers have disappeared peared from Speartop, but most blame foolhardiness—ignoring weather, climbing alone, or not having the right equipment.

Actually, most of the disappearing climbers are the work of Icehaupt, a great white wyrm that lives in an inaccessible cave on the northeast face of Speartop, some 750 feet below the peak. It is usually undisturbed because there are no good climbing paths to the top using that face. The foolish few that try to climb the northeast face for the challenge run into Icehaupt, and their deaths are usually chalked up to climbing accidents.

Icehaupt has not lived to become a great white wyrm by being foolish or stupid. He knows that the best way to deal with humans is to leave them





alone. He rarely leaves his lair any more, and he only attacks lone humans or small groups, and only then if they are in danger of stumbling on to his lair.

As you might expect, Icehaupt has a spectacular treasure, including nearly half a million danters' worth of gems and jewelry, and over 30 significant magical items. If word of it (or of Icehaupt's existence) were to become widely believed, then more fortune seekers than the Great Wyrm could handle would be sure to follow. Icehaupt has not had to move in over 350 years; it is not about to start over in a new territory at this stage in life. For that reason, Icehaupt prefers to stay low, and to attract as little attention as possible. (For more on Forgotten Realms dragons, see page 38 in the *Cyclopedia of the Realms* in the Campaign Set.)

The Ridge

The Ridge is an exposed fault line that runs for over 50 miles along the south edge of the Cloud Peaks at the eastern end of that range. The fault is not active (there have been no earthquakes or tremors in Amn history), but still an impressive sight. At its very center, the Ridge is nearly 280' tall. The face is rough enough for a skilled climber to find the foot- and handholds necessary, but it is harder than it at first looks.

The Ridge is a premium source of all sorts of metals and minerals. Everything from diamonds to granite to gold to sandstone has been mined from some section of the Ridge's face.

Trollford

The Trollford is the spot where the South Rd. crosses the Amstel River south of Eshpurta. It is the only place where the Amstel River is crossable for scores of miles to either side.

The Trollford (and the nearby Troll Mountains) got its name because the area was the home of a large civilization of trolls before men arrived centuries ago. The trolls were hunted to near extinction, but the survivors retreated to

the most remote areas of the Troll Mountains. While there are not nearly as many trolls as there used to be when they controlled the region, there are undoubtedly many more now than there were just 50 years ago.

The military troops in Eshpurta receive special training in dealing with trolls, and will escort any caravan that requests it (for a price) from the town to past the Trollford. Not every caravan wants to pay the price (even though it is not unreasonable), and the troll raiders are becoming bolder by the month.

Even though the trolls were nearly wiped out all those years ago, it is widely known that the bulk of the trolls' magic and treasure was never captured by the human armies. Considering the amount of loot taken from caravans in the past few decades, the total must now be truly impressive.

Characters

The Shadow Thieves

The Shadow Thieves are the largest and best organized thieves' guild in all of Amn. Headquartered in Athkatla, their influence extends far beyond that single city; most of the other guilds in Amn (and a few in Tethyr) have "agreements" with the Shadow Thieves, and the rest of the Amn guilds will fall in line soon.

These "agreements" work like this: The Shadow Thieves train and advise other guilds, helping them organize themselves and plan their work. Guild members can come to Athkatla to receive advanced individual training at Shadowhouse, the guild hall of the Shadow Thieves. The Shadow Thieves also use their extensive influence in Amn government to insure that interference is minimized. Last but not least, the Shadow Thieves will lend specialists to its "affiliate" guilds for specific jobs. All it costs the other guilds is 10 percent of everything they make.

The Shadow Thieves were founded in Waterdeep many years ago, but were thrown out by town leaders who

feared their growing power. Since that humiliation, the Shadow Thieves have vowed two things: one, that they would work themselves into a position of such power that a disgrace like that would never happen again; and two, that Waterdeep would pay.

Athkatla was a perfect choice to achieve both goals. The Council of Six preferred a strong, controllable thieves' guild to the random actions of thousands of independent criminals, and Amn in general has never had any great love for Waterdeep. Shadow Thieves spies have proved very useful in the ongoing trade wars between the two merchant powers.

The Shadow Thieves have their headquarters in a walled-off block called Shadowhouse, near the central business district. Approximately 500 thieves, assassins, and trainees live in the house at any one time. There are also 3,500 other Shadow Thieves members living and working in Athkatla who do not actually live inside Shadowhouse, though they frequently go there to pick up assignments, meet partners, and deliver goods and payments.

On top of that, the Shadow Thieves keep a "reserve roster" list with over 10,000 names on it. The people on this list include part-time, retired and semi-retired, and imprisoned and enslaved members, as well as specialists and experts who are willing to work for the Shadow Thieves on a case-by-case basis.

To keep the image up (and to keep the protection money flowing in), the Shadow Thieves take a very dim view of unauthorized, independent theft in areas they control. Members of the guild usually work harder than the town watch to catch a free-lance operator; when the thief is caught, he or she is given a chance to join the Shadow Thieves in exchange for everything the thief makes the first year. Most of the residents of Shadowhouse are people who took this option. The free-lancer can always refuse, but if he is ever caught again, his body is handed over to the city watch.

The leader of the Shadow Thieves is a man who is known only as "Deepshadow." His real name is unknown.



Deepshadow is a 12th level assassin and 5th level thief of Lawful Evil alignment. He has ST 17, IN 17, WS 15, CN 13, DX 18, CH 13 and 42 hit points. He always wears *bracers of defense armor class 0* and a *cloak of protection +3*, and uses a *dagger +3*. Deepshadow is a master of poisons of all types, and it is safe to assume that his dagger is usually poisoned, as are a number of other hidden needles and secret compartments on his person.

Deepshadow commands a great deal of personal loyalty in Shadowhouse, but he did not rise to his position of power by not being careful. He has at least three bodyguards with him at all times (one 8th level fighter and two 10th levels)—more should he ever leave Shadowhouse.

Cowled Wizards of Amn

The vast majority of the populace of Amn considers the Cowled Wizards to be no more than a legend, and the Cowled Wizards prefer it this way. The Council of Six's laws against magic have guaranteed that many average residents know nothing about them, and what people don't

understand, they fear and try to destroy. Given that climate of ignorance and fear, the Cowled Wizards are just as happy to be left alone.

The Cowled Wizards of Amn are a secret society of high-level magic users who have managed to escape the control of Amn's government and the Council of Six. Information on their numbers, strength, disposition, and most importantly, their goals, is very hard to come by. Spies attempting to infiltrate the organization often emerge with totally different stories, testimony to the Cowled Wizards' ability to outwit the government.

The Cowled Wizards are based in Athkatla, though there are members of the society in every major city of the country. The other major cells of the organization are in Riatavin, Murann, and Keczulla. There are nearly 200 magic users in the organization, some as powerful as 23d level. The majority, however, are in the 8th - 12th level range. The group's goals are to further magical practice and knowledge in the face of a repressive government. The Cowled Wizards are also willing to research,

manufacture and sell spell scrolls, enchanted weapons, and other magical items, but only if they're sure the buyer isn't an agent for the government.

Actually, the Cowled Wizards have little to fear in the way of major government reprisals. This is because Thayze Selemchant, the Meisarch of the Council of Six and the single most powerful person in all of Amn, is a member of the Cowled Wizards. His fellow wizards know him by another name, of course, and the Meisarch is careful to limit his contacts so that he is not accidentally recognized (the group's famous cowled hoods help considerably in that regard).

The Meisarch uses his knowledge of the Cowled Wizards' plans to make sure that the Council of Six's agents don't get too close to them. The Namarch, a fighter with years of army experience, is particularly keen on wiping out the Cowled Wizards. The Meisarch is playing a dangerous game; if his membership became known, the other five members of the council would likely turn on him, and despite his great wealth and power, he would not survive.



Order of The Blue Boar

The Order of the Blue Boar is a group of adventurers that keeps a very low profile due to the local government's dislike of professional adventuring companies. Still, the Blue Boars have done very well for themselves by staying away from jobs that would draw too much attention or stir up too much trouble. Much of the order's work is actually carried out in other countries, another reason the Council of Six doesn't bother with them.

The Order of the Blue Boar was at one time headquartered at Castle Spulzeer; with Chardath Spulzeer's blessing, at least three members of the order could be found there at any one time. Recent developments in Castle Spulzeer have changed that, however, and the order now calls Riatavin home.

The Order of the Blue Boar is a group restricted in membership to experienced, veteran fighters of some wealth, each of whom must be approved by the "Boar's Heads," or governing council of seven warriors. The council maintains a membership roll of "Swords" (approved members), each of whom then can expel persons at will for unprofessional conduct. Members can elect to participate or not to participate in any Order activities (if there are too many applicants for a small-fee job, membership seniority is used to decide who'll get the job).

Each participating member takes a share of the fee, and can take part alone or bring along any assistants or agents (other beings who are not members, including mages, fighting-men, and even trained beasts) he wishes, although he is responsible for the deeds, payment, and care of the hirelings. Some members who are crippled by age, disease, or wounds and can no longer fight are represented by their hirelings, who, if their service meets the council's standards, may well themselves later become members.

The collective experience of the Order's members has earned it the reputation of being wary, cunning, and alert in its work, even though its method of sharing fees generally means that comparatively few swords take the field when the Or-

der is hired. The active membership of the Order is known only to the Heads, although most Order members in any given area know each other. The total is thought to be around 400 at full muster. Many adventurers who belong to the order, however, may be unavailable at a given time due to their own ongoing activities (or recovery from such).

The levels and abilities of the Order vary with its members, which range from 3d to 10th level, but tend to average about 6th. The council determines how many people are needed for a given job, and once the members are selected, the council also chooses the leader. Those seeking the aid of the Order of the Blue Boar must apply in person (or by messenger) to its headquarters in Riatavin. These "Boar's Heads" are all fighters of Lawful Neutral alignment. They are:

Thantan Rhyrdyl, 12th level
Sinnom Thul, 9th level
Ghont Tavvas, 10th level
Gaurundur Thasz, 10th level
Bromdurr Tathen, 11th level
Dustar Klathor, 11th level
Risamar Rhalls, 10th level

The sorts of jobs the Order considers include the rescue of kidnapped people, the return of stolen items, repelling invaders, escorting caravans and emissaries, and the like. The Order will turn down morally repugnant offers (killing children, ambushing rightful leaders) immediately. Morally ambiguous offers usually require a higher than normal fee.

The fees the Order charges depend entirely on the type and scope of the job. Escorting a single wagon for a day through normal territory wouldn't cost much more than 1,000 danters; escorting a 2-mile caravan for three months through enemy territory during a war could cost millions.

Knights of The Shield

The Knights of the Shield are a group about which little is known, other than they have some influence in Amn (among other areas, including Tethyr, Baldur's Gate, and Waterdeep). They seem the most active currently in Wa-

terdeep, where it is rumored that they are trying to recruit members among the important Lords of Waterdeep.

The other persistent rumor about the Knights of the Shield is that the group is headed (or heavily influenced, depending on the particular version of the rumor heard) by an arch-devil disguised as a human. Just which arch-devil it is tends to vary with each individual rumor.

The Knights of the Shield are mentioned here because of two very important Amn citizens who are rumored to be involved. The first is the merchant Morntel, a wealthy trader working for the Redolo house of Athkatla. Morntel was foully murdered in his bedchamber while his bodyguards stood faithfully outside the door, hearing nothing. Magic or a magical or demonic creature is suspected. Morntel was rumored to be in disagreement with the Knights' leadership; those who believe the arch-devil rumor also believe that Morntel discovered that particular secret, and that was why he was murdered.

The other member of the Knights of the Shield is very much alive—Lord Bormul of Crimmor. Nadlok Bormul is very well-known in his home town, as he owns a sizable chunk of it. The Bormul family owns most of the inns and taverns in town, too, and it is said that Bormul has "ears" in all of his businesses to learn news from throughout the Realms.

Bormul is an 11th level fighter of Neutral Evil alignment. His stats are ST 16, IN 14, WS 10, CN 17, DX 12, CH 16, and he has 83 hit points. He wears a *ring of protection* +2 at all times, but carries no other magical items in his day-to-day dealings. When trouble is a possibility, however, he dons *plate mail* and *shield* +1 and wields a *spear* +3 or *sword* +2. He is accompanied by two bodyguards at all times; they are both 5th level fighters.

The ultimate motives of the Knights of the Shield are still unclear. Only one thing is certain: the Knights include Amn in their plans.

Tethyr

Tethyr is a land of both great danger and fantastic opportunity. Because of the lack of any central authority, the land has become a haven for soldiers of fortune, would-be kings, petty tyrants, hunted criminals, persecuted zealots, and profiteers of all types. A strong, daring person could carve out a place in history in Tethyr—or he could meet a quick, violent end.

General Description

The borders of Tethyr are generally agreed to be the Tethir Road to the north, the Snowflake Mountains to the east, and the Sea of Swords to the west. The southern boundary is harder to define, but is considered to be a line cutting through the middle of the Forest of Mir and extending to the coast to the west, turning to the southeast as the forest turns south.

It's easier in some ways to define the boundary by listing what towns and places are on which side of the line. The port city of Myratma, for example, is in Tethyr; its close neighbor Memnon is in Calimshan. Saradush, Ithal Pass and Kzelter are all in Tethyr; everything south of the Marching Mountains is in Calimshan. Monrativi Teshy Mir is considered to be in Calimshan, even though most historians agree that the civilization that used to live there is more directly connected to the people of Tethyr.

Races Appearing

Ten years ago, Tethyr was almost exclusively a human nation. All that changed with the upheavals that deposed the royal family. Humans are still the predominant race in Tethyr, but their days of exclusive monopoly are over.

There have always been rumors of a large elf tribe (perhaps several) in the huge Forest of Tethir, but the elves have been reluctant to show themselves in the past. (Given the former royal family's attitude toward elves, this should be no surprise.) Information on the elves of Tethyr is still sketchy, but one of two things has happened: either a large

number of new elves have moved to the forest in the past five years, so that their sheer numbers make them more visible; or the elves that have always lived there have decided to become more outgoing. Travelers on the Trade Way have reported seeing (and sometimes meeting) large groups of elves. The towns on the edge of the forest, such as Velen, Mosstone, and Port Kir, have also reported increased contact.

There has never been a very large dwarf population in Tethyr, and things have not really changed in the past ten years. There is one small tribe in the eastern end of the Starspire Mountains that regularly sends trading expeditions into Zazesspur, but that's about the extent of it. Saradush and Ithal Pass have an increased contact with dwarves because of the large numbers living throughout the Snowflake Mountains.

Halflings are also common throughout Tethyr, though they are most often found in the Purple Hills near the seacoast. No halflings (or any other non-humans, for that matter) were allowed to participate in Tethyr government, even on a local level, but that has changed. Today, there are several halflings sitting on Town Councils in Tethyr; their influence is greatest in Myratma and Zazesspur.

Gnomes are more common in Tethyr than they are in Amn, but that isn't saying much. They are still a rarity, and when they do appear, it is usually in the employ of a rich noble or businessman.

Half-elves are very common and treated well; half-orcs are nearly as common, but not treated nearly as well. Orcs are considered monsters, not another equal race—they are shunned and hunted down at every opportunity. Half-orcs are barely tolerated in Tethyr society. Of course, there is no institutionalized persecution (there are no institutions), so even a half-orc can succeed in Tethyr, given luck, quick wits, and a strong sword arm.

Languages

Due to the diversity of people in Tethyr, a wide variety of languages are spoken

there. All alignment and race languages are spoken regularly, but nearly everyone also knows the "common" tongue. Common is used if necessary, but is widely despised as a "second," inferior language.

Much of Tethyr's problems with language are political. The former royal family insisted on a common language for all, and outlawed any official documents or communication (even contracts between two agreeing parties) in any other language. Today, liking common is considered a sign of support for the "old days" of the monarchy, a politically unfavorable position. Today, people use common only when necessary; however, it is necessary quite often.

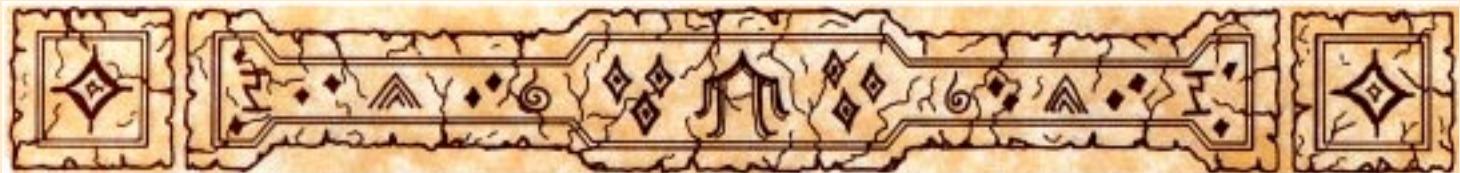
Social Customs

Tethyr society is very open and fair-minded, but also cautious. Another way of saying this is that everyone distrusts everyone else, regardless of race, creed, or position.

This is understandable given the recent history of the area. The treacherous way the royal family was deposed, the subsequent rise and fall of dozens of would-be kings, the town-against-town raiding, and the continued lawlessness of the region have all contributed to a carefulness that borders on paranoia. This is a fairly new outlook, of course—Tethyr is full of long-time residents who love and trust their fellow men and treat them with kindness and respect. A famous Tethyr proverb goes, "Have many friends . . . but know where they keep their weapons."

The people of Tethyr put a very high value on the land itself. Landowners are held in the highest respect, followed closely by anyone who works the land. Even in urban areas, Tethyr citizens take great pride in their individual vegetable gardens and window boxes. City parks in Tethyr are known throughout the Realms for their beautiful and exotic gardens.

The people of Tethyr are still status-conscious, but that status is associated with the land, not with material wealth.



The hostess who wants to impress at a Tethyr social function makes sure the tables are loaded with the finest fresh fruits and vegetables available. Dress is simple and hardy, with the most popular styles variations of work clothes.

The people of Tethyr also greatly admire personal accomplishment in individual work. Inventors, craftsmen, artists, musicians, and writers are well-respected. People here have nothing against money, but simply owning things is not considered proof of a person's value. "Better to create than to buy," is a popular Tethyr saying.

While the current political situation is full of opportunities for ambitious people, the average Tethyr citizen is surprisingly cautious. The former rulers controlled nearly every aspect of Tethyr life, and the residents have gotten used to not making decisions or taking initiative. Rather than stepping forward and taking a hand in shaping the future of the country, most are laying low and waiting for the power struggles to end. Once a winner is established, most people will follow the new leaders with the same unthinking devotion they had for their former king.

Monsters

In the days of the royal family, there were very few monsters in Tethyr; a well-trained army, complete with powerful magic-users, took care of any threats to the people. Now, it's as if someone pulled a cork out of a jug. Nearly every monster known to the Forgotten Realms has been spotted, at one time or another, in Tethyr sometime in the past ten years.

Some suspect a conspiracy of sorts, or that some kind of "all clear" signal was given to monsters across the continent once the royal family was deposed. More likely is that in the absence of the persistent efforts of the royal army, monsters have flourished naturally. But no matter the cause, the fact remains that monsters of many varieties are making Tethyr home, and more are appearing every day.

One of the largest sources of the problem is the Forest of Tethir. This area was never really tame in the old days, and now the denizens of this deep, ancient forest have taken to raiding neighboring areas (especially to the east and south) for food, captives, treasure, or just thrills. Bugbears, ogres, kobolds, treants, owlbears, wolves, orcs, trolls, leprechauns, spiders, and hobgoblins are common. Less common, but still present, are manticores, basilisks (lesser and greater), ankhegs, stirges, bloodthorns, choke creepers, bulettes, norkers, greenhags, atomies, wyverns, and dragons (particularly green and white ones). Of course, many dangerous groups of humans (bandits, berserkers, and the like) also use the cover of the forest for a base, adding to the danger.

The open areas in central Tethyr are not as filled with monster life, because of the higher concentration of people, and the lack of suitable places to hide when enough of those people get mad enough to organize a hunting party. Creatures that can make their own hiding places, like bulettes, purple worms, and flying monsters, still do well in the open country, feeding regularly on cattle, game, and the occasional village.

Magical monsters are also common throughout Tethyr, but generalizations are more difficult when it comes to them. There is a sizable number of undead of all varieties in the vicinity of the Gorge of the Fallen Idol, but no one is sure of the relationship between the two. The headwaters of the River Ith (running from the Gorge of the Fallen Idol to Survale Ford) is the home of many water-based monsters, including water elementals, naga, the ice and ooze para-elementals, dryads, and the like.

Lastly, it is said that an arch-devil of great power is establishing a power base in the Forest of Tethir, and is recruiting all manner of evil creatures (and even humans) to further his plans on this plane, whatever they are.

History

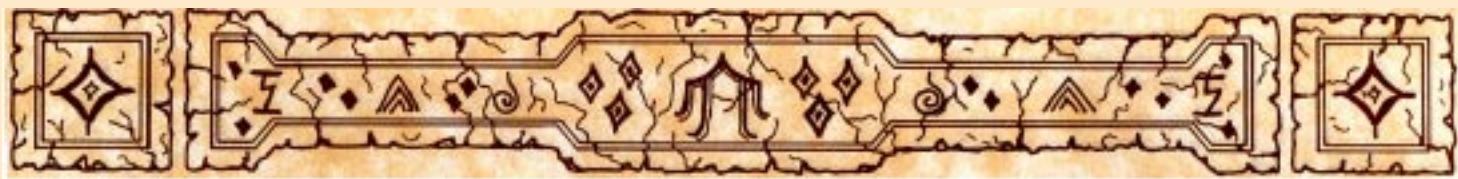
For the past 1500 years, Tethyr has had a single, strong royal family ruling with absolute power. When a king died or became incapacitated, his oldest son took the throne. As the family trees of those close to power became more intertwined and complicated, there were the inevitable wars of succession and bickering over which second cousin was the "true" heir to the throne, but the civil wars were brief. And once the fighting was over, the system returned to normal, until the next major dispute in a few hundred years or so.

All that changed 10 years ago. The current ruling family had been in power for over 350 years, so long that they had dropped their own family name centuries ago (no one even remembers it now) and simply called themselves Tethyr. King Alemander IV was comfortably ruling from Castle Tethyr, and the country seemed happy enough.

But there was a broad current of dissatisfaction among the people of Tethyr. Non-humans were forbidden by law to own land, and since most rights and privileges accorded citizens were based on land ownership, they became second-class citizens as well. Things were especially bad for elves, who were driven deep into the Forest of Tethir by royal armies. Alemander IV took land away from rightful owners and gave it to nobles who promised larger contributions to the royal treasury. These social and economic inequities, coupled with several harsh winters and bad harvests in a row, made the time ripe for a change.

But it takes more than just a couple of lousy winters to depose a king; it takes treachery.

In the case of the fall of House Tethyr, it took an ambitious general and impatient royal heir. Prince Alemander grew tired of waiting for the robust Alemander IV to make room for him, so he struck a deal with General Nashram Sharboneth, commander of the king's largest army. While Sharboneth marched his army toward Tethyr, bringing along a sizable group of



angry peasants recruited with the promise of land reform, the would-be Alemander V downplayed the alarming reports from the king's spies and advisors. The prince silenced his father's most persistent counselors permanently, either through murder or exile. By the time Sharboneth's army arrived and laid seige to Castle Tethyr, it was too late for loyalists to help.

The final step of the plan was ready to be set in motion. As Sharboneth launched a direct assault on the castle (using the expendable peasants as shock troops), a handful of elite soldiers let in a secret entrance by the prince would eliminate key guards and open the gates. At the same time, the prince (one of the few people allowed to see the king directly) would murder his father. A fire set by the elite troops would destroy the evidence of treachery, and the general and the prince would emerge from the conflagration and announce a new, joint government.

The plan was executed perfectly, up to a point. Sharboneth double-crossed the prince—his men were much too efficient in setting the castle ablaze, and Prince Alemander (along with most of his fellow conspirators) died horribly in the fire. At about the same time, a spy planted on the general's inner staff by the equally duplicitous Alemander murdered the general and dissolved his body with a powerful acid before anyone could come to Sharboneth's aid.

To make matters worse, everyone had underestimated the resentment the people felt for the royal family. Once Castle Tethyr began to fall, there was no holding back the mob. In one night, the proudest, strongest castle in all the country was reduced to a smoking ruin. Everything of value—fine tapestries, plates and silverware, furniture, jewelry, weapons, clothes, armor, paintings, statues, etc.—was either stolen, burned, or just ripped apart and stomped into the dust.

As news of the fall of the royal family spread, so did the chaos. In what is now known as the "Ten Black Days of Eleint," anyone known (or even suspected) of

blood connection to the royal family was put to the sword. This led to some darkly humorous moments, as social climbers who had bragged just a week before of being a sixth cousin twice removed of a royal aunt tried in vain to convince an angry mob that they were "only kidding."

The nobles who were the biggest supporters of the royal family also came under attack, and some baronial keeps fell. Local leaders who had adequately distanced themselves from the Tethyr family, or were popular enough (or feared enough, or strong enough), survived. These surviving nobles became the initial players in the fight to decide the fate of Tethyr.

One thing was certain; any leader or type of government that too closely resembled rule under the Tethyrs would not be accepted. "Royalist" became a dirty word in Tethyr society. Today, the power struggle continues, and there is no sign of it ending anytime soon.

Government and Politics

Simply put, there is no central government in Tethyr. Individual nobles exercise control over relatively small areas, mostly cities and towns. The vast majority of the land has no controlling authority; law and justice are what the people involved decide it is.

There are some strong nobles or other governments, most notably in the major cities of Zazesspur, Myratma, Ithmong, and Saradush. Each of these rulers has hopes of reuniting Tethyr under his own banner, but some are more ruthless in their ambition than others. Most of the other towns and villages of Tethyr have ruling councils or some similar form of local rule, but would gladly throw in with a larger, more powerful government—if one appeared.

The elves of Tethyr wasted no time upon hearing of the fall of the royal family in forming their own Elven

Council. The elven residents of the Forest of Tethir now consider themselves a sovereign nation, and persons who break elvish law and are caught can expect to be fully subject to elvish justice. If a strong ruler were to rise up in Tethyr and invite the elves to join the new government, they wouldn't necessarily turn the offer down. But elves have long memories, and their treatment at the hands of the Tethyr family is a sharp, bitter memory. Strong assurances would have to be made by any government that hoped to include the elves.

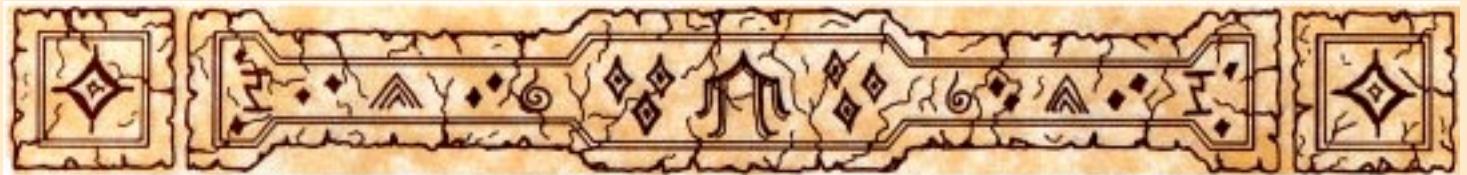
In a similar fashion, the halflings of the Purple Hills have established their own government, though it is not as independent as the elves'. The Purple Hills Council is in close contact with the governments of both Zazesspur and Myratma, and may someday serve as the bridge by which one ruler may emerge over the entire area.

The attitudes toward crime (and, in fact, the very definitions of what is and is not a crime) varies from area to area. The larger cities and towns have regular patrols, and a court system of sorts to dispense justice. Laws and penalties, of course, vary from town to town. For example, offenders are regularly forced into slavery by Myratma courts for a variety of offenses, while slavery is itself a crime in Saradush.

In small villages and outlying areas, justice is entirely of the vigilante variety. If enough people are incensed enough by a crime, they band together, hunt down the criminal, and execute sentence. This sort of justice is harsh—there are no jails, so penalties are usually either forfeiture of possessions or death.

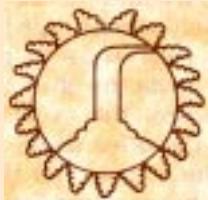
Religion

There is complete freedom of religion in Tethyr. What little government there is is too busy consolidating its power and defending itself to worry about religion. As a result, every religion in the Forgotten Realms is known here. There



are a few religions, though, that are traditionally more popular than the others. They are:

Eldath



Eldath is the goddess of stillness, peace, and quiet places, and is the guardian of druid-groves. As such, this Neutral deity has many worshippers among the people who live in and near the Forest of Tethir. Many elves are also followers of Eldath.

Sune



Sune, also known as Firehair, is the goddess of love, beauty, and passion. She is a favorite of the city-dwellers of Tethyr, especially those in Zazzesspur. Sune is aligned with Chaotic Good.

Silvanus



Silvanus is the God of Nature, and the patron of Druids. As such, this Neutral god has many worshippers in the great Forest of Tethir. But Silvanus is also the most-worshipped god in the open lands of south and east Tethyr. Whether widespread worship of Silvanus came about because of the people's natural love and respect for the land, or the other way around, is not clear.

Bane



Bane is the god of strife, hatred, and tyranny. It should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with this country's history that Bane has a wide following here. The recent history of Tethyr has been filled with little else but strife, hatred, and tyranny. It is even whispered in some circles that this Lawful Evil god had a hand in the fall of Castle Tethyr, though this almost certainly has no truth to it.

Beshaba



This Chaotic Evil goddess of bad luck, betrayal, misfortune, and treachery has many followers in Tethyr for the same reason as Bane, above. It is said that Beshaba appeared to both General Sharboneth and Prince Alemander on that fateful night, predicting their deaths at the treacherous hands of each other.

Ilmater



Ilmater is the god of endurance, suffering, perseverance, and martyrdom. There is a strong streak of subservience to both tyrants and the forces of nature in the Tethyr national personality, and that would explain the above-average number of worshippers of this Lawful Good god in Tethyr.

Geography and Climate

Any discussion of Tethyr's geography must begin with the Forest of Tethir, the largest in the Empires of the Sands and one of the largest in all of the Forgotten Realms. The forest is thick and dark, made up of many different types of trees, most of them evergreen. There are numerous small lakes, spring-fed streams, pools, and waterfalls throughout the forest. It is a vibrant, living place, filled with game, birds, and creatures of all sizes and shapes.

The Forest extends onto the Tethyr Peninsula, all the way to the far western tip. It is said that pirates from the Nelanther cross Asavir's Channel and cut down their own timber for boats because it is easier than buying or pirating it. The peninsula is sparsely populated, except for the towns of Velen and Tulmage. There are a few hermits and other loners that have carved out a humble life on the peninsula, but they are few and far between.

There is no known explanation of the difference in the spelling of "Tethir" and "Tethyr" other than, "that's the way it's always been." Undoubtedly, the two names were at one time the same; when one changed, why it changed, and even which one was the original name, is unknown. But to keep things straight, the forest (and the Amn road that runs along its northern edge) is spelled with an "i"; the country, the peninsula, and the castle of the former ruling family are all spelled with a "y".

The Tethyr Peninsula creates some interesting perils for shipping along the Sword Coast. The peninsula forces ships to run a gauntlet of sorts past the Nelanther, called by many the Pirate Isles. (Of course, there is another set of islands in the Sea of Fallen Stars called the Pirate Isles; while area residents, who have no use for names half a continent away, call these islands the Pirate Isles, scholars—and this book—will refer to them as the Nelanther.)



The Nelanther are called the Pirate Isles because of the large number of pirate ships based there, waiting to attack passing merchant ships. These attacks usually take place in one of two places: Asavir's Channel and The Race. Asavir's Channel gets its name from a famous pirate of several hundred years ago who was personally responsible for the sinking of over 100 cargo ships (after depriving them of their cargo, of course) before being lost in a storm. The Race gets its name from the strong winds (30 to 40 knots) that constantly blow through the area. The high winds make the kind of maneuvering necessary to overtake and board a merchant vessel particularly hard; discussions of the abilities of various pirates always boil down to their performance on The Race. The good pirates can catch their prey even there; the others wait in Asavir's Channel.

Just to the south of the Tethyr Peninsula is Firedrake Bay, a safe harbor from storms, but not necessarily from ambitious pirates. Just south of that is a spur of the Starspire Mountains that extends in the Sea of Swords; it is known, imaginatively enough, as the Starspire Peninsula. It is rocky and unremarkable, though it is rumored that a band of sea orcs has taken up residence there (for more information, see the listing later in this section).

The Starspire Mountains themselves are mountains only when compared to the otherwise flat terrain of Tethyr; the highest peak is only 7,200' high, and the average is closer to 4,500'. The only other relief from the flatness is The Purple Hills, which is a fertile, gently rolling land.

There are only two major rivers in Tethyr. The Sulduskoon is neither particularly wide or deep but it is persistent, crossing nearly the entire breadth of the country before emptying into the sea at Zazesspur. River Ith is a much more energetic river; born of the runoff from the Snowflake Mountains, it is swift and dangerous in the east, cutting deep gorges in the land. By the time the river reaches Ithmong, it has calmed

down substantially; beyond Ithmong, the river is wide, strong, and deep.

Only two major roads cross Tethyr. The Trade Way enters from Amn in the north, cuts through the Forest of Tethir near the coast, and passes through Zazesspur, Castle Tethyr, and Myratma before continuing into Calimshan. The Ithal Road crosses the southern end of Tethyr, starting at Kzelter, and continues through Ithal Pass and Saradush, then on to Ithmong and finally Castle Tethyr, where it joins the Trade Way. Many goods and travelers heading west get off the Ithal Road at Ithmong, and board a river vessel to Myratma, rather than taking the road to Zazesspur.

Tethyr is a very temperate country. Summers see temperatures in the 90s regularly, with occasional spells over 100. Many entire winters go by without a hard freeze, although one is not unheard of. There is some rain in the Forest of Tethir, especially out on the Tethyr Peninsula, which is very wet as the peninsula intercepts all the storms blowing in from the northwest. The open lands to the south of the Starspire Mountains are quite dry, though there is enough rain and other water to support dry-weather crops. The eastern half of the country is warm and dry.

MONEY AND COMMERCE

There is no accepted coinage system currently operating in Tethyr. The larger cities have started minting their own coins, but they are only legal tender in the areas controlled by those cities; outside those areas, whatever you can persuade someone to accept as payment, is money.

As a result, barter is a very popular medium of exchange in Tethyr. In rural areas, livestock is a very common method of payment, as is flour, salt, and herbs and spices. A good deal of barter goes on even in cities where there is an established money system; the coins are, for the most part, fairly new, and

not everyone is comfortable with them.

Most businessmen are most comfortable with well-established hard currency from other countries, particularly Amn and Calimshan. Any trader with connections in either country will almost always accept these coins as payment, since he knows he can get value for them. Coins of more distant lands (such as Thay and Cormyr) are more rare, but occasionally seen; only the most experienced and traveled merchants deal in these coins.

An interesting unofficial market has recently arisen among Tethyr speculators who trade the various coins issued by the different cities. As the prosperity and political fortunes of a given city increases, the value of its coins goes up; smart traders who can predict these trends have begun to profit by these price changes. Currently, the trade rates, compared to the stable Amn danter, are as follows:

Zazesspur gulder: This coin is currently the most valuable of the Tethyr coins. It costs 107 guilders to buy 100 Amn danters.

Ithmong molean: Only slightly less valuable than the gulder. It would take 113 moleans to buy 100 Amn danters.

Myratma myrat: Myratma has recently had pirate troubles, and the value of its currency shows it. It takes 138 myrats to buy 100 Amn danters.

Saradush zoth: The city of Saradush just began minting this coin in the past year, and confidence in it is still low. It costs 175 zoths to buy 100 Amn danters.

Trading goods in such a way to take advantage of the differences in currency value is very difficult to bring off, because prices for real goods vary in accordance to the value of the currency. A sword that costs 100 danters in Athkatla will cost 175 zoths in Saradush; by the same token, a job that pays 20 zoths a week in Saradush may only pay 13 moleans in Ithmong. But both wages, in their respective cities, will buy about the same amount of goods, so it works out.

Tethyr does very little trading outside its borders. Most agricultural villages are self-supporting, hopefully producing a small surplus that can be traded



for equipment and things the village cannot produce itself. The bigger cities rely on trading, shipping, and small manufacturing. Myratma and Zazesspur are both major ports, and Ithmong handles a great deal of cargo as well. Saradush is a gateway to the east and the lands beyond.

The people of Tethyr take great pride in their craftsmanship. Zazesspur is the home of the finest woodworkers in the Realms, and the quality of Myratma cloth is equally well-known. Much of the finest work is done in small quantities by individual craftsman. The Tethyr people take great pride in quality work, and they believe that there can be no pride in the products of large, impersonal factories. Distinctive individual effort, what is called "the maker's blood," should be seen in every product. "Covered with the maker's blood" is one of the highest compliments that can be paid a craftsman's work in Tethyr.

Cities

Brost

Brost is a small waystation and trading post on the northern edge of the Forest of Tethir. It is also connected by a well-traveled trail to the Tethir Road just to the north.

Brost is currently the topic of political debate in two countries, a remarkable thing for a town of its small size (population: 6,500). Fed up with the instability of Tethyr's political situation, the Town Council has officially asked Amn's Council of Six to annex Brost into Amn.

Traditionally, Amn's claim to the south ends at the Tethir Road. Brost's position is that because of their location, they are much more a part of Amn than Tethyr, anyway. While Amn considers the situation, several of the stronger cities in Tethyr (particularly Ithmong) have urged Amn not to annex the town, reasoning that someday soon, a central power will be reestablished in Tethyr, and that power will want Brost back.

Nothing is settled yet. While it seems natural that Amn would accept Brost's offer, there are some powerful people in Amn that believe that the town is not worth the trouble. And while it seems natural that most people in Tethyr would be upset about losing part of their territory, there are some that would be more than happy to let Brost go.

There's more to Brost than just its location near the Tethir Road. Several merchants and craftsmen in town have begun trading with a band of elves that live in the nearby forest. The elves are still very cautious around humans, and only visit certain people they've come to trust, and then only at night. This trade is very profitable, and the businessmen who have been left out are understandably upset; they have recently begun using spies to find out more about the elves and their dealings.

Brost is also well-known for the wide variety of mushrooms that grow wild on the forest's edge to the west and southwest of town. Brost mushrooms (depending on the type) are highly prized by gourmets, alchemists, magical researchers, and assassins. A number of town residents hire themselves out as guides, leading expeditions to "mushroom country." These guides often used highly trained dogs to help sniff out the specific kind of mushroom a group is looking for.

Ithmong

Ithmong is one of the major powers in the new order of Tethyr. Its central location gives it many advantages over the Saradush and the coastal cities of Zazesspur and Myratma. Another reason Ithmong is on the rise is the appearance of a new, powerful leader ready to expand his influence throughout Tethyr.

Ithmong controls all east-west travel through Tethyr. The Ithal Road and the River Ith cross at this large (population: 220,000) city. The river is a wide, strong one, and the only crossing for hundreds of miles in either direction is the Ithal Bridge in the middle of town. In addition

to controlling the overland traffic, Ithmong has enough river patrols and troops on the bridge to also control river traffic. In the past two years, the city has begun charging small tolls to all traffic passing through. The tolls are not large enough for the travelers to complain, but given the volume of traffic, a substantial boon to Ithmong's coffers.

Ithmong's location in the center of Tethyr's main agricultural region is another source of power. Grain and livestock are produced in great quantity throughout the region, and the city controls these valuable food shipments to all the other major cities of the country; while Ithmong has never used this power to blackmail these other cities, the possibility is always there.

The factors listed above have been true about Ithmong for decades, but this city's rise to power is a fairly recent phenomenon. The difference is the son of a blacksmith named Ernest Gallowglass. With the enthusiastic support of the populace, Gallowglass has begun a plan to put Ithmong, previously dismissed as an unsophisticated farm-and-crossroads type of city, on the map as the focal point of a new Tethyr—a new Tethyr ruled by Gallowglass.

Gallowglass took over the Ithmong Town Council 3½ years ago, using a combination of fierce loyalty and generosity to his supporters and ruthlessness to his opponents to solidify his control in the next year. Gallowglass is very intelligent, and a consummate politician; he makes sure that the people of Ithmong see a direct benefit from any of his ideas, and this guarantees their support. For example, when he wanted to start charging tolls on the Ithal Bridge (defying over 80 years of tradition), Gallowglass designated ¼ of the tolls to go directly to civic improvements, such as new roads, more water wells in the poor part of town, and stronger town defense. The townspeople went along cheerfully.

Gallowglass has begun flexing Ithmong's economic muscles to get the attention of the other major powers of Tethyr. Grain and livestock shipments to

Player _____
 Character MARILYN HARRISDOWN
 Race Human Class Fighter Level 11³
 Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 912, 680



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

COAT OF ARMS OR
IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics

Abilities

STR	16	+1 Dmg.; +350 wt.; open doors 1-3; bend bars 10%
DEX	14	
CON	14	System shock 88%; resurrection 92%
INT	12	3 add'l languages
WIS	16	+2 save
CHR	12	

BASE
AC

-1

Surprised -1
Shieldless 2
From Behind -2

HIT POINTS

69

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison 7

Petrify/Polymorph 8

Rod/Staff/Wand 9

Breath Weapon 5

Spells 10

COMBAT

WEAPON	#AT	Dmg.	THAC0	Special Information
(specialty) DANCING BROADSWORD +3	2/1	8-14	6	8-13 vs. L; Dances!
BROADSWORD	2/1	5-11	9	5-10 vs. L
(proficient) COMPOSITE BOW	2/1	1-6	10	
(proficient) BATTLE AXE	3/2	2-9	10	
(proficient) DAGGER	3/2	2-5	10	2-4 vs. L

EQUIPMENT

BROADSWORD

COMPOSITE BOW

2 QUIVERS

30 ARROWS

10 SILVER-TIPPED ARROWS

BATTLE AXE

DAGGER

LIGHT WAR HORSE *

Saddle + Tack

Saddle bags

3 lg. Sacks

2 weeks' rations

2 waterskins

3 torches

lantern

tent

bedroll

MAGICAL ITEMS

SCALE MAIL +3

LARGE SHIELD +3

DANCING BROADSWORD +3

EXTRA HEALING POTION

RING OF SWIMMING

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

BOWMAN/PLETHER (15)

HORSE RIDING (16)

HEALING (16)

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets	Locks	Traps
Move Silently	Hide	Hear Noise
Climb Walls	Read Languages	

Player _____

Character PADDY STOUTFELLOW

Race Halfling Class Fighter/Thief Level 6/6

Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 39, 475

Statistics

Abilities

STR	11	open doors 1-2; bend bars 2%
DEX	15	-1 AC
CON	16	+2 h.p./die system shock 95% resurrection 96%
INT	10	
WIS	14	
CHR	8	-5% loyalty

BASE
AC

4

Surprised 5
Shieldless 4
From Behind 5Hit Points
44

Home City or Country: THE PURPLE HILLS, TETHYR

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +5% rep. pts.; +4 save vs. rod/
staff/wands, spells, poison; 60' infravision;
can detect slopes; can move silentlyLanguages: Common, Neutral Good, Dwarvish,
Elvish, Gnomish, Goblin, Halfling, Orcish, Thieves'
Cant

Wealth: _____

COAT OF ARMS OR
IDENTIFYING SYMBOLParalyze/Poison 11/7 Petrify/Polymorph 11
Rod/Staff/Wand 8 Breath Weapon 13
Spells 9

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THAC0	Special Information
(specialty)				6-11 vs. L
BROADSWORD +2	3/2	6-12	13	
(proficient)				
LT. CROSSBOW	1	1-4*	16*	
(proficient)				
DAGGER	1	1-4	16	
strike from behind w/				
Broadsword +2	1	8-24	13	12-27 vs. L
strike from behind w/				
Dagger	1	3-12	15	3-9 vs. L

* plus magical bolts, if any

EQUIPMENT

ELF CHAIN MAIL
LT. CROSSBOW
2 CASES
15 BOLTS
10 SILVER-TIPPED BOLTS
4 DAGGERS

PONY *
Saddle + tack
Saddle bags
Tent
bedroll
2 weeks' provisions
2 waterskins
spare leather armor
thieves' tools



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Player _____

Character TARBETH LLANISTAPH

Race Human Class Ranger Level 15th

Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 2,110,608

Statistics**Abilities**

STR	18 ²³	+1 to hit; +3 Dmg.; +1000 wt. open doors 1-3; 20% bend/lift
DEX	13	
CON	17	+3 h.p./die; system shock 47%; resurrection 98%
INT	15	4 add'l languages; 65% chance to know spell
WIS	16	+2 save
CHR	14	+5% loyalty +10% reaction

BASE
AC

-3

Surprised -3
Shieldless -2
From Behind -2Hit Points
100**SAVING THROWS**Paralyze/Poison 2
Rod/Staff/Wand 3Petrify/Polymorph 2
Breath Weapon 2

Spells 4

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THAC0	Special Information
(specialty) LONGSWORD +3	1/2	9-16	1	9-20 vs. L; throws spells
(proficient) LONG BOW	2/1	1-6*	6*	
(proficient) SPEAR	2/1	5-10	4	5-12 vs. L
(proficient) DAGGER	2/1	4-7	5	4-6 vs. L
(proficient) LT. CROSSBOW	1	1-4	6	1-4 vs. L

* plus arrow bonus, if any

EQUIPMENT

LONGBOW	Med. war horse*
Large Shield	Lt. Crossbow
1 quiver, 1 case	20 bolts
10 arrows	50' rope
9 silver-tipped arrows	Saddle + saddle bags
Dagger	2 waterskins
	1 wineskin
	flint + tinder
	tent
	Spellbook

DE MOVE 18", AC 7, 12 h.p.

Total Encumbrance 250#
Base Move 12
Modified Move 12**CHARACTER RECORD SHEET**COAT OF ARMS OR
IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Home City or Country: ITHMONG, TETHYR

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +10% exp. pt. bonus; +15 Dmg. vs.
giant class; surprise foes 3 in 6; surprised on 1 in 6;
can use scrying magical items; can track

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Thass,

Elvish (Elmarinese & Selduk), Halfling

Wealth: 375 g.p. in various coins

SPELLS

(DEBUT)

- (1) Pass without Trace
- (1) Speak with Animals
- (2) Reflecting Pool
- (2) Cure Light Wounds

MAGIC SCHOOL:

(MAGIC-USER)

- (1) Magic Missile
- (1) Protection from Evil
- (2) Read Magic
- (2) Invisibility

MAGICAL ITEMS

RING OF PROTECTION +3

CHAIN MAIL +4

LONGSWORD +3 - Neutral Good;

INT 15, EGQ 2; detect traps,
magic; heals once/day;
speaks NG, Common.

SPEAR +1

AMULET VS. UNDEAD

(13) APPENDS +1

(6) APPENDS +3

APPEND OF BRAIN SLAYING

APPEND OF GIANT SLAYING

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

HORSE RIDING (16)

ANIMAL HANDLING (16)

ANIMAL LEVE (15)

BLIND-FIGHTING

DIRECTION SENSE (16)

FIRE-BUILDING (16)

WEATHER SENSE (16)

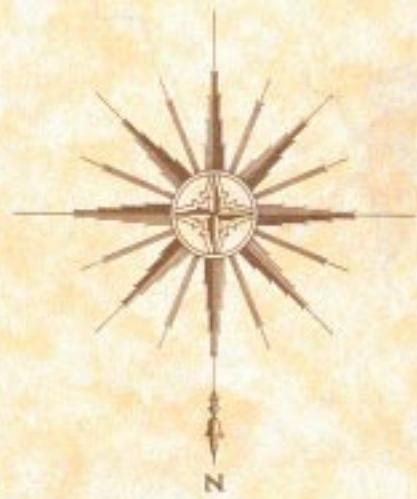
THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets Locks Traps

Move Silently Hide Hear Noise

Climb Walls Read Languages

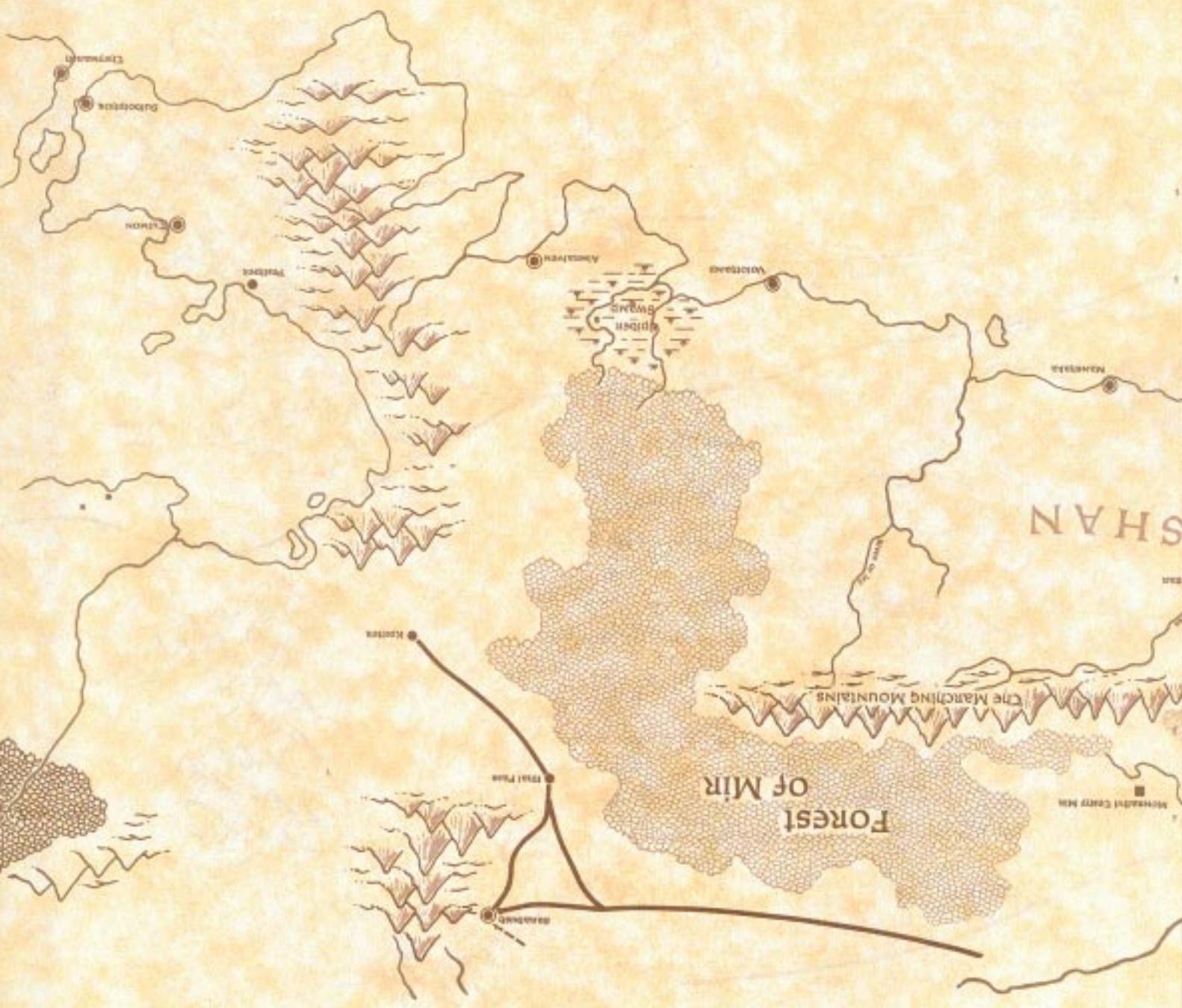
The Shining Sea







A



Player _____

Character LAWANTHA SILENDIARace Human Class Magic-User Level 12thAlignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 884,910**Statistics****Abilities**

STR	9	open doors 1-2; bend bars 10%
DEX	16	+1 reaction/missile attack; -2 to AC
CON	13	System shock: 85% resurrection: 90%
INT	17	75% chance to know spells; 8-14 spells/level; 6 add'l lang.
WIS	15	+1 save
CHR	16	+20% loyalty +25% reaction adj.
BASE AC	-1	Surprised / Shieldless / From Behind /

Home City or Country: CALIMPORT, CALIMSHANCOAT OF ARMS OR
IDENTIFYING SYMBOLAdventuring Group: The Company of EightSpecial Abilities: +10% rep pts.Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish

(Elvenesse & Sudurk), Duervish, Halfling, Orecish

Wealth: 8,450 g.p. in gems and coins**Hit Points**

33

SAVING THROWSParalyze/Poison 8Petrify/Polymorph 6Rod/Staff/Wand 4Breath Weapon 8Spells 5**COMBAT**

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THAC0	Special Information
(proficient)				
QUARTERSTAFF	1	1-6	16	
(proficient)				3-5 vs. L
Dagger +2	1	3-6	14	THAC0 is if thrown
Dagger	1	1-4	16	THAC0 is if thrown
				1-3 vs. L

SPELLS

- (1) Read Magic
- (1) Magic Missile (x2)
- (1) Sleep
- (2) Knock
- (2) Mirror Image
- (2) Wizard Lock
- (2) Stinking Cloud
- (3) Lightning Bolt
- (3) Fly
- (3) Protection from Normal Missiles
- (3) Invisibility 10' Radius
- (4) Dimension Door
- (4) Ice Storm
- (4) Polymorph Other

MAGIC SCHOOL:

- (4) Polymorph Self
- (5) Hold Monster
- (5) Teleport
- (5) Telekinesis
- (5) Conjure Elemental
- (6) Stone to Flesh

EQUIPMENT

QUARTERSTAFF

4 DAGGERS

Light Warhorse*

Saddle + tack

Saddle bags

Tent

bedroll

2 weeks' provisions

3 waterskins

1 wineskin

spell books

MAGICAL ITEMS

- CLOAK OF PROTECTION +8
- SORAL OF PROTECTION vs. DEMONS
- WAND OF LIGHTNING BOLTS (40 charges)
- RING OF AIR ELEMENTAL CONTROL
- DAGGER +2
- CRYSTAL BALL
- BRACERS OF DEFENSE AC 4
- GEM OF SEEING
- POSION OF GREEN DRAGON CONTROL
- SCROLL OF PROTECTION vs. UNDEAD

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

- HORSE RIDING (15)
- ROPE USE (16)
- SWIMMING (9)
- HEALING (15)
- FUNGUS IDENTIFICATION (7)
- SOUND ANALYSIS (15)

THEIVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets	Locks	Traps
Move Silently	Hide	Hear Noise
Climb Walls	Read Languages	

Player _____

Character Sylvanus MoondropRace Wood Elf Class Fighter Level 6thAlignment Neutral Exp. Pts. 63, 814**Statistics****Abilities**

STR	15	+200 wt.; open doors 1-2; bend bars 7%
DEX	17	+2 reaction/muscle attacks; -3 AC
CON	14	system shock 88%; resurrection 92%
INT	13	
WIS	13	
CHR	16	+20% loyalty +25% reaction
BASE AC	0	Surprised 3 Shieldless 1 From Behind 4

Home City or Country: FOREST OF TETHIRCOAT OF ARMS OR
IDENTIFYING SYMBOLAdventuring Group: The Company of EightSpecial Abilities: 90% resistance to Sleep + Charm;
+1 to hit with bow, short sword, or long sword;
60' Infravision; can find secret doors; moves silently;
+10% cap. per.Languages: Elvish, Common, Neutral, Treant,
Woodland MammalsWealth: 1,120 g.p. in assorted gems + coinsHit Points
56

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison 10
Rod/Staff/Wand 12Petrify/Polymorph 11
Breath Weapon 12

Spells 13

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THAC0	Special Information
(proficient)				
LONG SWORD +1	1	2-4	14	2-13 vs. L
(specialty)				
LONG BOW +2	2/1	3-8*	11	Point Blank (6'-10') +2 hit/1/2 dmg + double damage (10'-15') +1/+1 Short Range (10'-15') +1/+1
(proficient)				
SHORT SWORD	1	1-6	15	1-8 vs. L
(proficient)				
DAGGER	1	1-4	16	1-3 vs. L THAC0 14 if thrown

* plus arrow bonus, if any

EQUIPMENT

SPUN MAIL
LARGE SHIELD
2 QUIVERS
20 ARROWS
10 SILVER-TIPPED ARROWS
DAGGER
SHORT SWORD

LIGHT WAR HORSE *
Saddle + tack
Saddle bags
1 week's provisions
2 water skins
50' rope
small chest

MAGICAL ITEMS

LONG BOW +2	POTION OF FIRE GIANT STRENGTH
LONG SWORD +1	STONE OF GOOD LUCK
BOOTS OF SPEED	RING OF REGENERATION
8 ARROWS +2	
2 PRECIOUS +1	

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

HORSE RIDING (15)	
HUNTING (13)	

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets	Locks	Traps
Move Silently	Hide	Hear Noise
Climb Walls	Read Languages	



Zazesspur and Myratma are delayed unless additional payments to inspectors are made; imports from those cities and Saradush are refused entrance without the "proper permits." This is not a total embargo; only a few shipments each month get this treatment for now. But it could get much worse, and that's the message Gallowglass wants the other cities to get. They are paying more for Ithmong goods, and can't recoup the money losses with their own exports.

There is talk in Ithmong that the other major cities of Tethyr are raising an army to march on the city and put an end to these economic actions. There is no truth to this at all; in fact, it is a rumor started by Gallowglass. If the people believe an attack is imminent, it will make the next phase of his plan easier—the military conquest of Tethyr. Within the next two years, Gallowglass plans to raise an army of his own to conquer the rest of Tethyr. He has already begun to assemble the officers, mercenary captains, and magic-users necessary to do the job.

At his core, Gallowglass is a tyrant. He is slick and a good speaker, and he makes sure his people always think they are getting some benefit from his actions, but in reality the people of Ithmong are not as well off as they were before he came to power. Gallowglass' activities have come to the attention of the Company of Eight (see "Characters," below), and they are looking at ways to stop Gallowglass' plans.

Kzelter

Kzelter is a small (population: 4,000) town at the east end of the Ithal Road. During the centuries of royal power in Tethyr, Kzelter was much larger, mainly because of a large garrison of troops protecting the pass between the Snowflake Mountains and the Forest of Mir. There were only 2,000 or so troops stationed in Kzelter, but the accompanying families, armorers, taverns, fest-halls, and other related businesses swelled the town to nearly 20,000.

When the Tethyr family fell, most of

the troops deserted, but only after looting the garrison for whatever arms, armor, food and money they could get. Rioting townspeople finished the job, and the Kzelter fortress is today a ruin, a haven for petty criminals, the poor, and rats. Some of the soldiers, especially those with families, stayed in Kzelter or the surrounding countryside. Most, however, left the area, either going to their homes elsewhere in Tethyr or adventuring into Calimshan or to the east.

There was no marauding invasion force ready to take advantage of the fall of the Kzelter garrison; the town has lived in complete peace since the downfall of the royal family ten years ago. Kzelter is little more than a peaceful farming village today; frequent caravans of traders from the east passing through to get on the Ithal Road are the extent of the town's excitement.

Rumors still occasionally surface about a well-hidden vault room surviving the townspeople's attack on the garrison, filled with magic weapons and money. Every once in a while, a group of former soldiers will return, convinced they know the location of the secret vault. Most of these groups return to town frustrated and empty-handed; the others are never seen again. It is assumed that the groups that disappear simply left the area rather than return to town and admit defeat. This may be true.

Mosstone

The life of Mosstone is very much connected to the Forest of Tethir. The town depends on the forest for its livelihood, yet it fears many things about the forest (and for good reason). But if the Forest of Tethir wasn't such a dangerous place, Mosstone would not be nearly as prosperous as it is.

Located where the Trade Way exits the forest in the southwest, Mosstone is a gathering place for forest guides, trackers, mercenaries, guards, animal handlers, wagonmasters, and anybody else a merchant caravan may need. Mosstone does a healthy business with

travelers in both directions; some are preparing to cross the forest, others are recovering from the trip.

This is not to say that every caravan or traveler through the Forest of Tethir gets waylaid; if that were the case, the route would quickly fall into disuse. But the threat of disaster is enough that many cautious travelers will hire extra guides, scouts, and guards in Mosstone. In addition to its large personnel pool, Mosstone also has a number of excellent inns and taverns, as well as armorers, blacksmiths, and wagoners.

Mosstone also has a very large druidic population, and one of the biggest druid churches in all of the Realms. Those looking to hire druids or rangers frequently come to Mosstone, and rarely leave disappointed.

Myratma

Myratma, located in the southwest corner of Tethyr, is one of the country's "Big Four" cities. It is very similar in many ways to the great cities of Calimshan, which is understandable given its closeness to Memnon and the Calim Desert.

Myratma depends greatly on commerce and trading for its livelihood, though there are small but important agriculture and manufacturing activities in town. Myratma handles nearly all the bulk agricultural products from the center of Tethyr. Wheat and other grains come down the River Ith by barge, and are stored, sold, and shipped (both overland and by sea) throughout the area. Calimshan is a particularly important customer for Tethyr grain sold through Myratma.

The Purple Hills to the north are rich in fruits and vegetables, and Myratma does a big business in them, too. Ship building and repair is also a major business here. But the most famous business in Myratma is the Tethyr Mills, a huge textile mill right along the banks of the Ith known throughout the Forgotten Realms for its fabrics. Of particular fame are its silks, which are the choice for the finest clothes in both Ca-



limshan and Amn, and a light canvas of such tight weave that it is waterproof. This canvas is in great demand for use in the sails of the largest ships on the Sea of Swords and beyond. It is also very popular for use in tarpaulins and tents in rainy areas.

The current Town Council, headed by a merchant named Reshtiva Gullifort, is ambitious enough to want to reunite Tethyr under their banner, but realizes it doesn't have the clout to pull it off—yet. Gullifort, with the approval of the council, has begun negotiating with the Pasha of Calimshan a secret deal in which the Calimshan army would help Myratma take control of Tethyr in exchange for a huge sum of cash (to be taken from the other parts of Tethyr), some land, and favorable trade arrangements for perpetuity. These negotiations have just begun, and no one else in Tethyr other than the Myratma council and their advisors know about it. There is some debate on the Myratma council over whether or not the Calishites can be trusted, and this may prove to be a major stumbling block to any deal.

Port Kir

Port Kir is located at the end of an inlet in the southeast corner of Firedrake Bay. Primarily a small fishing village (population: 3,700), Port Kir has a ready market for its products as the Trade Way runs right along the edge of town.

Port Kir is in a natural location. Firedrake Bay does not get hit by many storms because of the protection of the Tethyr Peninsula, but even when the weather gets so bad that even the bay is affected, the Port Kir inlet is calm. During the heaviest storms, Port Kir may serve as refuge for over 100 ships.

When the seas are calm, Port Kir has a major fishing fleet working Firedrake Bay to great success. Fish and shellfish of many varieties are harvested in abundance in the bay, and the townspeople that aren't fishing are busy working in the various canning, pickling, salting, and curing operations on

the waterfront. Port Kir fish are frequently sold to caravans passing through, both for sale in foreign markets and to feed the caravan on its trip.

Port Kir has recently put out a call for adventurers with some sailing experience to investigate the disappearance of several fishing boats in clear weather to the west of the fleet's usual fishing grounds. Pirates are not suspected, because they have left fishing boats alone for years. (For more on this, see the entry on Starspire Mountains, below.)

Saradush

Saradush is located in the southeast corner of Tethyr in the foothills of the Snowflake Mountains. As one of the "Big Four" cities in Tethyr, it has its aspirations of power, but unlike some of the other cities in the country, these aspirations are tempered by reason and motivated by more than just a blind lust for power.

Saradush is the headquarters for all agriculture in far eastern and southeastern Tethyr. Tobacco, cotton, teas and other herbs, and a few exotic vegetables are the most common crops. Hunting for wild game in the open lands to the northwest provides much of the food for the area, though there is little left over for export. There is some mining in the mountains to the east, but it is not particularly profitable.

In the days of the royal family, Saradush was an important government city, filled with bureaucrats and emissaries from the lands to the east. After the overthrow, the Royal Quarter (as it was called) cleared out overnight. Ambassadors returned to their native countries, and most bureaucrats took new names and tried to blend in with the population.

Saradush is not ruled by a Town Council, but by one man—the self-titled Lord Mayor Oon Santele. Santele is a popular and powerful leader, and most importantly—and this is a rarity in Tethyr today—a good leader. Santele has the welfare of Saradush first in his

mind at all times. He is neither petty nor vengeful, and he administers justice to the rich and poor in the same fair way.

Santele is no saint; he is overly fond of titles, pomp, and ceremony. But these are minor faults in the eyes of the people of Saradush when compared to his strong points. Like any other leader in Tethyr, Santele has dreams of ruling a reunited country, but he is not ruthless enough to do the things necessary to seize power. He also thinks that an attempt to expand his power over all of Tethyr would keep him from doing a good job in Saradush, and since that's his first priority, he probably won't try. This is Tethyr's loss.

Tulmene

Tulmene is a small village on the southern coast of the Tethyr Peninsula. Fishing is the town's major source of livelihood, and occasional merchant ships stop here to pick up cargo and trade finished goods (everything from arms and armor to furniture) to the townspeople.

Tulmene would normally not be mentioned here but for two things. One, it is the largest fishing village on the peninsula's south coast (population: 4,200). And second, Tulmene is a popular trading post for many of the pirate fleets based in the Nelanther. Many have wondered how a town as large and comparatively well off as Tulmene has escaped the pirates' attention, and the answer is simple. Tulmene trades with the pirates (at *very* favorable prices) and provides them with valuable information on merchant ship movement in The Race in exchange for not being looted and pillaged. No one suspects (least of all the merchants) that the Tulmene fishing fleet is, in effect, one giant scouting network for the Nelanther pirates. If the news ever got out, it's hard to say whom Tulmene would have to worry about more—the angry pirates or the betrayed merchants.



Velen

Velen is the largest town on the Tethyr Peninsula, with a population of nearly 13,000. Life is not easy in Velen. The north face of the peninsula bears the brunt of storm after storm every winter, and the pirates of the Nelanther are a constant threat. But the townspeople love the sea and consider Velen their home, and they'll do anything to defend it.

Velen is the home of one the best-known shipbuilding and repair yards on the Sword Coast. Simon Andrusky runs the Andrusky Yard, a relatively small operation that turns away hundreds of orders a year. A custom-built Andrusky ship is the finest on the seas—the most maneuverable, the most watertight, and the fastest. The Andrusky reputation is legendary. Pirates take extra care when attacking an Andrusky, hoping to capture the ship intact for their own use. The story is told of a pirate captain who, realizing that his attempt to capture an Andrusky had a good chance of actually sinking the ship, broke off the attack rather than taking a chance on destroying such a piece of craftsmanship.

Velen is also a haven for sailors looking for work. Crewmen of all types and experience levels are available for hire here. Velen is a common drop-off point for ransomed pirate captives, sailors rescued from shipwrecks, and other crewmen who've lost their current jobs for a variety of other reasons.

Many of these sailors are recruited into Velen's town watch, which patrols the seas surrounding the town and protects it from pirate attacks. It's been 17 years since the last successful attack on Velen, and the size and efficiency of the watch is in no small part responsible. The watch has over a dozen ships on patrol at any given time (except during storms, of course), and can put over 30 additional ships to sail with an hour's notice. This fleet, along with substantial shore-based catapult and ballista batteries, has proven enough for any threat since then.

Zazesspur

Zazesspur, located on the Sword Coast just south of the Starspire Peninsula, is Tethyr's largest city. Its population (now up to 375,000) has swelled over the past ten years with the influx of refugees from Castle Tethyr and the surrounding area.

Zazesspur is a major port, and its location on the Trade Way makes it a center for trading and commerce as well. The open land to the southeast is too dry for anything more than livestock grazing, but the Purple Hills to the south are very fertile and provide the city with a good deal of its food.

Zazesspur is also the home of many of Tethyr's finest craftsmen and artists. Of particular repute are the town's leathersworkers, weavers, dyers, and tailors.

Zazesspur, though one of the "Big Four" of Tethyr cities, has had to tread a fine line, politically. Most of the survivors of the destruction of Castle Tethyr fled here ten years ago, and not all the Telthyr family sympathizers were found. As a result, there is a strong underground political movement trying to find a surviving Tethyr heir and reestablish the Tethyr monarchy. This will be difficult, as there are no living members of the family left in Tethyr, but it doesn't stop this small but powerful underground group from trying.

A larger group, one that is actually gaining power in Zazesspur, is promoting the idea of a return to a royal family system of rule, with a new king chosen by some as-yet-undetermined method. The reasoning this group is trying to use is that while the overthrow of a decade ago was necessary, the problem was the excesses of the Tethyr family, not the system of monarchy itself. While this is still not the opinion of the majority, it is growing significantly. One sign of its growing acceptance is that proponents of a monarchy can say so in public today with little fear of being killed by a mob—this wasn't true five years ago.

Given time, this position has a good chance of winning over the majority, first in Zazesspur, then throughout

Tethyr. There are many former bureaucrats and minor nobles living in the city under new names who are using their hidden wealth and still-considerable influence to bring about this return to monarchy. Of course, there are factions in Ithmong and Myratma who have other plans

Places of Interest

Asavir's Channel

Asavir's Channel is the sea lane between the Nelanther and the northwest coast of the Tethyr Peninsula. Every merchant ship that must travel between Amn (and points north) and Tethyr and Calimshan (and points south) must use this channel.

This heavy traffic and the close proximity to the Nelanther, a notorious haven for pirates, adds up to one thing. Between the merchant ships, the pirates, the armed merchant escorts, the scout ships, and the scavengers and profiteers, Asavir's Channel is the most crowded sea lane in all of the Forgotten Realms.

But despite all the bustle, the idea of "safety in numbers" definitely does not apply here. Pirate activity is very heavy, and it is a remarkable day on the channel when the tell-tale plume of smoke from a burning ship can't be seen somewhere. Merchants still use the channel because, even with the risk of loss to the pirates, it is cheaper to move goods by sea than over land. Or, as many merchants are fond of saying, "On land, anything can happen. At least here, we know where the pirates are."

Even though there are a lot of pirates, there's even more merchant traffic, so the odds of any one ship being hit are fairly low; low enough for merchants to risk it, anyway. Another attraction to Asavir's Channel is the reasonably calm seas (the Nelanther tend to break up storms before they reach the channel) and the close proximity of havens such as Velen and Firedrake Bay.



Castle Tethyr

There's not much left to Castle Tethyr; the remaining ruins are little more than a sketchy outline of the size and scope of a castle that was the largest and grandest in all of the Empires of the Sands.

The castle itself was about 450' square, with three stories above ground and walls 45' high. A wide, deep moat surrounded the castle, which also had an extensive underground dungeon. Outside the castle proper were buildings for the many servants, stables, pens for livestock, workshops for armorers and smiths, barracks for the royal guards, and storehouses for food and other material. It was all destroyed that one night ten years ago.

Soldiers, servants, and peasants made off with most of the riches of the castle; the rest burned. From time to time, stories resurface of fantastic treasures still buried deep within the dungeons of Castle Tethyr, but most people believe that the place was stripped bare the night it fell.

The area is still fairly rich agriculturally

(at least for livestock), and the meeting of the Ithal Road and the Trade Way is not more than a mile away from the castle, so the area still has lots of people living in it. However, no one lives within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so of the castle ruins—for good reason.

The ruins of Castle Tethyr and the surrounding grounds are haunted by the spirits of all who died by treachery that night ten years ago. It's an impressive list of ghosts, ghosts, haunts, shadows, and other undead. Legends tell of the ghosts of Prince Alemander V and Gen. Nashram Sharboneth, locked in an eternal struggle as each tries to avenge his murder by treachery at the hands of the other. As the occasional lost traveler or foolhardy adventurer has entered the castle ruins, the numbers of the various spooks and undead have increased, much to the dismay of local residents.

Ithal Pass

Ithal Pass is a crossroads community that is not organized enough to be considered

a city or town. There is no government of any sort, and the residents like it that way. In fact, Ithal Pass is completely neutral when it comes to questions of Tethyr politics. They don't care who comes out ahead—they just hope that whoever does will leave them alone.

Ithal Pass is a farming community, and they raise just enough food to feed themselves. There is one tavern with a handful of rooms to rent, as a concession to travelers who may wish to stop for the night.

Forest of Tethir

The Forest of Tethir is the single most important thing that determines the culture and personality of the entire country. The forest is dark, cool, vast and mysterious—and in a land where most of the people live in open, rolling country, the imagery of the forest still dominates the expressions and attitudes of the people.

The forest is dense and dark in the center, though it thins considerably within 10 miles of its edge. The forest is also less



thick on the Tethyr Peninsula, because of the rockier ground. Heavy rainfall on the peninsula, however, makes the forest very wet in that area, and a haven for molds, slimes, fungi and other unpleasant things.

There are two major tribes of elves living in the Forest of Tethir. The larger of the two, the Elmanesse, live in the forest in a large area just east of the Trade Way. Travelers and merchants who report encounters with elves on that road have met the Elmanesse. After years of isolation, this tribe seems ready to reestablish contact with the humans of Tethyr—but only on the elves' terms.

The other major elven tribe, the Suldusk, lives in the southeast area of the Forest of Tethir. Few humans know that the Sulduskoon River gets its name from this elf tribe, and even fewer know that the tribe still exists. This is just fine with the Suldusk, who would as soon be left alone by the outside world.

The Gorge of the Fallen Idol

The Gorge of the Fallen Idol is found where two smaller feeder rivers combine to form the River Ith in far eastern Tethyr. The gorge itself is 250' deep, with steep, crumbling sides that are very unpredictable and difficult to climb (-15% to all climbing rolls). The river itself is deep, cold and swift.

At one point in the gorge, a small clearing opens up to one side of the river, leaving some open, flat ground. In this clearing stands (well, lies actually) the fallen figure of a great stone idol. It was nearly 50' tall when it was standing, and its age is unguessable. The idol has fallen on one side, breaking into several pieces. The last pieces (including the head) have fallen into the river near the bank, and the rushing waters have worn the submerged half of each piece smooth.

Those using magical tests on the fallen statue will find that the idol radiates both *magic* and *evil*. There are no inscriptions or carvings of any sort to help decipher the origin or purpose of the statue.

The statue marks the place of worship of a tribe of humanoids now extinct for over 2,200 years. The worshipers weren't quite human, but they weren't orcs or goblins, either. The idol was carved over decades out of the same rock that makes up the sides of the gorge. These humanoids invented elaborate rituals—including sacrifice of their own kind—in worshipping this idol. Some of the rituals began to have magical power, but not deliberately; the humanoid priests began casting spells almost by accident.

As the centuries of worship and sacrifice went on, the idol itself began to take on magical power. This malevolent power became quite great in time, and the idol began to direct the tribe in its search for new lands to acquire and new peoples to enslave.

Eventually, the idol's reach exceeded its grasp, and it sent the tribe out against a human nation of great size and power that worshipped good gods. The idol-worshipers were wiped out, and an army of these people (whose descendants settled the Volothamp area in Calimshan) hunted down the humanoids and put every last one to the sword. They found the idol, and pulled it down. That was over 2,000 years ago.

Today, the broken statue radiates with only a fraction of its former power. If all the pieces were to be reassembled, the idol's power would increase greatly, to the point where it would try to possess the most likely member of the group that did the assembling (at a power equal to a 30th level spell). The idol would then bide its time, learning all it could about the new society it found itself in, and then it would begin to reestablish its evil practices.

The Nelanther

The Nelanther is a chain of hundreds of islands just off the Tethyr and Amn coast in the Sea of Swords. The Nelanther is also known in the Empires of the Sands as the "Pirate Isles" because of the large number of pirates that use the

islands as a base of operations.

Only the largest islands in the chain are named; hundreds of others are simply there. There are thousands of places where pirate ships can hide, and hundreds of places where groups of pirates can set up land bases. Each pirate crew knows the route to their own base by memory; no maps of the treacherous shoals, tricky currents, or hidden harbors exist.

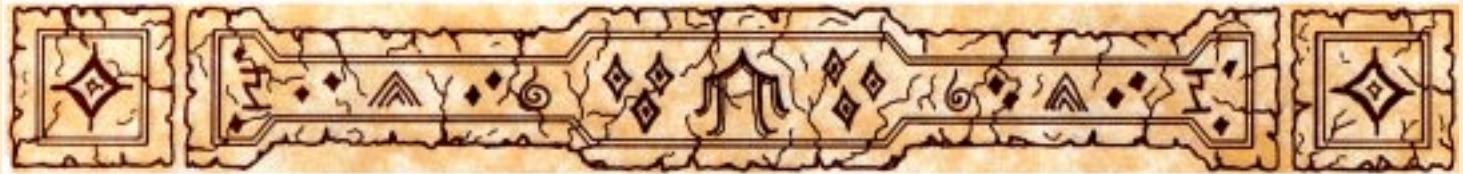
It is not known exactly how many pirates prey on merchant shipping from the Nelanther; but best estimates are that there are five or six major pirate operations, each with ten ships or more; another three or four operations with 3-5 ships; and anywhere from 10 to 30 one-ship endeavors. The total is nearly 100 pirate ships operating in the area, each with a crew of anywhere from 40 to 150, depending on the size of the ship.

Nelanther pirates prefer to prey on shipping in Asavir's Channel or The Race, especially since the instability of Tethyr means there will be no organized navy harassing them. The Nelanther pirates do operate off the coasts of Amn and Calimshan as well, but the risks are greater because of those country's navies. The pirates will also mount an occasional raid on a coastal city, but these are extremely risky and not common—not as long as there are easier pickings in the sea lanes.

The Purple Hills

The Purple Hills are located on Tethyr's west coast between Zazesspur and Myratma. It is a rolling, fertile land, filled with fruit orchards, vegetable gardens, and small fields of grain. The Purple Hills are populated almost entirely by halflings, who have migrated from throughout the Empires of the Sands to this area.

The halflings of the Purple Hills are entirely self-governing. They have friendly relationships (based primarily on trade) with both Zazesspur and Myratma. Both cities are courting the halfling's support in the upcoming power struggles, and as



a result are as cooperative as can be. Should any trouble arise in the Purple Hills the locals can't handle (a rampaging anhkheg or some such), the two nearby cities will practically get in each others' way in their attempts to be the first to help the halflings out.

Should one leader emerge over Tethyr, the halflings would most likely rejoin the new nation. The halflings of the Purple Hills are not fighters, and are more interested in a good harvest than a good argument.

The coastline to the west of the Purple Hills is nearly deserted. The land is not suitable for the kind of farming the halflings wish to do, and most of the Purple Hills residents are deathly afraid of boats and large bodies of water, anyway.

Sea Tower of Irphong

The Sea Tower of Irphong is a maritime landmark on the east coast of Irphong, a large, uninhabited island at the northeast end of the Nelanther. Sailors for generations have used the tower as a marker indicating the northern entrance of Asavir's Channel. The tower extends some 150' above the shore of the island, and is lit at night. Since the island is totally uninhabited, it is believed that some sort of *continual light* spell has been cast on an object at the top of the tower (perhaps the roof itself). Why the light is only visible at night or during storms is a mystery.

No pirates have set up camp on Irphong in years, mainly because of superstitions concerning shipwrecks, fires, and other maritime disasters that have befallen groups that have stayed too long in the area. These superstitions are based on fact; a very large, very old dragon turtle has lived in a cove on the north side of the island for decades. This beast is one of the biggest of its kind ever seen (107 hp), and values its privacy greatly. Pirate bands that try to land on the island usually meet the dragon turtle within a week of their arrival, much to their permanent regret.

The dragon turtle does not leave its lair



for more than a few hours at a time, so it poses less of a threat to regular shipping than it could. And since its main prey seems to be pirates, no one complains very much. The dragon turtle's lair—a large cave half-filled with water, the only way in is to swim an underwater channel over 1/4 of a mile long—cannot be located without magical help. It's also important to remember that no one alive knows of the dragon turtle's existence. Adventurers who find (or are found by) the dragon turtle and can find its lair will be well rewarded: Thanks to years of a diet rich in pirates, this particular dragon turtle has three times the listed treasure in its lair.

The tower itself is well-built and solid, and completely empty. A winding staircase inside the tower leads to a small platform at the top. The only magic to be found is the *continual light* spell that has been cast on the entire roof cap of the tower. The enchantment is very tough to dispel—it was cast at 47th level.

Sea Tower of Nemessor

The Sea Tower of Nemessor is very similar in construction to the one on Irphong, but it is different in many other ways. The Nemessor tower is located on a 100' tall cliff on the northeast face of Nemessor, and island at the far southeast end of the Nelanther. (Actually, sages contend that Nemessor Island is not part of the Nelanther at all—something about differing rock formations—but that is neither here nor there.)

The Sea Tower of Nemessor has the same *continual light* spell cast on its roof, and the tower itself is just as empty as the one on Irphong. But the island of Nemessor is inhabited by almost 800 members of the "Black Skull" pirate clan. The Black Skull are excellent sailors, and do most of their pirating in the treacherous winds of The Race. Of the 800 or so clan members, only 150 are actually pirates; the rest are shipwrights, farmers, craftsmen, captives, slaves, wives, children, etc.

No one from the Black Skull ever goes into the sea tower, except for children



on a dare. The pirates are superstitious, and are content to leave the obviously magical structure alone.

Starspire Mountains

The Starspire Mountains are a small mountain range as mountains go, but they are the only mountains in all of Tethyr. The Starspires are very wet mountains, receiving lots of rain in summer and a fair amount of snow in the winter at the higher elevations. This is one of the reasons the open country to the south is so dry.

There is a small tribe of dwarves living deep under the peaks at the eastern end of the Starspire range. This particular tribe likes to keep to itself, although it sends three major trading expeditions each year to Zazesspur, where they trade rare metals and dwarven arms and armor for cloth, leather goods, and other items they do not make for themselves.

The Starspire range extends into the Sea of Swords as a barren, rocky peninsula. This peninsula helps define Firedrake Bay, but has no other features to redeem it.

Which is exactly why a band of sea orcs have chosen the Starspire Peninsula as their new home. The orcs, who call themselves the Split Mast tribe, are still a small group, numbering only 80 (including women and children). They have three ships, but only one is fast enough and reliable enough for serious pirating. The Split Mast have started small, capturing single fishing boats that have strayed too far west from Port Kir, and they must still resort to the "women's work" of farming, fishing, and hunting to keep the tribe fed. But the tribe grows stronger by the month, and larger targets, such as the halflings of the Purple Hills or the many small fishing villages on Firedrake Bay, will soon be attacked by the orcs of the Split Mast.

Survale Ford

This ford is the only place where the River Ith is crossable between the



Gorge of the Fallen Idol and the Ithal Bridge in downtown Ithmong. An old, narrow trail winds from the ford south to Saradush and north to Trailstone in Amn. The road would be a more-frequently used trade route if it weren't for the general chaos and lawlessness throughout Tethyr.

A prime example of that lawlessness is Harfourt's Raiders, a large bandit gang that operates in the area of the Survale Ford. The Raiders travel all over eastern Tethyr, taking what they want from small villages, family farms, and lone travelers. The Raiders number 75 or so men, and are led by Axian Harfourt, a 5th level fighter of Neutral Evil alignment. Harfourt's men range from 1st to 5th level, and are all proficient in short bow and long sword.

Harfourt's Raiders prefer lightning strikes on horseback, hitting the enemy hard, taking what they can, and fleeing before the target has time to recover. If circumstances dictate, however, Harfourt can also orchestrate a siege or other drawn-out military style engagement.

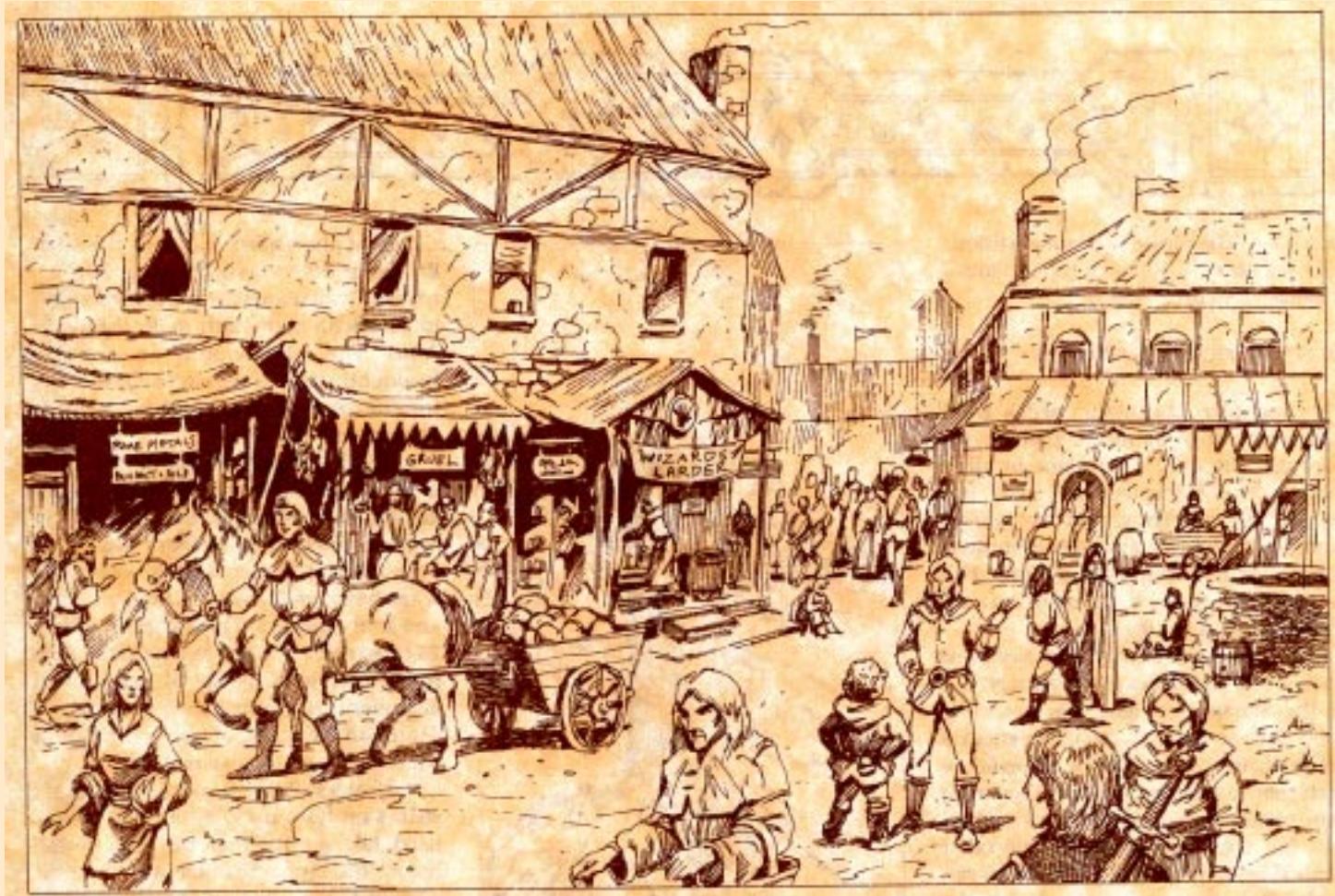
Anyone trying to cross Survale Ford will certainly meet the Raiders. The Ford is always guarded, and a toll is demanded. If the travelers are aggressive, rude, or simply look rich, the Raiders will attack without warning, picking up what's left after the battle is over. The Raiders are confident, but not stupid—if an obviously superior force approaches the Ford, they will withdraw.

Characters

The Company of Eight

The Company of Eight is a band of adventurers sworn to each other and the cause of peace, freedom, and justice in Tethyr. The Company has many powerful enemies, but many powerful friends, too—and their exploits are quickly becoming legend among the common people of the country.

Oddly enough, the Company of Eight has only seven members. Only the leader, Tardeth the ranger, has been



with the company since it was formed nearly 13 years ago. He has told the other members of the company (and anyone else who asks) that "the Lady of Truth and Justice is our eighth," but those closest to him believe there is something more to it than that.

The current members of the Company of Eight are:

- Tardeth Llanistaph (AL NG), a 15th level human ranger. Tardeth (no one ever uses his last name) has ST 18/23, IN 15, WS 16, CN 17, DX 13, CH 14. He wears leather armor and a *ring of protection* +3, but he also owns a set of *chain mail* +4 which he dons when he knows that combat is imminent. Tardeth wields a *long sword* +3 that he calls "The Scales of Justice." The sword is intelligent and has spell-throwing abilities. He also uses a long bow with a variety of magical arrows.

- Marilyn Haresdown (AL NG), an 11th level human fighter. Haresdown has ST 16, IN 12, WS 16, CN 14, DX 14, CH 12. She wears *scale mail* and *shield* +3 and wields a *dancing broad sword* +3. Marilyn has been in the Company for six years.

- Arkaneus Silvermane (AL N), a 12th level human druid of many years. He has ST 10, IN 15, WS 18, CN 15, DX 13, CH 15. He has only a *staff of the woodlands* and a considerable array of spells. Arkaneus is the second most senior member to Tardeth, having been in the Company for 11 years.

- Manfred Arbustle (AL N), a 3rd level human druid and Silvermane's apprentice. Manny (a nickname everyone uses, even though he hates it) has ST 12, IN 14, WS 15, CN 12, DX 10, CH 15. He has no magical items, although he carries a "staff" that is little more than an uncured sapling. Arbustle is the newest addition to the Company, joining less than a year ago.

- Lawantha Silendia (AL NG), a 12th level human magic-user. Lawantha has ST 9, IN 17, WS 15, CN 13, DX 16, CH 16. She wears a *cloak of protection* +3, and owns several potions, scrolls, and other magical items, including a *wand of lightning bolts*. Lawantha has been in the Company for four years.

- Sylvanus Moondrop (AL N), an 6th level elf fighter. He has ST 15, IN 13, WS 13, CN 14, DX 17, CH 14. He wears no

magical armor, but does own a pair of *boots of speed*. He also uses a *long bow* +2 and a *long sword* +1 to good effect. He has been a member of the Company for six years.

- Paddy Stoutfellow (AL NG), a 6th level halfling fighter/thief. Paddy has ST 11, IN 10, WS 14, CN 16, DX 15, CH 8. Paddy wears chain mail armor, and fights with a *broad sword* +2, *green dragon slayer* which he must use with two hands. He is also quite handy with a crossbow, and owns a handful of magical bolts for special uses. Paddy joined the Company just over two years ago.

The Company of Eight uses the vast Forest of Tethyr as its base. While they are likely to be in any part of the forest, they are most frequently in the southwest corner; Tardeth and Arkaneus have important contacts in Mosstone, and the Trade Way is a valuable source of information and work.

While the Company of Eight is not above some simple escort or guard work, they are most concerned with the welfare of the people of Tethyr. The Company (and Tardeth in particular) keeps close tabs on the latest in Tethyr



politics on all levels, and works to make sure their three-part goal (Peace, Freedom, and Justice) comes to pass.

Currently, that means keeping a careful watch on Ernest Gallowglass, the ruler of Ithmong with designs on the rest of Tethyr. "No tyrant will rule this land again," Tardeth has vowed on more than one occasion.

The Company of Eight has performed a number of services throughout Tethyr over the past 13 years, many of which have brought great fame to the group. These include the slaying of several rampaging monsters (including two dragons), negotiating the end of a bloody range war in northeast Tethyr, and the overthrow of the former ruler of Ithmong, a tyrant so bad that no one thought anybody could be worse—that is, until Gallowglass came along.

Knights of The Shield

The Knights of the Shield are a secretive group with members all up and down the Sword Coast. The aims, real power, and exact activities and goals of

this group is not known. It is only mentioned here because Lord Inselm Hhune, a very powerful member of the Zazesspur Town Council, is one of the leaders of the society.

Lhaeo

Lhaeo is the scribe of the famous Elminster the Sage, one of the most learned and wise men in all of the Forgotten Realms. Elminster and his many servants and associates (including Lhaeo) live in Shadowdale, north of Sembia and southeast of Thar, thousands of miles away from Tethyr.

The only reason this humble scribe is mentioned here at all is because of a great secret—Lhaeo is the last surviving member of the Tethyr royal family! Son of King Alemander IV and younger brother of Prince Alemander V, Lhaeo was sent to Elminster the Sage for training and protection when he was still an infant.

Lhaeo's birth was not announced to the people of Tethyr, and as much secrecy as possible was kept even in the

royal castle. The queen never appeared in public very much anyway, and many residents of the castle never knew of the child. Apparently, Alemander IV was more suspicious than history gives him credit for. Lhaeo was to be his last card should conspirators eliminate the other heirs to the throne (little did Alemander IV suspect that the treachery would come from within his own family).

Today, Lhaeo is completely forgotten by those in Tethyr vying for power. Elminster is a wise man, and he knows that the news of a legitimate Tethyr heir, especially one not directly connected to the abuses of Alemander IV's rule, would turn the political situation upside down. Elminster also realizes that there are many different power factions that would hunt Lhaeo down if they knew he lived. So Lhaeo continues to work as a faithful scribe. Whether or not Elminster has told Lhaeo the truth about his heritage is not known; if he has, then Elminster has also convinced Lhaeo to keep it a secret for now.

Calimshan

The kingdom of Calimshan is a vast, arid land of magic and wonder. The land is not abundant in natural resources or particularly good for farming, so the people of Calimshan have learned to depend on trade, craftsmanship, tinkering, a little theft, and a good deal of magic to get by. And they do more than just get by—Calimshan is a glorious, splendid place, full of magic, mystery, and danger.

General Description

Calimshan is a coastal nation, bordered on the west by the Sea of Swords, and to the south by the Shining Sea. Calimshan's northern border is generally accepted to be a line that starts between Memnon and Myratma, goes east through the center of the Forest of Mir, and then turns southeast. The east border is currently in dispute; most in the Realms believe it to be the continuation of the Snowflake Mountains south of Kzelter, passing east of Almraiven and continuing to the Shining Sea. The Pasha of Calimshan believes his eastern border extends past those mountains, down the peninsula to the city of Sulddolphor. Sulddolphor, and the other cities on the peninsula, while in close contact with Calimshan, prefer to be independent city-states, answering to no one. The pasha is currently not pressing the point, and the dispute is more the source of tavern arguments than the cause of real aggression.

The culture of Calimshan is dominated by the great desert in the west, the Calim Desert. Even though it covers less than one-fourth the total land area of the country, the Calim forces itself on the consciousness of all of Calimshan. The attitudes, rituals, and habits necessary for survival in the Calim are part of everyday life throughout the country.

The land east of the Calim River is more hospitable than desert, but it is still a dry, difficult place. Very little grows in abundance, and the farmers of the region depend greatly on hardy livestock such as goats and sheep. Fresh

water is scarce, and many battles have been fought over the right to water a herd. To the north and east is the Forest of Mir, a vast pine forest that can best be described as "stifling." The hot sun fights its way down to the forest floor, yet the trees cut off any semblance of a breeze. Only the occasional clearing or spring provides any relief.

The last important factor in the life of Calimshan is the water, the Sea of Swords and the Shining Sea. It is on these waters that food comes to this country, and exotic spices, magics and other items go out. And it is on these waters that Calimshan claims supremacy over the "barbaric North" in the fields of sailing, sea trading, fishing, and naval warfare.

Races Appearing

Calimshan is primarily a human kingdom, but it is still a diverse, cosmopolitan land because of the many different types of humans that live and work there. A small majority of Calishite humans are of one race, shorter than average, with brown skin and dark hair. There is also a race containing a large amount of Tethyr blood, taller and more fair-skinned than the regular Calishite. Two other races, the tall, ebony-skinned traders of Chult and the long-faced, slightly yellow-tinted men of the Shaar are also in large numbers in Calimshan.

This is not to say that non-human races are nowhere to be found. There are elves in nearly every major city in Calimshan, many of them magic-users, alchemists, and helpers and apprentices. There is also a large tribe of Drow elves living in the western leg of the Forest of Mir, but they are very much interested in keeping to themselves—almost as interested as their neighbors are in keeping away. The Drow in general have a bad reputation, and this tribe in particular is well-known for its ruthless tactics in battle and cruel treatment of prisoners.

Dwarves are very popular in Calim-

shan for their natural talent with metal, arms and armor. However, there are very few of them in this country. When dwarves are found, they are working in the cities of Calimshan, living in small family groups. There are no large tribes living in their own communities, even in the Marching Mountains. Gnomes are even more scarce.

Halflings are less common in Calimshan than in Tethyr or Amn. Like the elves, halflings are just not happy in the hot weather that is so common in this southern realm. There is a small fellowship of halflings that lives and works together in Calimport, but they are hardly noticed in the general bustle of Calimshan's largest city.

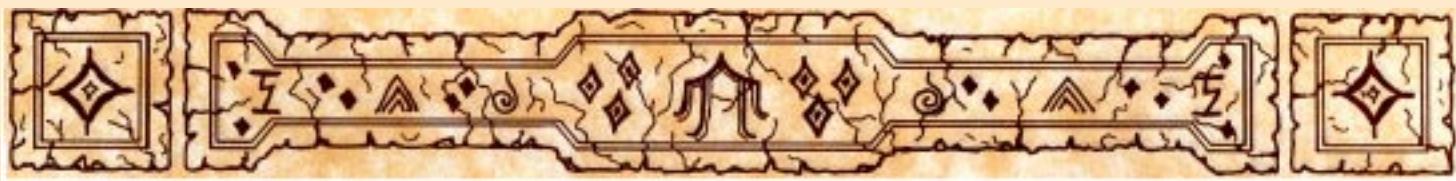
Half-orcs, on the other hand, are common throughout Calimshan. Unlike many other places in the Forgotten Realms, half-orcs are considered a normal part of society here; they are not relegated to menial tasks or the poor parts of town. In fact, half-orcs can be found in positions of responsibility and power throughout Calimshan, as shopkeepers, skilled workers, bureaucrats, soldiers, business owners and even politicians.

Even orcs are tolerated, but they are widely regarded with suspicion—an orc must spend years establishing a reputation in a particular locale before he will be accepted by the community.

Languages

The common tongue of the Realms is, of course, known throughout Calimshan. Because of the country's great dependence on trade and other contacts with other parts of the Realms, knowledge of common is necessary for survival. However, common is not the language Calishites prefer to use when speaking among themselves.

The language of Calimshan is called Alzhedo. It is very closely related to the language spoken on the Elemental Plane of Air, and this fact lends credence to the theory that the first civilizations in the Calimshan area were



made up of travelers from that plane. Alzbedo is spoken at court, in all government and judicial proceedings, and throughout polite Calimshan society.

The Chult and Shaar races in Calimshan speak their native languages among themselves, but speak either Alzbedo or common when dealing with other Calishites.

Alzbedo is a very difficult language to learn; even many natives who grow up speaking it do not speak it well. Calishites are well aware of this fact, and while they are proud of their language and are honored by outsiders' attempts to use it, they understand the need to speak common in many situations.

Social customs

Calimshan society is a great lover of wealth. Not wealth for wealth's sake (like in Amn), but for what wealth can do for you. Leisure time is very highly prized in Calimshan; anything that makes a job easier is embraced by society. "He does what he doesn't have to" is an insult in Calishite circles; it says the subject doesn't know what's important in life and works harder than necessary.

The Calimshan ideal is to be a member of the "idle rich," devoting a small amount of time each day to maintaining your fortune, and spending the rest of the day in luxury, attended by servants. This is not to say that Calishites are a lazy people; on the contrary, they work very hard to achieve their goals, and they do not do anything halfway. It's just that the goal this society works so hard to achieve is to not have to work so hard.

Very few Calishites actually achieve the goal of early retirement and a life of idle wealth. But the pursuit of leisure time is still important. Toward that end, three things are common in Calimshan society: slaves, servants, and gadgets.

Nearly anyone who can afford a slave has one (or more). Slaves are used in Calimshan primarily as personal servants—cooks, food servers, maids,

clothes washers, nannies, gardeners, and the like. Many businesses also use slaves, especially those that need a large amount of manual labor. Trade in slaves is brisk in Calimshan, and any race, human or non-human, can be found in the ranks of slaves. Slaves are frequently imported from other parts of the Forgotten Realms as well.

Servants are more common than slaves, because they are less expensive. A servant only has to be paid a wage, while slaves must not only be bought, but also housed, fed, and clothed. Servants are exclusively of the domestic variety, handling household chores and other menial tasks. Businesses use servants all the time, of course, but they are more accurately called "employees."

Most fascinating in the Calimshan national character is the people's love of labor-saving devices and gadgets, preferably magical. Many of these items are whimsical in nature—in Calimshan society, the more trivial a task a device can perform, the higher status it affords. Typical devices are as follows:

- Torches that light and extinguish themselves on verbal command.
- Shoes that tie themselves on command.
- A wine pitcher that knows when a glass at the table is empty, and then floats over to that empty glass and fills it.
- A bed that makes itself.
- A door which recognizes members of the household and opens to let them in.

And so on. The more silly the job, the more likely someone in Calimshan has a gadget that will do it. If this gadget is magical, so much the better.

Charity is practically unheard of in Calimshan; most people are too busy amassing their own fortunes to worry about others. And jobs are not particularly scarce. If worse comes to worst, a person could take a job as a personal servant—there's always someone willing to take on another servant.

Calishites also have a fascination with magic. Magic-users are held in very high esteem, even low-level mages and

apprentices. Nearly anyone with the free time and money hires a mage in order to learn a few simple spells; it is a hobby among the rich merchants and bureaucrats of Calimshan to have a few minor spells and cantrips at their disposal for the amusement and amazement of their friends.

One last thing that must be said about Calimshan society is their incredible ego. To hear a Calishite tell it, this southeast corner of the continent is the only repository of culture and civilization in all of the Forgotten Realms. A Calishite thinks little of the cultures of Cormyr, Waterdeep, the Moonshaes, the Shaar, Thay, Sembia, Thar—they are all "barbarians." They do not mind when people from these lands take offense. In fact, they almost expect it. But this assumed superiority is ingrained in the very heart of Calimshan society so deeply that only the most careful and diplomatic will avoid insulting a foreigner as almost a matter of course.

Monsters

As would be expected of a magical, dangerous land, there are many monsters in Calimshan. The Calim Desert is a perilous place, with common hazards including giant scorpions, sphinxes, jackals, dustdiggers, giant ant lions, dune stalkers, vortexes, poisonous and constrictor snakes, various demons, devils, and daemons, and elementals from the planes of air, earth, and fire, such as djinni, dao, efreeti, jann, and marid, as well as earth, air, and fire elementals and smoke and magma paraelementals.

The Forest of Mir is also a relatively evil place, where adventurers can find orcs, kobolds, ogres, hill giants, goblins, stirges, choke creepers, bloodthorns, ettins, forester's banes, driders, giant spiders, centaurs, dryads, harpies, and the ever-growing drow elves. There are also rumors of dragons of various colors using the Forest of Mir as a base, but no one has returned from the forest with proof.



Because of the large number of experimenting magic-users throughout the country, practically every magical monster capable of being summoned exists somewhere in Calimshan. All sorts of elementals, para-elementals, golems, homunculi, aerial servants, invisible stalkers, demons, devils, daemons, mordrons and naga can be found guarding treasure chambers, wandering in ruins and graveyards, and rampaging free over the countryside after disposing of those who would try to control them.

Of course, the people of Calimshan are also troubled by the more "mundane" monsters as well, including purple worms, hydrae, wolves, bears, bats, umber hulks, bulettes, anhkhegs, goblins, bugbears, and the like. Every day can be a challenge in Calimshan—provided one knows where to look.

History

Calimshan is an old country, older than either of the other Empires of the Sands. Calimshan was first settled over 7,000 years ago by the Djen, a humanoid race from the Elemental Plane of Air. These Djen were known to be very magical, and had a number of inherent powers, such as *create whirlwind*, *summon air elemental*, and a weak form of *weather control*. In addition, many Djen became powerful magic-users, learning new spells previously not available on the Elemental Plane of Air.

The Djen prospered for over 1,000 years in Calimshan, but their reign was ended by an invasion of creatures and minions from the Elemental Plane of Fire. Some say this is where the bitter hatred between djinni and efreeti started, others say this was just a result of a hatred that was already there. Whatever the cause, the battle was long and bloody, taking over 100 years to complete. The Djen finally beat off the attackers from the fire plane, but were greatly weakened in the attempt. They slowly died off after that, and the last mention of the Djen is just under 6,000 years old.

The next 4,000 years or so, Calimshan was dominated by nomadic tribes of humans. Various tribes from various places—Chult, the Shaar, The Shining Plains, Chondath, even Amn and Cormyr—took turns dominating, only to be conquered by the next, nearly identical tribe.

Slowly, the nomadic nature of Calimshan began to change. As explorers and traders from Amn, Waterdeep, and Cormyr discovered the wonders of the area, some tribes began to settle down and take up new means of support, like fishing, farming, or trading. These communities began to band together for mutual protection, and soon a civilization was born. It was only 1,300 years ago that the Shoon Empire (now called Iltkazar) came into being.

The Shoons were a grand and glorious empire, and their excesses were the foundation of Calishite snobbery today. They grew wise and powerful in the ways of magic, and ships and caravans bearing the Shoon flag traveled across the Forgotten Realms. Shoon, a particularly powerful mage, created a book of great power during this time called the Tome of the Unicorn. The exact location of the Tome has been lost in time, but since the book is 2' by 3' and made of pure metal, it is likely to still be around . . . somewhere.

Then, 900 years ago, the Shoon empire vanished. A great magical upheaval was at first suspected, but the wise and learned mages of other lands dispute the claim, saying a force that great would have disturbed magical powers and beings throughout the Forgotten Realms, and that didn't happen. Sages who have studied the Shoon at great length have reached no definite conclusions, but the most popular theories today center around a plague or disease decimating the population.

Today, the Shoon impact on Calimshan is still great. The grandeur of that empire is responsible, more than anything else, for the strong national character of Calimshan today. The ruins of the Shoon's greatest city, Monrativi Teshy Mir, can still be found in the wilderness to the west of the edge of the

Forest of Mir (see below for more on Monrativi Teshy Mir).

Since the fall of Shoon, no force or people has risen to dominate the land. There are a half dozen or so major cities, each of which exerts its own power over its own area. About 170 years ago, a man in Calimport declared himself "Pasha" over the land, and began to amass a large army. Before that army could march, however, the representatives of each major city got together and agreed to recognize the Pasha's authority in limited areas, and to pay a small tribute to him, enough to pay for the works the Pasha was expected to do. The oldest son of each pasha inherits the title; if there is no son, the mayors of each large city select a new one. The current Pasha, Rashid Djenispool, has ruled for over 18 years, and is the grandson of a pasha elected by the mayors of Calimshan 44 years ago.

Government and Politics

Calimshan is ruled, in theory, by a Pasha in Calimport. In practice, Calimshan is ruled by a consensus of the various leaders of the largest cities, along with the most powerful military leaders and the wisest and most fearsome mages.

There are actually very few important things the Pasha can just go out and do. Any changes in taxation, major new expenditures, or large-scale troop movements, if not done in consultation with many of Calimshan's most powerful men and women, are viewed with great alarm. The Pasha will quickly be reminded of his true place in the power structure of Calimshan, even if the action was in the country's best interest. If the action is met with widespread disapproval, it will often be revoked. And a Pasha who oversteps his bounds too frequently finds him or herself on the wrong side of an assassin's dagger.

Who are these other powerful people whom the Pasha rules at the apparent



whim of? They are the high viziers of the great cities of Calimshan—Almraiven, Calimport, Keltar, Manshaka, Memnon, Teshburl, and Volothamp. Some of these viziers rule their cities with absolute power; others, like the Pasha, have counselors who must be consulted before major decisions are made. Others who counsel the Pasha include the four generals of the Calimport army and the two admirals of its new navy, the Pasha's court wizards, and the leading traders and landowners of the empire.

Obviously, not all of these powerful men are consulted for every decision; that would lead to paralysis and nothing getting done. The Pasha decides who will be consulted and who will not. Those in the "inner circle" receive and send messages nearly every day to the palace in Calimport; for those on the fringes of power, it is considered a great honor for the Pasha to request an opinion on a matter.

For most residents of Calimshan, the Pasha is an object of near worship, an icon of wisdom and goodness to be obeyed without question. This is exactly the image the truly powerful men of Calimshan want the populace to believe.

It is on the local level that the day-to-day decisions that affect most people's lives take place. Every village, town, or city has a system of *drudaches*, or precincts it is divided into (some smaller villages have only a single drudache; Calimport has 143). Each drudache is led by a *druzir*, who is responsible for everything that happens in the drudache. The *druzir* petitions the vizier for money to repair roads, bridges, dig wells, and the like. The *druzir* collects all taxes, and is responsible to the vizier if those taxes come up short. The *druzir* also hears minor disputes and dispenses justice, and brings more important cases to the Vizier's Court. All but the smallest villages have a city watch, troops under the vizier's direct control. A *druzir* may ask the vizier for control of a small squad of troops to deal with a particular problem—this sort of re-

quest is frequently granted automatically. Some drudaches where trouble is frequent have permanent garrisons of the city guard assigned to them, under the control of the *druzir* or one of his assistants. *Druzirs* serve at the whim of the vizier, and can be replaced at any time.

Calimshan justice is cruel and swift; as a result, crime is not common. The death penalty is common for most serious crimes (murder, kidnapping, any sort of assault or other crime that results in injury to another). Maiming, branding, or slavery are typical punishments for less serious crimes.

Religion

Calimshan is a land of many races, both human, and non-human; as such, there are many different gods worshipped here. There is no religion mandated by the government—all Calishites are free to worship (or not worship) how and who they choose. Some of the more common religions in Calimshan are:

Azuth



Azuth is the patron of magic-users, a lawful neutral god with great control over magic and magical items. The reasons he is worshipped here in Calimshan to such a great extent should be obvious. Nearly every person in the country, tycoon to slave, has a fascination with magic. Even the most humble citizens have magical items, even if they are no more than a self-cleaning stewpot. Azuth is frequently invoked when greeting (or saying goodbye to) business associates, fellow travelers, and even relatives.

Tymora



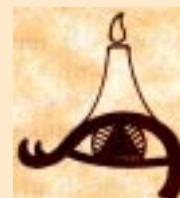
Tymora (also known as Lady Luck) is the goddess of good fortune, luck, victory, and skill, and she is the patron of adventurers and warriors. Tymora is best known for helping those who show initiative and innovation in helping themselves, and many of the Calimshan middle classes call on this Chaotic Good goddess' favor to get that stroke of luck necessary to vault into the upper crust of Calishite society.

Bhaelros



Bhaelros is the name Calishites give this Chaotic Evil god of storms and destruction, known throughout the Forgotten Realms (other than Calimshan) as Talos. With typical Calishite smugness, however, they claim that Talos is simply the "barbarian" name for Bhaelros. Bhaelros has many followers among the members of the various evil alignments in Calimshan, especially the Drow elves in the Forest of Mir, who abandoned their elven gods long ago.

Deneir



Deneir is the god of literature and art, two activities that Calimshan claims superiority to the rest of the Realms in. This Neutral Good god is also invoked frequently by sages and scribes as they begin their day's work in many of the places of learning in Calimshan.



Selune



Selune is the goddess of the moon, stars, and navigation. Given the large merchant fleets and the soon-to-be-completed Calimshan navy, rising interest in this Chaotic Good deity is understandable.

Sharess



Sharess is a chaotic good aspect of Shar, the goddess of darkness, night, loss, and forgetfulness. Sharess is particularly popular among Calimshan's idle rich. She is a goddess of lust, free love, and sensual fulfillment; she is worshipped in prolonged fests with scented baths, music, good food, dancing, and other sensual activities. The Pasha of Calimshan himself is said to be a great devotee of Sharess.

Geography and Climate

Calimshan is located on a great coastal plain in the southwest corner of the continent. It is very flat, much more so than either Amn or Tethyr. Unlike some other areas of the Forgotten Realms, there are no abrupt changes in geography in Calimshan; the terrain alters gradually, as if the landscape were painted with a very broad brush.

The single most important feature of Calimshan geography is the Calim Desert, which dominates the western half of the country. It is a flat, trackless waste where only the hardiest cactus and desert flowers grow. The final leg of the great Trade Way road cuts directly across this desert on the way to

Calimport. For traders from the north, the desert is a final challenge to a long, wearying journey; for those heading north, it is an early test.

The only thing that keeps the desert from claiming a larger section of Calimshan is the mighty Calim River, a wide, broad river that begins in the Marching Mountains and flows southwest to the Shining Sea near Calimport. Water from the Calim River is the major source of agriculture in Calimshan's central plain. Calimshan's other major river, the River of Ice, has no ice in it at all. The river got its name from its unusually cold waters, fed by great melting underground ice packs in the eastern Marching Mountains. The River of Ice isn't even really that cold, but compared to the sweltering temperatures of the country in general, the contrast is significant.

The Marching Mountains are a small, insignificant range. The tallest mountain is only 8,500' high, and the average is closer to 5,000'. The slightly higher altitudes make the mountains one of the coolest places in Calimshan, and for that reason alone, many of the country's wealthiest families have estates there.

The other major feature of Calimshan geography is the Forest of Mir. As mentioned above, it is a hot, stifling, dense forest, with none of the cool, shady, restorative qualities usually associated with forests. Pines and other warm-weather trees (most with roots that sink more than 50' into the ground to get to water) dominate, and along with other types of dry, hardy plants, they manage to get by in this hot, inhospitable area.

The only other interesting feature to the Calimshan landscape is the Spider Swamp, just south of the Forest of Mir between Volothrop and Almraiven. This is a particularly nasty place, with tall cypress trees dripping with moss and fungi, great still pools of shallow brackish water, and swarms of stinging and biting insects and other small pests. All in the swamp is perpetually damp, and the smell of rot and decay is every-

where.

The climate of Calimshan can be summed up in one word: hot. The winters are brief and provide little relief, and the summers are both long and difficult. Highs throughout the five- to six-month period Calishites refer to as summer stay above 90, with temperatures nearer 100 (and occasionally higher) in the hottest two months. The night is little comfort in a Calimshan summer, as the temperatures rarely drop below 80, even near dawn. The only exception is in the Calim Desert, where the night temperatures are a more reasonable 60 to 70 degrees. Of course, the daytime temperature on the desert floor rises to 120, so travelers must take the bad with the good.

What little rain Calimshan gets comes in the winter and early spring. There is no "wet season" here, just a time of year where showers are more likely. Violent thunderstorms are not uncommon on the Calim Desert, but the rain they produce falls too fast and is over too soon to do much good. Even more common on the desert are windstorms (some magically created or aided by the many air elementals and related creatures in the desert). There is always wind on the desert, obscuring tracks just minutes after they are made, blowing sand into the eyes of pack animals, and stinging the unprotected flesh of travelers, but the windstorms are particularly dangerous, because of their great power and how quickly and unpredictably they can come up.

The ocean waters off of Calimshan are warm and calm. There are very few storms in the Shining Sea at all, and storms in the Sea of Swords are usually spent long before they get to the Singing Rocks.

Money and Commerce

Calimshan has a very strong trading economy, dealing with nearly every other nation in the Forgotten Realms. There are many things—magical items, exotic spices, alchemical supplies, fine



horses, gems, and silk—unique to Calimshan that the rest of the Realms wants. This is good, because there are a number of things that Calimshan needs in return that it can't provide for itself. Food is at the top of this list; the dry lands of Calimshan cannot produce enough food to feed the population. Meat is not a problem—there are many large ranches in the central plain, where the land is good for little else but grazing. But there is a severe shortage of grains, fruits and vegetables. Bread is very expensive in Calimshan, and many fruits and vegetables are simply not available to the common people. Beers, wines, and ales also have to be imported, though *trika*, a sweet and potent wine made from *palintri*, a cross between a breadfruit and a date that grows in abundance along the entire coast, is a popular drink.

Calishite traders travel throughout the Realms, seeking buyers for their special goods and looking for things that will turn a profit back in their home country. Unlike Amn traders, Calishites will not follow any lead in search of a profit. They tend to be more conservative, sticking to established (but extensive) trade routes and tried and true merchandise. Another distinction between Amn and Calimshan traders is that Calishites return home more regularly, probably because of their great love for their home (and because they grow tired of traveling among "barbarians").

Calimshan has a stable money system. The major cities of the country all strike their own coins, but each carries the Pasha's mark certifying its value, and the coins are of identical value. A gold *pulan* minted in Teshburl is worth exactly as much as a gold *rekatik* minted in Volothamp. Calimshan uses the money system common to the entire Forgotten Realms: $10 \text{ cp} = 1 \text{ sp}$; $10 \text{ sp} = 1 \text{ cp}$; $2 \text{ ep} = 1 \text{ gp}$; and $5 \text{ gp} = 1 \text{ pp}$. There is a wide variety of coins in the country because of the individual mints throughout the area, and each of those coins has a name. Most people don't care about the distinctions between

coins, however: a tribute to how effective Calimshan's monetary system really is. A Volothamp merchant will call a handful of gold coins "rekatiks", even if there are five different types of coins from five different Calimshan cities in the pile.

Some of the more common coins in use in Calimshan today are:

Copper: the *unarche* of Calimport; the *rada* of Almraiven; the *niften* of Teshburl; and the *spanner* of Manshaka.

Silver: the *decarche* of Calimport; the *messine* of Keltar; the *red worm* of Memnon; and the *espèdrille* of Volothamp.

Electrum: the *centarche* of Calimport; the *tazo* of Almraiven; the *zonth* of Memnon; and the *djendive* of Manshaka.

Gold: the *bicenta* of Calimport; the *pulon* of Teshburl; the *great worm* of Memnon; and the *rekatik* of Volothamp.

Platinum: the *kilarche* of Calimport; the *djendjen* of Manshaka; the *mandrille* of Volothamp; and the *redoline* of Keltar.

This is by no means a comprehensive list, but it does include the most common coins in circulation. Visitors are sure to see other coins, as well.

The larger businesses of Calimshan also use trade-bars with great frequency when dealing with each other. This is a common practice. There is also a small amount of barter that still goes on in the rural areas of Calimshan, but with so many different coins in circulation, the use of money is much more common.

Cities

Calimshan is an extremely urban country. Except for the vast livestock herds of the central plain, there is little the open land of Calimshan has to offer. So most of the population (over 90%) lives in just a handful of major cities. They are described below:

Almraiven

Almraiven is a large (population: 475,000), cosmopolitan port city filled with diversity. The city is not dependent on any one industry. The land surrounding Almraiven is particularly foul and ill-suited for farming, so the large docks along the Shining Sea have been built primarily for the large grain-hauling ships and other bulk carriers that bring the precious food the city cannot provide for itself.

What Almraiven offers in return is items that are not nearly as bulky, but are still valuable enough to offset the tremendous cost of the imported food. Magical items of all types are produced in Almraiven, with an emphasis on the less-powerful, more common items that are more affordable and can be made more quickly. Competitors in other cities complain that Almraiven magic sellers are "flooding the market," but local merchants ignore the complaints and go on.

Almraiven is also a major shipbuilding center, especially since the establishment of the Pasha's Navy a few years ago. Because the Almraiven port is the farthest from the action in the Sea of Swords, and the farthest from any potential spies, the navy's most ambitious, most secret projects are underway here.

Most interesting of these projects is the *Pasha's Palace*, a prototype vessel that, if successful, could revolutionize naval combat in the Forgotten Realms. The *Palace* is perhaps the largest warship ever built, over 1,300' long and with nine decks, four below the waterline. The *Palace* is practically a floating city, and will have a crew of over 4,000. Officers and messengers on many of the decks will use horses to get around this massive vessel more quickly.

The top deck of this ship is a floating artillery platform, littered with dozens of catapults, trebuchets, and firethowers. There are nearly 50 more ballistae on the second and third decks as well, and there are a number of plat-



forms from which magic-users can cast both offensive and defensive spells. Sea trials for the *Pasha's Palace* are set for next summer, and if all goes well, the Almraiven shipyards will go into high gear and begin work on five more.

The Vizier of Almraiven, Majel Arpooristan, rules only with the advice and consent of a council of 15 or so of the most powerful men in the city. Lately, Admiral Eshtarl Eshram, one of only two admirals in the Pasha's Navy and a close advisor to the Pasha, has exerted a great deal of power over Arpooristan and the entire council while overseeing construction of the *Pasha's Palace* and other major warships.

Calimport

Calimport is the largest, grandest city in all of the Empires of the Sands—and it never for a moment lets anyone forget it. Larger than Athkatla, larger and richer than even Waterdeep, Calimport has a population of over 2,000,000 hu-

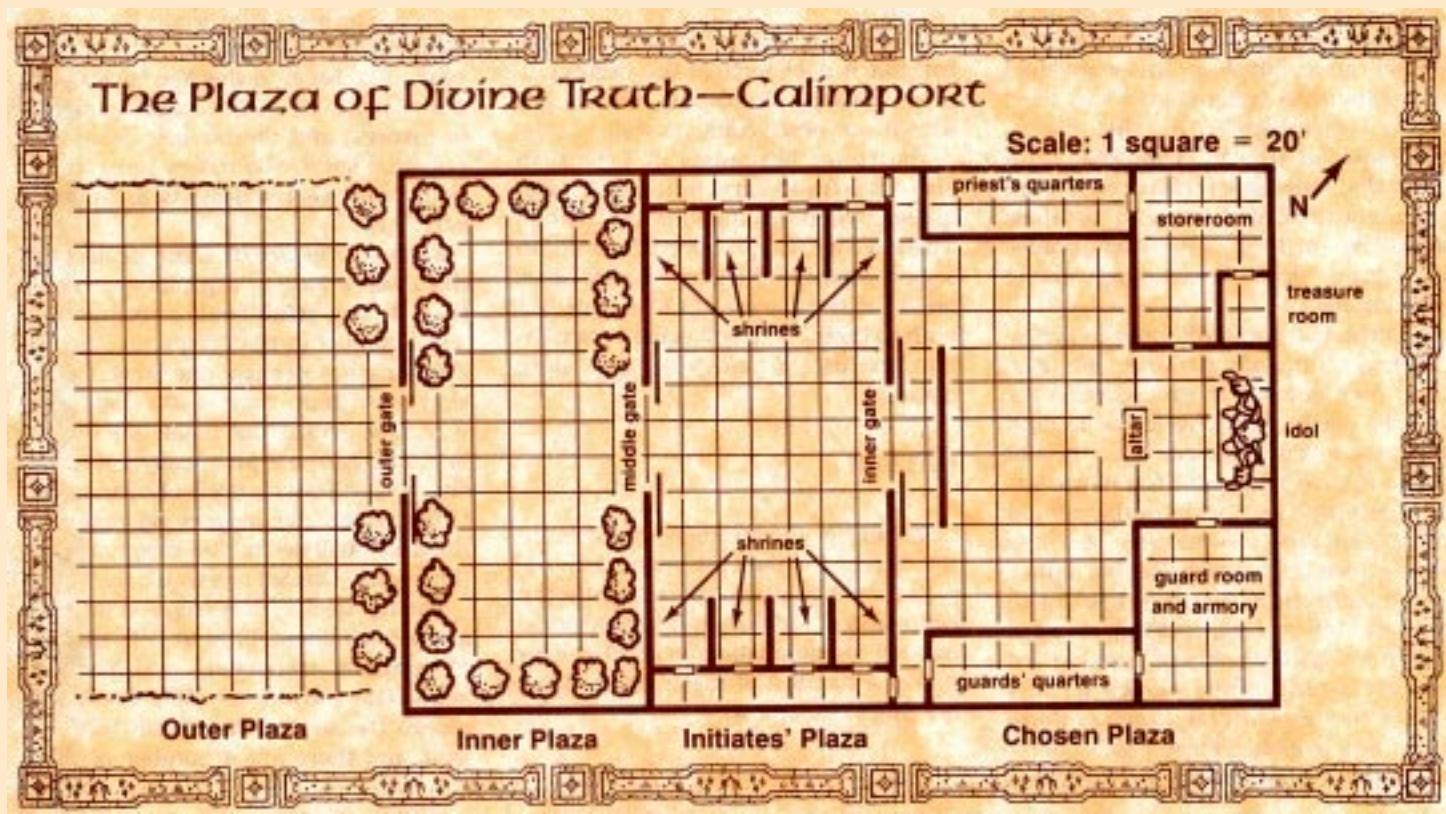
mans and non-humans of every known race and type. Included in that mix is the only large community of halflings in all of Calimshan.

Calimport is at the mouth of the Calim River, and is also the southern end of the great Trade Way road that leads eventually to Waterdeep and beyond. Calimport is a major port (as might be expected from the name) and trading center, collecting livestock from the central plain and fish from the Shining Sea for export as well as the manufactured goods from within the city, and trading them for both grain, food and other necessities, and exotic items and amusements from across the Realms.

Calimport has a nearly insatiable appetite for the unusual, exotic, and bizarre. The Calimport market quarter is a crowded, chaotic place, with small shops tucked into impossibly narrow alleys, hawkers yelling from second-story windows, and merchants selling from carts stopped on the edge of the road. Everything from the latest fashions to precious jewelry to inexpensive trinkets to minor magic items to high-quality specialty items are available. Most sellers will also buy interesting items in their line of expertise, and no price is set in stone; haggling is a respected tradition in Calimport, and most established merchants are *very* good at it.

Calimport also has large manufacturing businesses, making everything from furniture to armor to horse-drawn carts to cooking equipment to fine clothes to magical items. Somewhere in Calimport, nearly any item imaginable is being made by somebody.

Calimport is also the home of some of the great sages and researchers in all of the Forgotten Realms. While no single man has the knowledge or resources of the famed Elminster of Shadowdale, there are several learned men just a notch or two below him. And taken as a whole, the sum of knowledge in Calimport is greater. This is due to the great private libraries located here; information on every subject, some of it lost for ages, is in the various books and tomes





of these libraries. Some of the information is still lost, as the libraries are so vast that many of the books have not been read (or even opened) in centuries. However, given time and the permission of the owners of the various libraries, nearly anything can be found by a diligent researcher. Unfortunately, permission can be difficult to obtain. The owners of the various libraries see each other as rivals, not as cooperative custodians of a common body of knowledge, and their petty rivalries can make a researcher's life very complicated.

The Vizier of Calimshan is Punjor Djenispool, the oldest son of Pasha Rashid Djenispool. The pasha considered the position good training for Punjor's eventual succession, and the other viziers of Calimport agreed. Punjor is not always in agreement with his father, and he is learning as much as he can as quickly as possible, frequently consulting with his father's advisors and developing his own "inner circle" of trusted counselors. There are great expectations among the people of

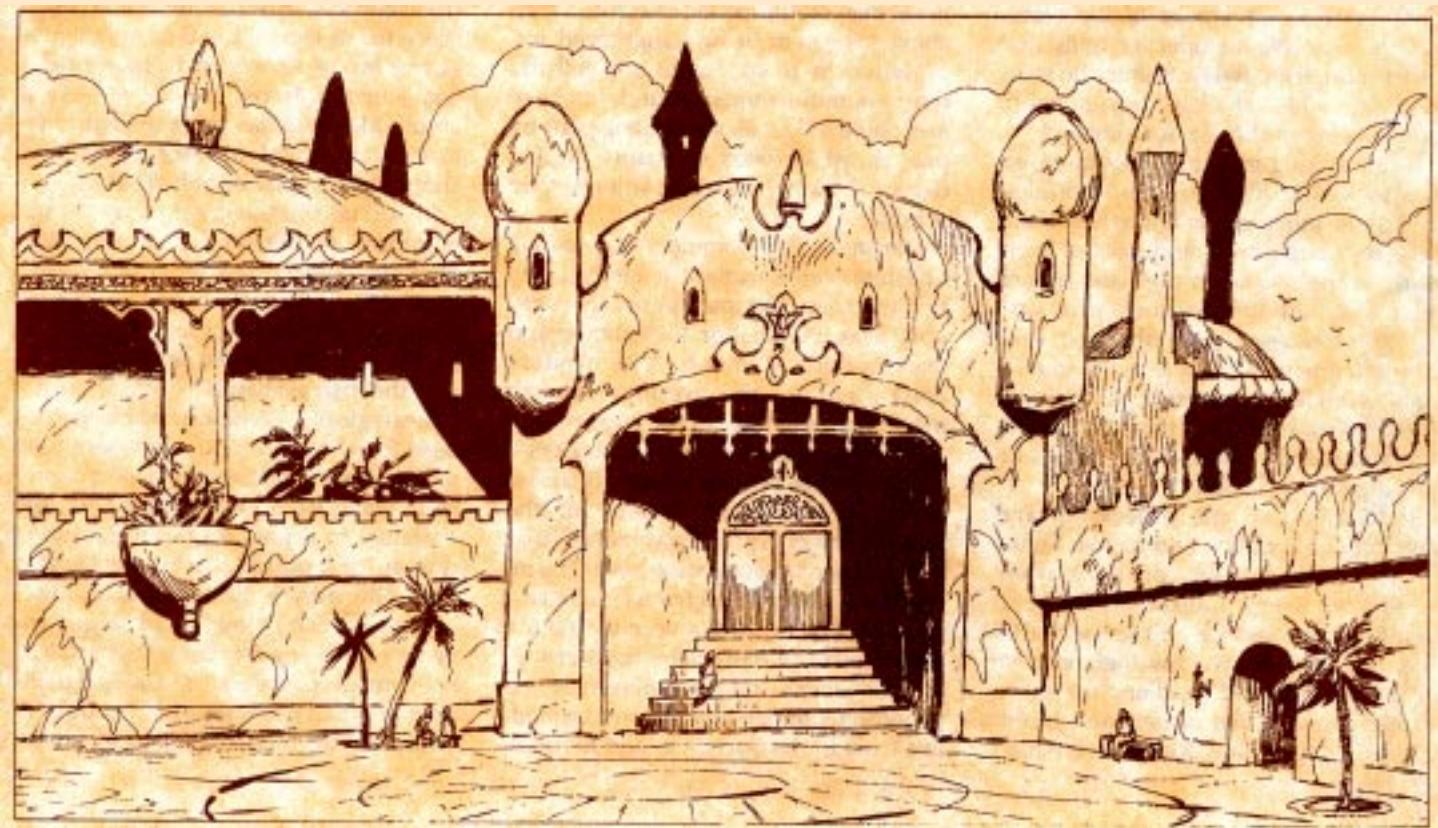
Calimshan—while few have complaints about the reign of Rashid, it is widely believed that Punjor could well be one of the greatest leaders Calimshan has ever seen.

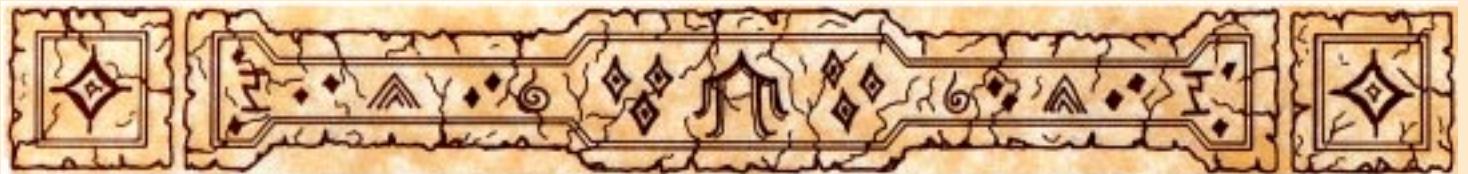
Calimport is also a major religious center. Many of the leaders of the country's largest religions are located here, as are some of the most spectacular temples in all of the Forgotten Realms. Typical is the Plaza of Divine Truth (see map), a large, richly-decorated temple dedicated to the worship of Bhaelros. The temple is built of fortified stone walls 4' thick, with guardhouses at all the corners and gates of the structure, as well as at intervals along the outer wall. The Outer and Inner Plaza are open-air (that is, there is no roof) and open to all. Guards at the Outer Gate will stop heavily-armed or suspicious-looking visitors, although weapons are not specifically prohibited in either of the outer two plazas.

Another set of guards screen people at the Middle Gate. Swords and other large weapons are confiscated, though

daggers and other small items frequently get by. Tourists or non-believers don't usually get past the Middle Gate without making a "donation" to one of the guards—the Initiate's Plaza is for prayer, meditation, and special small ceremonies. The shrines to either side are reserved for scheduled events, such as funerals, weddings, special classes in the faith of Bhaelros, prayer services for specific causes, etc. The clerics who lead these services enter from the back, to minimize direct contact with the worshipers.

A large wall just inside the Inner Gate guarantees that non-believers will not ever see the great Idol of Bhaelros at the far end of the Chosen Plaza. The wall also makes the gate easier to defend, as attackers have only two narrow openings to squeeze through. The most sacred services in the worship of Bhaelros are held here. Only clerics in the service of Bhaelros, worshipers with years of devotion to the religion, and really large benefactors of the church are ever allowed into this Plaza. The guards





(who are all clerics or cleric/fighters) have their quarters and storerooms to the sides of this plaza.

The Idol of Bhaelros itself is a spectacular statue over 30' high, covered in beaten gold and inlaid with huge, precious gems. In fact, the entire temple, and particularly the Chosen Plaza, is covered with the finest paintings, tapestries, sculptures and other artwork imaginable. The followers of Bhaelros believe that his spirit inhabits the idol, so they show it the greatest respect possible. It is also believed that if the temple is desecrated in any way, Bhaelros (accompanied by a great dragon which Bhaelros keeps on a chain by his side) will emerge from the idol to exact his revenge.

Keltar

Keltar is known as the "Edge of the Desert." It is an appropriate title—the vast Calim Desert stretches west for what seems like forever. Keltar is located on the Calim River at its deepest, swiftest point, to take advantage of the water power available to operate mills and other industries. Below Keltar, the river becomes wide, shallow and sluggish, meandering to the sea at Calimport.

Cattle is king in Keltar, though other livestock, including camels, buffalos, and other more exotic animals are also herded, slaughtered, and packed here. Most of the city is on the west side of the river, but the livestock pens and slaughterhouses are on the east side. This attempt to cut down on the smell is only partially successful; Keltar still smells like a barnyard, though it would undoubtedly be even worse if the animals were any closer.

In addition to the processing and shipping of livestock and meats, Keltar is also well known for its leather products. Every Calishite horseman wants a Keltar saddle, and Keltar craftsmen are also known for their leather armor, whips, and saddlery for more exotic animals, like camels and bison. There is even one Keltar craftsman

who says he can custom-make saddles for riding dragons, though few dragons are ever brought into town for a fitting.

Keltar is a fairly small city (population: 240,000) with a powerful vizier. Duncan Ashnarti is one of the richest men in town, with interests in meatpacking, shipping, and horse breeding. Ashnarti has a strong grip on the city, and does not depend on a group of powerful supporters to keep him in office. He is a reasonably good leader, however, so his position is likely to remain stable for some time.

Manshaka

Manshaka is a coastal town of over 300,000, located directly south of the central plain of Calimshan. While Keltar handles the livestock business for the northern half of the central plain, many ranchers and herdsmen in the south find it more convenient to drive their stock south to Manshaka.

There is a much wider variety of livestock available in Manshaka, because a great deal of it is loaded live onto cargo ships, instead of being slaughtered and prepared in town. Cattle are still the most common animals found, but they are joined in Manshaka holding pens by pigs, sheep, buffalos, elephants, dromedaries, chickens, and deer, among other things.

Manshaka is a common stop among Calishite coastal traders, boatmen who hug the coast, stopping at nearly every port from Suldolphor to Teshburl and occasionally Memnon. The traders don't stop for the livestock (though most take advantage of the opportunity to bring a little fresh meat on board)—Manshaka has become a major financial capital of Calimshan because of the large number of moneylenders that have chosen to set up shop here. The interest charged ranges from a quite reasonable 10% or 15% a year to 100% a month or even more. The rates are totally dependent on the riskiness of the proposed venture and the moneylender's trust in the borrower and his abili-

ties. A person could get money in Manshaka for nearly any purpose, no matter how far-fetched; how much he would have to pay in interest is another story. The traders stopping in Manshaka are either looking for money (to finance a new expedition, pay for repairs, whatever) or are there to pay off debts.

Nominally, the Vizier of Manshaka is a moneylender named Artouk Fanzir, but he has no real power. All important decisions are made by a group of 12—made up of nine rich businessmen, two powerful magic-users and a sage—which decides everything of importance. Fanzir (who is one of the businessmen on the council) then passes on the decisions.

Memnon

Memnon is an important trading city on the coast of the Sea of Swords in the far northwest corner of Calimshan. Because of its location on the edge of the Calim Desert, nearly every caravan on the Trade Way (in either direction) stops there for at least a full day, either preparing for or recovering from the arduous journey across the desert. As a result, Memnon has far more inns, taverns, stables and the like than there should be in a city of only 310,000.

In addition to the great many people employed in the service of travelers, Memnon is also well known as a fishing center. The area of the Sea of Swords directly off the coast is famous for the quality and abundance of fish, shrimp, and shellfish available.

Strategically, Memnon serves as the base for the scout and advance forces of the new Calimshan navy. Most of the ships stationed here are small and fast, designed to report on pirate locations unseen, or if possible, to hit quickly and run. The navy is growing faster than new docks can be built, and some fishermen are being forced to move to less convenient moorings. This has led to little more than grumblings so far, but the vizier is in the tough position of keeping



the local fishermen and the Pasha's Navy happy at the same time.

The Vizier of Memnon is a half-orc named Anders Gnurlbrach. Anders is a very popular vizier, and he voluntarily shares his power with an elected Town Council ("to better listen to the people," he says.) Gnurlbrach is well-respected by the other viziers of Calimshan despite his heritage; he is one of the Pasha's most frequently consulted viziers, and should the viziers be forced to elect a new Pasha from among themselves, there is a good chance it would be Anders.

Suldolphor

As mentioned above, there is some dispute as to whether or not Suldolphor is really in Calimshan or not. The Pasha occasionally makes grand proclamations "welcoming" Suldolphor into the Calimshan fold, making mention of the benefits of being part of the country (armed forces protection, trade regulation, etc.) and also noting the taxes due. These proclamations are always promptly and politely answered by one of the members of the Suldolphor Mage Council (they take turns), thanking the Pasha for his "kind offer" but reluctantly declining.

With growing pirate trouble on the Sea of Swords and continuing instability in Tethyr, Calimshan doesn't have the resources to try to take (and then keep) Suldolphor by force, so the Pasha does not worry too much about the "Suldolphor problem." In addition, many of Calimshan's most powerful men believe that Suldolphor is more valuable as an independent ally than as an unhappy possession, and counsel against any takeover attempt.

And Suldolphor is an excellent ally and trading partner. Goods from across the Lake of Steam come to this port city, and merchants from Calimshan and beyond avoid the unpleasant waters of the Lake of Steam and visit Suldolphor instead. Fruits, grains, and vegetables from the region are in especially high

demand in the rest of Calimshan, as are many specialty magical items made in Suldolphor itself.

Magic plays an even bigger role in Suldolphor daily life than in Calimshan, if such a thing is possible. The city is ruled by a Council of Mages, a group of seven magic-users, none less powerful than 15th level. Magic is constantly used on a daily basis, for everything from lighting cooking fires to watching the city walls for intruders. Spell scrolls are one of the city's biggest exports, closely followed by many other types of magical items.

Despite its tolerance on a official level of Calimshan's expansion plans, deep down the people of Suldolphor are worried, and not just of Calimshan, either. There is a definite paranoid streak in the Suldolphor character—rumors constantly circulate of planned invasions, economic embargos, or other hostilities from many different fronts. Calimshan is referred to the most in these rumors, but Chult, Thay, Tethyr, Waterdeep, and even Cormyr have been suspected. The fact that none of these rumors has ever proven to be true does not stop their proliferation.

The people of Suldolphor are still polite to visitors, especially if their intentions are known. Traders who stay in the business district, for example, are afforded the full hospitality of the city. Foreigners with vague or unknown intentions (like a band of adventurers), however, will be watched carefully and treated warily. If they stay long enough, they may even find themselves the subject of a new rumor in the back rooms of Suldolphor society.

Teshburl

Teshburl is the most isolated city in Calimshan. Located at the far west end of the country, Teshburl is widely considered by navigators the point where the Sea of Swords ends and the Shining Sea begins. It is not a very large city (population: 190,000), and entirely dependent

on the ocean for its livelihood.

Land travel to or from Teshburl is very difficult. It is possible to stay along the coast and get to either Memnon or Calimport, but the coast is very rocky, with high cliffs and steep gorges. And of course, a desert crossing is so perilous it hardly needs discussion. So if people, food, and trade goods are to get in or out of Teshburl, they do it by ship.

This total dependence on the sea has made the people of Teshburl excellent sailors. While most children get small wagons or pedal carts as toys, Teshburl children are given small boats. Merchant fleets, navies, pirates—all know the value of a Teshburl sailor.

Calimshan probably recognizes that value more than anyone else. Teshburl is the headquarters of the new Pasha's Navy, and the largest fleet of that new navy is being built in the Teshburl shipyards. Admiral Mond Vitendi is in personal command, overseeing the construction of the fleet and the training of the sailors. After some recent disagreements with the vizier over allocation of dock space between military and civilian fleets, Vitendi replaced the vizier (with the Pasha's approval) and now has total control over the city. Many of the townspeople haven't really noticed any difference, however, because Vitendi is too busy tending to his navy to spend time ruining the lives of the residents.

Tulmon

Tulmon is a small (population: 123,000) city on the southern coast of the Lake of Steam on the Suldolphor Peninsula. It is mentioned here because, like Suldolphor, it is also periodically claimed by Calimshan.

The people of Tulmon, like Suldolphor, prefer to remain independent. Unlike Suldolphor, the people of Tulmon realize that Calimshan's army is not going to come marching up main street tomorrow, and that even in the long run, the Pasha's bark is much worse than his bite.



Tulmon is primarily an agricultural city, storing and selling the produce of the fertile land of the peninsula. Tulmon fruits, grains, and vegetables go a long way toward feeding the eastern cities of Calimshan. Calishite merchant ships willing to go the extra distance profit by sailing directly to Tulmon rather than stopping at Suldolphor. By going that extra distance, they get produce that is fresher, higher quality, and at a slightly lower price. Sailing on the Lake of Steam is not a pleasant experience, however. It is hot, and winds are light. Sometimes the winds go away altogether, and ships can be becalmed for weeks. These dangers must be weighed against the additional profit in making the trip, and most merchants decide to stop at Suldolphor.

Volothamp

Volothamp is a medium-sized (population: 370,000) city on the Shining Sea coast between Almraiven and Manshaka. It has the usual coastal industries—shipping, shipbuilding, fishing, sailmaking, etc.—although, for some reason, the Volothamp shipyards have a reputation for building poor-quality ships. “Came apart like a Volo frigate in a stiff breeze” is a Calimshan expression for someone who cracks under pressure.

Volothamp does have some claims to fame, of course. Some of the finest goldsmiths and jewelry makers work in this city. And since many high-powered magical items (particularly swords and other weapons) are inlaid with gems and precious metals, some very well-established mage consortiums have also set up shop in Volothamp, in order to be closer to the smiths and jewelers necessary to their work.

There is a dark side to life in Volothamp, however. Crime is low, the weather is pleasant (as pleasant as it can be in southern Calimshan, that is), and business is good. Yet many residents refuse to go out at night, and even those who stay indoors report strange

sounds and an unearthly chill that no fire can drive away.

The people of Volothamp are subject to occasional raids from the giant spiders and other foul creatures from Spider Swamp, only a few miles to the east. These creatures are the minions of a great spider demon who has taken up residence in the swamp. The demon is trying to expand its influence, first to Volothamp, then perhaps Almraiven, then beyond. Toward that end, the demon has *charmed* some of the more important members of Volothamp society and government. That is how the raiding monsters have been able to avoid city patrols, and it is also why there has not been a great outcry for a large-scale raid on the swamp. Volothamp suffers silently while its leaders sit idly by.

The vizier of Volothamp is Ramslett N'door, the son of a Chult trader. N'door is a lifelong resident of Volothamp, however, and a respected leader despite his mixed racial background. Unfortunately, N'door is controlled by the demon of Spider Swamp, as are a good number of his senior advisors. The other advisors who have suspected something was wrong and let the wrong people know about those suspicions have mysteriously disappeared.

Yeslipek

Yeslipek is a small fishing village on the south coast of the Lake of Steam on the Suldolphor Peninsula. Like the other cities on the peninsula, Calimshan claims Yeslipek as its own. However, Yeslipek is so small (population: 14,000) that it is a bit player in what is not that serious a conflict in the first place. The Pasha of Calimshan has not even bothered to send Yeslipek a proclamation announcing its status as a Calishite city. It's just as well—the Yeslipek mayor would only tear it up.

What makes Yeslipek worth mentioning is *tadjani*, a delicacy found only here and loved throughout the Forgotten Realms. Tadjani is a rare shellfish, similar to mussels but much more flavorful,

and different in a way that defies description (though many have tried). The tadjani grows only in the warm waters of the Lake of Steam, and for reasons unknown to the sages, only in the area around Yeslipek. (Attempts to move living tadjanis to other areas to start new beds have always failed, and no one knows why.)

Tadjani can be prepared dozens of ways—all delicious—but for shipping long distances, it is most commonly pickled in vinegar and spices. Most of the Forgotten Realms, in fact, has only seen tadjani prepared this one way, and is not aware of the other things that can be done with it. Only the towns on the Lake of Steam, and eastern Calimshan, have the privilege of knowing better.

Places of Interest

Calim Desert

The Calim Desert is a large, inhospitable place. The daytime temperatures are brutally hot, though it cools down to a comfortable level at night. Strong and unpredictable winds blow at all times, reducing visibility, obscuring tracks, and blowing sand into everything—clothes, eyes, food, water, blankets, and all but the most tightly sealed containers.

The greatest peril to travelers, though, is the lack of water. The air over the desert is bone dry, and most animals (including people) must double their water intake just to maintain a healthy typical water level. Since there's hardly any water to be found, that means that people who journey across the Calim must bring plenty of water with them, and use it carefully.

There are oases in the Calim, but they are not very frequent. A Calim oasis is not marked by an open pool of water, but by a small patch of scrubby trees and other greenery. The vegetation signifies water close enough to the surface for the plants to get at it. To get to the water, of course, someone in the group must know how to dig an artesian well.



It is also quite easy to get lost in the Calim Desert. Blowing sand often makes the sky hazy, so simply following the sun is sometimes difficult. Navigating by the stars at night is easier, because the winds die down and the sky is clearer. The best way to avoid getting lost, however, is to stick to the Trade Way, which crosses the desert between Calimport and Memnon. The road has several oases along it, and these mark the road as well as anything else. Signposts, tracks, and other markings are quickly destroyed by the desert.

Many travelers prefer to cross the desert by night, and try to sleep during the day. This has some advantages, including easier navigation and less use of water. But night travel has one main drawback—the large number of monsters that come out at night to feed. Snakes, scorpions, small, silent desert cats, and birds of prey are all on the hunt at night, and many are not above a man-sized meal.

Other monsters could be encountered at any time. Particularly dangerous are the efreeti, djinni, and daos who, when they are not fighting each other, are attacking caravans of "intruding mortals." Last but not least is the threat of other humans. Bandit activity is surprisingly high in an inhospitable place like the Calim Desert. For more on the Desert Raiders, see "Characters," below.

Forest of Mir

The Forest of Mir is another dangerous locale in Calimshan. While not as obviously deadly as the Calim Desert, the dangers of the Forest of Mir are more cunning and less apparent. The forest is hot, but there is plenty of water. Getting lost is a possibility, but there are a large number of trails and streams that can be followed until one's bearings are regained.

The primary danger to be found in the Forest of Mir is the monsters lurking within. The south leg of the forest has many different types of monsters,

usually living alone or in small family groups. Ogres, goblins, and orcs have carved out small chunks of territory, but all are potential prey for the other monsters of the forest. Some human villages exist on the very edges of the forest, clearing a little timber and farming small plots of land, but the residents never go more than a mile or two into the forest. Brave hunting parties sometimes go deep in the forest in quest of a particular beast rumored to live within, and a few even come back.

The single biggest threat in the Forest of Mir, however, is the large population of drow elves in the western leg. Only the ignorant or the foolhardy enter this part of the forest; even the Pasha recently admitted that for all practical purposes, North Mir belongs to the drow.

No one really knows just how many drow elves inhabit the Forest of Mir, but the best estimates give the total population at over 80,000. This total is divided into 8 to 10 tribes, each holding a small section of the forest for itself. The tribal leaders select one from among themselves to act as King of the Drow. The tribes are very independent, however, and meetings of all the tribes are very rare. They are usually called only when one of the many tribe-vs.-tribe rivalries gets out of hand and erupts into war.

The drow have substantial underground dwellings, storehouses, and passages dug out beneath the forest floor. Some say these tunnels connect with a vast underground network beneath all the Forgotten Realms. The drow want very little to do with other surface-dwelling people (which is generally counted as a good thing by the people of Calimshan), and are more than happy to leave humans alone provided that they in turn are also left alone. Some brave explorers and traders have contacted the drow to acquire some of their weapons, handcrafts and other goods for sale to the outside world, but this does not happen often. There are three reasons: one, the drow never trade their best goods; two, the

prices are outrageous; and three, not all the traders that enter the Forest of Mir come out.

The Marching Mountains

The Marching Mountains, as mentioned above, are not particularly high or steep. Little is known about them, however, because so few Calishites live in the area. The people of Keltar are familiar with the mountains from looking at them, but even they don't go there. The average Calishite's opinion of the Marching Mountains is that they are a convenient barrier separating the Forest of Mir from the rest of Calimshan.

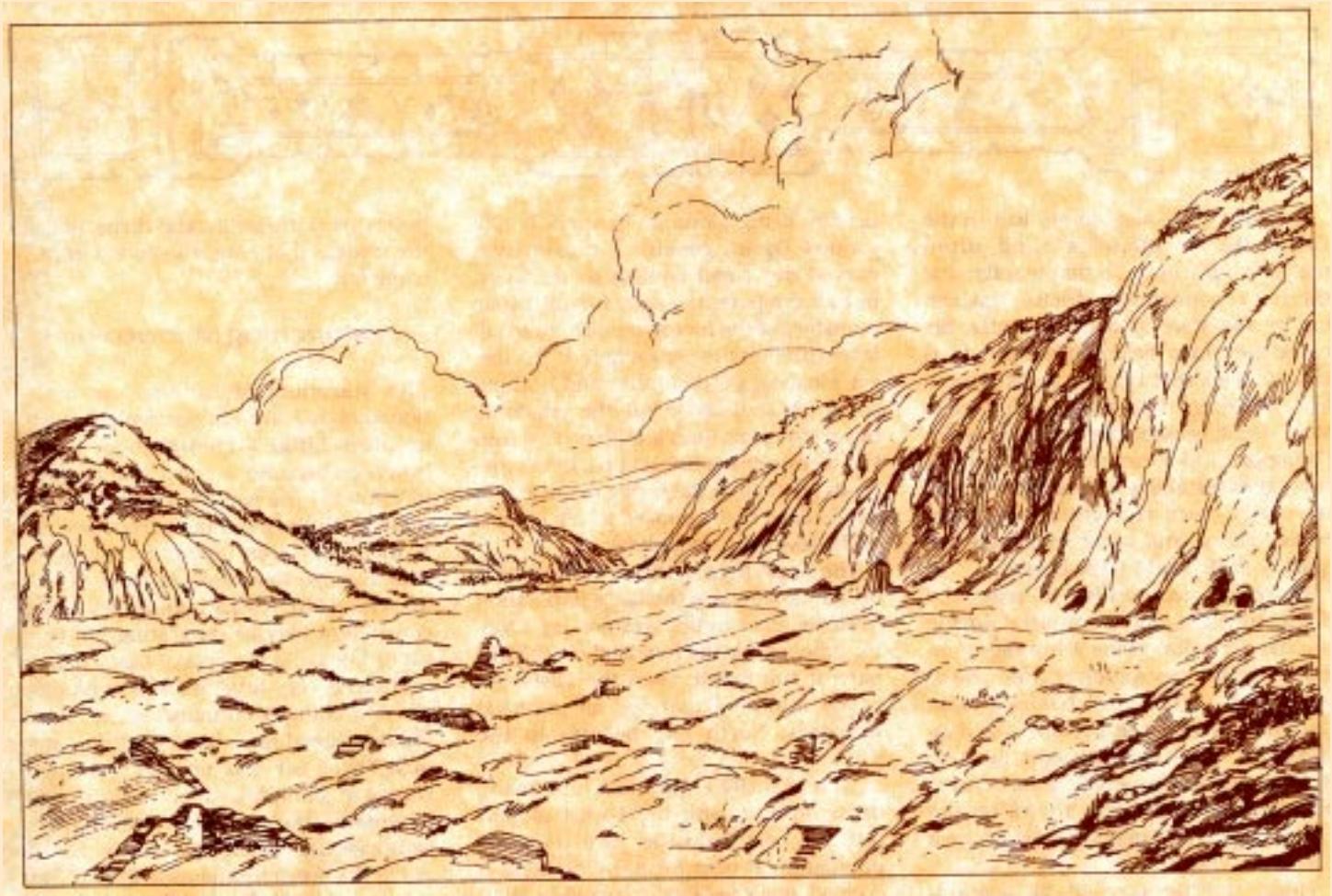
There is very little life of any type in the Marching Mountains, other than the occasional monster or hunting animal. There is rumor of an abandoned Duergar complex deep within the mountains, built by those evil dwarves centuries ago when they were chased out of the north by enemies. Even if this complex does exist, it is supposed to be empty today, its duergar builders having long ago returned to their original homes.

Monrativi Teshy Mir

Monrativi Teshy Mir (which is Alzbedo for "First Kingdom of Mir") is a massive ruin along the northern border of Calimshan, north of the small finger of the Forest of Mir that extends west of the main forest. The area is uninhabited; the closest Calimshan cities are Keltar to the south and Memnon to the west.

Monrativi Teshy Mir is the ruins of the capital of the Shoon Empire, Shoonach, and the surrounding keeps, baronies, and villages. It is a vast ruin; the portion that can still be seen on the surface of the open grassland is nearly 20 miles across, and the catacombs beneath the surface are supposed to be twice as large, and extending some 500' down.

As would befit ruins of such magnitude, the stories and rumors about what lies within the First Kingdom of



Mir are staggering. Vast piles of gold and gems, warehouses of weapons and armor made by smiths using secret techniques lost to the craftsmen of today, powerful and arcane artifacts and other magical items, unlike anything known in the Realms today—all this and more is rumored to exist deep in Monrativi Teshy Mir. Despite the rumors, there is no long line of adventurers and prospectors waiting to explore the ruins, for a variety of reasons:

First, the same rumors that describe the vast wealth of the ruins also describe the fearsome guardians of those treasures. Diabolical traps, deadly spells, demons, naga, elementals, undead, liches, and even bound dragons are among the defenses named in the stories. Many of these are undoubtedly exaggerations—but many are not.

Second, the area is very inhospitable, and perilously close to the drow. The land is dry, with precious few sources of fresh water necessary to sustain a long-term expedition. And no one can say with any certainty how the drow

living in the Forest of Mir will react to any given group of explorers, though it is fairly certain that if they disapproved, the intruders would be in for a great deal of trouble.

And third, it is widely believed that, after 900 years, all the easily-obtained treasure has already been stripped from the ruins. What is left is hidden in the deepest chambers, guarded by the most fearsome monsters, spells, and traps, and can be reached only after long, dangerous travels through miles of empty catacombs. It is also believed that the drow's tunnel system and the abandoned duergar tunnels in the Marching Mountains connect with Monrativi Teshy Mir deep underground, thus adding to the uncertainty behind any expedition here.

The Singing Rocks

The Singing Rocks are a tiny group of islands in the Sea of Swords. It is due west of a point almost exactly between

Memnon and Myratma, and for that reason, it is considered the boundary point between Calimshan and Tethyr waters. It is also an important navigation point for sea captains afraid of drifting too far west in their travels.

The Singing Rocks is worthy of mention, however, not for its navigational importance but for the odd phenomenon that gives the islands their name. Sailors passing close by the rocks report beautiful singing, as if by hundreds of women. The music has an elusive, haunting quality, but does not seem to have the *charming* effects of the song of the harpy or siren. Ships that have sent landing parties to the rocks report that the singing stops when the landing party gets within 150' or so of the islands, and that when the sailors land, they can find no living thing or other explanation for the singing. Attempts to *detect magic* come up positive, but the use of other spells or magical items to examine the islands in greater detail or at a distance are not effective, as some force blocks the attempt.



Spider Swamp

Spider Swamp is a flat, foul, fetid patch of lowland on the Shining Sea Coast between Volothamp and Almraiven. It is fed by two small, sluggish rivers extending south from the Forest of Mir, as well as several springs in the swamp itself. The swamp is thick with vegetation, including sprawling, moss-covered cypresses, cedars, and other trees. The result is a shadowy, dark swamp that is still hot, humid, and breezeless. It reeks of decay, and is often referred to by Calishites as the "Tenth Plane of Hell." They do not know just how close that jest is to the truth.

The Spider Swamp is also a thoroughly evil place, filled with giant spiders, snakes, will-o'-wisps, poisonous toads, giant wasps, and minor demons of many shapes and descriptions. All of these creatures are under the control of a *Demon Lord* named Zanassu. Zanassu appears in the form of a great spider, 15' across and 6' high, and is

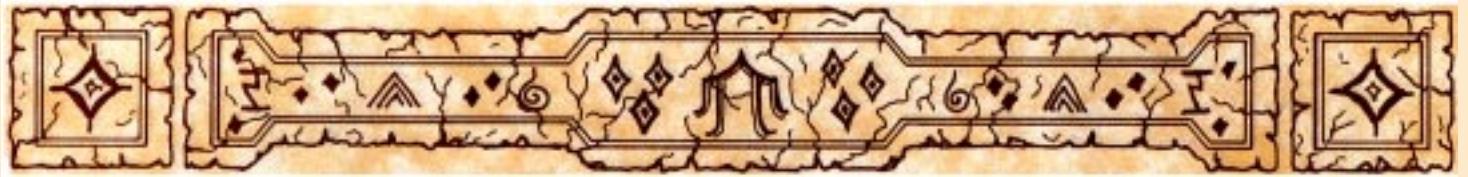
simply called the Spider Demon by most of his subjects. In addition to the denizens of Spider Swamp, the Spider Demon has *charmed* many of the leaders of the nearby city of Volothamp (see description above). Zanassu's description is as follows:

FREQUENCY: Unique (very rare)
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: -2
MOVE: 9"
HIT DICE: 103 hp
% IN LAIR: 60%
TREASURE TYPE: Fx2, R, U, V
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-16
SPECIAL ATTACK: Poison (see below)
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 75%
INTELLIGENCE: Genius
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
SIZE: L
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Attack/Defense Modes: Nil/Nil
LEVEL/X.P. VALUE: X/48,000

The Spider Demon's bite requires a saving throw vs. poison at -4. A failed throw results in instant death; even if the saving throw is made, 3-18 points of damage is taken.

Zanassu is immune to poison, and takes only half damage from cold- and electricity-based attacks. He is not affected by non-magical weapons (even silver), though non-magical cold iron weapons will do half damage. Magical cold iron weapons get a +2 damage bonus. He saves as a 30th-level magic-user against all attacks (including magical ones that get past his 75% magic resistance).

In addition to the powers typical to all demons, the Spider Demon can at will, one at a time, once per round, use at the 30th level the following spell-like powers: *charm monster*, *charm person*, *command*, *darkness* (15-foot radius), *detect good*, *detect invisible*, *dimension door*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *invisibility*, *know alignment*, *protection from good* (10-foot radius), *speak with monsters*, *telekinesis* (up to 5,000 gp), *teleport*, and *unholy word* once per day.



Zanassu can *gate* in the following types of demons, up to three times per day per type: 1-4 *Type I*, 80% chance of success; 1-4 *Type II*, 60% chance; 1-2 *Type III*, 50% chance; 1 *Type VI*, 10% chance; 1-6 *Babau*, 75% chance; 1-10 *Chasme*, 80% chance; and 1-4 *Dretch*, 30% chance. The Spider Demon can also *summon*, once per round, 1-20 of any of the six types of spiders (*Giant*, *Huge*, *Large*, *Phase*, *Giant Water*, and *Giant Marine*) he wishes. These spiders are under the permanent control of Zanassu, and remain until he is killed or voluntarily releases them.

Should Zanassu be killed, he will not be allowed to return to the Prime Material Plane for 10 years. At the end of that time, however, it is certain he will return to exact his revenge.

Characters

Desert Raiders

The Desert Raiders are not one group, but a type of bandit common in the Calim Desert. Typically, they number

from 10 to 20, and are excellent horsemen and experts in desert survival. There are dozens of such groups operating in the desert, and while they are usually strong rivals, they are not above banding together to take on a big caravan if the situation calls for it.

The raiders prey on caravans and other travelers crossing the desert, often shadowing a group for days, harassing them with minor raids, giving the target no opportunity to rest, until finally swooping in on the weakened prey. The victims are not always slaughtered; often, they are only robbed and left with enough provisions to ensure they can get out of the desert alive. Victims that are polite, don't try to hide valuable goods, and don't kill too many raiders will usually be allowed to live. Of course, there are some raiding groups that kill as a matter of course. These raiders are the least popular among their fellows, but they don't seem to care.

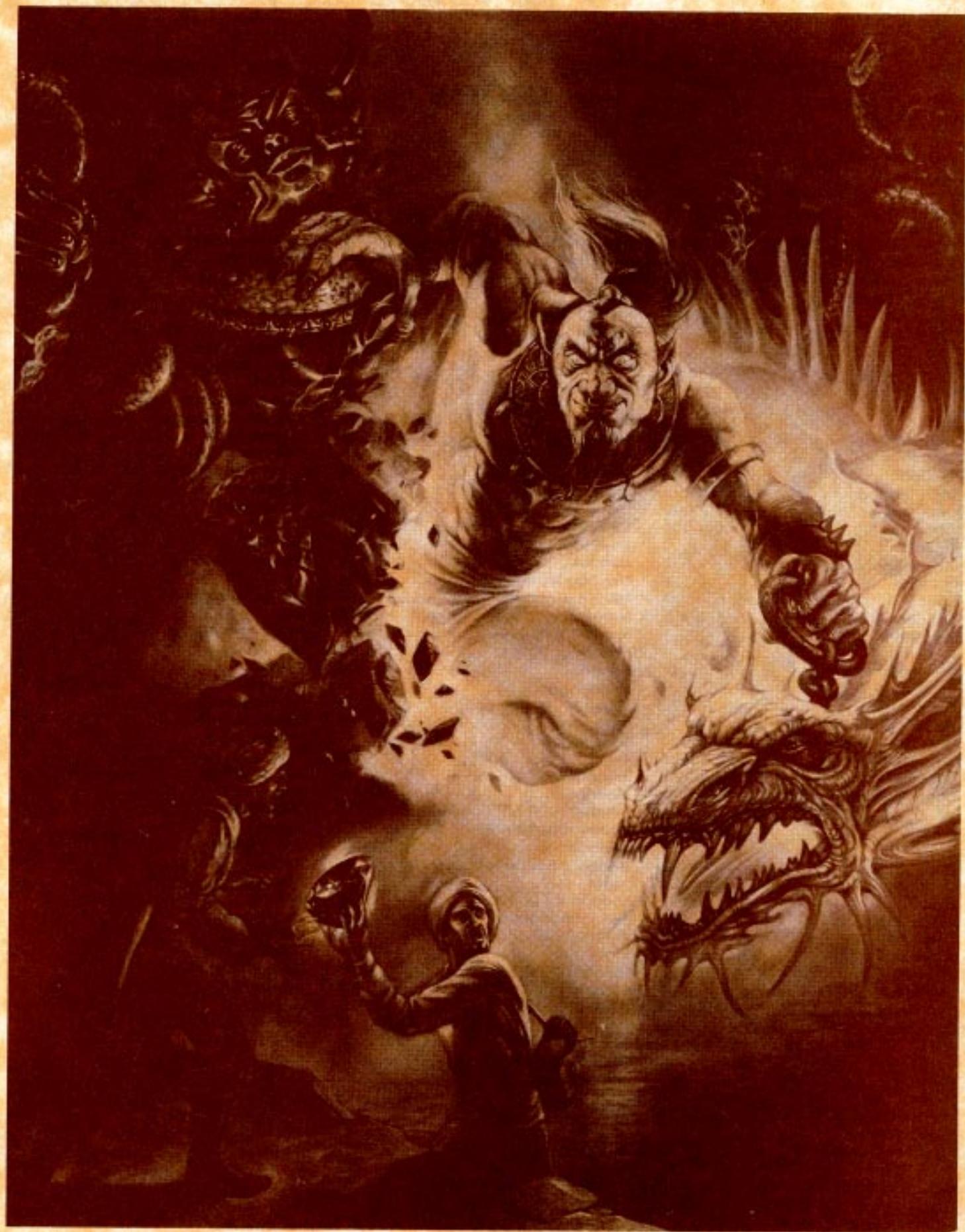
Desert Raiders are led by a fighter, usually of 6th to 8th level. He will have two or three lieutenants of 5th or 6th level, one of which may be a magic user;

the rest are fighters of 1st to 4th level. All are as adept at fighting on horseback as on the ground, and all ride the finest quality Medium Warhorses (the desert heat is too much for Heavy Warhorses). The raiders (and the horses) are dressed in silks, with some raiders wearing leather armor. The heat prohibits the use of anything heavier, so *rings of protection*, *bracers of defense* and other magical protection items are very highly prized by the raiders.

Desert Raiders like to fight with curved scimitars that are the equivalent of broadswords, and roughly half of any group will also be armed with short bows. Raiders are not above the use of poisoned arrows, but there is only a 10% chance that any given group has any.

In addition to robbing, Desert Raiders have also been known to kidnap people (if they look rich enough) and hold them for ransom. Delivering a kidnap victim alive upon payment is a point of great honor among Desert Raiders; any raider group that does not safely return a hostage will be hunted down by the other groups and wiped out.





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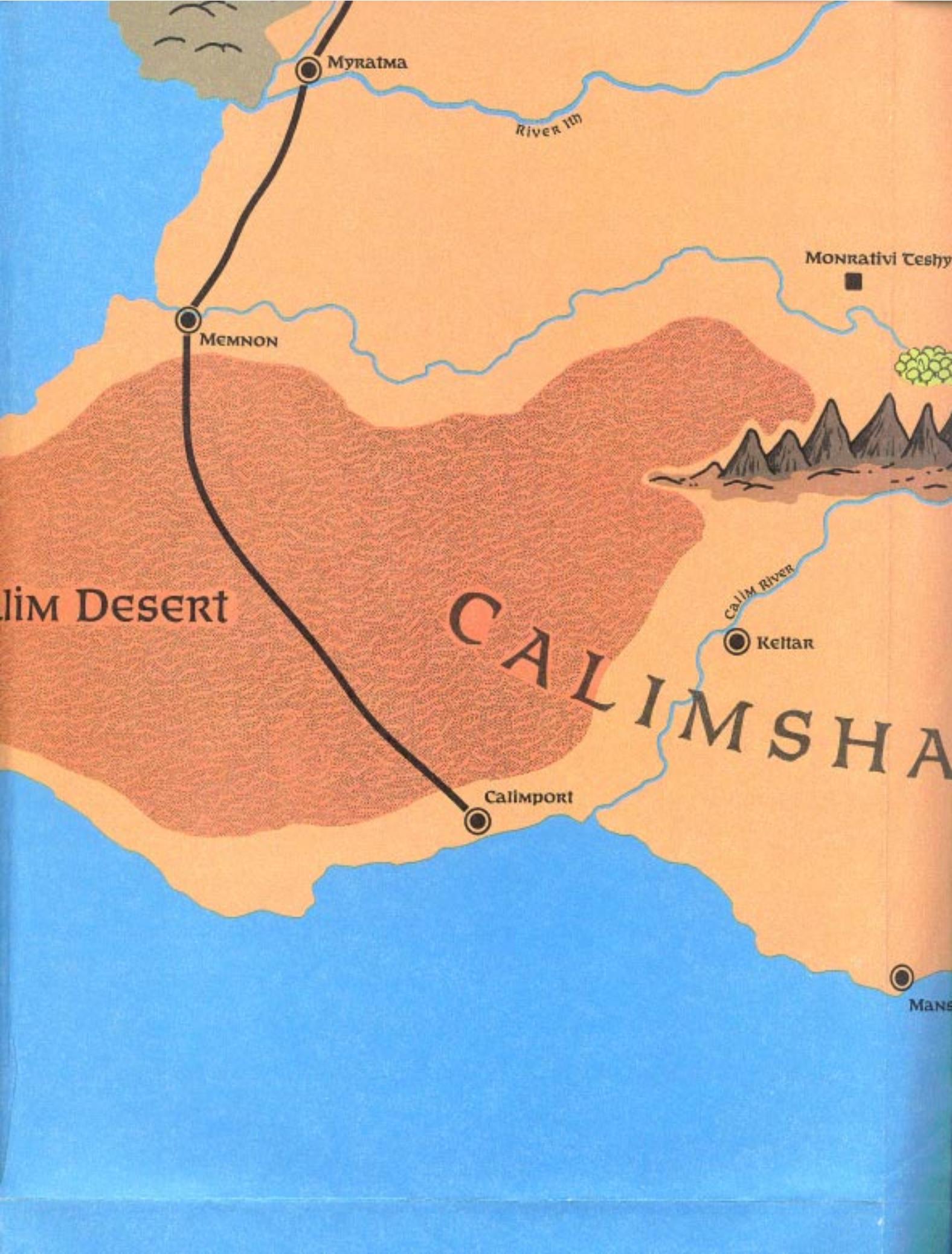
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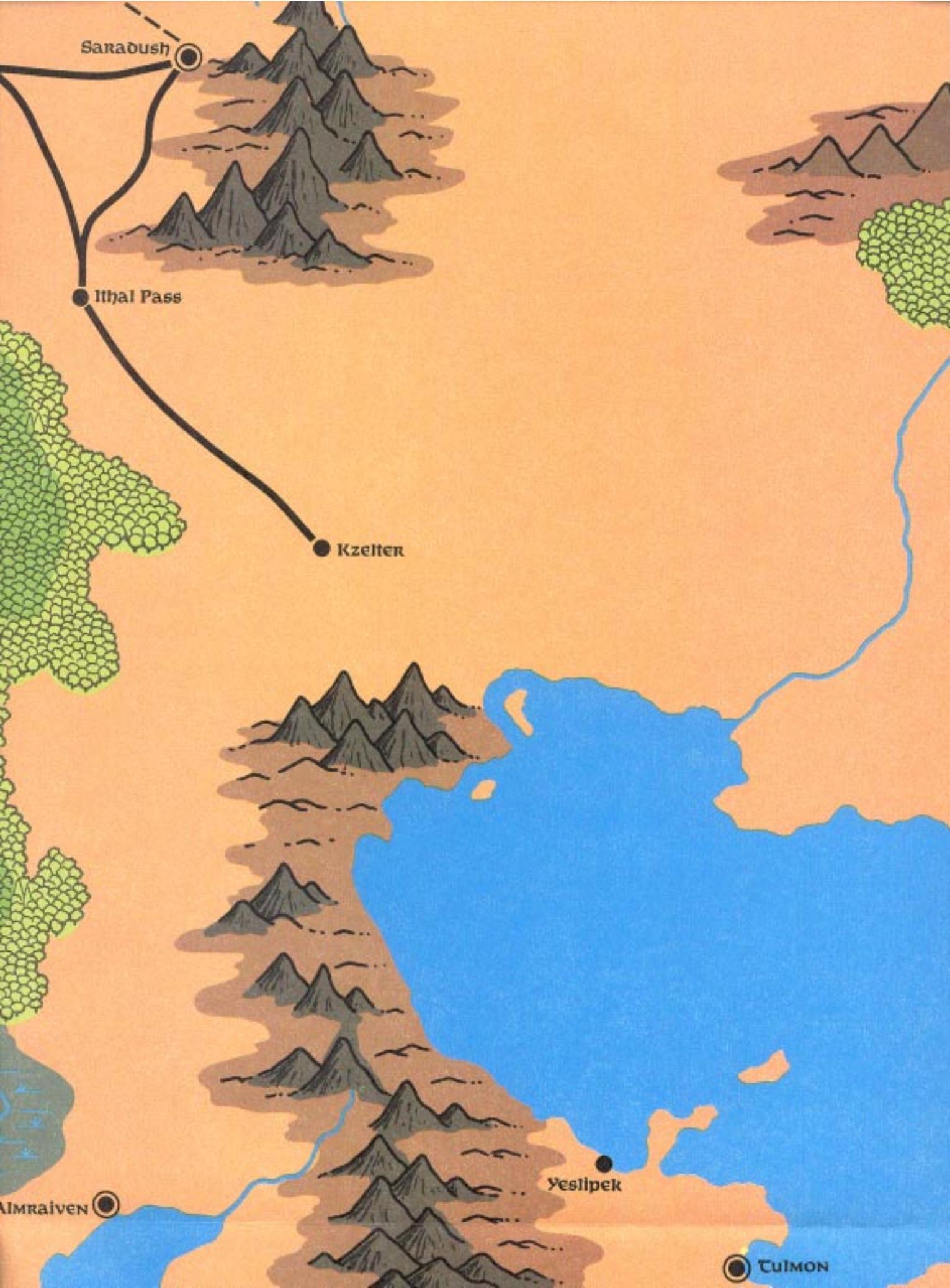
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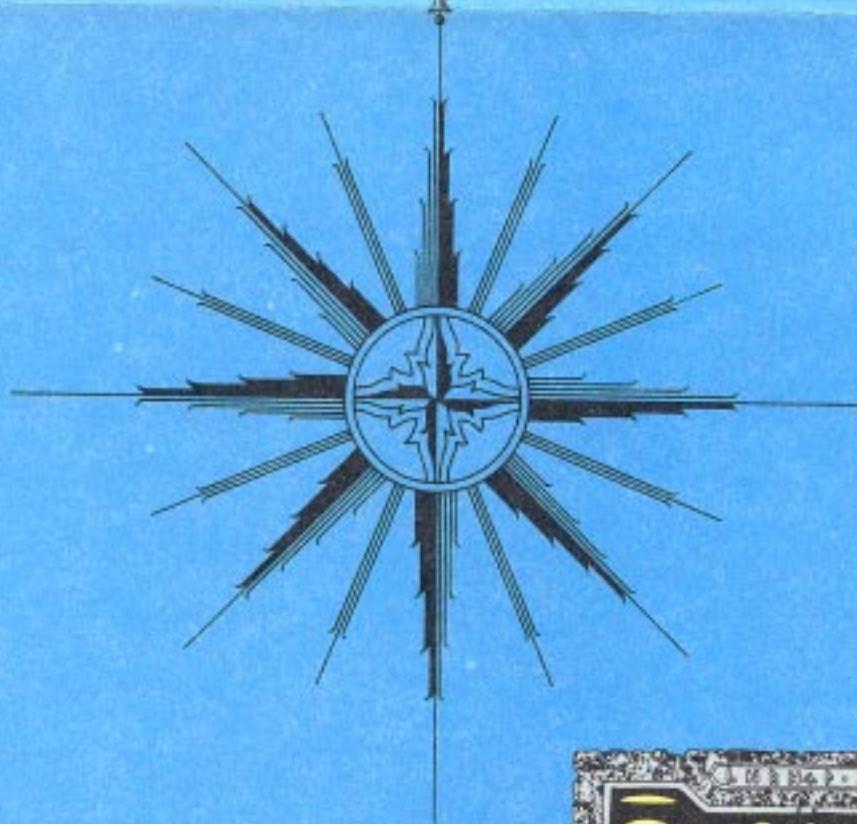
Manshaka

Volothamp

Spider
Swamp

Almra





FORGOTTEN RE

COMPANION SET

Scale: 1 inch = 10 miles

	MOUNTAINS (RAG)		FOREST (THICK)
	MOUNTAINS (MEDIUM)		FOREST (MEDIUM)
	MOUNTAINS (SOFT)		FOREST (SOFT)
	HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST Prayer
	ROLLING HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST Medium
	BARREN		CONIFEROUS FOREST Thin
	VOLCANO		JUNGLE (THICK)
	DESERT (RAG)		JUNGLE (MEDIUM)
	DESERT (SOFT)		SEA
	PLAINS / GRASSLAND		LAKE
	CLEAR		RIVER
	SWAMP		DELTA
	MARSH		BEACH

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The Shining Sea





TULMON

Sulbolphor

Theymarsh

Sea Of Swords

←
Nelanther
(Pirate Isles)

□ Sea Tower
of Irphong

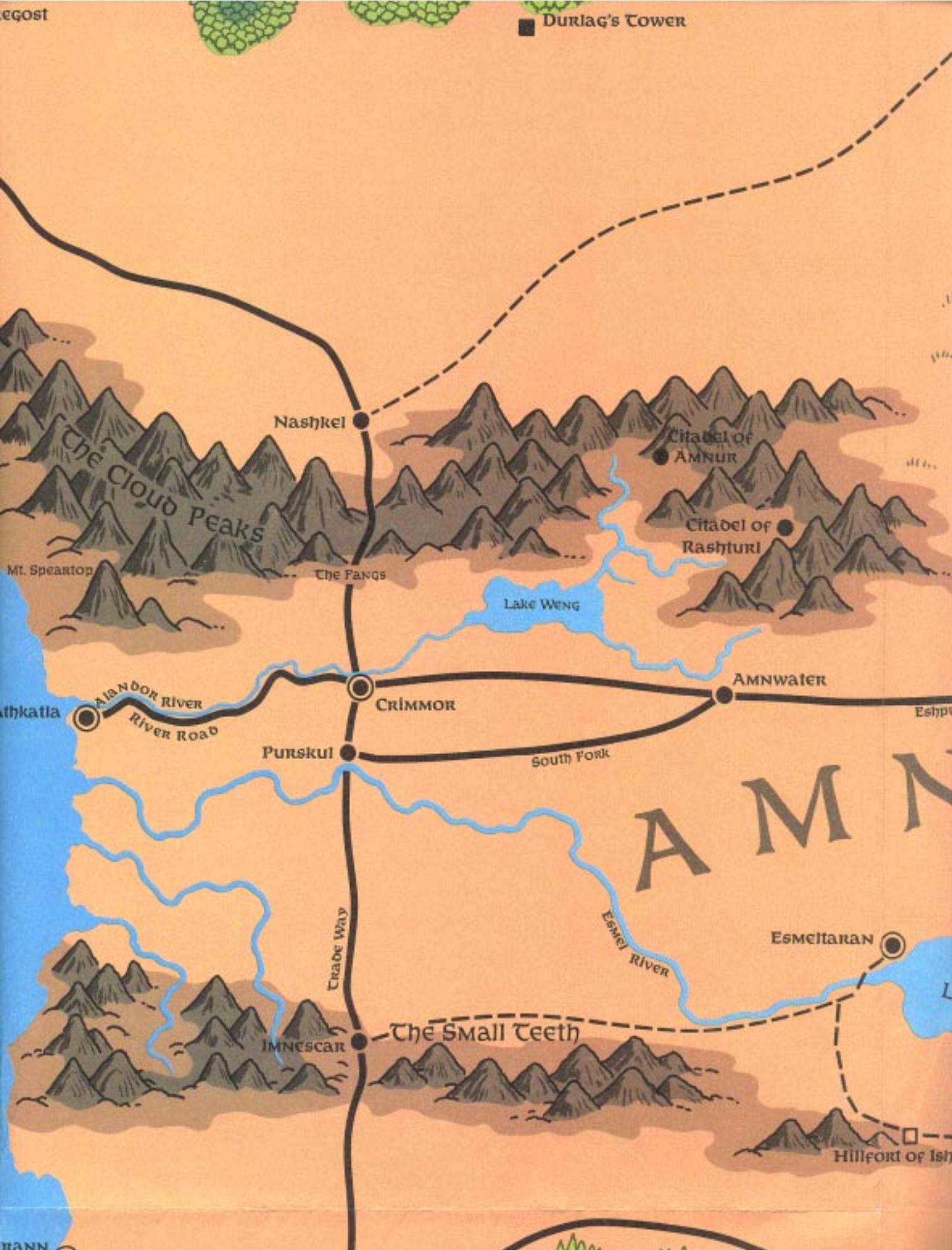
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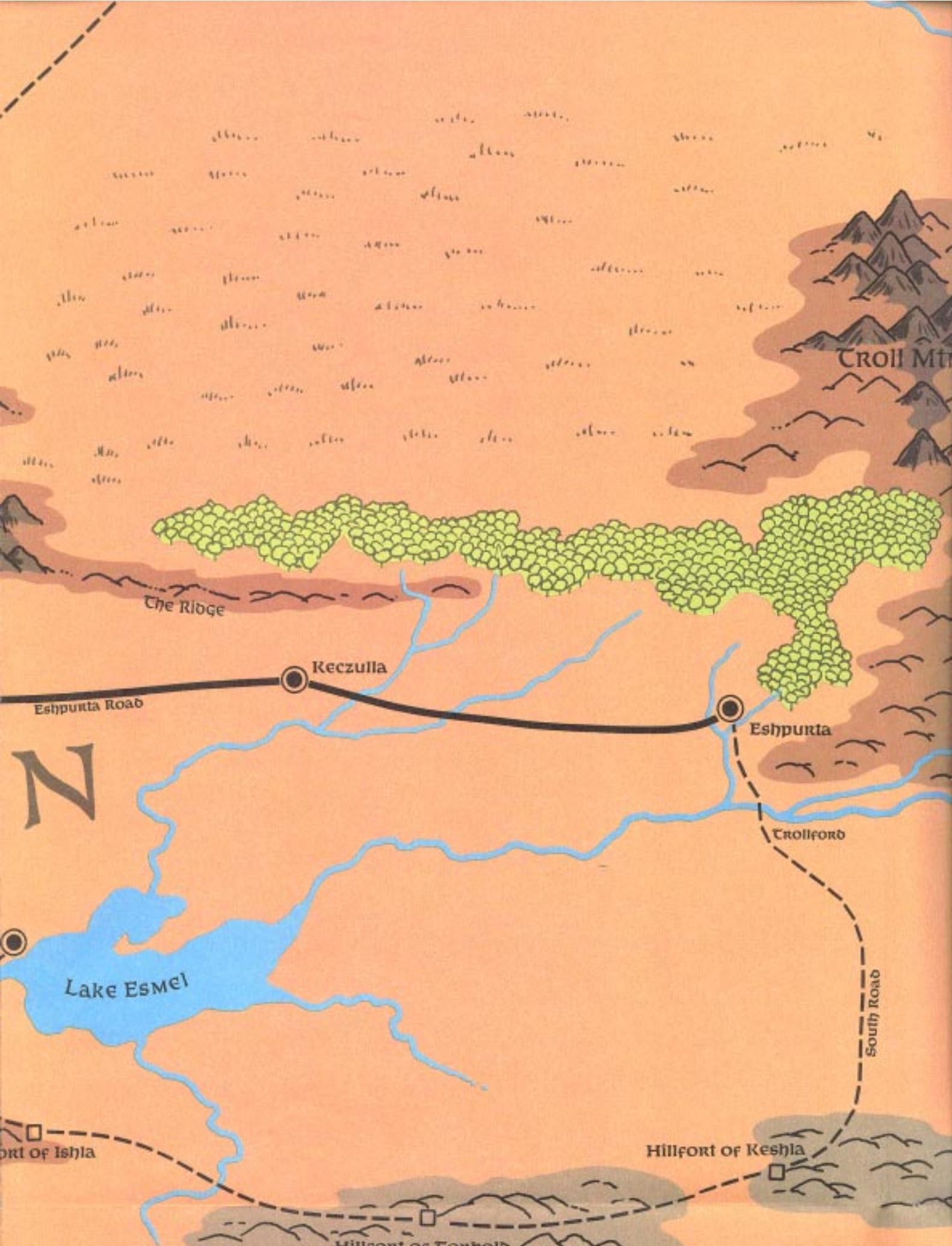
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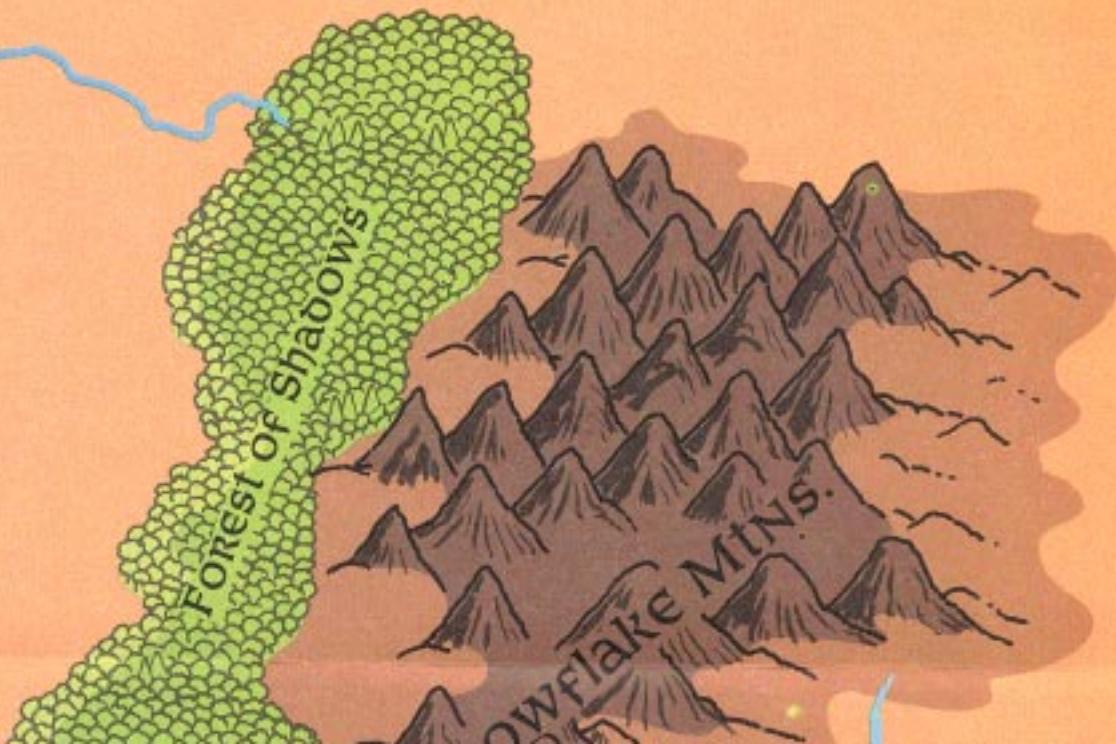
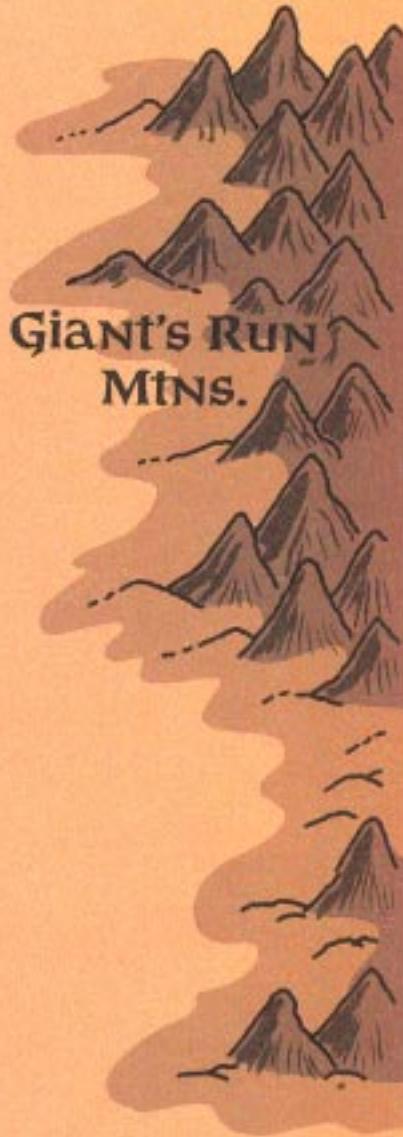
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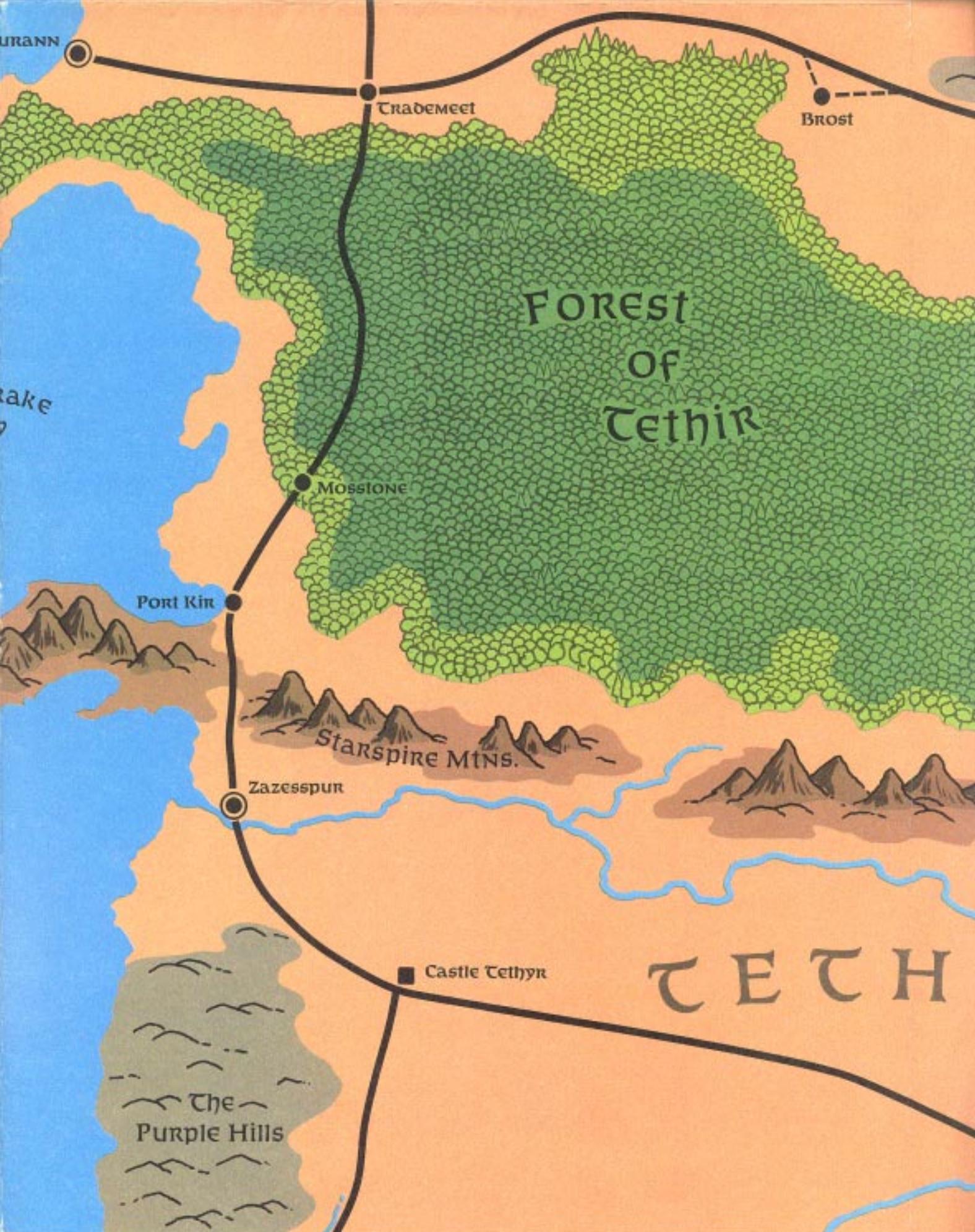
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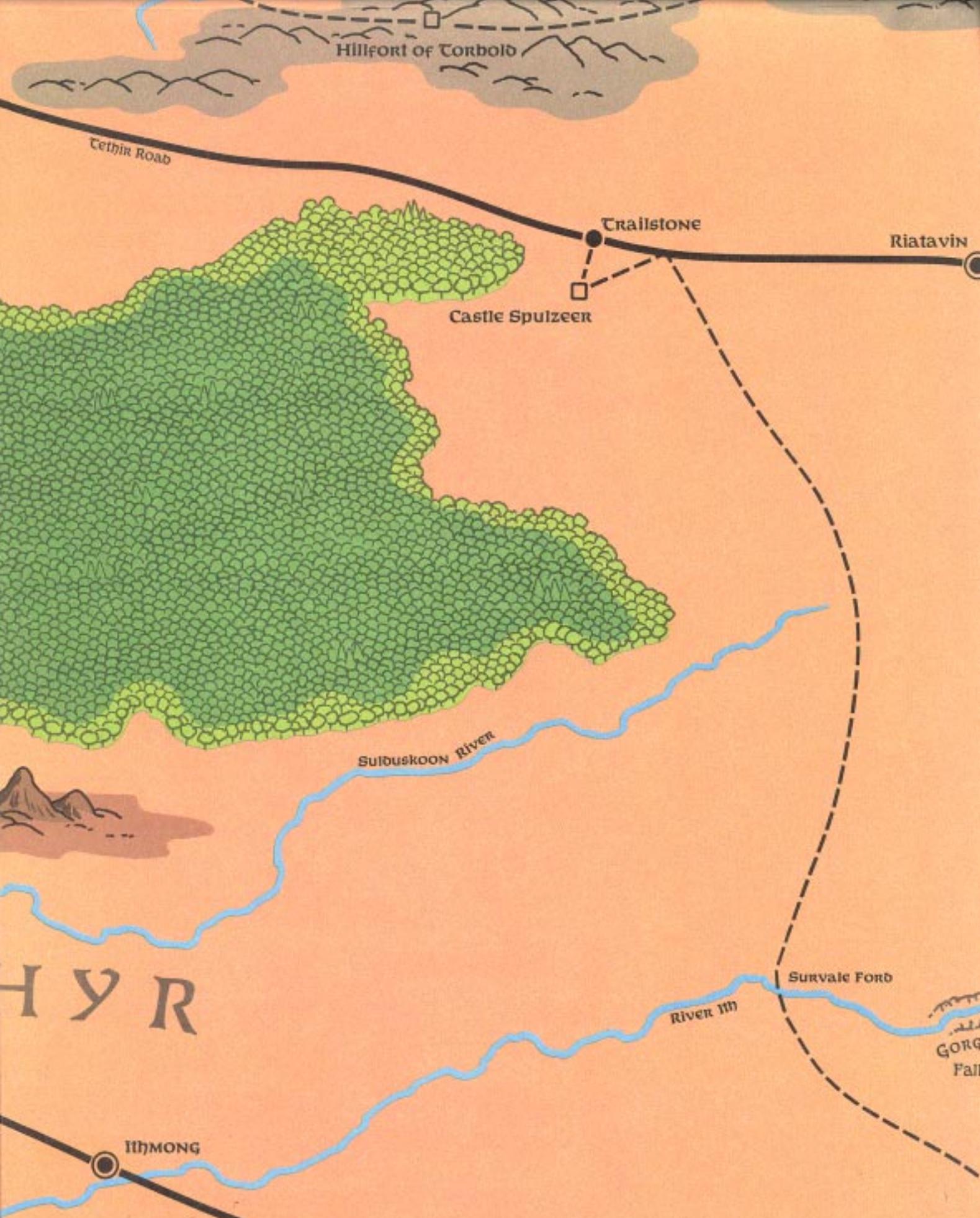
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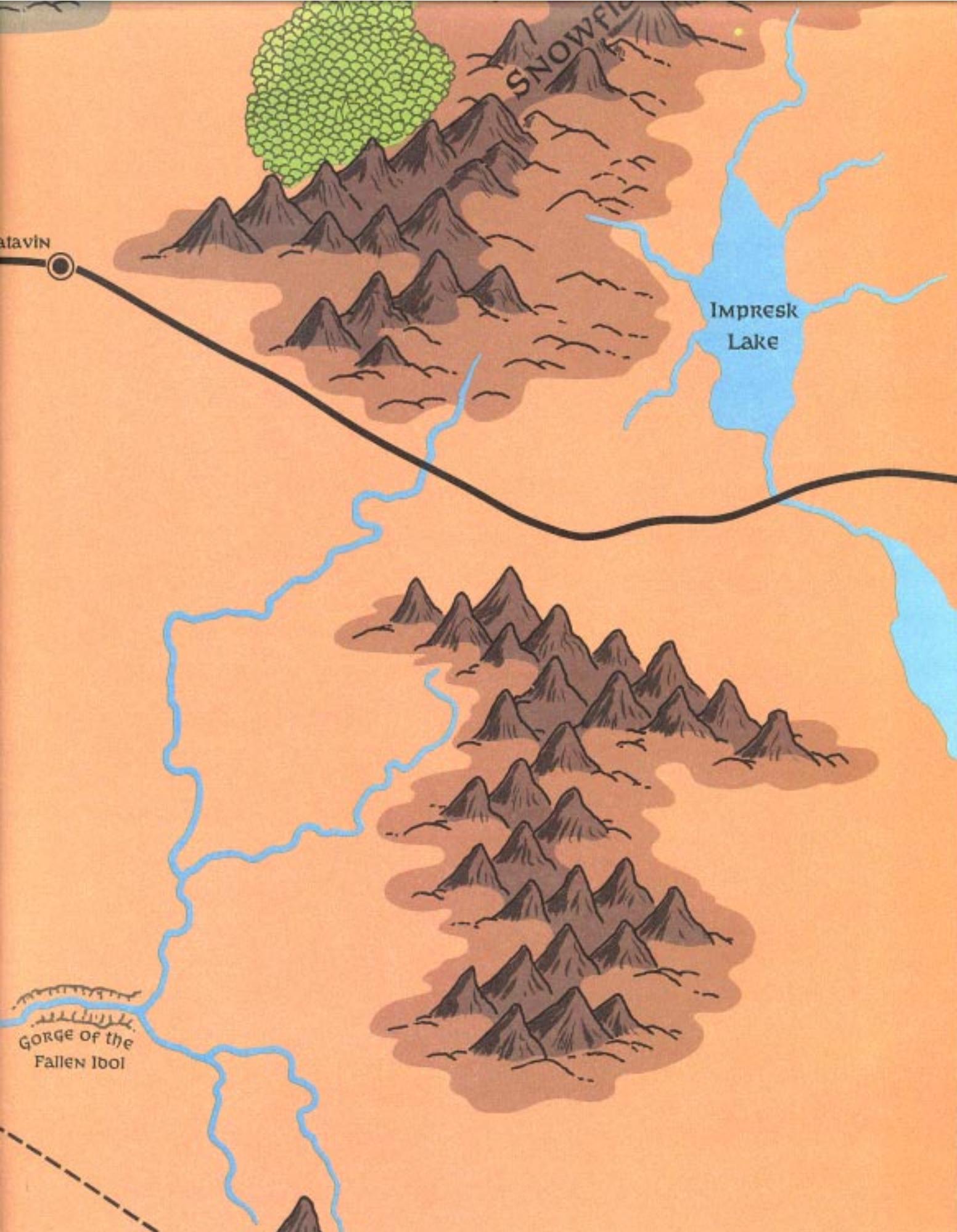
Firedra
Bay

Sea Tower
OF NEMESSOR

The Race







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