### Amphail Village

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Introduction

are are the civilized folk who don’t dwell in cities, and in the Savage Frontier, those cities are walled and heavily defended. This booklet details most of the cities found in this vast land, separated into the same categories as the locations detailed in The Wilderness book. Many of the NPCs mentioned can be found in the first book.

In addition to their standing militia, most cities in the north have ballistae (often referred to as heavy crossbow guns) or catapults mounted on their wall towers that can be aimed at attacking foes. The statistics for these two weapons are given below. Unless specified in the city’s description, use the light weapon statistics whenever possible.

- Light Ballista: Rng 3,000; Dmg 2d6; ROF 1/2; Crew 1; THAC0 12; Cost 400.
- Medium Ballista: Rng 2,000; Dmg 3d6; ROF 1/3; Crew 2; THAC0 14; Cost 600.
- Heavy Ballista: Rng 1,000; Dmg 3d10; ROF 1/4; Crew 4; THAC0 17; Cost 800.

- Light Catapult: Rng 2,500; Dmg 2d10; ROF 1/2; Crew 1; THAC0 14; Cost 500.
- Medium Catapult: Rng 2,000; Dmg 3d10; ROF 1/2; Crew 3; THAC0 15; Cost 700.
- Heavy Catapult: Rng 1,500; Dmg 3d10; ROF 1/3; Crew 5; THAC0 17; Cost 1,000.

- The largest cities use hard stone walls as their main line of defense.
- Other large cities have soft stone walls.
- Medium-sized cities and wealthy landowners use earthen palisades.
- Rich landowners and large villages have thick wood palisades.
- Large farms and small communities barrier their population with thin wood palisades.

When siege weapons are used in attacks against walled fortresses or palisaded villages in the North, the DM should refer to the Siege Damage section of Chapter 9: Combat of the DUNGEON MASTER® Guide and refer to table 52 (given below) in order to determine the success of siege attacks.

Structural Saving Throws:

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Although they’re not shown on the maps, the fortified frontier steadings of the more powerful independent landholders exist and are a vital part of commerce and life in the North. Most of these holdings are ranches and farms concentrated along the western banks of the Dessarin River. Communities also appear on the southern bank of the Delimbiyr River and along the Sword Coast, where fishing and trade with southern and interior communities is the mainstay.
The farms and ranches of this region feed most of the North. The Long Road, which connects many of the inhabited villages and towns, is the best road in the region. Travelers can expect to find rolling hills, wide skies, and spectacular sunsets.

Amphail Village

Amphail is a good-sized village of about 600 people who live just a few days’ ride north of Waterdeep along the Long Road. It’s primarily a community of farmers, although the city is quite well known for its outstanding horses. The village is primarily composed of humans, though a scattering of half-elves, dwarves, and halflings also call Amphail home.

Travelers often hear of the “Ghost of Amphail,” the spectral apparition of the town’s founder, Amphail the Just. While many residents consider the stories of Amphail’s rides through town to be nothing more than “flavor” to add some intrigue to the town, long-term guards swear to seeing the former lord patrolling the streets. Halana Shauluth, the owner of a bakery, swears that the ghost of Amphail scared off some thieves who were intent upon robbing her one dark morning just before dawn. According to Halana, the two thieves ran for their lives as the ghostly rider slowly galloped after them, tipping his wide-brimmed hat toward Halana as he passed.

Patrols of the living variety consist of Waterdeep guards patrolling from Rassalantar. Such patrols keep a close eye on the village, and they report in to the ruler of Amphail, Lord Warder Briathor Alougarr (LN hm F4). Briathor is a quiet-spoken man with a neatly trimmed beard who is aware of everything that goes on within Amphail. He’s loyal to Piergeiron of Waterdeep.

Amphail is a quiet and peaceful town for the most part, and many travelers cite only one flaw that ruins the scenic beauty of the place: the rank smell of horse manure in the warmer months. This unpleasant olfactory intruder is caused by the many farmers in the area as well as the proliferation of horse breeders in Amphail. It’s to the horse breeders that much of the blame is leveled, however, since they’re also some of the most wealthy citizens, nothing much is made of the matter.

The Roaringhorn family is the largest of the horse breeders, and their family is also one of the most powerful. Six nieces of the family are all known to be accomplished wizards (W7-W13), and these spellcasters frequently scry on horses and patrols, watchful of any thieves who might consider stealing their family property. Roaringhorn patrols consist of powerful fighters, ranging in levels from 5th to 13th.

Amphail Grays, bred exclusively in Amphail, are famous across Faerûn as intelligent, loyal, and hardy mounts, but soldiers prefer the larger, more powerful glossy-black chargers bred in Amphail. Noble Waterdhavian families who keep stables here have traditionally been major breeders, notably the Amcathra, Ilzimmer, Jhansczil, Roaringhorn, and Tarm families. The independent stable masters Ohm “Steelhand” Oglyntyr, Rorth Baldasker, and Elraghona Selember are also noted breeders.

Two of Waterdeep’s more noble families have holdings in Amphail. The Eagleshield family produce skilled animal tenders, maintain a farm where ill animals are nursed, and run a shop where the finest tack is made and sold. The Eagleshield harness is made for the lone rider’s mount. It is black leather with silver-plated studs bearing the spread-winged eagle family blazon. The Ammakyls make more money than all of Amphail combined. This clan controls the chief business of Amphail: feeding Waterdeep. Any local vegetables that don’t come out of Ammakyl fields are purchased in other cities and villages by the family at fair market prices and carted to Waterdeep in large, well-armed caravans.

Places of Interest

Ammakyl Flowers and Foods: Ammakyl’s expands to an awning-covered stall in summer and fall. They sell trail baskets of vegetables and wooden skewers of sliced vegetables dipped in gravy for
frying over a fire. In winter, Amnakyl imports fruit and vegetables from the Shining South, selling them at high prices in summer and fall, and exorbitant prices in winter and spring.

**Blodhlar's Wares:** This ramshackle shop looks like a barn that is about to collapse. Blodhlar's sells nails, damaged kegs, fence posts, wire, rope, slats, crates, and gate hinges. There's a good selection, and the prices are moderate.

**Elraghona Selember's Ranch:** This, perhaps the most successful business of Ammahil after the Amnakyl farms, belongs to the retired adventurer Elraghona Selember. She supplies remounts to travelers on the Long Road. Her horses are distributed through inns like the Sleeping Dragon in Rassalantar, who buy dozens of her horses each year. Ammahilians all think the Waterdhavian nobles have chests upon chests of gold buried on Ammahil farms. Gossip at Waterdhavian parties suggest this rumor may be at least partially true.

**Halana Shauluth's:** Halana is a retired warrior who fought as a mercenary with a dozen dwarven women. After she lost a hand to gangrene, she came home and opened a bakery. She sells round hard-wheat loaves that stand up well on the trail, and small buns with meat stew in the center. Halana has a small selection of good wares, and her prices are moderate to high.

**Horse Pond:** A spot of interest, Horse Pond is a placid, muddy home to frogs and water-lilies, and it is said to hide the underwater entrance to the tomb of the Maiden King, a female human chieftain who ruled here ages ago. According to the tale, she sleeps forever on a stone bed, with a magical two-handed sword on her breast. Adventurers have entered the pool several times looking for her tomb, and at least one band did not return. Some years ago, a number of undead skeletons emerged from the pond and stalked through the village, strangling several folk before they were hacked apart. The truth about what lies in the depths of the pond remains to be revealed. However, it is used daily, without incident, to water dirty, thirsty horses.

**Imbryl's Cloaks:** This dingy place is where local women gather to talk, sip wildflower wine, and make cloaks, breeches, and rainspouts (large-brimmed hats). Imbryl is a heavy, broad-shouldered woman with a merry manner, a nose like an axe-blade, and glossy black hair. She alters garments to fit, but prefers to sell them as is. She tells those wanting alterations that the work takes at least three days (it actually takes only a day). She has a selection of poorly finished but serviceable garments.

**Eagleshield Fine Horse Leathers:** This is a large shop where travelers can purchase saddles, reins, and other tack. Whips and breeches are available, but not boots. The shop custom-makes gear for the truly wealthy. There's a wide selection of fine goods, but at very high prices.

**Laughing Bandit:** At the north end stands the burned ruin of the Laughing Bandit Inn, destroyed in a spell battle three winters ago. The combatants were a masked mage whose skin was ink-black (some folk believe he was drow) and the wizard Thalgath Tarn of Tethyr, who was blasted to bloodspray. It is not clear if the other mage escaped the inferno. Many bones, cracked by the heat, were found in the ashes. As the owner died in the blaze, there’s no great interest in rebuilding. Children play in the ruins, where many jewels of melted, puddled glass can be found. Under the charred timbers lie the inn's cells, which may still contain some valuables. There's no way to get down there without digging in full view of the children and anyone passing on the road.

**Maerlbar Eggs & Fresh Fowl:** This shop is full of sawdust, blood, and stink. The thin proprietor and his wife sell eggs, ducks, turkeys, and pheasant. There’s a fair selection, but it’s not clean. The birds are available live, plucked, or lightly-roasted. Over the counter is a bamboo cage containing a golden-hued songbird Maerlbar swears is a Red Wizardess of Thay, trapped by spells.

**The Middens:** This disgusting area is the local trash heap. It smells, attracts rats and vermin (and kobolds), and is believed to be the local brewery of disease. Once a month, whether it needs it or not, the pile is set to flame (or a mage with a fireball spell is hired to ignite the putrid mound). It’s not uncommon for the refuse to bum for several days.

The Middens has been found to contain cadavers of unlucky souls, usually rich merchants from Waterdeep or Calimshan. The murderer seems to know the schedule of the Middens’ burning and plants the carcass a day or two before the flame. Whoever is disposing of the bodies is quite clever, for he has yet to leave any discernible clues. Recently, Mother Gothal suggested a *speak with dead* spell be cast to determine the assassin, but no one with access to the spell was available at the time. In response, the murderer now mutilates the faces and jaws to keep the corpse from disclosing the identity of the killer.

**Mother Gothal’s:** If the ‘Stag’n’Flag’ is the place to chat quietly and make deals, Mother Gothal’s is the local spot to have fun. It’s a place where the village turns out to dance and listen to traveling minstrels. Those who want to revel can change into ridiculous costumes of black cotton, mock lace, high ruffles, and masks.

Mother Gothal’s is a tall old house with high arched windows and many small, labyrinthine rooms. There are pillared porches running along the outside on all three stories, with a set of stairs at the back. The steps are softly lit by fireflies trapped in glass globes set on the stairposts. The ground level is devoted to a dance floor with a raised stage and seats along the outside. The seats are soft and curtained off. There are three staircases climbing to the rooms above. For privacy on the upper floors, *dancing lights* are used for illumination, while *ghost pipes* provide continuous background music.

Mother Gothal’s is always open, and it is managed by Gothal or her aide, a formidable Chult warrior named Dlara. Mother Gothal is a frail old woman who clings to remnants of the Laughric nobleman who turned his back on Waterdeep. His family spurned him because of his necromantic arts, so he lived his days alone, experimenting with captured outlaws and cadavers in a quest for immortality. He experimented with augmentation of the human form—additional limbs, eyes added to the
back of the head, etc. There are gruesome tales of misshapen people with tentacles, extra arms, and the like.

After he disappeared, a dozen experiments escaped to the hills nearby. Rumor insists their weird descendants still roam, preying on animals and unlucky travelers. The house fell into the hands of an adventuring band called the Five Ready Blades. They used it as a headquarters for a season before they disappeared. Locals thought them still at home, but their hungry horses were found in the stables, and no one saw them leave. Some villagers think they were killed by Dalrosz. They believe he lurks in the house’s cellars. Others suggest he didn’t find immortality but became a lich and lured the adventurers into undead servitude. It’s also rumored that the Five found a gate to another place and have yet to return, or that they have met their dooms. There are rumors of people vanishing from Mother Goatli’s and of nobles appearing who were seen in Waterdeep a short time before but who weren’t seen on the road. It’s possible these folk made use of a *teleport* service run by certain mages in Waterdeep.

**Old Dead Rowan:** Old Dead Rowan is a leafless tree whose trunk is as large as a cottage. The tree is a popular meeting place and its forked top serves as a lookout to the north. Legend says a sorceress of great power is buried under its roots and that her power keeps the tree from rotting. Supposedly, this power sometimes heals sick folk who sleep atop its fork. Locals swear they’ve seen it happen. Local law dictates anyone caught chopping at the tree receives the same number of axe blows as the culprit delivered to the tree.

**Pelost Galathaer:** Pelost has lived in Amphail all his life, taking over his father’s shop 40 winters ago. His signboard says “beds repaired, furniture sold, sledge-runners a specialty.” Pelost can’t repair wheels, so he buys broken wagons, keeping the wheels to sell to travelers. Prices are moderate, except for the wheels.

**Shrunedalar’s Secrets:** This place is popular with local ladies and merchants’ wives who want to freshen after a journey. Fat, soft-fingered Ulreth Shrunedalar and his silent, skilled sons and daughters offer hair-bathing and cutting, makeup application, fashion accessories, and perfume. He has a good selection of services, but the prices are high.

**The Stag-Horned Flagon:** This cozy building is the only watering hole in Amphail. It’s a handsome, dark tavern, considering the wealth of nobles who drink here and of those who come to buy horses. It’s named for an ancient and battered drinking cup (a warrior’s helm of unknown origin, with two antlers affixed to it) hanging over the bar. Mirt the Moneylender of Waterdeep called it “a safe place to get blind drunk in.” The Stag has a magical ward against fire extending around the tavern walls.

The tavern master is Krivvin Shamblestar, an old, soft-spoken man with silver hair and a beard. Stocky and spare of movements, Krivvin has an excellent memory for faces and their favored drinks. He has six beautiful serving-girls, and he’s trained them all to be expert knife-throwers (THAC0 11). The tavern’s beams bear the scars of practice.

The Stag has an interesting legend, celebrated in the yearly Rite of the Stag Lass. A maiden of noble blood from Waterdeep rides through Amphail clad in a stag mask, a tunic, and green breeches. She dismounts north of the village and runs back, on foot, to the Stag. Along the way, village folk who see her give chase and fling goblets of water, soured wine, or old milk over her. When the lass reaches the Stag, she must drain the old antlered drinking-cup filled with the bitterest beer the tavernmaster can find. At the bottom of the cup is a beautiful piece of jewelry—hers to keep. A bath is brought for her and the villagers drink to her health. All beer poured to a villager or the Stag Lass is free that day.

This curious rite remembers a priestess of Mielikki who dwelt in Amphail long ago. She could take the shape of a stag and was one day hunted by ignorant Waterdhavian nobles. They pursued her even after she changed back to human form. The lass fled through the village, blood trailing from wounds the hunters made. She died at the Stag, pleading for aid. By some accounts, the woman was the goddess herself in disguise. Legend holds that any worshipper of Mielikki who kisses the bar can ask the goddess one question each year and hear in his mind an answer from the Lady of the Forest herself.

**Statue of the Great Shalarn:** Malanderways is overlooked by a black stone statue of the Great Shalarn, a famous war stallion bred in Amphail 39 winters ago. Gelded long ago by a prankster, the rearing horse image is often painted various hues by high-spirited locals. The statue’s a popular place to leave cryptic messages, either tucked under a hind hoof, or slide between the sculpted curls of the tail. It’s also a common place for signals, usually a bit of colored cloth tied to a particular part of the horse. Lore holds that if the ghostly figure of the ranger Yarobyn Longarm, a long-ago hero of Amphail, is ever seen in the saddle, war will soon come to the town.

**The Stone Stallion:** The only inn in Amphail is named after the horse statue at the village center. It’s a large, modern place, built seven winters ago after an inn on the site burned to the ground. The Stone Stallion has pleasant, tapestry-hung rooms—and a dark history.

The Stallion is cool and gloomily lit, with four floors of 20 rooms each and a cellar filled with furniture. The place is nearly empty, leaving sleepers in dark, deserted, and creepy surroundings. Rooms have canopy beds with side draperies, wall tapestries, and candle-lanterns. The stairs are steep, and the lobby small and unpretentious, with barely room for a desk before the stairs. Unless you cause some sort of explosion, throw something down the stairs or out a window during daylight hours, or come and hammer on the desk, you’ll be left alone. Thorn sees this as “respecting one’s privacy.”

Despite being recently built, the Stone Stallion has a reputation of being haunted. The innkeeper, however, ridicules such talk. “There are no ghosts in the Stallion—it’s just idle talk by folks who don’t like my music!” Thorn is a retired merchant from Ann who spends most of his time plucking at a lute. Meanwhile, his five strong, silent daughters cook and see to the linen.

The villagers say Thorn has treasure buried under the inn, accompanied by the bodies of several thieves who thought they could relieve him of it. He doesn’t make enough running the inn, they claim, to keep the doors open. Thorn escapes local censure because townsfolk think he’s dealing with the Weeping Witch for them.

The Weeping Witch is a strange sort of ghost. Most of the time, she’s a silent apparition. She’s a woman in dark robes and
bare feet, long hair hiding her face, who strides along the halls, gliding in and out of rooms to look down on sleeping guests. Sometimes she remains unseen but can be heard, sobbing faintly somewhere nearby. Some of the time, she’s solid, walking the night to strangle foes.

The Witch was a sorceress who lived long ago where Amphail stands who gleaned magic from grimoires from Netheril. She defended herself against orcs with spells that turned hares and foxes into monstrous beasts under her command. One day, though, her betrothed came to visit. She mistakenly turned her beasts on him and slew him. She fled from her magic sobbing and was slain by watching orcs. Her spell books were never found and must lie nearby. It’s said the door of her hut was shaded by the same duskwood trees that marks one end of the village.

**Ulvinhand Smithy**: West of the Laughing Bandit stands the home and forge of the tall, bearded finesmith Akrosz Ulvinhand. He’s the equal of any smith in Waterdeep. There’s a steady stream of visitors down the road to his forge, but he takes only commissions that interest him. Local gossip says his selected commissions include many blades that are later enchanted by wizards.

**Kheldell**

Most folk in the North never hear of this quiet place, and it’s their loss. Kheldell’s a logging village on the edge of Westwood, tucked in the Spires’ foothills. Its link to the outside world is a trail through the rolling hills known as Kheldell Path. The village is a cluster of log homes surrounding a sawmill. Fifty folk live in the village, and 20 more work the woods. They’re led by Ghelkyn, a wizard who levitates logs while the lumberjacks maneuver them to horse teams that drag them to the mill along winding trails. After the wood is milled, carts or sledges take the wood to market in Red Larch.

Ghelkyn avoids the wrath of treants and satyrs in Westwood by working with three druids dwelling nearby, cutting only where they direct. The folk of Kheldell plant more trees than they cut, slowly extending the forest under the direction of the druids of the Dusk Circle. Kheldell has no single one ruler; all decisions are by consensus. However, the people with the most influence are Ghelkyn and a woman named Shala Thaeral, the Voice of the Circle.

Kheldell is a place recommended for resting or hiding. It’s too small for an inn, so visitors sleep on the tavern’s back porch. Visitors who bring donations to Silvanus or Mielikki, and who agree not to cut or burn wood during their stay, can camp in one of the moss-floored glades maintained by the druids.

**Places of Interest**

**The Stag at Rest**: This dark, low-ceilinged tavern is run by a heavy, gray-haired woman known as Delgara the Slim, an expert with a cleaver. It has a flagstone floor, rough-hewn furniture, and a quiet atmosphere. After a day’s work, the townsfolk are too tired for more than a tankard and chat before stumbling home to bed; gossip of the world outside is eagerly welcomed. The folk of Kheldell like to hear about the lawlessness and debauchery of Waterdeep.
Leilon

Unlike most northern towns, Leilon lacks defensive walls; an earthen rampart with a wooden palisade surrounded by a ditch shields it on the landward side, save for the gateless town entrance piercing the embankment. Leilon’s a growing community of 3,000 folk. An ally of Waterdeep, its ruler, Lord Pelindar Filmarya, keeps Leilon in the Lords’ Alliance and communicates regularly with Piergeiron of Waterdeep.

Leilon consists of stout stone cottages with slate or thatch roofs, the latter being covered with a hardened slurry of mud. In the mountains east of the mines is the abandoned dwarven hold of Southkrypt, an old silver mine in centuries past that is now home to many strange and dangerous monsters.

The water near Leilon is shallow, with tidal mud flats extending a long way out from shore, making the town a lesser port city. Small bands of Leilonnar sometimes fish these with hurled nets. The mud flats make ship trade difficult. To overcome this, a dozen old, massive, battered barges have been magically protected against fire and rot. They’re poled out to come this far, making the town a lesser port city. Small bands of Leilonnar sometimes fish these with hurled nets.

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The town is guarded by the Lances of Leilon. This is a force of 200 mounted lancers skilled at firing crossbows from horseback. They wear chain mail, with shields strapped to their chests and backs. Each lancer usually carries an axe, a knife, a sword, a lance, and a light crossbow that can be fired easily from horseback. These fighters, always on patrol, seek to minimize raids by orcs, bugbears, trolls, brigands, and pirates (their specialty).

Zhent agents are rumored to exist in Leilon, but their intent and motives uncertain. Their presence probably indicates an attempt to secure a trade route.

Places of Interest

High Tower of Thalivar: This abandoned mage tower rises in the center of town. It’s guarded by its own ward. Details on the ward’s powers and the existence of tokens remain unknown. It’s known to have guardian monsters, and they’ve so far proven deadly to all adventurers seeking to plunder the magic reputed to be there.

The Mines of Leilon: Leilon’s miners concentrate on digging rich lodes of copper, nickel, and silver from the mines east of Leilon. The mountains are honeycombed with shafts and tunnels, including several older shafts opening into town itself, and some that go very deep. These mines are heavily guarded by the Lances of Leilon.

The Orc’s Tusks: The Tusks is favored by locals. It’s crowded, friendly, and cheaper than the Goblet. Its taproom is dominated by an orc’s skull with large tusks on which patrons are wont to hang amusing or embarrassing items.

The Sword of Leilon: This old establishment is a warren of small rooms. Guests often get lost and blunder into each others rooms. It’s built on the site of an earlier inn where Leilon’s defenders used to gather because the building’s size could easily accommodate their numbers. That inn burned down due to misadventure, but the name of this inn hearkens to those days of local glory.

Rassalantar

Rassalantar is a caravan watering stop, but an ever-present fog and the nearby bog make it an unpleasant off-road campsite. Rassalantar consists of half a dozen walled farms, centered on a spring-fed pond that drains into a stream to the east that empties into the Stump Bog, a sprawling, desolate marsh haunted by monsters.

An age ago, the warrior Rassalantar built a keep west of the present settlement. The age-old keep, now in ruins, is used to shelter visiting tramps, dopplegangers, and less savory monsters. West of the pond is Keep Woods, a narrow but dense strip of gnarled trees. This forest, located between two farms, cloaks the ruins of Rassalantar’s original keep.

Rassalantar is under Waterdeep’s protection. There are 60 guards quartered in barracks just off the road behind the inn. The guards patrol the Long Road from the gates of Waterdeep to a cairn a half-day ride north of Amphail Village. They rotate back to duty in Castle Waterdeep once a month.

Place of Interest

The Sleeping Dragon: Across the road and east of the pond stands the Sleeping Dragon. A bridge crosses the stream a pace north of the inn. The innkeeper, Thrun “Spider” Samallahan, is a close friend of Durnan of Waterdeep. Tales tell that one of the girls working in the Dragon is a gold dragon hiding in human shape. Thrun scoffs at this, but the rumors never go away for long.

Red Larch

Red Larch is a waystop town of 600 folk standing atop a low ridge serving as the westernmost edge of a region of monster-infested hills. The ridge was crowned by a red stand of larches but were felled by the town’s first settlers. Today, Red Larch is a busy trade town. It’s the site of a farmers’ market, a successful wagonworks, a buckle and lock factory, and a cattle market that attracts buyers from all over the North and Sword Coast.

Three trails intersect the Long Road at Red Larch. Cairn Road runs southeast through an area of small farms and ranches to Bargewright Inn. Kheldell Pass winds west through the hills to Kheldell. Larch Path runs east into the hills to several aban-
doned, monster-haunted keeps. The keeps used to belong to adventurers and local ranching communities. Currently, Red Larch is awash in rumors of a sinister force that strikes by night from the nearby hills. Some say it’s drow reaching the surface.

**Places of Interest**

**The Blackbutter Inn:** The more southerly of the two inns is the Blackbutter Inn. Named for its founder and former owner, the fat, jovial, local legend known as Barglun Blackbutter who died eight winters ago while fighting wolves, but he’s fondly remembered. The inn is now run by Dholos Quelbeard, a thin, laconic man from Ann. Dholos is always interested in news from afar.

**Harnessmakers:** Harnesses for teams of various sizes are sold by a number of craftsmen around the village. Alaglath Chansyr, Sklaen Jhavander, and Ogmoth Tarnlar are craftsmen who make their own wares for use with Thelorn’s wagons or an adventurer’s own, and they can create or alter harnesses to suit a customer’s needs.

**The Helm at Highsun:** The Helm is a dim, quiet place, frequently by caravan guards, adventurers, the retired single folk who want to be alone, and merchants wanting to relax. “No one bothers you in the Helm,” they say. This motto is enforced by a silent, attentive, and menacing helmeted horror known as Araldyk that serves as waiter, usher, and bouncer. The horror is under the mental control of the owner, the mage Yather Indaglol. Most patrons never see Yather; he keeps to his locked chambers that he shares with a pseudodragon familiar. He runs the tavern using wizard eyes, a speaking-tube, and a staff of a dozen skilled workers.

**Mhandyvver’s Poultry:** Red Larch has several poultry-houses where fowl, fresh eggs, and chicks for rearing can be bought. The best is Oskler Mhandyvver. Turkeys, chickens, and clip-winged ducks are raised in sheds and runs as well. Boys are hired to shoot foxes, hawks, owls, and weasels approaching the runs. The practice they get gives Red Larch about 100 skilled hired to shoot foxes, hawks, owls, and weasels approaching the Red Larch’s public gathering place.

**Osneshield Quarries:** Red Larch is home to a skilled dwarven stonecutter, Jarth Osneshield. Jarth is always in need of stone where fowl, fresh eggs, and chicks for rearing can be bought. The best is Oskler Mhandyvver. Turkeys, chickens, and clip-winged ducks are raised in sheds and runs as well. Boys are hired to shoot foxes, hawks, owls, and weasels approaching the runs. The practice they get gives Red Larch about 100 skilled archers; orc raiders have learned to avoid the town.

**Oneshield Quarries:** Red Larch is home to a skilled dwarven stonecutter, Jarth Osneshield. Jarth is always in need of mercenaries and adventurers to guard his dwarven and human workers when they’re cutting stone in the four quarries to the east of town. Jarth’s prices are high, as is the pay he gives his employees.

**The Red Larch Rambler:** The Rambler is a well-known, large, well-lit place, decorated with hanging plants. Families and respectable folk come here to drink and chatter. This is Red Larch’s public gathering place.

**The Swinging Sword:** This inn, the sometimes rowdy, casual inn of Red Larch, has a turreted that looks like it belongs atop a grand castle. It’s old, dark and full of secret passages and storage closets with plenty of mice and the cats which chase them. The inn is run by two elderly sisters who love tales of adventure and pranks. Both are minor sorceresses who defend themselves with lightning bolts or fireballs if they must.

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**Thelorn’s Safe Journeys:** This wagonworks sells wagons of the highest quality, treated to resist fire and equipped with two spare wheels and a tow bar for hitching a second wagon. The ready-to-buy wagons are kept from the weather in a huge shed. Thelorn, a grim ex-mercenary, likes to have a dozen wagons in stock. He can make wagons to custom specifications in a tenday.

**Waterdeep**

Waterdeep, known as the City of Splendors, lies on the southwestern edge of the North. The population rarely falls below 122,000, though the actual number varies seasonally. In times of busy trade, the city hosts five times this number. Almost every surface-dwelling race has representatives here, though most are Northern humans. Elves, gnomes, and dwarves dwell here, but the halfling population grows annually, promising to become the largest demi-human race in residence. To match the racial variety, most religions have shrines or temples.

Anything one could want can be found in this mighty seaport. The militia, thought to be 1,200 Guards (heavily trained, fully armored soldiers) and 1,600 Watch (light-armored policemen) may search any person, place, or container without hindrance or warning.

The Lords of Waterdeep maintain the roads for about 200 miles around the towns, and they provide military force when necessary to safeguard the surrounding area. However, there is no actual central authority. The individual fiefdoms and chartered towns operate independently for all practical purposes, joining only when their combined interests are at stake.

Waterdeep has a long and lasting relationship with Daggerford, and the two cities can call on each other for aid in case of invasion. Considering the 150 miles between Daggerford and Waterdeep, this pact is practical only in the case of invasions with advance warning. So far, the only use of the treaty was the invasion from Dragonspear Castle. The Lords of Waterdeep take any reasonable action necessary to maintain a good relationship with Daggerford.

A long-term goal for the Zhentarim is establishing a profitable trade route across the Heartlands to Waterdeep. Many suspect Zhent presence in the City of Splendors already, but they are deeply buried. Agents avoid conflicts at all costs with the Lords of Waterdeep and the Shadow Thieves, to name two lethal opponents, until the trade route is secured. Some Zhent agents have attempted to establish small trading companies to receive Zhentarim goods when they arrive, while other agents gather information on competition and clients.

Further information on Waterdeep is found in the City of Splendors boxed set. For a plebeian escort into the bizarre, see Volo’s Guide to Waterdeep.
ales of hidden treasures are common in this area but none has been found. The ranchers, farmers, and loggers that inhabit the majority of the area are a friendly lot. Their cities are blessed with trees, gardens, and winding streets accented with beautiful buildings.

Conyberry

Conyberry is a small farming village sheltered on the edge of Neverwinter Wood. It's famous as the home of the Ghost of Neverwinter Wood. The village is nothing more than a dozen houses standing in a cluster with adjoining farms spreading to the east and south, divided by cart tracks running haphazardly to Triboar.

The folk of Conyberry cut trees from the wood as needed. They hunt in the fringes of the wood and snare rabbits and the like in the grassy plains south of the farms. They grow crops to feed themselves and trade profusely with travelers who come their way. They are largely self-sufficient, needing to purchase only linens, finished clothing, finewares, and cooking vessels from peddlers. At night, the citizens keep watch from the rooftops, armed with scythes, swords, and crossbows.

Although trolls and brigands lurk in the hills to the south, skirting the hills is the fastest way from the interior to the coast, creating a steady passage of travelers except in winter. Harsh winter conditions are known as "wolf weather" because wolves grow hungry and enter the village to raid stores and coops for food. Conyberry is also home to several rough-and-ready carpenters and two brewers who ferment horrible beers.

Tales of treasure center on a legendary lost elven keep called the Sharandar. It was abandoned by elves who sallied forth to fight orcs and were overwhelmed. Sharandar is said to be full of gems, magic, armor, fantastic sculpted glass furniture, and other things of beauty. Locals say the Sharandar is cloaked by living trees.

Places of Interest

Agatha's Grove: The haunt of a ghost, this grove is the chief landmark of the area. The ghost of Neverwinter Wood is a banshee known as Agatha. This name is probably a corruption of the elven surname Auglathla, meaning Winterbreeze in an old elven dialect. Her lair is in a grove northwest of Conyberry at the end of a path whose entrance is marked by a stand of birch trees.

Agatha’s lair was guarded by a magic mirror spell, set up to hide her real location and give her time to hurl spells at intruders. The magic mirror also helped to hide the treasure Agatha had amassed by thieving in the night, slaying travelers, and pillaging old tombs. These defenses were shattered by the heroes Drizzt Do’Urden and Wulfgar, who stole Agatha’s treasure. Since her wealth was stolen, she has taken to looting the Dessarin to rebuild her riches. She also seeks revenge for the theft and considers any adventurers fitting recipients of death.

Agatha’s lair has new defenses now. Her spells enable her to charm owlbears and the people of Conyberry into digging pitfall traps along the path to her lair. These servants have been seen guarding her haunt. Other than this activity, Agatha does not bother the folk of Conyberry. Rather, she views them as allies. Agatha often uses spells to bring them beasts for food in the worst winter weather. She slaughters orcs and brigands who venture too near the village. Folk in Conyberry regard Agatha affectionately as their guardian and friend. They often talk about her and speculate on what she’s up to.

Berun Care: Treahugh Greiko started his veterinary practice because of his uncanny flair with animals—every animal that enters the door of this small, clean shop feels immediately at ease. The proprietor is very caring, quiet, and meticulous with his examinations. Never has an animal been
admitted to his shop and not been cured. His prices are extraordinarily reasonable—about half of what a similar shop in Waterdeep or Silverymoon would charge. Recently, word of this clinic has reached as far north as Mirabar and as far south as Amn, and the very rich and prosperous are making the expensive trip to Conyberry in order to have Treughugh care for their animals.

**Conyberry Arms:** This shop is not a place to buy quality arms. The weapons that the owner, Martin von Mensch, does sell are of poor very poor quality. It’s not uncommon for an adventurer to return to this shop carrying a hilt and a shattered blade (along with a few extra battle scars).

Martin’s shop specializes in shoddy blacksmith work, like making awkward horseshoes, hooks to perch swords and scabbards from the belt, doorknobs, hinges, locks that require a crowbar to open, and, of course, crowbars.

Martin isn’t content just to rip off those who enter his shop by selling substandard equipment for normal market prices and quality stuff at exorbitant figures; he’s hired a low-level but acute thief with a ring of invisibility who walks about, lifting small things off the belts of customers and visitors on the street. No one, with the possible exception of Martin, knows who this person is. Rumors say the thief is actually a high-classed burglar (cursed with permanent invisibility) who came to Conyberry to dodge a Waterdhavian noose destined to caress his neck.

**Conyberry Hall:** Folk gather here for communal feasts, or to drink, smoke, and gossip the nights away. The villagers are always interested in news of the North, particularly talk of whether the orcs are on the march again. The Hall is also where travelers spend the night.

The building is a large rectangular pavilion with two removable walls, a flagstone floor, and a thatch-and-beam roof with a large overhang. At either end stands a hearth chimney, with rustic benches and tables between. In winter, both permanent walls are stacked to the rafters, inside and out, with firewood. There’s a well in the center of the hall, and outside a hitching post surrounded in winter by a windbreak made of baled straw.

Travelers are met by one of the hall’s guards. This guard is covered by another on a roof nearby, armed with a crossbow.

### Longsaddle

The tiny agricultural village of Longsaddle includes 130 residences, surrounded by miles of ranches and farms. It’s a quiet haven between the Crags and the Evermoors. Depending on the time of year, Longsaddle is either sleepy and nearly deserted or dusty and crowded, crawling with livestock and folk eager to buy them. Either way, Longsaddle is little more than a farmers’ market and waystables for 1,000 or so folk who live in the area. The buildings line both sides of the Long Road, the only street in the village. Longriders (ranch-hands) from nearby estates can be summoned to form a 100-man militia who fight with spear, bow, or lariat.

For miles around, ranchers claim the grasslands. They usually include a fortified house, a stockade, and stables. Most ranchers hire and house longriders, more to fight orc and barbarian raiders than to tend stock. Cattle are the predominant livestock, but horses and sheep are reared as well. Each grows its own vegetables and sells any surplus at the Longsaddle market. The ranchers send those who are temporarily disabled by injuries or illness to Longsaddle, so someone is always available to report the arrival of buyers back to the ranch. These shipping masters come from the port cities, especially Luskan and Waterdeep, to compete furiously for the trade.

Meat intended for local consumption travels to its destination as livestock. Meat ending up in a ship’s hold is usually brought to the Harpell Hill Farm. There the meat is sealed in a magic shell that fades after 10 days (akin to a preservation spell). In the meantime, the meat is kept cool and sealed from air. The sealed meat is transported to a boat and dumped in a hold of ice; for long voyages south the meat is set in salt before the magic fails.

Because of the ranching trade, the ranchers would control Longsaddle, were it not for the capricious, magically mighty Harpell clan. For generations, the Harpells have brought Longsaddle an importance in the North far greater than its size and purpose would warrant. The Harpells are mages and members of the Lord’s Alliance. This tradition began with mighty Authrar Harpell, who was famous in the North an age ago for single-handedly destroying an onrushing orc horde with spells. More recently, Malchor Harpell, along with his Company of Crazed Venturers, supposedly fought off a demigod. On another occasion, fighting alone, he destroyed two Red Wizards of Thay and the undead beholders under their command. These days, Malchor keeps to the comparative peace of his Tower of Twilight and is rarely seen in Longsaddle.

The current village elder is Ardancar Harpell (NG hm W23), the son of Adanac Harpell. He’s the only Harpell who can be bothered with the headaches of local politics or the doings of the world around. Ardancar is by no means the most powerful or eldest Harpell living in the Ivy Mansion; the eldest Harpell is DelRoy (NG hm W23). In fact, he doesn’t control anything within the walls of the house. By tradition, the oldest Harpell women do that. The Harpells are a kind-hearted clan, but their magic is capricious. They’re so powerful that Uthgardt barbarians never dare raid Longsaddle, though defiant bands sometimes steal cattle and horses from the outlying ranches around the village.

The Harpells are experimenting with shrinking animals to miniature sizes. They hope to breed them as stable species at the smaller size, to allow for maximum food use and minimal feed consumption, enlarging them shortly before the slaughter. A furious private debate is currently raging within the family over the morality of such tampering with natural forces, but the research continues. To this date, few of the results, known as minimalis, have been released onto the market.

Folk who travel the North think Longsaddle is a place where extra care must be taken because magic is hurled about everywhere. The Harpells aren’t the only danger here: Local stories say griffons dwelling in the nearby hills are bothering everywhere. The Harpells aren’t the only danger here: Local stories say griffons dwelling in the nearby hills are bothering...
ranchers have hired apprentice wizards to escort their shepherds and longriders. These wizards are usually equipped with wands of paralysis bought from the Harpells. The Harpells have magic to spare, and they use it without hesitation to aid travelers and villagers alike.

Some think scores of wands, rings, and magical trinkets are hidden all over Longsaddle, and there's never a shortage of curious visitors poking around the village, looking for this magic. Many searchers are reckless young thieves or ambitious Zhent agents. There are several groups known to frequent Longsaddle. These include the Cult of the Dragon, the Arcane (a wizards' guild ruling Luskan through the High Captains), and the Talomnists (a family of sorcerers dwelling near Westbridge). The latter are hereditary enemies of the Harpells. All are a source of constant irritation to the villagers.

There are two sets of wards at work in Longsaddle. The first surrounds the village proper, and it continuously signals the location of beings in its confines that don't possess ward tokens. It also allows the Harpells to send audible messages to all those possessing ward tokens. This ward token is a small slate arrowhead engraved with a rune. Every resident of Longsaddle has the token, and the Harpells immediately trace these tokens if they're stolen or hidden.

The second ward encloses Harpell Hill, the area including the Ivy Mansion. Only members of the Harpell family have tokens to this ward. The ward's boundary acts as a domeshaped wall of force to all magic cast by those who don't have a token. It also affects all physical things not in contact with a token bearer. Thus, hurled weapons or flying griffons are locked out, but a Harpell riding an aerial mount can pass as if it were not there.

A bearer of a token can open a hole in the boundary to allow free passage of a nonbearer, but this sets off a signal to all token bearers within the ward. There are also two gates near to, but not corresponding with, the apparent road gates that are false. The real ward gates allow passage without alarms being activated, but these are guarded at all times by a Harpell. This person might appear as a child playing in the dirt or an old, drafty feed barn, but Trappy and his 16 daughters make a warm place to stay and a stable for their horses. The inn is an old, rambling house has sloping floors that creak alarmingly. It's crowded with smoke and travelers and villagers alike.

The people of Longsaddle are expert players of this game, which has the charm of being governed by skill and not the whim of Tymora. Harpells are forbidden to play; the temptation to use magic to help their spears proves too strong. Locals like to talk about a match between two Harpells wherein the spears turned to miniature griffons and fought each other. The gaming table pitched like waves sloshing around in a rain barrel, and small strokes of lightning leapt from shield to shield.

The Gambling Golem: This old, rambling house has sloping floors that creak alarmingly. It's crowded with smoke and people eager to lose their money at games of dice and cards. They also have two specialty games. One, known as fighting frogs, involves trained frogs fitted with leg spurs. It's a cruel sport looked on with disapproval in most other places and revered by priests of nature deities.

The second game is called scattershields. This rarely seen game is played on a slate table with a gutter and a raised lip along all four sides. In the center of the table is a hollow, called the throne. Around this are affixed six small, curved, metal replicas of war shields. Each player has six glass spears (marbles) of a chosen color. A round consists of each player in turn tossing a marble onto the table. Each player tries to place one of his spears in the throne, knocking the spears of all other players away from it. Spears ending up in the gutter are out of play, but if they strike the lip and bounce back onto the slate, they're still in play. At the end of a round, points are counted for the positions of spears still in play. Those in the throne command the most points, and those closer to the gutter receive fewer, in concentric scoring rings.

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Jaster Redshar, a bellcaster who does a steady trade outfitting:

The Horn and Hoof: This tavern survives because the village is too small to have anything better. An awesome assortment of high-priced potables lies in its cellar. The atmosphere is reminiscent of hogs crowded against a slop trough. It’s a great place to get elbowed by everybody in town, or to fight. It’s not a place to talk privately; conversations are carried on at full bellow, lips to ears, over the bluster of others. It’s rare to leave without wearing someone’s drink. From time to time, a patron gets everyone singing. When this happens, everyone for miles around knows. The tavern sways in time to the movements of shoulder-to-shoulder drinkers, and the sound of joyous voices lifted in song drifts on the breeze.

The Hoof never closes. The barkeep, Malavos Drunn, is a scarred, retired warrior who sports a ferocious red mustache. He keeps order with the aid of a stout cudgel, a barrel of darts soaked in sleep venom, and a wand of magic missiles. These are kept behind the bar for use in emergencies; nonetheless, knifings are common. It’s easy not to notice an attack until the victim’s shoulders sag and he falls out of the press of drinkers. The bodies of the dead or slumbering are simply tossed outside.

Ivy Mansion: Longsaddle is dominated by the crazily chaotic bulk of the Ivy Mansion. The ancestral home of the Harpells perches on Harpell Hill in the center of town. The Mansion is a collection of three buildings.

The first is a constantly expanding building of ongoing tumults of experimental spells going awry, incorrigibly mixed potions exploding, magical pranks, and a carefree collage of ideas and experiments added to by each successive Harpell. The hodgepodge construction of the Ivy Mansion results in innumerable strange angles in the walls and roof, dozens of spires with no two alike, and thousands of windows—from tiny slits to huge openings. Inside are a dozen alchemy shops, scrying rooms, meditations chambers, and conjuring rooms. Few are allowed to visit the mansion, and fewer see more than the central dining and meeting room. This room is a domed, circular hodgepodge of furniture and furnishings where travelers rent rooms by the tenday or more. The interior is lit by enchanted glowing globes given the forms of small, flickering ovals, and cast on unlit candles, so the place appears lit only by candle lamps. Rooms are furnished with armchairs, rugs, footstools, canopied beds, writing tables, and wardrobes. All the furniture is battered but serviceable. Rowdy guests are warned the establishment’s name comes from the nickname of its proprietor, Alastrah Hathwinter, an archmage of adventuring prowess. Her power is evidenced by her reaction to a Zhent mage who threatened her. She cast a spell that propelled him clear down her upper-story balcony.

The Night Cloak: Longsaddle’s festhall is a dim, tapestry-hung place where travelers rent rooms by the tenday or month. The interior is lit by enchanted glowing globes given the forms of small, flickering ovals, and cast on unlit candles, so the place appears lit only by candle lamps. Rooms are furnished with armchairs, rugs, footstools, canopied beds, writing tables, and wardrobes. All the furniture is battered but serviceable. Rowdy guests are warned the establishment’s name comes from the nickname of its proprietor, Alastrah Hathwinter, an archmage of adventuring prowess. Her power is evidenced by her reaction to a Zhent mage who threatened her. She cast a spell that propelled him clear down her upper-story balcony.

Ostever’s Slaughterhouse: This is the scene of an infamous scandal that spread across the North about five winters back. It was discovered that goblin and orc victims of the winter raids were chopped and mixed in with the usual offal, then ground into sausages. The culinary crime was revealed when orc fingers were found under the grinding table. Bamall Ostever weathered the storm, though, and still serves as the butcher to buyers wanting to take meat home from the market. His fellow villagers don’t buy his sausage anymore, and he has to endure their ceaseless dark jokes whenever he displays any sausage for sale.

The Rolling Wheel: Visitors can buy torches, candles, lanterns, tarps, ropes, spikes, shields, and dry firewood at the Rolling Wheel. The shop’s name comes from the replacement wheels bought in bulk from Waterdeep.

The Sharnshield Ranch: The Sharnshields farm horses and cattle on a southwestern ranch. They’re a haughty family whose members are largely female, and they’re capable warriors.
as well as riders. Their brand is crossed swords with a horizontal bar below them.

**Sixhorns Select Wares:** This store is the “all things small and sundry” shop. Here, everything from chamber pots to socks can be purchased. Their belt daggers are especially popular because the blades can’t be detected through the use of detect metal spells, since the blades are constructed from some strange, hard-as-steel substance.

**The Suldivver Ranch:** The Suldivvers are sheep ranchers. They have a tract, known as Rock Ranch, on poor ground southeast of Longsaddle. They’re generally a fat, easy-going clan, though some say they’re just lazy. Their brand is three links of chain arranged horizontally.

**The Zelorggows Ranch:** The Zelorggows are outlanders. They came from eastern Amn over a century ago. These cattle ranchers are dusky-skinned, tireless riders. They’re polite, learned folk who send their children to live with tutors all over the North to grow up with as wide a view of Faerûn as possible. Their brand is two triangles, arranged side by side to look like eyes.

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### Neverwinter

Neverwinter is a large cultured city of trees, gardens, winding streets, and beautiful buildings. This friendly city of craftsmen quietly bustles with business; it avoids controversy and warfare, keeping within its walls and dealing with the outside world largely through merchants in Waterdeep.

Neverwinter is laid out roughly in the shape of an eye. The long axis runs roughly east and west along the Neverwinter River that cascades over small falls and is spanned by many arched, ornate bridges as it runs through the city. The waters are so warm that the harbor never freezes. One end of the city is the harbor, and the other end is the Upland Rise, a wooded hill left as a natural park. To the east is Neverwinter Wood.

The City of Skilled Hands is a beautiful, relaxed place. It’s a walled city of 17,000 humans and half-elves. Craftsmen love the beauty of Neverwinter and enjoy living among other craftsmen. They constantly try to outdo each other in striving for ever-increasing efficiency and beauty of design.

All in all, Neverwinter is perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in Faerûn, escaping Waterdeep’s slums and grasping competitiveness, as well as Silverymoon’s harsher climate and heavier need for defense against orcs and other evils. Cities in Amn and Calimshan commonly claim to be more civilized, but merchants who trade there all say Neverwinter truly is civilized, unlike some showier rivals who, as the sage Mellomir noted Northern mage, Malchor Harpell.

Neverwinter features temples of Helm, Tyr, and Oghma. Helm’s Hold is presided over by its founder, Dunal Erard (LN hm P12), The Hall of Justice, the temple of Tyr, is controlled by Reverend Judge Oleff Uskar (LN gm P10) who aids Lord Nasher in civil cases. The Halls of Inspiration venerate Oghma, and their chief priest is Sandrew the Wise (LN hm P11).

To the southeast lies Helm’s Hold, whose faithful priests and paladins patrol a small section of the Neverwinter Woods’ interior and some of the perimeter. Farther along the eastern edge of the woods rises the Tower of Twilight, home of the noted Northern mage, Malchor Harpell.

Neverwinter controls much mining trade from dwarves and gnomes who come up from the Underdark by hidden ways to surface in several warehouses in the city. The city has a large fishing economy, both from the banks and offshore. The warm waters make it fertile ground for shellfish and finned fish alike. Neverwinter does good trade in logging from the Neverwinter Wood. The key to Neverwinter’s survival, though, is its importance as a center of craftwork, learning, and magical innovation. Amid all the weird-following tolerance and variety in the city, there is a respect for peace, law, and order. This seems to be a necessary security for the artists and craftsmen to concentrate on their designs.

Equally acclaimed are the gardeners of Neverwinter, whose skills fill the city with fruit-bearing trees and hanging plants in summer and fill the city filled with blooming flowers throughout winter. Many claim this is how the city was named, while others contend that it’s due to the Neverwinter River flowing through the city from the woods to the east. Its waters are so warm that Neverwinter’s harbor never freezes.

The city is famous for its waterclocks, which set the standard for precision. The waterclocks are accurate to five minutes a year, provided that sufficient water is available. The clocks can be carried by a single person (using both hands) and are fashionable in cities and townhomes of more civilized regions. Hence, the phrase “by the clocks of Neverwinter” is used to swear at petty perfectionism or to solemnly swear one’s honesty. The city is famous for multicolored lamps of blended glass that change hue across their surface. Such lamps often have tinted, sliding glass shutters of several shades. In some cases, the shutters are enchanted to change position by themselves, altering the light’s color. Neverwinter also gave its name to the Neverwinter Knife, a tiny, jeweled dagger made to be concealed in a hair comb, belt buckle, or bracelet.

Craftsmen in Neverwinter have three landmarks they’re particularly proud of. These are the three main bridges in Neverwinter: the Dolphin, the Winged Wyvern, and the Sleeping...
Dragon Bridges. Each is intricately and passionately carved in the likeness of its namesake. The Wyvern is readily recognizable for spread wings serving as a perch to seagulls and other birds in warmer months, and as a place to dive into the river for bold youths. All three bridges are assets to the City of Skilled Hands.

Neverwinter is ruled justly and efficiently by Lord Nasher Alagondar, an amiable, balding, former adventurer who keeps his city firmly in the Lords’ Alliance. Lord Nasher has laid many intrigues and magic preparations against attacks from Neverwinter’s warlike rival, Luskan. Nasher doesn’t allow maps of the city to be made, to keep Luskan’s spies busy and to add a minor measure of difficulty to any Luskanite invasion. Lord Nasher is accompanied by bodyguards, the Neverwinter Nine (all LG hm F5). They have magic items Nasher accumulated over a successful decade of adventuring.

Many Harpers dwell in Neverwinter, as do skilled dwarven craftsmen. Many good-aligned mages make Neverwinter home, including the Many-Starred Cloak, a band of wizards who are the real power in the city. They support Lord Nasher’s rule with their spells and make blastglobes for the militia.

On the rare occasions when armed men (usually from Luskan) or orcs show up outside the walls, explosive missiles lobbed among them “in such numbers that it seemed a hailstorm” one observer once remarked, sends them away again in reduced numbers. (The explosive missiles are devised by city craftsmen and wizards and inflict 2d8 hp damage. The manufacture is a guarded secret, not shared even with members of the Lords’ Alliance. They’re not for sale, though it’s no secret that many groups covet them.)

The city has more conventional forces in its standing army of 400 archers and spearmen; they guard the city walls and harbor, and they patrol the High Road from Port Llast to Leilon. In peacetime, 60 of these soldiers are retrained, 60 are on leave for rest and relaxation, and 60 act as the city’s watch (police). Like everyone else in Neverwinter, the army soldiers are efficient, quiet, and take care that their work is done properly. They’re armed with spears, long swords, longbows, boot daggers, and hand crossbows. The militia has fortress garrisons at the northeastern and southeastern gates.

Whether Waterdeep declares war on Luskan and the Captains’ Confederation or not, mercenary bands from around the North and the Sword Coast seek employment with either side in the conflict, and Neverwinter seems to be one of the places to gain contacts for either side.

The royal badge of the city is a white swirl—a sideways “M” pointing to the right. It connects three white snowflakes; each flake is different, but all are encircled by silver and blue haloes.

**Places of Interest**

**The Board Laid Bare:** This restaurant just inside the city’s northeast gate offers dining with no frills for a low price. It serves no beer, wine, or spirits.

**Cloaktower:** At the spot where the Neverwinter River flows into the city stands the Cloaktower. This is the meeting place and citadel of the Many-Starred Cloak. Among the treasures known to reside within this warded and trapped seat of power is a wondrous magical device found in a Netherese ruin: Halmar’s Universal Pantograph. It reputedly can make two coins from one, or two swords where there was only one before.

**Dannar’s Mechanical Marvels Specialty Shop:** This shop sells gnomish, Lantanna, and dwarven clockwork wonders. These include self-striking, wind-up, push-button flint boxes and electrum jewelry boxes inlaid with pearl, sporting animated adornments such as tiny clockwork dragons that chase their tails around a central, pop-up vanity mirror. The things on sale here awe most visitors, as do the prices.

**The Fallen Tower:** This is the most popular tavern in town. It’s an attraction visitors are inevitably urged to visit. It’s an average drinking place, dimly lit with the low-beamed ceiling all taverns seem to share. The furniture is roughly hewed from logs, the tavernmaster is jovial, and the serving wenches are buxom. In short, it’s like a hundred other roadside tankard tilts. Its claim to fame comes from the magical images created by the incident that gives the place its name.

This fieldstone tavern looks like the broken base of a circular tower, which is exactly what it is. The fallen upper section was rebuilt into a single story addition to the tower. The wine cellars and staff rooms are located in the circular section, and the taproom is in the newer part, with the jakes at the far end.

The tower was the home of noted wizard, Llomnauel “Firehands” Oloadhin. He was killed by the Arcane Brotherhood, who resolved to take his magic items and spells for its own. Late every night, at the precise time of the explosion that destroyed the tower, the soundless phantoms of two terrified Brotherhood mages, limbs blazing, fall like rag dolls. The tavern takes advantage of this by raffling off the area where they appear through the ceiling and plunge on to vanish through the floor. These first two are followed by the astonished, strung-up figure of the Overwizard, whose limbs turn to eels that rend the rest of him and bore into his silently shrieking mouth just as he vanishes through the floor. A moment later, the figure of Llomnauel follows. He descends upright, his lower limbs skeletal as flesh and robes alike vanish in a spiral of lightning that burn up and around his body. All that’s left as he vanishes through the floor is his terrible, triumphant smile.

The show of silent images is greeted each night by a respectful hush. The tavernmaster usually strikes a bell over the bar to warn of the manifestation, which has repeated, despite dispel magic attempts, for 35 years.

Not withstanding gossip, none of Llomnauel’s magic remains. Cellars lie under the tower but no one knows just how deep. They predate the tower, and may be part of the Underdark or an old dwarven stronghold. The staff lets people enter the cellars for a price. Some never return.

Reports in the taproom say Llomnauel was breeding monsters and storing them in his cellar. He may have had a whole army of guardians. They’re said to include mimics, bulettes, a gibbering mouther, bonebats, and others. Supposedly, the creature-storage facilities are failing due to age or disturbance, freeing the beasts to roam. No one who has returned mentioned seeing any treasure down there.
Some 12 winters ago, a wizard suspected of being a Zhent mageling came to the tavern to try to find some of Llomnauvel’s magic. The wizard made the mistake of using a killing spell that created a flying knife against a tavern patron, who revealed himself to be a visiting archmage. The more experienced wizard turned the attacking blade into two dozen blades, and hurled them at his attacker, shredding the man. The suspected Zhent brought two small trunks with him, and they teleported away upon his death. No one knows where they went or what was in them. Local rumor indicates they relocated nearby, perhaps in a hidden chamber beneath the tower, into the known cellars, or into the cesspit beneath the jakes. Patrons are welcome a look if they pay 4 gp.

**Hall of Justice:** The Sleeping Dragon Bridge leads from Castle Never to the Hall of Justice, a powerful temple of Tyr. Reverend Judge Oleff Uskar presides over Lord Nasher’s civil court here. Oleff is assisted by Prior Hlam who takes charge of training the devout in justice and how to mete it out or defend it, including disciplined weapons training.

**Helm’s Hold:** Less than a day’s ride southeast of the city is Helm’s Hold, a fortified monastery dedicated to the God of Guardians. Founded 20 years ago by Dumal Erard, a retired member of the Company of Crazed Venturers of Waterdeep, it’s grown to a watchful community of 700 faithful. The people grow crops, tend cattle, dig deep wells for water, and patrol the area with vigilance. They give shelter to any travelers beset or weakened by brigands or monsters.

**House of Knowledge:** One of the most impressive buildings in Neverwinter is located at one end of the Dolphin Bridge. It’s the arch-roofed House of Knowledge, the tall, many-windowed temple to Oghma. Here, Chief Priest Watger Brighthair and Elder Reader Salyndra Shaern lead worship to Oghma in the form of free teaching sessions.

**Jaesor’s Fineware Porcelain Works:** Next to Dannar’s is the shop where Jaesor Rynyl and his family craft and sell finely painted plates. Many local families and personalities like to have their family arms or personal likenesses painted on their dinnerware.

**The Keep of Lord Never:** The Neverwinter River bends sharply south and then north again in a smooth curve just before it empties into the Sea of Swords in the Bay of Mists, Neverwinter’s harbor. In this bend sits the proud keep of Lord Halueth Never, the home and court of the city’s ruling lord. From the circular walk around Castle Never, the three bridges radiate out across the river, reaching toward buildings on the south bank. Somewhere in its depths is said to be the tomb of Lord Halueth Never, an elven warrior who battled Illusk in older days.

Lord Never is supposedly laid to rest on a huge stone slab encircled by a ring of naked swords laid with points radiating outward. These nonrusting magical blades animate to attack intruders if the instructions graven in cryptic verses on the flagstones are not followed.

**Manycoins Moneylending:** This trade store boasts as large a variety of currency as any shop in Waterdeep, and it changes money from coinage to coinage for small fees. It’s watched over by helmed horrors, as well as the professional thieves who own and run the shop.

**Maskado’s Maps & Legends Bookshop:** An entire street of bookshops, scribes, and bookbinders winds southeast from the House of Knowledge. Of these dusty, fascinating places, adventurers and travelers are most likely to be interested in Maskado’s, a shop specializing in maps, records, hints, and tales of the North concerned with exploration, treasure, trails, and hidden ways.

**The Moonstone Mask:** Famous along the Sword Coast, this friendly establishment is named for the glowing, moonstone-trimmed masks worn by its staff of beautiful females wearing sheer black gowns. A quiet, comfortable inn, it has an uppermost festhall floor and a ground floor entirely taken up by kitchens and a large dining room. The curving stairs to the upper floors rise through the dining room, where many citizens of Neverwinter, as well as inn guests, often come to dine.

The dining room is lit by a huge hearth and by lanterns hanging from the sides of the grand staircase. The three floors above are luxurious, soundproofed with spells and furnished with fur rugs. The floors are topped by a festhall of luxurious suites beneath an attic. There’s also a rooftop landing platform for winged steeds rumored to be used by skyships from Halruaa from time to time.

The women of the Mask are famed as good friends, worthy gaming opponents, and wise conversationalists. Many important personages of Amn, Baldur’s Gate, Waterdeep, and the North come to Neverwinter regularly to discuss their plans and business with their favorite lady in a mask. The ladies all use house names when on duty, and they never remove their moonstone-adorned half-masks. One of the ladies is the owner of the place and a powerful mage in the Many-Starred Cloak.

The owner set out to build the sort of place she would like to stay in, and she’s aware of the importance her staff plays as friends and confidants of the important folk in this corner of Faerûn. All her staff wear amulets to protect them from magical scrying, mind-reading, and mind-control. The amulets allow them to send messages to her by silent thought as well. She has 12 battle horrors in the attic that fly down the chimney to reach any disturbance quickly. Two of them wield sounds of paralysis.

As a result of her care in selecting and training her ladies and the male kitchen staff, a visit to the Mask is a relaxed, enjoyable treat, like coming home to a warm group of friends.

There are tales around the Mask of all sorts of famous folk being caught in embarrassing situations while visiting the ladies. The only tale of interest to the more adventurous guest is of secret suites where visitors stay unseen, coming and going by way of their own secret entrances. Also, rumor says the deepest cellars is connected to dwarven-held areas of the Underdark, and that it holds smoke powder.

The Mask is supposedly haunted, but the ghost is a friendly, unseen spirit who closes doors, tucks guests in, plants tingling kisses on cheeks if they seem upset or lonely, hangs discarded clothing, and takes away forgotten plates and glasses. It’s been known to reuse or warn staff to prevent thefts and attempted murders. In life, the spirit was Chanthra, a lady of the Mask who spoke seldomly and died of a fever.
The moonstone masks worn by the ladies bear a minor enchantment. They allow the user to see clearly in full darkness, or, if they wish, with infravision. It’s said the owner of the establishment owns the original mask she patterned the others on—and that it’s an item of Netheril, with many powers including fly, teleport without error, know alignment, and read languages. There’s a rumor that panels all over the inn open when the right word is whispered. They reveal magical wands ready to fire at troublesome intruders.

The cellars of the Mask conceal a gate. Some believe that it’s at the back of a cloak closet, and others insist it’s at the top of a loft ladder leading to a ledge where bedding is stored. There may be two gates and both tales true, but the destinations reached by this magic remain a mystery.

The Mute Lute: This octagonal, cedar-shingled building is the home of the half-elven lute maker Rebeth Laereeryn. The house is built around an old oak tree and Rebeth lives with the tree’s dryad, crafting prized lutes. His shop takes its name from a spell Rebeth can invoke to silence all sound within its walls.

The Shining Serpent Inn: This is the largest and most popular guesthouse in Neverwinter. Its sculpted silver serpent signpost makes it stand out, so visitors can easily find it. This mud-brick building rises four stories with several flights of wooden stairs running down the back.

Inside, the visitor finds a pricy, pleasant, and clean inn. Service is politely distant and seldom seen. The inn does provide warm, fluffy robes for guests to wander about in. The robes are embroidered with the silver serpent to discourage theft, though these robes have been seen in salons in Amn and by nobles at parties in Waterdeep. The dining room is rather bare and unspectacular. Suites are pleasant but bare, and they boast sea-green carpets. A silver snake embroidered on a hallway carpet indicates the nearest door is a jakes.

The Serpent seems to be a clean, safe place to stay, despite persistent rumors that it’s the place where most of the smuggling into and out of Neverwinter is arranged. One room is said to be haunted by a hoarse, whispering voice that talks of spells and wizardly deeds of long ago.

Port Llast

The sleepy little coastal village of 700 is ruled by a First Captain closely allied to Neverwinter (largely to avoid conquer by Luskan, who want a more southerly harbor for its warships). The current First Captain is Haeromos Dothwintyl, a retired stonemason.

Port Llast is a city of skilled stonecutters. The stonecutters work at quarries on the coastal headlands just south of the village. Other than harborage or stonecutting, there is little else to recommend it to the traveler today, for it’s a tense, suspicious place, always expecting treachery or attack from Luskan.

At Port Llast, a beach and inlet empty into a small bay sheltered by a high, rocky spit. The port is overlooked by cliffs where boulder-hurling siege engines are placed. The harbor is home to a 12-boat fishing fleet, but two of the ships are in very poor repair.

Port Llast held great importance to humans as the northernmost point of human access to the riches of the North. When orcs and duergar held the lands where Luskan (then Ilusk) now lies (hence, “last port”). Then, the port was home to 14,000 miners and explorers eager to find gold, gems, and the fabled mineral wealth of the North. Rampaging orc hordes battered down the city walls (or the walls were plundered by citizens to repair their homes, allowing the orcs to infiltrate), and much of the population was either destroyed or forced to flee. The village never recovered. The shattered remnants of the perimeter can still be seen circling the town to the east, though much of the stone ruins have been used to repair local homes or was taken away and sold. Many of the lands once cleared for the port have become gardens and cemeteries, or else they have been reclaimed by the forest.

Places of Interest

The Cracked Anvil Blacksmith: Haljá Throndor is the smith running this forge. He’s skilled at all manner of ironmongery. The establishment is easily found by the cracked anvil displayed out front.

Whelgund’s Wheelrace Wagonworks: This repair shop and competent wagonworks is run by Stout “the jolly” Whaelgund, who never stops talking, laughing, or cracking jokes. His attempts to sing are simply ghastly.

The Jack and Saber: The Jack is an average tavern in all respects, from its smoke-filled air to its low-beamed, dark taproom.

The Alliance Arms: The only inn in Port Llast is a well built, but rather dour, no-nonsense place to sleep. Its mop-and-broom maids are a surprisingly rich source of local information after a drink or two.

Thundertree

Thundertree’s a quiet logging hamlet of 90 folk inland from Neverwinter about two days’ travel. It stands on the south bank of the Neverwinter River at the western edge of Neverwinter Wood. The Neverwinter Trail follows the river, linking it with the nearby city of Neverwinter, and all the choice timber cut here goes down that trail to the shipyards, housebuilders, and carpenters of Neverwinter.

Place of Interest

The Pavilion: Those looking for a place to rest their bones find only a pavilion fit for 12 to sleep. If crowded, the excess sleep on the back steps of the pavilion or take their chances in the woods west of town. There is nothing of interest to buy except small pelts from local trappers and choice game meats taken from Neverwinter Woods.
Xantharl’s Keep

Xantharl’s Keep is a fortified village of 475 folk with few attractions. Any traveler using the Long Road should know its ways and location, though. This is particularly important in winter, when desperately hungry wolves and orcs grow bold in their raiding.

Xantharl was a ranger who explored and mapped the Khedrun Vale, known today as the Valley of Khedrun. He explored the Fell Pass, and the Surbrin Highlands. Though Xantharl is long dead, his battered hold remains.

The Keep is a small settlement of tall, narrow stone houses with heavy shutters and steep roofs to shed snow. The village has two deep wells; one in the cellar of the keep, and one in the open market space in front of the gates. The Keep’s only inn and tavern are located in the market, directly across from the keep itself. The village has grown up around the frowning bulk of the tower. The structure holds 400 warriors in a pinch, under their throat gorgets.

The ward is actually in force at all times. There’s a gap in the wall weapons, though Helder hopes they’ll never have to use them. All in all, Xantharl’s Keep is a secure stopover, but not an exciting place to visit.

Those hunters swayed by the racks of antlers displayed on tavern walls in Waterdeep and points south—the ones as wide as three people lying down—should heed some healthy advice. Though orcs are fewer in the area around Xantharl’s Keep, transport into the interior is always closer than back out. Dead is dead wherever you are, so go armed and go in numbers. Some guides to the lands inhabited by these large beasts can be found in Xantharl’s Keep.

Places of Interest

The Bear and Black Buckler: The inn is a clammy, dimly lit place where all the beds have bear pelt covers for warmth. Unexciting meals are served here daily.

The Falling Orc: This is where the villagers gather at night for hurl-dagger, cards, and tall-tale-telling. It’s warm and smoky, as the hearth gives most of its smoke back to the taproom, not up the chimney. Nonetheless, it’s a good place to sit and listen. Locals don’t like smart mouths, but they like to impress travelers with the happenings of the northern wilderlands. Keep quiet, and listen hard, and you can hear tales of adventure, treasure, peril, and the inevitable bad joke.

Don’t get into a fight here—a lot of locals have blistering fists, and they gang up on outsiders. A favorite tactic is to snatch up one of the old wooden buckets they use as footstools, jam it down over some combatant’s head, and then punish the rest of his body in a hurry.

There’s a local legend that the tavern is haunted by a ghostly lady in an ornate gown. By the vivid descriptions visitors are treated to, it sounds like it’s a garment of the richest and most frivolous height of fashion in Netheril just before its fall. The lady seldomly appears, but when she does it’s always late at night. She always chooses a human male adventurer and leads the hero into the tavern cellar. Here, she gestures toward a large, ornate, electrum-plated key that hangs from a rafter on its own chain. If the man takes the key, she gestures imperiously for him to follow her. She strides back up the stairs, out the door through the village gates, and into the night.

The tale goes that she wants some treasure that belongs to her. It needs to be rescued from a crumbling, forgotten tomb somewhere east of the Keep, across the Long Road. The key must be used to unlock a particular crypt, they say. The truth of the matter remains a mystery, as those who follow her seldom return. The ones who do come back decline (or are unable) to speak of what befell them, and the key is always back in its place in the morning.
The Frozenfar

Olk use the term “frozenfar” to describe places that are so far north that people can freeze solid as they walk. No one knows just how far north this area stretches and tales of deathly cold winters aren’t fiction.

Aurilssbarg

ike many Northmen communities, Aurilssbarg boasts streets of logs laid side by side. This city of 750 citizens is the trading post for the communities on Ice Peak Island, who buy supplies and sell skins, oil, scrimshaw, and smoked fish here. Aurilssbarg is the only port with a harbor capable of accommodating large vessels. Luskan monopolizes trade, though—their ships are the only ones that dock here. A Luskan raker and crew is often berthed here to enforce the edict. The folk of Aurilssbarg are hungry for news—only rumors filter into the isolated town, and none exit the city’s port, making the conditions and the services available here unknown.

Bjorn’s Hold

jorn’s Hold is a city on Ice Peak with a hazardous port. The 500 citizens here hunt, trap, or fish, hoping their wares make it across the seas to be sold in Port Llast or Neverwinter. Much of their cargo is captured by the Luskan rakers that prowl the northern coastal waters of the Sea of Swords.

Bjorn, a cantankerous old coot, loves the 500 citizens of this fortified village as if they were family—Ice Hunter and Northmen alike. Though he is Northman, he hates Luskan and secretly sells most of the village’s large catch to Calishites in Port Llast and Neverwinter, hiring adventurers to guard his boats on their twice-yearly journey.

Luskan has 100 members of their militia present in the city. Bjorn and his followers, known as the Ice Warriors, cause trouble for the Luskan militia through terrorism. They habitually poison water sources, taint food with deadly samples of ptomaine, and burn their barracks. Recently, the Ice Warriors have been crossbowing lone Luskanites on patrol. To date, over 50 members of the militia have met their demise through these assaults. Luskan is preparing to annihilate the Hold’s population and re-seed the city with their people in an attempt to disband the hordes and achieve complete control once and for all.

Fireshear

his mining city, located on the frigid tundra of the Cold Run near the northern turn of the Sword Coast, subsists solely on rich veins of copper and silver. The earthen rift holding the veins was exposed long ago by the explosion of an ancient volcano or an object that fell from the sky. The rift ends in a huge, bowl crater, its walls sheared away and blackened by fire (hence the name). The city arms reflect this: a crossed blade, pick, and shovel at the base of a leaping orange flame on an ice-blue field.

Fireshear is iced in for half the year; this time is known locally as lock-in, and outsiders are unwelcome during it. Miners, though, are hired by agents in cities along the Sword Coast. Typically, they’re paid 100 gp per month with room and board included. Miners arrive during the summer on ships carrying gear, food, and traveling professionals like healers and escorts. It’s highly unlikely that a traveler will wander to isolated Fireshear; such a trip should be planned and arranged.

The city is ruled by a merchant Triumvirate (and members of the Lords’ Alliance): one each from Mirabar, Neverwinter, and Waterdeep. They command the militia and execute policies. The military includes 10,000 miners out of the city’s population of 15,000. The senior merchants regulate the hiring of patrols to gather information.

Fireshear’s inhabitants, miners representing most major nonevil races who dwell here year-round (though the families may live elsewhere), suffer occasional orc and monster attacks, as bears and crag cats roam the area. Wolves come down from the mountains in the winter, but wolf
attacks are worse when the city keeps sheep for its own consumption. Sheepherding is attempted every few years until severe weather or persistent attacks decimate the flock and the last few sheep are slaughtered for table fare.

Luskan has had an eye on Fireshear for quite some time. Waterdeep hires privateers to escort trade vessels to and from Fireshear during times of open water to prevent attacks from mysterious pirates who seem to set sail from the harbor of Luskan.

**Places of Interest**

Fireshear has no inns. There are three rooming houses and a guesthouse maintained by the city. The latter is a place of spartan accommodations where guests are closely watched. The town has two stronghouses that store the miners' money. The use of banks reduces the coins in circulation and discourages gambling and thievery.

The best tavern is the Singing Manticore; the wildest is the Drunken Dwarf. Two restaurants of note can be found here: the Leaping Leucrotta, near the docks, and the Green Garden.

**Grunwald**

This place is little more than 30 crude lodges gathered in a clearing in the forest. Here, 200 members of the Thunderbeast tribe dwell in the Lurkwood. These folk are the most civilized of the Uthgardt peoples. Unlike most in the North, this tribe tolerates foreigners, and busily trades with the outside. Traders with cloth or steel weapons and tools are welcome here and can camp in the Clearing of the Rock or in Stone Bow.

King Gundar Brontoskin rules with a just, firm hand. He's a handsome, shrewd, attentive, and polite man, always eager for news of Faerûn. Gundar's influence keeps the Uthgardt from attacking civilized settlements. He understands the wisdom of trade and criticizes the waste of lives in futile war. However, he never forgets the orcs are always gathering another horde, which he must stand against or else be swept away.

Politely travelers always seek an audience with Gundar and give him a small gift. Maps lift his heart and he fosters visitors to provide any news they have. In return, they're given a feast, where he issues the command that they be unmolested in their doings in Thunderbeast lands and holds. He also issues them a place in his long memory.

Grunwald makes its coins by logging and trapping. Furs and wood-carvings are their main goods to trade with traveling merchants. In return, they barter for silks, woven and dyed cloth, finished garments, and good steel weaponry and hardware of all types.

The people of Grunwald are always short of coinage, and they sell their wares outright to a merchant who has nothing to barter. They sell pelts, unusually fine fur specimens like snow bear pelts or the furred shed skins of glacier snakes, wood carvings, decorative whimsies (a statuette of an upright bear, a moose, or rearing horse), whittled rings, carved carry-boxes, and life-size statues. Grunwald carvers never make images duplicating an Uthgardt totem beast. Asking them to make such a piece is an insult.

The houses of Grunwald are family halls resembling burial barrows or mine tips. They're long, oval mounds of heaped stone blocks, roofed with timbers spread with mud. Moss and grass grows on the roofs; in fact, they're often overgrown with bushes and scrub. Sometimes, only the chimneys betray the presence of the structure at all.

The stones used in these buildings are taken from the above ground fortifications of a former dwarfhold. The dwarves left this place long before the Thunderbeast tribe came here. The barbarians do know an intricate tunnel network lies beneath Grunwald. New entrances to the tunnels are found every year. The only known dwarven name associated with the crumbling hold is Thornhammer. Even the dwarves don't remember if that's a clan name, the name of a prominent individual, or a place name.

The Uthgardt use parts of the tunnels as cesspits and bonepits, but they are taboo to everyone, upon pain of death. To trespass here, they say, is to bring misfortune to Grunwald and awaken the shadows below. Just what evil might lurk there is uncertain. The Uthgardt decline to discuss it when sober. When drunk, they vie with each other in hair-raising tales of fearsome, wildly improbable monsters that flap, squirm, wriggle, ooze, and pounce through the tunnels, slaying and maiming for the sheer delight of it.

Small children who fall into the depths may be rescued by using baskets on drop-lines, but children who are caught playing in the tunnels are expelled from their families to fend for themselves. The sick are often unceremoniously dumped down a shaft, where they perish, broken and alone, in the darkness.

For all their cruel ways, the people of Grunwald tolerate and welcome outsiders far more than most Uthgardt tribes. Be warned; the folk of Grunwald don't take kindly to those who loiter about their village without clear reason. If one is not waiting for certain sorts of wood to be cut and brought out, or to meet a specific person who is out venturing or on patrol, one is expected to move along. Failure to do so results in questions. Folk who provide bad answers find themselves imprisoned, run out of town, or slain as spies for the orcs or for the darkhearts. (The Thunderbeast tribe uses this term to mean other Uthgardt folk who harbor ill will against the Thunderbeasts.) In a suspicious Grunwald native's mind, that means anyone of another tribe.

In Grunwald, there's a standing patrol of 12 veteran barbarian warriors, who are experts with sling stones, spears, and blades. Peddlers report these weapons are dipped in some sort of sleep-inducing substance.

**Places of Interest**

**Clearing of the Rock:** This site is an area of land marked by a huge boulder at its center, where a signal fire is ready for lighting in times of danger.

**Hand of Justice:** South of the Sacred Grove of Silvanus in the eastern arm of the village stands a pavilion marked by the upright gauntlet of a giant. This is a shrine to Tyr. It's attended by six warrior-priests. They accompany Thunderbeast patrols, guide adventurers, and maintain order in Grunwald. Gundar is fascinated by the rulings and their interpretations of what seemed simple laws when he decreed them. He allows the Tyr
priests to argue over and examine disputes before he passes judgment. This allows them to hold court, serving as lawyers, advocates, investigators, and jury, and leaving the king to make a decision after uncovering all they can. Travelers are warned that they can’t expect lenience or favoritism from these holy clerics. To them, justice is all.

**King’s Lodge:** The rock piles of the community are overlooked by a crumbling keep rising to the east. This is the King’s Lodge. It has three floors, including a throne room of sorts, a feast hall, and dungeon cells in the lower section. The Lodge has an outside stair with no handrail. Hanging on iron hooks above the steps are the heads of foes of Grunwald slain by the folk of the village. It’s mostly a line of weathered orc skulls, but from time to time the head of a thief or dishonest merchant is added.

**Sacred Grove of Silvanus:** In the shade of the King’s Lodge in the forest to the east is a grove sacred to Silvanus. The druids heal the folk of Grunwald without cost, though a healed patient must refrain from hunting for a tenday. All others are charged a steep fee.

**The Stone Bow:** This stands on the southwesterly edge of Grunwald. It’s as large as the King’s Lodge but sprawls along the rolling ground rather than rising from it. These are the shared sleeping quarters of old and filthy straw, mounts and pack-beasts, and travelers. The Bow can sleep about 50 or, if all the animals are pushed out, 70. However, there are three good things about the Bow: It’s warm and fairly dry; no one seems to attack anyone else inside; and the food is surprisingly good.

**Hundelstone**

The overland route linking the Icewind Dale to southerly Faerûn, the Northern Means runs through a pass in the Spine of the World occupied by Hundelstone. Bad winters often imprison travelers in the pass, so Hundelstone is used to hosting unhappy visitors.

It’s a place of low houses with sharply sloped roofs designed to shed snow and boulders falling from the mountains. The houses are built low to the ground, as most of the living space is cut out of the rock in a series of cellar rooms. The folk who live here are largely dwarves and gnomes, but there are also about 250 humans. Most dwarves and gnomes make their living mining tunnels into the Spine of the World. Their lengthening reach has increasingly brought them into contact with monstrous predators of the Underdark, and many humans make their living as monster slayers, paid 100 gp each month plus 25 gp per kill (shared by those who fought each beast). Adventurers often come for a summer or two to hone their combat skills and gain experience in the Underdark.

Most humans spend their days as guides, guarding and directing caravan trade between Icewind Dale and points south, or as hunters in the crags. Game is plentiful near the pass because of sunflower moss, a rich, green foliage named for its buttercup-like spring flowers. The moss grows rapidly, supporting a huge population of rock hares. People usually slay the foxes, wolves, raptors, and crag cats that prey on the hares, so the hares are plentiful.

Hundelstone boasts 100 skilled smiths where one can buy ironmongery, and there are five guest houses. There is little else of note in this refuge. It’s named for a famous dwarven smith of long ago, Hundel Hurler-of-Hammers. His tomb is said to be in a high mountain cave somewhere near the village that’s guarded from thieves by two war hammers that fly and spit lightning.

**Icewolf**

The ancient Ice Hunter shaman, Bleak Sky at Morning, wisely rules this village of 200, though the rude antics of the Northmen try even his legendary patience and sense of humor. He and his folk do not side with Luskan in wars against others. The women wear jewelry of ancient gold and platinum coins, found in an icebound wreck. If stories are true, a king’s ransom remains there. To date, Luskan views this small village as neither a threat nor financially worthy of control.

**Ironmaster**

This remote, northern stone-towered city of mountain dwarves is built into the rock walls of a frozen valley. It’s sometimes called “The Ironmaster,” after its long-dead founder. The deepest delves of Ironmaster reach into the largest iron deposits found in Faerûn. The mountain dwarves refine this into pots, pans, and forge bars (flat bars of metal a smith can use to create other items) that they sell in Fireshear and Mirabar.

Over 9,000 dwarves dwell in Ironmaster, under the rule of Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG dm F9). The arms of the city are a red anvil on a gray, diamond-shaped field (the long points of the diamond being vertical). This can be found stamped on many a forge bar, and on stone, menhir-like markers around the valley. Nondwarves within the boundaries outlined by these markers are attacked on sight. Humans who are truly ignorant of the dwarven ban on intruders may be spared, but the dwarves still confiscate all weapons, spell books, maps, and the like. They may put the humans on a ship or forcibly guide them, blindfolded, through Underdark passages to Hundelstone, releasing them at night in unfamiliar, broken terrain.

Of the 9,200 mining dwarves who dwell in Ironmaster, more than 3,000 are trained and equipped warriors. The clanmaster keeps his standing army of 300 dwarves busy patrolling the land and underground passages. No other races are welcome in this city, and the city’s trade goods are sold primarily in Fireshear to other traders.

Ironmaster Vale is the first break in the towering cliffs known as the Cold Run. These cliffs run from Icefang Point, west of Fireshear. Ironmaster fills this valley; its stone towers rise like spikes from the valley floor, and the rooms and passages of the city weave in and out of the never-melting ice and stone of the valley walls. The Shaengarne River flows down from Icewind Dale to meet the Sea of Moving Ice here, plunging through Ironmaster Vale in a ceaseless roar. The dwarves siphon off its waters with over 60 scoop-tunnels and viaducts. They’ve built an elaborate series of spill basins and diversions to avoid flooding during the spring runoff.

Ironmaster’s food comes from several sources. Subterranean caverns provide mushrooms, and hunting and spearfishing are common along the Shaengarne River and the Cold Run. Any-
thing not available by these methods is acquired by trade. Dwarven ships go back and forth from Fireshear with goods, and other items are traded through underground routes using secret surface caves near Hundelstone.

**Luskan**

Luskan is a seafaring merchant city, home to fierce, proud, and warlike Northmen. This important northern port city is located at the mouth of the unnavigable Mirar River, a swift and icy, cold and rocky, waterway with the Mirar Road paralleling it to Mirabar. The perils of both the coastal High Road and the interior Long Road south from Mirabar relegate most metal trade to ships out of Luskan. Luskan’s structures are tightly packed, standing two and three stories above ground, and they are delved below ground as well.

Although this city of approximately 16,000 humans seeks merchant trade, visitors are few and feel unwelcome. This has much to do with Luskan being a known harbor for northern pirates, if not an outright sponsor of their activities. Innis serving travelers are rare. Visitors are directed to “Keep to the wall… The last lane holds the Cutlass.” The Arcane Brotherhood keeps a watch on visitors to the city. If one wants to walk freely without spies in tow, it’s advisable to enter by the sewers, in the hold of a Luskanite ship, or in magical disguise.

The Mirar River divides the city into two major parts. The northern section is a walled enclave, consisting almost entirely of warehouses. The southern half of the city is much older. This heavily fortified section of the city is surrounded by outlying walled caravan compounds.

There are three bridges that connect the two halves of the city. They are the Harbor Cross, Dalath’s Span, and the Upstream Span. The Harbor Cross is broken into two sections, known as the Short and Long spans. Five major islands crowd the mouth of the Mirar River, and the three closest to the south bank are developed.

Luskan is ruled by five High Captains named Taerl, Baram, Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind the power of the city, however, resides in a single structure: the large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling.

The Arcane Brotherhood (housed in the Host Tower of the Arcane) doesn’t welcome visitors to this city. In fact, anyone who doesn’t appear to be pure human can expect to be slain on sight. Any humans who do enter the City are distrusted and viewed as thieves or spies. They’re followed constantly by agents of the Arcane Brotherhood, which assigns the tail to thieves and mages of little power but much ambition.

Luskan wages almost constant war against naval powers the High Captains think they can defeat. They’ve been wrong in the past about Mintarn, Orlumbor (supported by Waterdeep and Amn), Gundarlon, and Tuern, and they were slaughtered on the seas by the ships of Lantan. The latter was so humiliating that Luskanites won’t speak of Lantan or even admit that it exists. Persistent talk of the Lantanna is likely to result in an attack from any Luskanite. However, Luskan did crush Ruathym. Only when faced by the combined fleets of the Lords’ Alliance did Luskan relinquish control of that plundered realm.

Luskan vessels have orders to harass any shipping that uses the ports of Neverwinter and Waterdeep, which Luskan regards as its chief trading rivals. They carry on active, armed feuds with the island realm of Ruathym. They trade with Amn, Calimshan, and many other towns that prefer not to be associated with them, but they meet them on the neutral ground of offshore Mintarn. They give ships carrying the coat-of-arms of Amn and Waterdeep a wide berth, though, and have unsuccessfully attempted to raid Lanthanese ships many times.

When Luskan is officially at peace, its warships act as unsanctioned pirates and the city sponsors pirates who prey on ships and ports along the Sword Coast. The High Captains supply, aid, and direct them, but they pretend they’re independent freebooters, acting in defiance of the laws of Luskan. The pirate warships try to force all shippers to use Luskanite boats and to use Luskan as their only Sword Coast port of trade.

The seafaring merchants of Luskan have always been fierce, proud, and warlike. When patrolling enemies make coastal raids difficult, the warriors of Luskan turn inland, attacking the miners of Mirabar and any Uthgardt barbarians they can find. This is done just to keep their neighbors weak and respectful.

The city has a standing army of 300 spearmen and a navy of 19 dragonships, each armed with 70 archers. Luskan’s involved in an ego war with Ruathym. Neither side admits defeat, so clashes continue. Waterdeep has threatened involvement if the two nations refuse to negotiate an end to the conflict, so Luskan is building more dragonships as quickly as possible and has armed hastily in recent years, fearing retaliation from Waterdeep.

At this time, there are a new crop of rumors in Luskan, hinting at connections between the Zhentarim and the Host Tower of the Arcane; whether true or not, it pays to be alert and conscious of any and all possible dangers within a city like Luskan.

**Places of Interest**

**Baliver’s House of Horses:** The only rental stable in the city is a large, walled paddock and sheds stand at the south end of the Upstream Span. The stables are used by all Luskanites except soldiers, caravan company staff, the Arcane Brotherhood, and the High Captains. If members of the Arcane Brotherhood think a visitor might lead them to treasure or magic, they may pay a visit to the stables and cast a tracer spell on a mount or two, so they can easily track the visitor after he leaves Luskan.

**Baram’s Palace:** Across the street from the Close, and a short block northeast, is a smaller garden. Out of the center of this rises Baram’s Palace, the home of the third High Captain.

**Blood Island:** Occupied by Luskan’s standing army, Blood Island contains a guard tower, an armory, and two barracks at the upstream end of the island. The roof of the tower is fitted with catapults.

**Captains’ Close:** On the way to the market, Reavers’ Run passes Captains’ Close, a large, walled park on the west. This is where the palatial residences of the High Captains Taerl and Suljack stand.
Captains’ Court: This building is the government palace, housing the offices of the five High Captains, their aides, and the assembly chambers. All laws (that pass through Arcane Brotherhood approval, of course), are decreed here. No fewer than 30 militia members are on patrol in this building and on the grounds at all times. The number easily doubles or triples during assemblies.

Closeguard Island: This island is reached by a short, arched bridge known as the Dark Arch containing a hidden ward of some sort warning of all non-Brotherhood intrusions. The rocky isle is home to Kurth Tower.

The Cutlass: This notorious pirate dive discreetly rents a few rooms. These are usually patronized by professional escorts and their clients and by the extremely desperate or the extremely deaf, since the surroundings are usually a bedlam of rowdy, raucous violence from about noon to after dawn.

The Cutlass has a rough fieldstone street level, a raised entry porch, and clapboard-sheathed upper floors with balconies overhanging Half Moon Street. Except for kitchens, a jakes, and various stairs and secret climbing shafts, the entire ground floor is taken up by the tavern. This consists of a common room with a large corner bar, a wine rack and beer kegs crowd behind it, flanking a dumbwaiter large enough for folk to make hasty exits when soldiers come unexpectedly. The roof is a mix of patched slate and cedar shingles, adorned with several trap doors, swinging laundry poles, and scars where entire gables have been blown or burnt away in spell duels.

This place is cheerful noisy—a sort of brawling fun house for pirates. The fatalities grew so numerous that the High Captains decreed a no-weapons policy at the Cutlass. The intention was to drive it out of business, as no one would dare walk through the slums to get to it unarmed. The anonymous but numerous staff (including mages) now take any steel weapons as patrons enter, keeping them behind the bar. Hatpins, garrotes, and small concealed daggers get past them, but not much else. If patrons don’t pay their bills at the Cutlass, they don’t get their weapons back. When soldiers arrive, the staff try to disarm them too, delaying them long enough for wanted patrons to get behind the bar, snatch up their weapons, and flee into the cellars.

There’s a tunnel running from the cellar to a sewer grate several alleys over guarded by a stone golem belonging to the Cutlass. The golem is large enough to block entry, which it does until a gold coin is put into its hand by each person wishing to pass. The golem prevents soldiers from coming into the cellars unannounced. Years ago, someone dubbed this sentinel “Captain Reaper,” and the name has stuck.

The Cutlass is famous as a dangerous place sailors and merchants like to boast they’ve been to. It’s overrated, and cer-

Cutlass Island: This isle consists of two rocky heights connected by a pebble beach with a dock. The south end is crowned by the Sea Tower, Luskan’s original pirate stronghold. The more northerly height is home to the Host Tower of the Arcane.

Drakon Beach: The original harbor of Luskan, this haven is crowded with the rotting hulks of small coastboats, busy cogs and caravels, and the sleeker vessels crewed by seafaring pirates and privateering merchants. This is the private harbor of the High Captains, used by their navies, merchant vessels, and pirates. It’s a place where a person speaking or stepping wrongly can find a cutlass in his vitals.

The Hall of Warriors: One can tell when Luskan is going to war by the lines of soldiers forced to march here in formation to pray. Tempus is said to be displeased by such enforced worship and so demands rich offerings. It’s widely rumored in the city that burglaries of this temple are arranged by the High Captains. They allegedly do it to get some money back, so they can offer it again.

Host Tower of the Arcane: The horrors of Illusk pale in comparison to the Host Tower of the Arcane, the home of the Arcane Brotherhood. It’s a magically created stone structure that resembles a giant tree or an open human hand. It rises into a central spire surrounded by four spires at the points of the compass. All are of equal height, and each bristles with lesser spires, balconies, and branching turrets. The Tower is a treasure house of spell books and magic. It’s guarded by basilisks, stone golems, and the wizards residing here.

From a huge entry chamber, access to the upper levels of the tower is via a long central spiral stair. This staircase opens onto various meeting rooms, storage rooms, and spellcasting chambers. The upper reaches of the central spire are occupied by the Archmages Arcane of the Brotherhood, and each of the other four spires is home to a mage in charge of a quadrant of Faerûn. Kitchens and teaching rooms are shared by all and are found at the level where the spires branch out. Above these, each spire has spell practice and private teaching chambers, an audience hall, laboratories, storerooms, and the personal chambers of the wizards, with the more powerful wizards residing on the upper floors. The conjuring chamber of each Overwizard surmounts his or her spire. There are many traps, wards, and warning magic between the chambers of the various rival wizards.

Ruins of Illusk: The remnants of the ancient city of Illusk stand on the southern shore of the Mirar River, in the lee of Closeguard Island. All that remains to be seen of the once-proud city are shattered towers and toppled statues enshrouded in creepers and choked with thick brush in the shade of a few old and gnarled trees. This small, thickly forested city block of half-visible ruins is bounded to the north by Luskan’s busy market and to the south by the city’s noisy slums. The ruins are
The ruins south of the Darkwalk are largely cleared and used as a burial ground for rich Luskanites, who build mausoleums and dig crypts in its confines. Citizens are allowed to cut brush from here, mostly for firewood and herbal remedies. It's considered ill luck to use the tumbled stone of old Illusk in a burial monument or building, but many older vaults incorporate carvings and pillars from the ruins. Lovers and conspirators sometimes meet here by night, and ghosts are said to walk among the tombs and grand tomb sculptures. Some are found to be living, hungry gargoyles.

Reliable sources say harmless phantoms and dangerous humans skulk about the southern ruins. The true danger is from the ghouls and wreaths of those who once dwelt in Illusk. These creatures are generally found amid the thick brush and the old, stunted trees of the largely untouched northern ruins. They haunt the partially flooded underground passages linking the crypts with Closeguard Island and many cellars and sewer tunnels throughout Luskan, and even the Underdark. Access to the realms below is controlled by a subterranean stronghold under the slums, where the Old Ones dwell.

Fear of magical traps, guardian monsters, and the sleepless undead has kept the buried dead and their treasure undisturbed. Spell books, scrolls, magic, and gem caches have been recovered from the ruins. Almost all of the rich dead were buried in magic armor of one sort or another. The attrition rate among graverobbers remains high, however. Luskanites have a saying: "Only the desperate try to rob the dead of Illusk." Outlanders invading Luskan and fugitives from the city's rough justice have tried to hide in the ruins, but they're usually driven out or slain by undead in short order.

Luskanites rarely brave the overgrown northern ruins even in the full light of day. There are persistent rumors of slave traders kidnapping folk and taking them below.

**Kurth Tower:** This, the fortress residence of the most grim High Captain of Luskan, is found on Closeguard Island. The guards deny unauthorized access to the Island, which is reached by the Sword Bridge—another arched span with its own ward. This one is linked to battle horrors that members of the Brotherhood call up to fight intruders. Kurth Tower shares the island with some barracks, including a training facility and a fortified guesthouse where "guests" of the Brotherhood stay under guard or chained in dungeons below.

**The Mirabar District:** The Mirabar District is situated between Whitesails Harbor and the rest of the mainland. It's firmly enclosed by high stone walls topped by iron spikes and thorns. Three major companies trade here: the Anvilfist Banner, Thalorin's Manymetals, and Golden Hand. Between them, they muster some 90 men-at-arms to guard the compound from Luskanite accidents.

**The Needle:** This water tower is used weekly to flush sewers in the higher systems, but in times of fire, hoses are attached to a spigot (located throughout the South Bank) and the water is used to douse the flames. A series of windmills slowly pump water from the Mirar River into the water tower's holding tank.

**North Bank:** This warehouse district includes a fortified compound known as the Mirabar District or the Mirabar Shield. The area is owned and guarded by mercantile companies out of Mirabar. Two places here should be avoided upon pain of capture, torture, and then death. These are the Throat and Whitesails Harbor.

**North Gate:** This ironclad door between two guard towers stands at the water's edge. It guards the northern end of the widest bridge, the Upstream Span, leading to the south bank. Beggars and peddlers not allowed in the city settle around this gate. Luskanites in search of trinkets or information they'd rather not be seen acquiring go out to them. This gate is normally closed during the hours of darkness, but it is always guarded by 30 soldiers in chain mail and armed with spears, short swords, daggers, and crossbows. This guard is commanded by a veteran officer, the Daykeeper or Nightkeeper, depending on the shift. He's assisted by a watchful wizard of the Brotherhood.

Travelers who dare not enter Luskan can rent space on a barge cable-ferry crossing the river upstream from the city. Be warned; the ferryman is said to have trap doors in the bottom of the barge. Luskanite patrols guard both ends of the ferry run. These guards include a few junior wizards of the Brotherhood who are bored, ambitious, and anxious to prove their viciousness and worth. Enemies of Luskan rarely make a dry crossing, and more than one wet wizard has furiously fought his way out of a lightning bolt-hurling contest with the Brotherhood.

**Open Shore:** The northernmost reach of Whitesails Harbor, entirely unprotected against the full fury of sea storms, is the Open Shore. It's the only place foreign vessels can berth. Open Shore is outside the city walls; Luskanites ignore brigand and monster raids there, but they don't bother firing at crew members, either.

**The Piers:** This is the more dangerous continuation of the Bloodrun. It takes its name from the piers that jut into the harbor over Dragon Beach. The patrols don't habitually round the bend to check out the Piers.

**Red Dragon Trading Post:** This area is home to Luskan's largest and most successful overland trading company. These folks are well-armed and wary, but they're wise enough not to behave as aggressively as their pirate brethren. The dangerous places they trade, and the "challenge me" reputation of Luskanites leaves them short of guards, so they welcome adventurers for hire.

**Sea Tower:** The south end of Cutlass Island is crowned by a weathered, massive stone fortress called the Sea Tower. This is Luskan's original pirate stronghold and is now home to lesser members of Luskan's ruling Arcane Brotherhood. This house of ambitious mages and nonwizard senior agents is often lit by the flashes of experimental spells. Occasionally, it's the scene of a spell fight that sends transformed bodies hurling helplessly out of windows into the sea far below. It's not a place to visit unless you sell spell components and can fight your way clear in a magic battle with the entire Brotherhood.

**Seven Sails Inn:** The only inn in Luskan, "Safesails" stands two blocks east of the Needle. It's a place of surprising quality. The Arcane Brotherhood have no fewer than six agents on the inn staff, including chambermaids. They watch guests, reporting magic use or suspicious wares, weapons, or magic items to...
their superiors. They’ve been known to poison or drug guests and to use vials of sleep-inducing gas to make it easy for the Brotherhood to capture patrons.

The inn is a soaring, wooden-crested building. It is studded with windows resembling shark fins. Each window has a window box planted with flowers in summer. These provide convenient handholds for climbers year-round. The building is built of massive timbers, braced as the struts of a ship are. Suites are spacious, and several flights of back stairs make discreet exits and arrivals possible for those who know their way around. A skilled, dignified staff makes guests welcome. The furnishings are fine, achieving the effect of a luxurious, quiet haven from the harshness of the city outside.

The Seven Sails has a famous treasure tale. The riches of the notorious Runner of the Rocks, a dead pirate named Shar-gul, are hidden somewhere in its walls. The hoard is a cache of gems concealed from magic scrying by strong spells and guarded by animated skeletal hands.

There are several hidden closets that dusty human skeletons occasionally tumble from, shocking guests who are up and about in the wee hours. More than one human skull has bounced and rolled down a carpeted hall to confront a startled patron coming up the stairs. Finally, a gold dragon was said to have had its lair in the inn, taking human shape by day and flying by night. Its hoard, too, was never found.

South Bank: The main city stands on the southern side of the river’s mouth inside a semicircular wall. This wall extends from a fortified breakwater sheltering Dragon Beach to a tower beside the Upstream Span and across the bridge from North Gate. The wall is studded with over a dozen towers along its length, including the impressive Twin Teeth flanking the South Gate. This is all of Luskan that many unwelcome travelers see. It’s customarily decorated with heads and other body parts of those who have fallen afoul of Luskanite justice. The grisly array is lit each night by a row of flickering torches.

From the gate, a wide street known as Reavers’ Run leads straight northwest to the open space of the city market. From there, the Short Span leads to Blood Island, and then across the Mirar River to the Red Dragon Trading Lodge. In the market, stalls are erected by permits only given to Luskanite commerce, closely watched long-time business contacts or outstyling farmers. The dealers here sell fresh produce, firewood, and trinkets. As a general rule, the western side of Reavers’ Run is the bad side of town.

Suljack’s Lodge: This tavern-like lodge is the home of Suljack, the second High Captain. He hunts deer in Captains’ Close, armed with a javelin and a knife. This bloody sport is sometimes watched by his admiring ladies.

Taael’s Fortress: Taael is the first High Captain. His house is a veritable fortress.

Temple of Red Sails: This is the temple to Umbrellee.

Ten Oaks: The fourth High Captain, Rethnor, dwells in Ten Oaks, a tall stone house just southwest of the Close. Ten Oaks is a hollow square enclosing a hillock where 10 oaks stand. He spends much money on magic to keep the enclosed trees alive. Despite his wealth, they are withering and dying, cut off from the sun and rain.

The Throat: This, Luskan’s main water tower, rises out of a fenced field for sheep destined for the five captains’ tables. Intruders in the pasture are assumed to be enemies of Luskan trying to poison the city’s water supply. Guards armed with crossbows of paralysis-venomed bolts capture the intruder for harsh questioning. Painting the sheep various hues used to be a rite of passage among dwarves, but it was bloodily ended by the Luskanites.

The Winter Palace: The Winter Palace is a temple to Auril, the Frost Maiden. The rituals of worship to this deity are often cruel. Visitors gather to watch the wet parades, a ritual where supplicants don garments packed with ice. They journey between six white pillars known as the Kisses of Auril. These columns are spread widely throughout the Reach. The worshippers move from pillar to pillar, chanting prayers to the goddess, before returning to the temple. In winter, the processions resemble frantic footraces, with the added risk of exposure or heartchill. The parade runners are cheered on by patrons who come out of nearby taverns to place bets on the stamina of the participants.

Whitesails Harbor: This is off limits to all except Luskanite naval personnel. Watchful garrisons in the towers at the breakwater and the upstream end of the island have instructions to shoot unauthorized people entering the harbor. They receive a bounty for each person struck, so they often shoot into the windows of the closest buildings in the fortified Mirabar District, hoping to make a little blood money.

Mirabar

For as long as the average Mirabarran cares to look back, their city has been the richest in the lands north of Waterdeep. Being the chief mining center of the north for years, their quarries have provided metals of all kinds. The miners and merchants both made money—big money—and they were happy.

With the rebirth of Mithral Hall, all their dreams threatened to come shattering down. Not only does Mithral Hall stand as a legend, but these same legends recall that the metals extracted from the dwarfhold created the best weapons in the history of Faerûn. Whether these rumors are true or false doesn’t matter to Mirabar as a whole; it’s tough to compete with a legend. Established trade and the remoteness of Mithral Hall have helped Mirabar survive, however.

Realizing the dangers posed by Mithral Hall, the High Captains of Luskan reduced their annual harbor fees by half, but this was primarily an act of good faith, since Mirabar had paid its fees through 1377. Mirabar is still looking for another avenue to transport their goods, however. In the heyday of the mining boom, the “insurance” fee paid to Luskan was a cost the miners could deal with. Now, they’re trying to cut their costs as much as possible.

Rumors seeping through the soft underbelly of Mirabar’s “shadow district” report that Luskan’s going to attempt the same stranglehold with Mithral Hall. With Luskan’s attention turned toward the dwarven home, security in Mirabar has lessened somewhat. It’s still illegal to produce maps of Mirabarran streets, though now it’s not a hanging offense—it’s only a life sentence in the mining fields as a hard laborer.

Mirabar has been concentrating its efforts on extracting orcs and reinforcing its economy. Mages, once hired to shield
Mirabar from Luskan, are now employed to discover new veins of mining wealth, provide magical support to patrols, and to scour the surrounding countryside for orcs and other marauders.

The Marchion (see Government) has been hiring his own battery of mages, metallurgists, and alchemists, and he’s managed to get over 30 such specialists in his direct employ. These mages (who’s names are all secret) are trying to produce a metallic substance that’s twice as strong as adamantine and assimilates magical energy at a higher absorption rate. If successful (a five-year plan devised by the Marchion and the metallurgists claims success in that time-span), they can turn the tables on Mithral Hall and regain their dominance.

For now, Mirabar has suffered significant losses in ore and mined goods, but it still has the market share in quarried stone for anyone willing to pay the costs of magically floating them to Luskan, where they’re shipped—by boat—anywhere in Faerûn. Mirabar’s masons supply precisely cut blocks of the stones, grades, and hues desired—something local quarries often can’t do. Currently, the only ones who can afford Mirabar’s special marbled goods are the extremely rich, the heads of state, and other such notables.

Mirabar’s trading decisions once had a long reach across Faerûn. Many a would-be conqueror was thwarted by a disapproving Mirabar, as Mirabar’s enemies had difficulty acquiring metal and weapons save by force. With the recovery of Mithral Hall, their ability to control events throughout Faerûn has diminished. Mirabar is currently more interested in making themselves competitive with Mithral Hall, however, hoping the Lords’ Alliance comes to thwart any petty despot who comes knocking on their doors.

The Look and The Feel

The gray stone city is surrounded by shafts, quarries, and taluses. Across the river to the west and south of the city, dead and bloated mines are used to store building stone and rubble to shore up the ever-crumbling gravel roads that carry Mirabar’s metal wealth, forged metal bars, fine gems, and metalwork south to the rest of Faerûn.

Mirabar is a city of hard work with a grim, no-nonsense manner. It has a heart of gold where natives to the city and the surrounding area break their own back to help a neighbor. This side of the rough gem of the North is never seen by the common visitor, for travelers usually have a mindset that puts the average Mirabarran at ill ease. Come to Mirabar with an open mind and a kind, understanding heart, and you see the heart of gold that’s shared by all Mirabarrans.

The city’s protective walls are set in concentric rings so besieged defenders can fall back from the outer wall without leaving the city unprotected. The walls are thick and sloped, allowing defenders to fire arrows down the sides or pour water down them to make ice slides in winter. In the center of town is a walled garden that helps keep Mirabar less dependent on imported food. The area features well shafts bringing water from the Underdark—water warmed by the heat of the depths. There’s a permanently installed control weather effect in this garden which keeps the temperature comfortable for plants, allowing year-round growth.
The streets narrow as they flow toward the center of town, ending at a wall. There’s a circular street running around the ring wall to staggered entrances, where another street starts. One street looks much like another, but observant travelers notice images carved in the wall at the head of each street, so one can find Griffon Street, Manticore Street, Flame Street, Anvil Street, and so on, with ease. There are seven concentric ring walls in Mirabar.

The dwellings, warehouses, and businesses are addressed in order to simplify courier deliveries and advertising for businesses. Beginning at the Northgate and working clockwise, each house along the ring-shaped streets is numbered (in sequences of five when possible), with odd numbers on the outer side of the street and the even numbers on the inner side. The spoke streets are numbered, beginning with the central-most buildings with odd number on the left and even numbers to the right (when one’s back is to the center of town). Alleys are numbered, but each one tends to use its own system.

The city has four gates: Northgate, primarily used by mine wagons; the Eastgate, where the town watch quarters; River Gate, where the bridge crosses the Mirar River; and Sunset Gate to the west, where most visitors and merchants enter the city. Each of these gates has a double metal gridwork palisade, a large slab of solid granite three feet thick, and an ironwood barricade (magically immunized against fire) that can be dropped into place to help protect the city from outside invasion. The protection between concentric ring walls in the city, however, is not so elaborate. A single metallic gridwork palisade and an ironwood barricade are all that stands between the central section of the city and invaders who manage to break through the outer gates. Mirabar, however, has no way to protect itself from invaders who gate or teleport into the city.

Some travelers are surprised to discover that Mirabar’s boundaries continue far into the earth. This “undercity” consists of six levels, known as the First Below, Second Below, and so on. The final level connects up with a series of twisting tunnels that becomes the Underdark, and some travelers move back and forth between Mirabar and Waterdeep, Ironmaster, and Tethyamar.

The Underdark is not a place for green travelers, however. Rumors of an alhoon that is enslaving the dwarves of the Mirabarran undercity persist, despite numerous forays by adventuring companies. And for those who prefer a more known threat, duergar and drow are believed to roam the Sixth Below. The protection between concentric ring walls in the city and invaders who manage to break through the outer gates.

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Government

Mirabar is ruled by two councils: the elected Council of Sparkling Stones and a Sceptrana. The Council is an elected assembly of 42 folk who hold the true power. They keep Mirabar in the Lords’ Alliance, viewing it as a vital lifeline against attacks and aggression. Prominent councilors include Agrathan Hardhammer (LN dm P12 [Dumathoin]), Shadrar Thundersar (LN hm P14), Elyth Talboskh (CN hm F4) of Talboskh House, Pheln Aldthor (LN hm F6) of Manyheads Merchant Collective, and Maern Hammaver (CG hm W5) of Hammaver House.

The councilors meet each autumn in the Hall of Sparkling Stones to determine where and when to sell their metal, mindful of who uses it to forge weapons to make war on whom. After the council meets, the Sceptrana of Mirabar, Shoundra Stargleam (LN hf W7), negotiates trade agreements with other cities.

The mines of Mirabar are guarded against raids by a standing army, the Axe of Mirabar. At 1,000 strong, the Axe is a force of grim, experienced warriors who fight with crossbows, lances, and hammers, riding mountain ponies in summer and rothe in winter. Merchant houses in the city keep another 500 trained soldiers under arms. They realize these mines are the life of the city—and where their salaries come from.

With the reinstatement of Mithral Hall’s mining operations, Mirabarrans have been screaming that the government send in vandals to Mithral Hall to sabotage every possible operation. Thus far, the marchion has refused to grant such an act—mostly in fear of retribution from Mithral Hall and its allies. Sending spies to watch, listen, and report back with whatever they see and hear is a possibility Elastul’s willing to debate.

The royal badge of Mirabar is an upright, double-bladed axe with a pointed haft and a flaring, flat base. It’s customarily rusted on a black field, though the field is sometimes a deep purple or white when presented on ship pennants. The badge is plainly visible on the shields of all Axe militia.

The People and the Places

Mirabar is a city of grim folk, hard work, long hours, hard drinking, and exhausted slumber. There’s little rowdiness and little crime. Visitors are frequently watched to make sure they’re not thinking of starting trouble or spying for other cities. Thieves are frequently apprehended rapidly by the militia, who employ professional “thief watchers” throughout the city.

Some 19,000 humans and more than 4,000 dwarves live in relative harmony here, working the earth shoulder to shoulder. Rivalries over forging skills are common, but all regard fellow citizens as friends and the rest of the world as unfriendly (or as foes). Treachery is unthinkable to a dwarf of Mirabar, and it’s hard to tempt even the poorest human in the city. The miners are on the alert for plots, attempts to sway or mislead them, and attacks or surveillance by rivals (which now includes Mithral Hall).

Galvendo’s Lodge: Galvendo’s advertising schemes are highly effective, for he’s considered one of the top hunters in the North—and the best to be found in Mirabar. “I guarantee you a shot at the big boys—if you want the huge racks, you’ve got to come through me,” “Galvendo: Big Game Hunter Extraordinaire,” and “Kill or be killed at Galvendo’s.” His advertising, hitting right to the heart of hunters, explains why he’s very busy—he’s guiding people to the best big-game hunting spots in the Frozenfar.

Galvendo (NG hm R9) claims no one has ever died on one of his expeditions, but this isn’t exactly true. Three people have been mauled to death by vicious predators (usually bears and winter wolves) in the last eight years. Galvendo’s companion and business partner, Deathcalm the Loved (CG hf C12 [Lathander]), was able to cast successful raise dead spells in order to bring breath back into the bodies. The once-deceased, surprisingly, have nothing but good things to say about these two individuals, never realizing just how close they were to walking the lands of the dead.
The Goblet and Gems: This is the only exciting and impressive-looking tavern in Mirabar. Its magically lit golden goblet signboard beckons to passersby. Inside, visitors find a crowded room filled with live music, dancing, and side booths where folk drink and enjoy the company of the “Gems” the place is named for.

The landmark of this establishment is the glowing goblet out front. Behind its golden glow, the Goblet rises darkly and impressively. It’s built of black stone with smooth edges and a curving roof resembling a helm. Inside, it has carpeted halls, dim lighting, sound-deadening pillows, tapestries, and smooth walls. Glowing glyphs indicate the jakes and exits.

This is the only wild place in Mirabar. The soldiers like a place to be rowdy, but they like to confine such potential trouble to one place. This prevents enemies from instigating riots to cover attempts to loot, set fires, or efforts to slay counselors or important merchants.

Each Gem is a spy for the council, well paid and coached on self-defense, observation, and remembering what’s seen and heard. There’s a secret rope-and-pulley elevator behind tapestries on every floor, and a ready detachment of 12 Axes can arrive from their quarters in the basement in a very short time if an alarm bell is rung on any floor.

The Goblet was the favorite drinking place of Arendoum the Archmage a decade ago. The man wore a skull mask and turned all who displeased him into worms or slugs. Before he disappeared, he hid a self-replenishing gem of spell storing somewhere in the Goblet. It glows with green faerie fire and emits feather fall when grasped and willed to do so. Many have searched for it, but it has eluded all detection.

Hall of Sparkling Stones: This massive stone fortress stands at the center of town on a raised eminence or knoll, looming over Mirabar. Its soaring central hall reaches to the roof, where a magnificent, many-hued glass window depicts the double axe of Mirabar encircled by flying dragons of various hues. The window casts its polychromatic light onto the ring-shaped council table below. The polished, black marble table is pierced by four passages to permit access to the podium at its center.

The chamber floor is inlaid with scenes traced in gold, silver, electrum, copper, platinum, mithral, and adamantine. The pillared, sculpted walls feature balconies stacked at least six high. Tiny beljurils (stones that give off light from time to time in little winking flashes) are set about the chamber’s walls and balconies. This is the marchion’s palace and courtroom; the state chamber is named for.

This is the marchion’s palace and courtroom; the state chamber is magnificent, many-hued glass window depicts the double axe of Mirabar. It glows with green faerie fire and emits feather fall when grasped and willed to do so. Many have searched for it, but it has eluded all detection.

Security for the attractive young ruler is becoming more and more of a concern, however, and armed guards surround the hall. Various interests, ranging from the Harpers to the Zhentarim, have concerns regarding the direction of Mirabar. The Cult of the Dragon has already made one attempt on Shoundra’s life.

Cult of the Dragon reports that the Archmage of Mirabar has recently been murdered by a cultist in the Goblet and Gems. The cultist was a member of the Cult of the Dragon and was involved in a plot to assassinate the Archmage. The cultist was killed by the cult’s leader, who was also involved in the murder. The cult’s leader then fled the city, leaving the cult without a leader. The cult of the Dragon is a secretive cult that is dedicated to the worship of the Dragon, a powerful and dangerous deity. The cult of the Dragon is known for its use of magic and its involvement in political affairs.

The House of the Bright Blade: This establishment is the most popular shop in Mirabar among human tourists. It’s widely known as the place to get swords that seem specially made. It’s the smithy and shop of the noted swordsmith Zespara Alather. She toils here with six female apprentices (two humans and four dwarves).

The front room is guarded by six female warriors in full plate armor and four unarmed, undercover ex-thieves armed with wands of paralysis. The secured room is full of the glittering steel of hundreds of swords and daggers of all sizes, finishes, and prices.

Swords and daggers of all sorts are available here at premium prices. Zespara and her oldest apprentice, the dwarf Calauthra Morgyr, can expertly choose a weapon with the right reach and weight for a customer. Blades can be custom-made in two days for triple the usual cost, or in seven days for double the usual cost.

Sceptrana Hall: Shroundra Stargleam (LN hf W7) is an enterprising young wizardess who successfully assumed control of Mirabar from its former Marchion (ruler). She’s done a great deal to assure her favor with many of the neighboring dwarven communities, and the Council of Sparkling Stones has given her a great deal of leeway in trade negotiations.

The Goblet and Gems: This is the only exciting and impressive-looking tavern in Mirabar. Its magically lit golden goblet signboard beckons to passersby. Inside, visitors find a crowded room filled with live music, dancing, and side booths where folk drink and enjoy the company of the “Gems” the place is named for.

The Ten Towns

The Ten Towns cluster around three lakes: Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinneshere, and Redwaters, the only known homes of the...
been revealed behind such stories. It's true that some adventur-

ers come back from Icewind Dale rich beyond their wildest
dreams. Some of them even live long enough to enjoy it. Those
swayed by the antlers displayed on tavern walls will be pleased to
find that guides can be found in the Ten Towns, but they should
always go armed and in numbers.

The Ten Towns originated when ivory-like scrimshaw was
discovered. Nine villages grew along the three lakes, and Bryn
Shander grew as residents needed a central location to meet
traders. Proximity to Bryn Shander was second only to the
quantity of fish hooked and netted in determining the success
and size of the fishing villages. The Eastway made Easthaven
eral Caer-Dineval in size.

Both Bryn Shander and Targos were walled against the hos-
tile land. But walls did nothing to protect Targos when Akar
Kessell sent a killing beam from Crystal-Tirith. The beam
struck major buildings, missing the ships in the harbor.

The barbarian tribes of Icewind Dale often raided the vil-
lages of the Ten Towns, but as autumn of 1351 DR came and
the herds moved south, the tribes chose to make one massive
thrust in an attempt to occupy the communities and live off
slave labor. A traitor from one of the communities revealed his
plan of attack. Unbeknownst, Drizzt watched the traitor and
promptly informed Bruenor and, through Regis, the Council of
the Ten Towns. The halfling convinced his fellow councilmen
to form an alliance and the Ten Towns stood ready.

The bulk of the barbarian force moved south to Bryn Shan-
der. Once the city was occupied, the barbarians could strike at
leisure at the other communities. Aware of the plan, men of
Maer Dualdon hid in Termalaine. When the tribe entered, it
was overwhelmed. A threefold trap lay in wait at Bryn Shander
for the main host. Inside the city walls stood the combined
forces of Bryn Shander, Caer-Konig, and Caer-Dineval, armed
with bows and hot oil. Outnumbered, the barbarians turned
back and found the way blocked by Bruenor’s dwarves.

Townspeople from all three lakes surrounded the tribe.

The dwarf-built palace of Cassius, spokesman of Bryn Shan-
der, was given to Regis after the battle. Designed for the Ten
Towns’ council meetings, it’s the largest building of the Ten
Towns and the grandest north of Mirabar. Regis promptly filled it
with clutter from the front hall staircase to the master bedroom.

Places of Interest

Except those in Bryn Shander, all inns in Icewind Dale are
places the visitor won’t forget: rented straw in a stables. For
most places, the inn and the tavern are one and the same—
must inn/taverns are closer to a rooming house than anything
else. Large bands can rent a warehouse, but they find nothing
to warn it with unless they brought wood. Most warehouses
are sunk into the ground to avoid the wind, and so they are
little more than sod-roofed cells.

Bloodril’s Snug, Haven Faefarl’s Inn, Geldenstag’s Rest,
The Hooked Knucklehead, and The Northlook are found in
Bryn Shander. They’re the oldest and least suitable houses in
the settlement. They were built by folk who hadn’t yet felt a
true northern winter. They stand tall and proud against the icy
winds that lash through them, leaving guests shivering.