



The Seven Sisters



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®] 2nd Edition



The Seven Sisters

by Ed Greenwood

You ask why we do these sisters honor?
My lord, do you not know?

These sisters are seven magnificent women who *matter*.
The Realms are richer and brighter for the work they
do. These lands are better places for us all because they
have walked the ways of the Realms and striven in them.

And who of all of us proud kings of Faerûn can make
that claim, and speak truth?

— Azoun, King of Cormyr to Padangan, King of Innarlith

Step right up, gentles! Sorceresses you expected, and
sorceresses you shall see! Look within, for we have
heroines here!

— Handobar Hillybuck of Phlan,
introducing Handobar's Traveling Marvels;
somewhere in Sembia, probably last year



To Steve Schend, for the seventh twist.

To Helen Peters and to Jennifer Brockett, because the spirit of the Seven endures.

And to all the sorceresses who have been the inspiration for the Seven.
Alive and dead, on this continent or that, ever bright in memory.
I salute you.

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Introduction



he book you hold in your hands is Realmslore many sages and arch-mages of Faerûn would die to possess. Some of them fear the Seven Sisters, some worship the Seven—and all of them hold the Seven in awe. This book may begin to explain why

This volume details seven powerful and influential female nonplayer characters whose careers thus far have spanned more than the life spans of most beings of Toril. It can be used as a tome of new magic or a collection of super-powerful opponents to hurl at player characters, yes—but it is meant to be more than that.

The Seven Sisters is a guide to what goals and aims high-level, long-lived characters in any fantasy campaign setting might pursue. If you are a mighty wizard who has taken all your revenges, fulfilled all your easy dreams and taken steps toward living forever (or at least a long, long time), and you get up on the morning after managing all that, what do you set out to do?

Design, practice, and perfect ultra-powerful spells and then hurl them around for a bit, just to see towers topple and mountains move at your bidding yes, but what else? Making gravel soon gets to be a trifle stale.

Create something of lasting importance, like a great ballad, truly comfortable chair design, or classic recipe? Test-of-time judgments take a while to reveal themselves, and straight-ahead bids for classic status are notoriously unreliable.

Well, why not carve out an empire? Control the lives of thousands, build monuments, order folk about like slaves—but why bother?

Hmmm, why get up that morning at all?

The answers powerful beings find to such questions are as many and varied as the folk looking for them. On rare occasions, those answers can shape the destiny of a world. Ah, there we are—how about reshaping the world? Or several worlds? Wouldn't *that* be something? Yes? Read on.

How to Use This Book

The Seven Sisters can be used at different levels and for different purposes. Adventure hooks and cam-

paigned color ideas litter the pages all the way through. Even that long stretch of spells (the “Spells of the Seven” chapter) can provide ideas. Who is to say that monsters and evil NPCs have not learned those magics over the years, or left them as *spell trigger* traps to be unleashed on the unwary or the unwelcome?

The history chapter (“The Story of the Seven”) raises speculative questions about the fates of both folk the Seven had contact with and all the magic the Seven have accumulated along their life journeys. The chapter on the Chosen (“The Powers of the Chosen”) sets forth ideas usable in all campaign settings for Dungeon Masters creating characters who are not quite deities, but are very powerful and very special—the earthshaking heroes who might, just might, become gods in the eyes of folk born after them.

The entries on each Sister detail powerful characters that can easily be renamed and fiddled with for use in other campaigns, and that provide—most importantly—character motivations and aims for such NPCs of might. Then comes all the magic we could learn details of and cram into this book (the “Spells of the Seven” and “Magical Items of the Seven” chapters). Suggestions for using the Sisters in a campaign bring this look at the Seven to a close.

The Rune of the Seven

Even folk in Toril who have never heard of the Seven or realized they are real, living beings know this simple old rhyme:

Seven bright stars in the sky I see.
Seven for those who watch over me.
Seven be the smiles down they send.
Seven be the troubles swift they mend.

Warriors hum the rhyme's descending tune when they go into battle. Scribes and kings alike murmur it as they stare at treaties or important decisions. Even those who do not know the origin or meaning of the words weave more than they know when they recite them.



Who are the Seven, indeed? Well, there are the Seven Lost Rings of Mhzentul, and old foresters of Cormyr tell tales of the Seven Swan-mays of the Wood who grant good fortune to those who revere living things in the King's Forest and bring ill luck to poachers and those who set careless fires. In Westgate, they speak of the Seven Spells that an early mage of the city used in a preset sequence (so that casting one set off the next) to destroy the dragon who ruled the city and win himself the throne as its first human king. In Chessenta, they celebrate the Night of the Seven Moons, when . . . But, enough. When Harpers, bards, mages, loremasters, and sages of the Realms gather together over dusty tomes or crackling fires to speak softly of the Seven, they mean the Seven Silverhaired Sisters and nothing else.

All folk of Toril and probably several other planes and worlds have heard of the fiery-tempered Witch-Queen of Aglarond, **the Simbul**, whose personal might-in-magic has kept an entire realm of wizards—dread Thay—at bay for decades. No one knows her true name, but everyone has heard that she and the infamous Old Mage of Shadowdale, Elminster, have become intimate.

Everyone north of Calimshan and west of Tel-flamm has heard of **Storm Silverhand**, the Bard of Shadowdale. Minstrels sing of her beauty wherever they go, and weave ballads about the many kings and important men who have pined for her, down through the years.

All Harpers and everyone else north of Tethyr and west of Ravens Bluff have heard of **High Lady Alustriel**. She brought grace, beauty, civilization, and prosperity to human holdings in the North, and has held onto those things in the face of successive orc hordes, year after year, building her city to rival lost and legendary Myth Drannor.

As many folk in the same area have heard tales of the lovely **Laeral**, who once led the famous adventuring band known as the Nine,

until the fell Crown of Horns robbed her of her sanity and turned her to evil—whereupon she was rescued by Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun, the Lord Mage of Waterdeep. She became his consort and the tutor of many prominent wizards of the Sword Coast who served as apprentices in Blackstaff Tower before going on to greater achievements. Some say the Lady Mage of Waterdeep still dabbles in evil doings and that she is descended from the notorious Laeral the Witch of the long-ago North—and others whisper Laeral is that same Laeral of yore.

Folk throughout the Dragonreach have heard of the Witch of Shadowdale and her heroic death defending her beloved dale against the Flight of Dragons that devastated so much in the region. **Syluné** was widely known—if not trusted by many decent folk—as a wise crafter of potions, herbal mixtures, and philters. Word is spreading that she lives on beyond death, still haunting Shadowdale!

Minstrels sing about, and mercenaries shake their heads over, the luck and riches of the famous Knights of Myth Drannor. The most renowned of that band, the kingly Florin Falconhand, married an adventuress already famous to Harpers: the quiet but powerful sword-maiden **Dove**. She bore him a child few folk in the Realms have ever seen—because, it is said, she is raising him among the elves in Evermeet, where even the wealthiest merchants, most powerful mages, and mightiest kings are not allowed to go!

The Simbul, Storm, Alustriel, Laeral, Syluné, Dove—that makes six. Who is the seventh?

Mystra herself, some say. A twisted monster or madwoman whom the others had to slay centuries ago, others insist. A tanar'ri or beholder who only takes human shape to taunt her victims, still others whisper. The most expensive sages and the highest councils of the Harpers agree that the seventh is a dark lady more active in the Realms Below than on the surface world. To learn the truth about her—and them all—read on.



The Story of the Seven



our eyes are reading lore known to very few folk in the Realms. The wild stories, malicious rumors, eerie superstitions, and simple misunderstandings about the Seven can easily fill an entire shelf of colorful tomes—and at Candlekeep, they do just that. This record, however, is the truth, briefly but honestly told. Here is the story of the women Faerûn knows today as the Seven Sisters.

The Beginning

This is the part of the tale that sages still argue heatedly about, because mortal beings in Toril do not know—and probably will never know—the “why.” Some say it was a command of the Overgod Ao that led Mystra to act as she did. Others claim it was her own wisdom, foresight, and self-sacrifice. Still others offer the good advice that divine affairs are beyond the understanding of mortals, and are best left that way; speculation is futile and even dangerous, as it has so often led to wars and general unpleasantness.

For the record, let it stand that some learned folk in the Realms cling to the theory that Mystra’s power must be rooted (or “sourced” as they put it) in mortals. Others believe that she was ordered to lessen her own power by a greater authority. To minimize the destruction this divestment would visit on the Realms, they say, she decided to apportion it out to mortals rather than letting it be dissipated and gone forever (weakening magic throughout Toril) or letting it be given to other divine beings who, emboldened, might misuse it. A third theory holds that Mystra’s move to vest some of her divine power in mortals was a matter of clever tactics on her part. Supposedly, she foresaw the Time of Troubles and with it her own passing. She chose to decrease her personal power to make things as easy as possible for her (presumably mortal) successor and to avoid disaster should another entity win control over her in

the chaotic period of wildly fluctuating divine power struggles that was the Time of Troubles.

Whatever the reason, it is clear that Mystra told Azuth at about the time of the Year of the Rising Flame (0 DR) that some of her divine power must be given into the hands of mortals. It would slumber within them, so that Mystra could call on it only with their permission. It would serve to help them heal quickly and would stretch their years into virtual immortality, but otherwise it would avail them little. The Chosen might gain some special powers, but these would still be far less than those of a deity (see the following chapter, “Powers of the Chosen,” for the actual benefits of possessing some of Mystra’s power).

The Goddess of All Magic accordingly appeared to a few mortals she considered suitable, first in dream visions and then directly, and ultimately invested part of her divine power in them. The young Elminster was one of the first. (This tale is told in the novel *Elminster: The Making of a Mage*.) This power was known as the *silver fire* because of how it looks and feels when unleashed.

It soon became clear to Mystra that most mortals were not tough enough to carry divine power. They either soon withered and died, burnt out by the load they carried, like the elf-queen Alovean of Ardeep—or they thrived but were twisted and corrupted by their power, like the mage Sammaster, who began to think of himself as a god and set about building himself a cult of worshippers. (These worshippers survive today as the Cult of the Dragon.)

Mystra decided that Faerûn was furnishing the hardy and noble, such as Khelben, and wily but loyal rogues, such as Elminster, too rarely to suit her purpose. She set about breeding individuals to serve as her Chosen, rather than trying to induce mature and powerful mortals into her service. In this way she hoped to avoid the problems she encountered with those she selected at maturity, who had long-held dreams, feuds, and grudges of their own that tended to draw them away from what she wanted them to do and be.



Accordingly, Mystra chose the best human stock she could find: Dornal Silverhand, a noble and a onetime Harper who ruled lands near Neverwinter. She then possessed the body of a half-elven woman Dornal fancied, a reclusive, wood-dwelling sorceress known as the Lady of the Gate.

Dornal's wooing of the lady, Elué Shundar, was suddenly and ardently rewarded. Mystra seduced the ranger Dornal, and strengthened and dazzled him with Elué's magic. This magical activity forced Mystra to reveal herself to the mortal woman, who joyfully agreed to sharing her body with Mystra. Elué/Mystra and Dornal were wed in the Year of Drifting Stars (760 DR).

The happy couple had a daughter, Anastra Syluné, the following winter (the Year of Laughter, 761 DR), and six other daughters followed, one per winter: Endue Alustriel in the Year of the Snow Sword (762 DR); Ambara Dove in the Year of the Sharp Edge (763 DR); Ethena Astorma in the Year of Mistmaidens (764 DR); Anamanué Laeral in the Year of the Cowl (765 DR); Alassra Shentrantra—she is known today only as the Simbul—in the Year of the Yearning (766 DR), and Erésseae Qilué in the Year of the Awakening Wyrms (767 DR).

Sorrow soon overtook happiness in Silverhand Tower. Dornal wanted a son as well as daughters, and he also desperately wanted to keep his lovely wife forever, not to see her wither away into an aging shell before his eyes. By the time Elué was carrying their final child, she was in effect a lich—a crumbling shell kept alive only through Mystra's power. Dornal was shocked at her deterioration. He sought magical aid to cure his wife, and when he learned from the most powerful priest he could find (Unsible of Tyche, of the Luckhouse in Neverwinter) that his wife was possessed by an intelligent force of great power, a sickened Dornal tried to slay her. He struck off her head one moonlit night as they walked together in a wooded glade.

Mystra was forced to reveal herself. Dornal was shattered by what he had done, and aghast

at how he—and especially Elué—had been used. Mystra tried to comfort him, but his bitterness ruled him. She had the choice of blasting his wits to make of him a servile shell, or letting him go his own way. She let him go.

Dornal spurned his lands and children, turning and walking away from the headless woman in the woods, never to return. For the next 20 years he raged across the North as an adventurer seeking his own death in reckless attacks on orcs, monsters, and brigands. He saved his deepest hatred for evil mages.

Mystra watched over Dornal Silverhand, and death was not so easy for him to find. When he met his end at last, in a single-handed hillside battle against raiding orcs in the Year of the Hearthstone (797 DR), he called on Mystra to remember him. His words made it clear that he had guessed she had been protecting him. She was so touched that she offered him existence as a servant: the Watcher, who wanders the Realms seeking out potential new Chosen and looking out for magical problems. Dornal accepted and—unnoticed by mortals—continues this service to this day.

At the time of Elué's death, however, Mystra was left with a problem: what to do with the unborn seventh child. She had to act quickly; her own power would soon burn the infant to nothingness. The goddess cast about for a pregnant female of sufficient hardiness to act as a replacement birth mother—and found Iliryztara Veladorn, a fierce drow adventuress leading a war band toward the surface not far beneath the spot where Dornal and Elué had been walking. Iliryztara had been cast out of her home city for refusing to kneel to priestesses of Lolth. Instead she followed the drow goddess Eilistraee, and she was journeying to found her own community of like-minded dark elves. Unbeknownst to her, the extreme rigors of the journey had killed her own unborn daughter. Switching the two unborn babes would save both Qilué and Iliryztara. Mystra perceived more beyond this, too. Eilistraee had plans for Iliryztara and was even



now watching over her worshiper, wondering how to preserve her life before the dead child within her poisoned her.

Mystra then did an extraordinary thing. She asked Eilistraee for permission to interfere directly with a mortal worshiper whose deity was directly interested in her. Even more extraordinarily, Eilistraee agreed to allow it, and the switch was made. So it was that the Seventh Sister was born a drow and serves both Eilistraee and Mystra. (Her childhood, which passed in the temple she founded in her youth, was guided by the drow goddess.) This is the origin of the term “dark disaster” uttered by some sages trying to learn about the Seventh. They can discern from writings and magically induced visions that death and trauma surrounds the birth of the Seventh, they know her skin is jet black, and they can read of what Dornal did and the discovery of the headless body of Elué in the woods, but they can discern no more. The whole truth about Qilué is known to very few.

A note for scholars: The phrase “nigh a thousand years ago,” used in most writings about the great mission wherein Qilué founded her temple, is poetic license rather than literal truth. It merely meant that the scribe was writing of long-ago events recounted to him secondhand, much as nowadays bards say “Once upon a time . . .”

How Six Grew

Mystra still had to find mortals to raise the six abandoned girls. Alustriel she placed with a stern, upright man: a trusted Harper, Thamator the Old, who had recently lost kin in a battle with the evil archmage Gulthund. (Gulthund won the battle, but he forfeited his own life by calling on a baatezu of great power.) Thamator’s younger brother, the Harper ranger Rarleniir the Raven; Rarleniir’s wife, Selúneshar, a sorceress of note; and their two young daughters all perished in the fray. A disguised Mystra brought Syluné and Alustriel to Thamator’s

holding of Bluetower, presenting them as Thamator’s kin. As he was unmarried, in his fifth decade, and childless, he seized on the chance to raise two heirs – but the girls he hoped to turn into rangers and Harpers both showed an early aptitude for magic. The Harper Hauliyr, a man known as “the Old Witch,” took Syluné off to his isolated steading near what was to become Everlund to train and rear her. Alustriel, however, endured unhappy years as a disappointment to her strict father until she displayed her own mastery of magic fighting off an over-ambitious suitor, and in the process showed herself worthy of being a Harper.

All this time, the vigorous young mage Elminster, enmeshed in many intrigues and planar explorations, was grudgingly raising Laeral and Dove. He was also utterly failing to tame Storm, at the time the wildest of the sisters, who spent the years of her youth continually running away. Eventually she fell afoul of a mage who used a spell to alter her appearance so he could substitute her for a slave he had accidentally killed but not paid for – and Elminster lost all track of her. Storm spent years wandering the South as a slave, a bazaar dancer, and finally festhall mascot. At last, she saw a chance to steal a flying carpet, took it, and arrived back on the doorstep of the astonished mage, demanding he restore her true looks and take her back in.

In the meantime, Harper rangers had taken Dove, who showed skill at arms but no particular love for magic, under their protection and tutelage. This left Elminster with only Laeral. She skillfully played the role of little sister apprentice to the man who had already become known as the Old Mage.

Mystra gave the sixth sister, Alassra, into the keeping of Oraumae, a witch of Rashemen. In payment for Oraumae rearing her, Mystra imparted powerful spells to the women of that land, enabling them to secure their rule over their own male war leaders and to repel the invasions of Thay that were to come.



The whereabouts of Alassra remained unknown to any of the Chosen or the other sisters for almost 400 years, though she soon left Oraumae (on amicable terms). She wandered the planes and had many strange adventures while growing in magical might. Eventually she outstripped all of the other Chosen in magical skill and power. At some point during her career, Mystra confronted her, and Alassra agreed to acknowledge her birthright and officially enter Mystra's service as one of the Chosen. (From some hints the Simbul has let drop over the years, it seems to this confrontation occurred in the despairing aftermath of the death of a beloved consort of the Simbul's, a sorcerer native to another plane.)

It was not until the Year of Burning Steel (1246 DR) that Elminster recognized Alassra, posing as the apprentice of a sorceress definitely her inferior in magic. This was Ilione, who ruled Aglarond for 60 years, and who named the Simbul (the name Alassra took) as her successor. Alassra had obviously fallen in love with the land and folk of Aglarond. Since Mystra wanted to avoid a Realms-wide war of wizards at all costs, she deemed this devotion to be a good thing, and told Elminster so. Her position as Aglarond's future queen placed the Simbul squarely in the path of Thay, a realm coming to be dominated by ruthless wizards.

Harpers Bold

As Qilué was growing up underground and Alassra was being "tutored" in Rashemen, Khelben and Elminster had their hands full with the rest of the Seven. All of them were growing up tall, beautiful, silver-haired, willful (hungry for adventure, in fact), restless, and with an aptitude for magic—if not always a taste for it. These common traits seem to directly reflect their heritage as kin of Mystra. The two men decided to combine their instrument for working change in the Realms, the Harpers, with raising their rebellious charges. All of the

five under their care were trained and accompanied by various Harpers for a time.

Laeral was the first to leave the ranks of the Harpers and strike out on her own, founding her own realm near what is now Luskan. This brought her into direct conflict with her sister Syluné, who had outlived her tutor and was now studying with Hauliyr's daughter, Saheen Silverbrow. Saheen was known as the Witch-Queen of the North, though increasingly that title was also applied to Laeral.

Eventually the two sisters faced each other on a hilltop for a spell battle that would have destroyed them both. Mystra was forced to appear between them. Offered the mantle of Chosen that they had been born to, they both embraced Mystra's service, walking away from their current personal concerns to travel the planes together for a time under the guidance of Azuth. Thus they became the first of the Seven (except for Qilué in the Realms Below) to become Chosen.

Dove and Storm immersed themselves in the pursuits of Those Who Harp (outlined extensively in the sourcebook *FOR4 Code of the Harpers*). Both of them had many distinguished adventures in Harper service.

There is not space in a book a hundred times as thick as this one to detail all that the Seven Sisters did in the centuries that followed. They have spent almost 600 years wandering Toril and other worlds and planes, trying everything and succeeding at most things (hence the multiple classes in most of their individual entries). Their consorts have been many, but their children few. More about the recent doings of all of the Seven can be found in their own entries and in the final chapter on campaign uses of the Seven. Most of the Realms has grasped by now the idea that these tall silver-haired women live a long time and have special powers. Only Azuth, Elminster, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, Dornal the Watcher, and Mystra herself know, however, the true shining worth of the Seven Sisters, the Jewels of the Chosen.



Powers of the Chosen



olk in the Realms rightfully think of the Chosen as special people. They are “the beloved of the gods,” as some call them. Some of their powers remain mysterious even to the Chosen themselves. Certain sages believe that Mystra changes the abilities of her servants from time to time without always informing them, and a rebellious Chosen could lose the use of one or even all special abilities.

Most folk in the Realms who know of the existence of the Chosen are aware that they command powerful magic and that they are immortal unless killed outright. Age alone does not kill them by the gradual collapse of their bodies—they simply do not wear out. Beyond those easily deduced facts, ignorance and wild speculation are rife. This chapter sets forth the known basics of the powers of the Chosen. Dungeon Masters should feel free to add minor augmentations to fit their own campaign needs. Major additions should, of course, be cleared with Mystra.

Latent Powers

These powers are all enacted in the Chosen by the changes to their bodies wrought by the presence of the silver fire of Mystra that they carry within them. Once these powers are acquired, they are always present and always active, unless otherwise indicated below.

The body of any race of creature that is Chosen becomes more resilient within seconds after the being is so designated. A Chosen’s effective Constitution is raised to 25, with the accompanying automatic System Shock Survival and the ability to regenerate 1 hit point per turn. (Note that lost limbs and organs *can* be recreated even if completely destroyed.) The Chosen are immune to disease and other afflictions as if permanently enjoying the benefits of drinking *elixirs of health*. Death from natural causes becomes impossible.

Chosen are immune to *disintegration* magic. The silver fire also grants the Chosen a +5 bonus to all saving throws vs. spell and a +3 bonus to saving throws vs. dragon breath.

Chosen gain the ability to *detect magic* at will with a range of 90 feet or within their line-of-sight, whichever is greater.

Chosen can hear the Rune of the Chosen (see the Introduction of this book) and their own names—nicknames and titles included—spoken anywhere on Toril. In both cases, they also hear the next nine words uttered by the speaker, regardless of the amount of time that may elapse before those words are spoken. Chosen can turn off this power to aid personal concentration, but this must be done deliberately; normally it is always on.

Chosen lose all need for sleep and can function without food and drink when necessary for up to seven days at a time by calling on the silver fire to revitalize them. (The effects of this are identical to a *potion of vitality*.) Chosen can also call on the silver fire for protection equivalent to a *ring of warmth*, a *ring of mind shielding*, a *potion of water breathing*, or a *protection from gas scroll*. They can do this at will and with unlimited duration, but only one such effect can operate per round.

The Chosen can also, by deliberate, irrevocable choice, deem themselves immune to one specific spell of each level. This spell immunity is to a known, named incantation in both its wizard and priest forms (if it has both), including minor personal spellcaster variations in damage, material components, and chosen area of effect. For instance, immunity to the reversed form of *remove curse* extends to both priest and wizard *curses*, but immunity to *flaming sphere* spells does not extend to immunity to *fireball* in any form.

Manifested Powers

Manifested powers of the Chosen require an act of will to be used. A Chosen can only exercise one manifested power in any round *or* cast a spell in the normal way—not both. Latent powers can be used and the wielding of magical items (when the item so indicates) can be performed in addition to spellcasting or use of a manifested power.

Once every seven turns, the Chosen can unleash the silver fire within them as a beam of spellfire-



like, ravaging white flame. This beam is 5 feet wide and up to 70 feet long. Its length is under the precise mental control of the Chosen manifesting it. This gout of silver fire can pierce all known materials and magical barriers, and its touch deals 4d12 points of damage (no saving throw) to all beings struck by it and forces item saving throws vs. magical fire on all nonliving things it comes into contact with. It should be noted that the Chosen can also choose to dissipate one of their beams of silver fire into a cloud, so that it fills a cone-shaped area 5 feet wide at the base, up to 70 feet long, and up to 70 feet across at its farthest extent. In this form, the silver fire does no damage, but banishes dead magic areas forever, invisibly and instantly restoring such volumes of space to normal in respect to magic. Mystra frowns on this use of the silver fire—it is for dire emergencies only.

The silver fire can also be released within the body of the Chosen to banish all external magical or psionic compulsions. Mystra permits this second use of the fire without restriction.

Once per day, Chosen can *teleport without error* to the last location where they called on the silver fire.

In the same way that a Chosen can acquire absolute, but unalterable (once selected) immunity to all effects of a particular spell, any spellcasting Chosen can also choose to permanently know a particular spell of each spell level available to them. They can cast this spell without any components, by silent act of will alone, and it returns without study 24 hours after being used. This bonus spell is carried in addition to the normal spell roster of the Chosen. It does not permanently occupy the mental space used for the memorization of one spell in the normal manner. Its effects correspond to those it would have as a normally cast spell. In other words, if a Chosen's wizard level increases or decreases, the effects of the bonus spells of each level change accordingly.

Laeral's Crowning Touch

Laeral Silverhand of the Seven recently developed a 9th-level specialized curse spell known as *Laeral's*

crowning touch. All of the Chosen are capable of casting it, but thus far only Alustriel, the Simbul, and Laeral have learned it. Although the Sisters do not advertise this, Mystra allows this spell to be memorized and cast in addition to the normal memorization roster limits of a spellcasting Chosen—even in addition to the bonus 9th-level spell normally allowed a Chosen of appropriate spellcasting level (see Manifested Powers, above). In effect, it is a second bonus 9th-level spell when taken.

Laeral's Crowning Touch

(Alteration, Conjunction)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 366 days

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: One being

Saving Throw: None

By casting this spell, a wizard places a debilitating curse on a target being. To be affected, a target must be a spell-using entity who employs magic governed by Mystra (such as all wizards and priests of Azuth and Mystra).

The spell effect is initially unnoticeable except to the target: Mystra's symbol appears drawn in silver on each palm (or on the chest and forehead of beings lacking palms) as a glowing brand. (This brand can be seen by others employing *detect magic* or *reveal magic*.) Even after the spell expires, one mark remains forever.

For a year and a day, recipients know they have been cursed. Whenever they cast a spell, they instantly lose one full level of experience per spell level of the magic used. For instance, if the 14th-level wizard Karl Blacknails casts a 6th-level spell, he immediately drops to 8th level, losing 6d4 hp and all attendant powers and abilities that went with being 14th level. Memorized spells are not lost, but if their level is now beyond the cursed wizard's ability, they cannot be replaced once cast.

Streaks of silver appear in the hair of the curse's victims. With each spell use, more silver appears. When a transgressor's hair is all silver, it falls out. In addition, victims' hands become gnarled, and



sores form on their vocal cords, making vocalization of spells more difficult and singing impossible. (These are physical manifestations of the spell, not added penalties.) After the spell expires, all of these side-effects vanish, and normal spell use returns. However, levels lost are gone for good, and must be regained through the normal accumulation of experience.

If this spell is cast on a lich, the undead spellcaster is allowed a saving throw vs. spell at -2 penalty. If the saving throw succeeds, the spell is negated. If the saving throw fails, the lich loses 1d8 hit points per spell it casts (draining itself slowly of unlife), but the cast spell functions normally otherwise. There is no known way to avoid this damage, and a lich reduced to 0 hit points in this way is destroyed utterly (along with its phylactery).

This spell was developed for use only against beings who misuse in the worst way the sort of magic Mystra has dominion over. Mystra does not look kindly on Chosen who hurl it at every mage who insults them. If victims are intelligent or knowledgeable enough, they realize what has

occurred when the symbols of Mystra manifest and go into seclusion while they pray to Mystra for forgiveness. The goddess has been known to shorten the effects of the *touch* for the truly repentant. Fools who continue to use magic can drain themselves forever of spellcasting ability.

Only Chosen can successfully wield this spell. An unscrupulous apprentice of the Simbul once stole it from the spellbooks of her mistress, and tried it on a man who had spumed her—only to have the spell effects visited not on him, but on herself!

Unknown Powers

Many of the powers of the Chosen of Mystra remain as yet unrevealed, even to the Chosen themselves in some cases. It is to be hoped that some of those powers are not revealed to beings the hard way in campaign play! As the sage Ungartheras once said, "Great powers are best left alone—unless you are an equally great and reckless fool."



Eventually, a Sword Coast North saying goes, any bard, sage or artist seeking what is splendid in human culture, learning, or craft in the North comes to Alustriel's door—for she drives and stands behind all that is splendid in human and demihuman culture in the North. Many folk of the North (from gnomes and korred to the proudest elves and humans) revere “the Shining Lady” for her kindness and tireless work toward peace, harmony, and a better life for all. Something of Alustriel's character can be glimpsed from her own saying, “Better to show forth soft words than swagger the steel hidden beneath,” and from the following scene.

The spell had never gone wrong before. It was such a simple thing, the conjuring of light. Oh, wondrous to a farm boy, to be sure, the making of radiance where there had been none before—and a thing for a raw apprentice to be proud of. In the actual casting, mind, there was nothing very complex or difficult.

Taern “Thunderspell” Hornblade, Harper and mage of the palace Spellguard of Silvermoon, stood up suddenly and then sat down again, frowning in bewilderment. In his mind he went over what he had done again, seeing clearly the clean, careful, precise steps. No, he had made no error. The spell should have worked.

He cast a detection spell, felt it range out from him. No fields or barriers, save those that were always present in this place, met his probing. The scrying magic itself worked flawlessly, proof that no magic had been placed to drink or deny all Art. Everything seemed normal, the torches flickering in their braziers as they always did. Yet the spell had failed.

Either one who could not be seen or felt had acted to steal or dispel his Art—hardly likely, given the location, his fruitless prying now, and the localized, inconsequential nature of the failed spell—or something had happened to Mystra, or to his standing in the eyes of Mystra—or he was going mad. Happy choices, all three.

With hands that shook only a little, Taern knelt in the stone-walled spell chamber and began to pray to Mystra, his gray-bearded lips moving in entreaty. He felt as if a black gulf had suddenly opened beneath him, and he was helpless to avoid plunging down into it, into oblivion. What had he done? What had happened to him?

He was still on his knees when one of the room's hidden, secret doors opened beside him. The one that led to the

chambers of Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon.

So upset was Taern Thunderspell that he did not look up, or cease his prayers, even when a gentle hand came down to rest on his shoulder. He did stop, amazed, at the grief-choked, kindly words that followed it.

“Make thy prayer a farewell and thanks to the Lady, Taern,” Alustriel told him. “For she is gone forever.”

Taern looked up, dumbfounded, and saw that tears rolled unchecked down the cheeks of Silvermoon's queen. A blue-white aura of Power curled about her long hair, and spilled from her brimming eyes.

“Lady?” Taern asked, reaching his hands up to her. “What do you mean?”

Alustriel took his hands in her own, and Taern felt a tingling of Power. Great Art, more than he would have thought any wizard would ever touch him with.

“Thy spell failed not by thy doing. It was lost, with all Art worked in Faerûn in that breath, in the passing of Mystra.”

“Mystra is—dead? Destroyed?”

“Destroyed, aye.” Alustriel knelt on the stones beside him, her long gown rustling. “While ye are down here, Thunderspell, ye could join me in prayer to Azuth, to guide the living.”

“Living mages? Such as ye and I?” Taern was white-faced; the black gulf was all around him, and only the hands that clasped his held him up from sinking. Hands that glowed blue-white.

Alustriel smiled through her tears, and said softly, “For one mage, aye. The one who holds Mystra's power now. It burns him inside, and we must all hope he bows not to the temptation to wield it. And for the one who comes after, the one who must rise and grow to take Mystra's place and power. They will need our prayers, and whatever help we can give, in the days ahead.”

Taern wished desperately that he did not feel so old and tired, the days of his greatest power behind him. None of his apprentices were ready yet; none would serve in any battle to come . . .

Alustriel put her arms around him, and kissed his forehead. “Peace, Taern. The Lady's Power has touched me; until it fades, I can see thy mind. Ye have done well, and it is thy wisdom, more than power of Art, that will be needed in the days ahead.”

From where she had kissed him, Taern felt Power flooding through him, awakening and soothing at the same time. He stared at his queen in awe and wonder, and suddenly wished he was not so old for quite another reason. Alustriel's eyes held his in a steady, loving gaze as he colored suddenly, and brought hands up to his burning cheeks. If she could read his thoughts . . . Taern loved her very much then, for she caught one of his hands and brought it to her lips, and did not laugh at him.

—from *Elminster's Doom*



Alustriel is a chaotic good human female 24th-level mage of STR 11, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 18, WIS 17, CHA 17, and 44 hp. Her usual AC is -2, and she stands 5 feet 11 inches tall in her robes, her manner “gentle, kindly, and inspiring” (in the words of the far-traveled sage Ongalaster of Tashluta). Her serene temper and magical restraint is legendary. Violence and offensive uses of magic are always last resorts for her.

Alustriel took to adventuring early and abandoned it early to pursue her vivid dreams of peace, harmony between the races, and a place where the arts (of all sorts) would be revered and celebrated: Silverymoon. Mystra always feared that one of her Chosen would unwittingly or deliberately influence the others, or that she would end up with several spoilt, magically powerful prima donnas (in either case, she might then have to destroy some of her Chosen), so she was secretly relieved whenever the young Seven got along poorly with their guardians. Alustriel was one such, but her unhappiness gave her determination to find her own way – and *make* her own happiness. She was one of the rare few to realize that happiness must be a shared thing; solitary pleasure soon fades.

Alustriel’s forte is remembering faces, names, voices, and mannerisms—and being able to keep in mind a score or more of things at once. It is impossible to get her frazzled or mentally overloaded. She can handle multiple trade delegations, a hobgoblin raid, a merchant feud and a series of murders all at once, retaining her calm and poise. (Only when she must wrong someone—Drizzt Do’Urden, for example—does she know distress.)

To give an example of Alustriel’s powers of recall, consider the House of Klond, a paltry six-wagon trading concern. The House was suspected of smuggling metals out of Mirabar and into Zhentarim hands at Llorkh two winters ago. That same Klond’s son, Othraven, started his own fast wagon service between Yartar and

Secomber last spring. So Alustriel goes scrying for gems and trade metal in Secomber, and watches both father and son to see what they try to buy in Silverymoon. From their purchases she may be able to deduce who they hope to sell to in the future. By putting all this information together, she may also be able to ascertain whether they are, indeed, smugglers.

Although Alustriel seldom volunteers information she is gathering to those who ask her for it (unless they are experienced Harpers, her sons, or other trusted agents), she has been known to steer adventurers with deliberately neutral—but still pointed—observations. She can anticipate future events and crises in the North better than most of the sages and elven “longwatchers” (worldly philosophers) anywhere on Toril.

As a sideline from her adventuring days when her dealings with Mirabar, gnomes, and dwarves were frequent, she is an expert at identifying gems. She can even identify stones that have been heated, dyed, and otherwise altered. However, she does not bother to keep current with the changing values of such stones.

The Sisters all have private names known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in messages and communication magics, so the Sisters can recognize each other without breaking any disguises. Alustriel’s true-name is “Dlaertha.”

Although she avoids magical combat whenever possible, Alustriel tries to always be ready for it. She typically carries a full load of spells. Her favorites include *dispel magic*, *fly*, *major creation*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *Mordenkainen’s magnificent mansion*, *shape change*, *teleport* (of which she typically carries multiples), and *teleport without error*. She also keeps herself well protected, wearing or carrying on a daily basis *bracers of defense AC 2* (in the form of golden bracelets), a *cloak* and *boots of elvenkind*, a *ring of protection +2*, a *wand of illumination*, an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and a belt that



bears three *potions of extra-healing* and an *elixir of health* in stainless steel vials.

Alustriel's Powers

As soon as her mastery of magic enabled her, Alustriel employed *permanency* in combination with *Serten's spell immunity* to give herself the continuous protection of the latter spell. It has proven effective in shielding her from the attacks and treacheries of minor mages.

Like all of the Chosen, Alustriel is immune to one wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate such spells, but not all spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way. Alustriel is immune to *chill touch*, *web*, *lightning bolt*, *polymorph other*, *feeblemind*, *flesh to stone*, *forcecage*, *sink*, and *time stop*.

As do all of the magically gifted Chosen, Alustriel has bonus spells that she need not study. If she casts them, they return by Mystra's grace to her mind by themselves 24 hours (144 turns) later. She needs no material components to cast these, and they do not count as part of her roster when she is memorizing spells. Alustriel's bonus spells are *comprehend languages*, *ESP*, *clairaudience*, *minor creation*, *hold monster*, *anti-magic shell*, *teleport without error*, *polymorph any object*, and *shape change*.

What Folk Think of Alustriel

Most humans, half-elves, elves, gnomes, dwarves, and halflings from Baldur's Gate north to Icewind Dale, and east as far as Iriaebor—and all Harpers, wherever in Faerûn they may be—think of Alustriel with reverence. Many minstrels sing of her as “the Shining Lady” or “the Bright Lady” and all elves but the proudest and most evil respect her for her attempt to recreate a city of splendor and tolerance for all races such as Myth Drannor once was. Even more than that, they have begun to hope she just might pull it off.

Alustriel's name commands instant respect in the North. Folk who dwell there (as opposed to travelers) rally instantly to aid those invoking Alustriel. More than one such volunteer, common farmers and shepherds as well as armed heroes, has laid down his or her life for Alustriel. Often news of such misfortune reduces Alustriel to tears in front of her court. A child who once asked his father why the lady on the throne was weeping received the answer: “To make us happy, she takes on cares that bring her sorrow. 'Tis why we love our Lady Hope.”

She has been called Lady Hope in Silvermoon from that day on, and the name is even spreading to Waterdeep, where onetime scorn of her as a crazy sorceress trying to build her own Waterdeep in the wilderness has given way to respect for her as a friend to all, high and low, merchant and commoner alike. Many folk may envy Alustriel (though few do so who really know what her daily life is like), but she is truly a woman with almost no personal enemies.

What Angers Alustriel

Injustice and intolerance infuriate Alustriel. Close behind them in the list of things that kindle anger in her are wanton cruelty and misuse of magical power. She usually masks her anger behind a serene softness of voice and manner, but those who know her well can always tell when she is upset. Arrogant behavior and insults merely bore her, and even when very angry, she keeps herself under iron personal control. She cannot be goaded into saying or doing unintended things. She is always so far ahead of folk in her thoughts—particularly envoys and agents, whose agendas she is aware of in a general way—that very few folk indeed can manipulate her successfully in any way.

What Pleases Alustriel

Alustriel smiles on acts of kindness and especially thoughtfulness. She looks kindly on folk



who foresee problems and prepare to deal with them, rather than merely whining when trouble strikes. Music and beauty of furnishings and dress delight her, as do folk who are witty and can readily quote sages, writers, and poets—especially when they can spout comic monologues or do parodies.

Culture and the maintenance of culture in all of its forms—libraries, bardic ballads, festivals, and all things which encourage the remembrance of deeds—are very dear to the High Lady of Silvermoon. Whatever befalls her city, she wants to leave behind a legacy of things that made people of all races wiser, happier, and richer in their lives.

Yet her foremost daily goal is the building of an ever-stronger and more splendid city. She does not want Silvermoon to die soon after she does. So she works tirelessly, through the Harpers, her apprentices (whom she sends on missions as part of their training), and the city's own agents and envoys to make the entire civilized North ever richer and more populous. If Silvermoon is to grow in importance, it must become the hub of more and busier trade routes, and the center of a bustling society of folk who are busy going places and trying things with a bright future ahead of them. The city will not prevail in a North of dwindling fortress-holds of folk who are grimly clinging to survival and dreaming of escaping somewhere warmer, where marauding orcs are fewer.

Daily Doings

When in Silvermoon, Alustriel fills most of her days as follows. She rises at dawn for to eat morningfeast and to meet with such trusted advisors as Taern “Thunderspell” Hornblade, the local Herald Dark Stag, and agents such as her sons and the doppelganger Phlynk, whose life she rescued. (Phlynk and Alustriel are firm friends—and were once more intimate than that. Rumors persist of a child who inherited Alustriel's wits and mastery of magic and the

shapechanging powers of its father. Despite their differing world views, neither Phlynk nor Alustriel would ever betray the other, and Phlynk patrols Silvermoon proudly in various shapes, keeping it safe by learning all s/he can for his/her friend and ruler.)

After the morning meeting, Alustriel gets dressed for court and makes her appearance in the council chamber of the Palace to preside over legal matters and disputes, and to see private appointments her citizens have made with her. Such meetings, held in spell-guarded chambers in the Palace, are never really private, though. Harpers and mages of the palace Spell-guard eavesdrop, waiting to spring into action if the High Lady's life is threatened.

Such private appointments may be for something as grave as a face-to-face meeting with a Red Wizard who wants to force Silvermoon to do something, or something as small as a proud parent introducing a shy young citizen of Silvermoon to its ruler. Alustriel deals with all folk. Since the day she had to deny one Drizzt Do'Urden entrance into the city (an act that troubled her deeply), she has welcomed all manner of beings to meet with her. Most such meetings serve to let folk in the North see her and befriend her if they wish. They also give her the opportunity to learn what is going on, measure the characters of her visitors, and guide them in their plans and dreams—introducing merchants to contacts elsewhere, changing rules to let trade and daily life run more smoothly for all, and so on. Of course, Harpers, Lords' Alliance envoys, and other folk with covert business are often among the daily flood of citizens wishing to see the High Lady.

Such appointments occupy the late morning and the aftermorn, and may continue through highsunfest if need be. Alustriel prefers, though, to take her lunch with elves or Harpers under the trees if possible, employing *gates* or other means to escape the city and go to certain groves or to the gardens of Everlund, where she can meet with Sharanralee (see *FOR4 Code of the Harpers*).



The noon meal is never a formal affair. When it is over, Alustriel strolls through the streets of the city briefly, chatting with her people, and sometimes summoning agents to deal with problems on the spot. She always travels through a different area, and she usually employs magic to arrive and depart, so assassination attempts have been few down the years. Then the High Lady returns to the palace to resume her schedule of private appointments.

In late afternoon, the High Lady takes her “nap.” As she need not sleep, Alustriel actually goes into seclusion to memorize spells, experiment with magic, or practice spellcasting in several tower rooms of the Palace. Such sessions always end with a languid bath—sometimes alone, but more often a laugh-and-chatter session with a friend. Though Alustriel’s bathing companions are often Harpers or other agents she has daily business dealings with, bathtime is never a place to bring the concerns of such business. Many a time Taern has been shocked to observe the High Lady wrestling for the soap with a long-haired, bearded Harper who is trying to sing a bawdy song while she dunks him under the foaming waters of her pool!

When her bath is done, Alustriel retires to chambers where ladies of the court clothe her grandly for evening court. Evening court is timed to occur when most of the merchants of the city are winding up their business for the day, and the onset of evening is heralded by the lowering sunlight. During court Alustriel proclaims new laws and decrees, receives official delegations from other realms (or royal visitors), and hears policy debates. These latter arguments are never allowed to go on long. If any disagreement remains after a frank and open exchange, the High Lady directs both sides to write down their desires and arguments and deliver them to her clerks. They are then published and distributed freely among all the inns and taverns of the city, to give the people something to argue about. Written responses are collected from the inns and taverns on the following day, when the next such courtsheet is deliv-



Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon



ered. From the sentiments and directives of the people, guided by her own years of experience, Alustriel cobbles together policy decisions.

Evening court gives way to evenfeast. Unless a royal visitor is being entertained, such meals are always informal, and folk are encouraged to move about and talk with their fellow diners, including the High Lady. They may even repair to side tables, alcoves, and the like for conversation. Eating hearty and having a good time is the rule, not ceremony or formal entertainment. Many tables are set up in the High Hall at the rear of the Courts block, and about 400 folk of the city dine together. (Inhabitants of the High Lady's Palace usually arrive by means of well-guarded tunnels.) A skilled minstrel always plays quietly throughout evenfeast, providing soft background music.

Though this daily public feast is a security headache for the folk of the palace, would-be assassins are publicly warned that Alustriel customarily wears an *ironguard ring* at such times, in addition to her other protections. (See the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* book or *Pages from the Mages* for the *ironguard* spell. The ring provides the permanent effects of this spell.) This magical item makes all metal objects pass harmlessly through her. What is less well-known is that apprentices of many of the palace wizards are given regular duty to listen in on the thoughts of diners at such meals by means of *ESP* spells. Even if the student mages uncover no treachery, it swiftly gives them an excellent schooling in life and the doings of Silverymoon.

At all such meals, places are left open for "the lucky six," any six folk who walk in from the street (as long as they did not get in the night before). On certain days, there is a line to get in, but the hungry who are persistent enough to show up for several nights almost always wind up getting one good meal. The rags of a beggar are no bar to admittance.

Like many of Alustriel's policies, the custom of the lucky six is designed to let folk cling to the pomp and familiar security of a class system while making sure that people of the city are treated as

equally as possible. These sorts of customs also ensure that people have daily contact with folk of other classes, so that divisions can never be fostered by ignorance, and seldom by arrogance.

Evenfeast customarily lasts a little over two hours (a time delimited by the burning time of the candles used at the tables). Those who wish to linger and talk are allowed to do so, but the wine is replaced by weak beer and mintwater, and the substantial dishes by bowls of nuts, cheese-filled fried mushroom caps, and parsley-and-egg fingertarts.

It is the custom of most citizens of Silverymoon to fill their late evenings with personal study or work, early slumber, or the pursuit of hobbies and merriment at the taverns and clubs of the city or private parties. Those who while away the evenings gathered at taverns and clubs hurl darts, harp, practice at arms, tell stories, and debate one another. Many get together socially at private homes or rented glee houses to enjoy parties—often birthday parties, or revels thrown to celebrate a successful business venture, someone's coming-of-age, or a heroic exploit. Alustriel likes to attend such festivities, always arriving unannounced—and her people love her for it. She usually comes in the company of one or more palace mages and bards, who watch at all times for possible attackers seeking to fell the High Lady.

Alustriel is probably the most popular ruler in Faerûn. Others may inspire more fervent battle fever or awe, but citizens of Silverymoon virtually all regard her as a personal friend. She tries to act in that role for as many of them as she can, often showing up at birthings to honor the newborn, or dropping by to chat with the lonely, the grieving, and folk she notices who seem unhappy or tired. For this, her people love her deeply. Many of them rush to aid or protect her without her asking, heedless of danger, or give her the very clothes off their backs if she asks for them. One butcher unhesitatingly emptied his shop into a cart when Alustriel arrived in a hurry, needing to feed the starving survivors of a caravan who had staggered in through



a city gate. When a wondering visitor asked him why he had done it (especially, with the butcher not knowing that payment would come on the morrow, and handsomely), the butcher blinked at the questioner in surprise and replied, “Why—the Lady asked me to, of course. Did y’not hear?”

In the wee hours of the morning, when most folk are abed catching their last breaths of sleep, Alustriel has some time to herself—unless she is entertaining a friend, Harper agent, or sitting up comforting one of her citizens. She uses this time to reflect on what she has to do in the days ahead, how she could have better dealt with the events of the day just past, and so on. As one of the few rulers who judges herself constantly, she has grown in skills until she rarely puts a foot wrong these days. If she has run low on memorized spells, she spends this private time studying to replace them.

Alustriel does not hesitate to break this routine whenever she feels her attention is needed outside the city for any reason, but she does not spend time away from her beloved Silverymoon on grand state visits and other empty, time-wasting pursuits. She has been known to show up in the trackless wilderness to aid dwarves lost in the mountains or to rescue adventurers cornered by orcs, though. She does not consider such tasks as time wasted.

Alustriel enjoys dancing, and has been known to teach long-forgotten dances to the folk at revivals. She has also been known to slip away from the dance floor to demonstrate some of the finer points of knife-throwing (a skill she has honed to deadly precision) to young lads and ladies who are about to travel outside the city for the first time and have grown fearful for their own safety. Envoys have also been known to overtake Silveraenan travelers who have just left their home city, and present them with a bottle of wine or skewers of roast pheasant “with the High Lady’s compliments” before galloping on about their business. Little touches like these make Silveraenan folk feel their ruler cares for them and watches over them. In fact, when a

crime occurs within the city walls, it often surprises citizens that Alustriel did not magically observe it from afar and take immediate steps to capture the offender.

What *does* bring instant response from the Palace is a fire in the city, or any sort of riot, battle, or armed disturbance. Such circumstances usually summon several mages of the Spellguard on some sort of magical aerial conveyance, well armed with wands. (Several *carpets of flying*, *sky chariots*, and the like are known to be housed in the palace armory.) Alustriel is rarely part of such forces, but if she is in the city and the problem continues, she almost always appears to back up her peacekeepers. On more than one occasion, ambitious hostile mages (Zhentarim agents, and on one occasion a Thayan wizard seeking to establish a reputation for himself) have used this tactic to draw Alustriel into making an appearance so that they could spring some preplanned magical attack on her.

It should be noted that Alustriel long ago came to a private agreement with her sister Laeral and with Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun as a secret addendum to the Lords’ Alliance agreement. By means of a linking spell, each of the three can summon the attention of the other two beings (in emergencies) by concentrating on a single word. The word need not be spoken aloud—and the magic *forces* the other two beings to see the summoner’s body and immediate whereabouts. The existence of this linkage was only revealed when Alustriel was battered to the ground by a Cult of the Dragon wizard. He had toppled a statue onto her and then enclosed her in a *forcecage* while she was pinned and helpless. She called on Khelben and Laeral, and they appeared and literally turned the luckless Cult archmage inside out. He expired in a spectacularly messy manner.

Would-be slayers of the High Lady of Silverymoon should also take note that the Harpers always seem to keep a watch over her. In addition to her own agents, there are usually some senior Harper adventurers nearby, alert for any need to aid Alustriel.



Dove Falconhand



he battle prowess of Dove Falconhand was once legendary throughout the North, when she used another name, Riathra of the Blades. Though she keeps a lower profile today as a Harper and the quietest member of the Knights of Myth Drannor, she has lost none of her warrior skills. Something of what she usually keeps hidden behind silent affability can be seen in the following scene:

The stone dragonet atop the newel suddenly turned its gray head—worn smooth by her fingers and the hands of daughters of the house down centuries before her—and snarled. Its eyes were two flames of menace as it looked at her. Joysil screamed and retreated back up the steps. All too soon she caught her heel on a riser and sat down, hard and helplessly.

She looked back up the stairs. The sorcerer was descending with slow, confident steps, his face a sneer of cold triumph. She was trapped.

Joysil looked back at the dragon. It had just spread its bat-like wings to close off the foot of the stair to even a desperate dive. Joysil fought down fear, gasping for breath as she looked back at the mage who had brought the dragonet to life.

Another dozen steps, no more, and he would touch her—and then, if his soft-spoken threat was true, she would be a stone stairpost ornament forever—and the dragon would be free to take its own shape again, to claw bloody havoc throughout Estelkeep, tearing her father and uncles and all their knights apart, bone from bone.

Her overly helpful imagination showed her that carnage, ribs and gore-drenched armor rolling everywhere, and Joysil moaned—and then jumped, nausea forgotten, as stone shattered somewhere nearby with the sound of sharp thunder.

Joysil froze, staring in astonishment, as the light in the dragonet's eyes died and its shattered head tumbled from its cracked shoulders and fell into rubble.

Wisps of magical power still played about the gauntlet that had shattered it—the gage of a tall woman whose shoulders were as broad as Uncle Irongar's, a silver-haired lady knight whose plate armor gleamed blue and mighty. Joysil stared; she had never laid eyes on this woman before. No such battle maids dwelt in Estelkeep.

The sorcerer snarled in rage, very near, and Joysil shrank down, trembling. Yet no cold hand descended on her, and out of that snarl came hissing words of power that seemed to throb in Joysil's ears and shake the steps beneath her.

Lightning cracked, leaping down the stairs past the cowering heiress of Estelkeep and stabbing like a bright lance at the stranger knight. Joysil saw it curl in blinding brightness around those lithe armored arms, spiral down to the blade the lady

held in her other hand—and die away, as the knight strode on up the stairs.

Joysil heard the sorcerer curse, and then his boots scraped hastily on the stone steps, retreating. She risked a look in time to see the man's hands moving in quick and simple gestures as those same words hissed out again.

Joysil covered her eyes in time, but still felt the bright flash all around her and the power that made her limbs tingle and the hair all over her body crackle into stiff rigidity.

And then she heard merry laughter. It was a woman's mirth—light and amused and carefree. The voice that followed was as rich and deep as any man's. "Another lightning bolt? Don't you Zhents learn anything else?"

Joysil opened her eyes again in time to see the silver-haired lady knight wink at her.

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

"Dove Falconhand, at your service," the lady replied, striding on past her, sword flashing. "Or I shall be, as soon as I've finished with this worm-of-spells."

The lady knight leapt up the stairs, moving more smoothly in her armor than any knight of Estelkeep. Joysil screamed again when sudden fire blazed high up on the stairs, and burned and rolled down toward them with a menacing roar.

The lady Dove whooped in delight. "A flaming sphere! A bloody *flaming sphere!*" She cast aside her sword and spread her arms as if to embrace the crushing flames.

The ball of fiery death crashed into the knight, driving her back a step. Joysil bit back a scream as the woman stood calmly wrestling with the fire, flames racing harmlessly through her hair and blackening her bright armor. Then, with a sudden lift of powerful shoulders, she hurled the snarling whirlwind of flames back up the stairs.

Joysil's jaw dropped—and then it was the Zhentarim wizard's turn to saeam. Dove smiled grimly up the stairs, picked up her blade, and went on up to finish her task. She turned after a few swift steps, silver tresses swirling, and looked back at Joysil.

"Clear aside the pieces of dragon, if you will," she called. "All this may awaken your father or your uncles—and we wouldn't want any falls!"

Joysil nodded dumbly—and the silver-haired lady was gone, springing lightly up the stairs with her laughter preceding her and her blade flashing in her hand.

Dove is a chaotic good human female 14th-level ranger of STR 17, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 18, WIS 17, CHA 16, and 79 hp. Her usual AC is -3, and she stands a broad-shouldered 6-feet tall. She usually dresses as men do, in leather breeches and a jerkin—or in armors. "A lithe and deadly mountain of a woman," a Harper minstrel once sang of her—before he realized she was in the audience, and started to flee! His fright vanished when her



bubbling laughter roared across the room, deep and loud, and she imitated the ground-shaking, thunderous stalk of a giant. On the other hand, plenty of Harpers and others have seen her pluck up by the neck a foppish or lying courtier—or an idiot who has menaced her with steel—and hurl him bodily across a room, out the nearest window, or onto the blades of his friends.

Dove took early and eagerly to the life of an adventurer, and as a result can also claim to be a 9th-level mage and a 4th-level thief, though these days she seldom uses such skills, preferring strength at arms. In a campaign where proficiencies are used, Dove possesses blindfighting, endurance, healing, mountaineering, riding (land-based) —horse, singing, and swimming. Most folk in the Realms know her today as a Knight of Myth Drannor who is skilled with a bow and a sword, but says little. Fellow Harpers know her as an accomplished singer and harpist, and also know she has been raising her son, Azalar Falconhand, in Evermeet. Azalar's father, of course, is Florin Falconhand of the Knights. The child's name and whereabouts are still being kept as secret as possible to prevent his childhood from becoming a nightmare of abductions, fear, and threats.

The most shy and withdrawn of the Seven (though in such an extroverted lot, that is not saying much), Dove used magic to pretend to be a swanmay for some years. At least twice she has used spells to pose as a man for extended periods.

She is by nature a fairly quiet, capable, unflappable sort of person, and she has learned to maintain this tranquility in the thick of battle. Her calmness is often unbelievable to those around her. Groups as disparate as Waterdhavian nobles and her own companions-at-arms find it unsettling and misleading. The nobles cannot believe her tales of adventuring are true because she speaks so matter-of-factly of great and dangerous events, and sword companions are stunned when she quietly wades into the midst of the most confusing, bloody battle.

Dove likes to dress in nondescript brown or green leathers and lounge silently about, watching and listening to the wildlife. She can wait patiently

for hours and even days—save for Syluné, she has always been the most patient of the Seven. Some folk have misinterpreted her silence and patience as signs she that she is “slow,” but she is a very capable battlefield leader (what folk of this modern era would call a general), and she has divined the secrets of some very complex traps and mazes during her dungeon-crawling days.

The Sisters all have private names known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in communication and guardian magics and in messages so that the Sisters can recognize each other without breaking any disguises. Dove's truename is “Amandorna.”

Although she prefers weapons to magic, Dove tries to keep at least some wizard spells in memory at all times. Her favorites include *unseen servant*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *water breathing*, and *wall of force*. She also has access to the priest spells available to any ranger (cast as a 7th-level cleric of Mystra), and the priest spells she typically carries are *detect poison*, *faerie fire*, *pass without trace* or *find traps*, *flame blade* or *dispel magic*, and *locate object*. Dove diligently prays to Mystra for renewal of these spells and, except just after combat, always has a full roster.

Dove also commonly uses the following magical items: *full plate armor +1*, a *long sword +1 luck blade* (with two wishes left), a *cloak* and *boots of elvenkind*, an *amulet of proof against protection and location*, and a belt bearing *two potions of extra-healing* and *two elixirs of health* in stainless steel vials. She also wears a quiver containing many silver-tipped arrows, three *arrows +2*, and an *arrow +4*.

Dove always wears a cabochon-cut, thumb-sized; translucent green emerald on a chain around her neck. It is a roquestone on which the spell *gemjump* has been cast. (*Gemjump* is found in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS Adventures* book and in *Pages from the Mages*.) This spell on the roquestone transports her unerringly back to a certain dell in Evermeet when the roquestone is grasped and ordered to do so. It is also rumored that Dove wears an *invisible dagger* and sheath at the back of her neck.



Dove's Powers

As are all of the Chosen, Dove is immune to one wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate such spells, but not other spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way. Dove is immune to *magic missile*, *flaming sphere*, *lightning bolt*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *cone of cold*, *repulsion*, *reverse gravity*, *maze*, and *imprisonment*.

Dove also has some bonus spells that she need not study. When cast, they return to her mind through Mystra's grace 24 hours (144 turns) later. Dove needs no material components to cast these, and she has them in addition to her memorized spell roster. Her bonus spells are *feather fall*, *levitate*, *wraithform*, *polymorph self*, and *major creation*.

Dove's thief abilities (not including any penalties for armor) are pick pockets 20%; open locks 75%; find/remove traps 90%; move silently (as a ranger) 99%; hide in shadows (as a ranger) 93%; detect noise 15%; climb walls 60%; and read languages 0%.

What Folk Think of Dove

If Qilué is the unknown Sister, Dove is the forgotten Sister. Most folk outside the Harpers and the Knights of Myth Drannor overlook her. When they do recall her, "solid," "dependable," and "a capable commander" are the terms that most often come to mind. (This is, for example, how Azoun and Vangerdahast of Cormyr would describe her.) To many an adventurer who has fallen afoul of baatezu and tanar'ri in Myth Drannor, she is salvation from the gods themselves, riding in to save their hides in the proverbial nick of time.

To the elves of Evermeet, Dove was a pleasant surprise. If more humans were like her and her sister Alustriel, perhaps the Fair Folk would not be scrambling to survive in the only corners of Faerûn they feel they can still defend.

To most other folk of the Realms, Dove is a mystery. And she seems to like it that way.

What Angers Dove

Baatezu, tanar'ri, and other predatory beasts anger Dove—she hates to see any intelligent creature hunted and afraid. Wizards and others who breed or encourage monsters have a special place in her mental book of villains to vanquish. She also holds the priesthood of Malar and the Cult of the Dragon in contempt for their love of sport hunting (rather than hunting for food) and stirring up trouble. It is safe to say Dove hates all cruel beings who prey on others, from pirates to slavers, to orc hordes, to press gangs in crowded cities. She hates to see folk use strength to oppress others, and she delights in cutting swaggering bullies, adventurers, and even local nobles down to size.

At times Dove has taken to the saddle and traveled across the North, employing magical disguises where necessary, to see how local lordlings treat travelers. Such trips are often marked by a string of deaths, burnt castles, and sudden changes in the ownership of holds. Dove also enjoys collecting a Harper or two and a willing mage (such as Illistyl of the Knights) and going on a brigand hunt. Around the Dales, she has done this so often that true brigands (as opposed to outlaws hired by the Zhentarim) have changed from an endangered species to a legendary one.

What Pleases Dove

Instances of justice, vigilance, and charity bring a smile to Dove's face. She loves to listen to witty talk and good singing, but does not participate in it often—though she can muster a tart tongue and a decent singing voice of her own when required. When she gets the chance, Dove delights in a good bout of wrestling. More than once she has been seen sweating and straining against the arms of some ruffian. And more than one large and hairy visitor to Shadowdale has found himself hurled end-over-end away from this large woman, to a hard landing and the realization that she is even stronger than she looks. She whoops and chuckles and thoroughly enjoys such dust-ups, never getting angry at the tactics of her foes.



or at the liberties (such as snatched kisses) that they may take in the sweaty heart of a bout.

It would be very wrong, however, to dismiss Dove as a slow-witted farm maid-turned-swordswinger, as several wizards have done down the years—to their cost. She prefers to quietly keep her own counsel because she hears all too much nonsense spoken by others. She thinks that actions speak louder than words in any case, but that over-hasty action (“Leaping in rather than leaving well enough alone,” as she once described the actions of King Azoun of Cormyr) more often mars than aids. In her opinion, it is often wisest to watch and let things sort themselves out, stepping in only when a small and deft deed can redirect the general course of events to more favorable ends—or when things have gone so awry that damage control is imperative. In this, she is in accord with the thinking of many elves and other woodland dwellers, who comprehend more of the natural cycles of life than city-dwelling humans.

This is not to say that Dove enjoys a life of idle ease. Rather, she prefers not to tie herself down to any regular activities. This leaves her free to plunge into whatever projects she deems necessary (Free, that is, beyond caring for the needs of her son Azalar, who has been raised to make his own decisions and live with the results, rather than always running to others for guidance.) This makes her an exceedingly useful member of an informal crew of heavy troops the Harpers can call on when force is needed in a hurry. Often she collects her husband Florin from the dinner table, where he is enjoying a visit with his son, in answer to a summons from her sister Storm, and they are halfway across Faerûn battling beholders (or worse) before Azalar’s finished his soup. As a result, the son of the Falconhands spends a lot of time with Elminster’s scribe Lhaeo, and with Jhessail and Illistyl of the Knights of Myth Drannor when he visits Shadowdale. He itches for the day when he will be called away from dinner to join his parents in combating some sudden danger or other.

Dove has an ongoing feud with certain Calishite satraps and mages whom she considers

“cruel, meddlesome, and arrogant idiots whose contempt for the rest of us is surpassed only by their reckless stupidity.” Her opinion—and the feud—have grown from her many battles against Calishite slaving and magic-stealing operations down the ages. It is clear that many of these skirmishes occur because some inhabitants of Calimshan *do* consider others in the Realms, and Northerners in particular, as something less than human—brutish beings who lack rights and can be exploited freely. Nowadays, Dove keeps watch for the stealthy exploitations of Calimshan. In recent years she has been kept busy breaking up slave-taking operations in war-torn Tethyr. She reports that most slaves die in the jungles of Chult, mining wealth for Calishite masters; almost all the rest tend to die horribly in magical experiments conducted by Calishite archmages seeking immortality or more effective destructive spells.

At least one mage still on the loose has perfected a spell that transforms humans into shambling mounds, Dove warns. And certain dark societies, known as “Cloaks” (the Golden Fangs Cloak, the Three Tears Cloak, and so on) are rising in Calimshan, and spreading dark webs of influence throughout the city-states around the Lake of Steam and northeast. Dove has even encountered some Cloak activities in Westgate. There is also a mage somewhere in Mulhorand, Dove reports, who has a means of creating short-term *gates* that link different locales in the Realms. This heartless wizard believes these portals should be used to plunder other lands, and does so using monstrous minions sent through them. Dove has not tracked down this wizard yet, she told Harper agents recently, but when she does . . .

More than any of her sisters, Dove still enjoys an almost childlike satisfaction when she can bring justice to bear on others, good to those who have done good, woe to those who have caused it, and fitting rewards to folk in general. From time to time, she has gone to some trouble to arrange things so that the hands of the gods seem to be at work, handing out exactly the most



Dove Falconhand, Knight of Myth Drannor

pointed and poignant of just desserts to those Dove has her eyes on. A man who cuts open his neighbor's cattle pen by night to let a herd run wild will find the same thing done to him—with the very knife he used to do his neighbor ill taken from his bedside and used, then left at his gate for him to find! A mage who steals a spell scroll from another wizard will find exactly that scroll stolen from him—and the one who lost it will find it mysteriously returned under his door. A merchant who passes a counterfeit coin that he has carefully marked so he can tell it from his good ones will find the same coin has been paid right back to him later in the day! These things bring a smile to Dove's face and leave her with the feeling that Mystra's time was not wasted in giving her special powers, despite her avoidance of most magic. (Mystra, it should be noted, agrees.)

Daily Doings

Dove wants to see elves make a comeback in the North and to see Alustriel's dream of demihuman and human races dwelling together in peace, harmony, and splendor fulfilled in Silvermoon and elsewhere. Besides riding patrols around Myth Drannor, Dove freely gives of her time to convey messages (and valuable items) from one elf to another, often passing into the hearts of cities and other places where elves dare not go. She admires the attitude of most elves that one should remain in harmony with nature, and she would like to see the elves return in strength to the Elven Court. If Azoun or a successor tries to expand Cormyr beyond Tilverton, as she anticipates will one day befall, Dove plans to demand that he found and defend an elven territory on his borders. Such a land would not only give dedicated space to the remaining elves, but would serve as a buffer between Cormyr, the neighboring Dales, and Sembia (and prevent further Cormyrean expansion). She fully believes she could force an unwilling monarch on the Purple Dragon Throne to do this, if need be—with a little help from the Harpers and her fellow



Knights, of Myth Drannor. Her sole problem in this endeavor would be dealing with the massed magical might of the War Wizards of Cormyr, whom she otherwise admires for their discipline.

Dove also privately believes that too many beings who wield magic in Faerûn become corrupted by it. They come to think of themselves as special, as if their ability to harm others by spells gives them the *right* to do so. As a result, Dove is not slow to slay those who seek to strike her down with magic. As she put it once, "The thoughts in the heads of many wizards are markedly improved by making those heads lonely for their shoulders."

When she first began to cull cruel tyrants from the ranks of mages, long ago, Azuth responded by sending Dove dream visions every time she slew a wizard. Each vision showed Dove teaching magic to a wide-eyed youngster. Dove was not slow to get the message, and every time she takes the life of a wizard—even without realizing she or he worked magic—such visions return, even today. They continue until Dove finds a youngling who resembles the one shown to her in her dreams. Dove gives these envisioned youths a handful of spells and guides them through the castings until they can control these few magics.

On several occasions, she has returned years later to see what has become of those she set on the road to mastery of magic. In some cases, she finds those she aided have become fledgling tyrants—and if possible, she tries to steer them straight with a sharp lesson rather than slaying them out of hand. More often, she finds people who have been exploited for their limited magic or embittered by their own misuse of it, inability to find new spells, or lack of tutelage by which to grow in the Art. To these, she gives guidance or another spell or two to help them along. She has found her way into ballads as "the Wandering Witch" for her pains, and—in distorted form, of course—has drifted into local legend in a half-dozen countries of Faerûn as "the Lady in Green," a fey creature who toys with folk as often as she capriciously aids them. She is also regarded as a

gods-sent friend by dozens of magic-wielders across the Realms.

Dove does often wear forest-green tunics and silk shirts on her travels, and she enjoys resting in trees when the darkness of night makes travel through thick woods hazardous. If she finds herself in rocky, swampy, or otherwise dangerous territory, she conjures a *floating disc* of improved duration, and unconcernedly lounges the night away aloft, lying on nothing and watching the world below. Such antics do little to dissuade country folk from spinning wild tales about her.

Dove thrills to the feel of a well-made enchanted blade in her hands. Down through the years she has collected or used a good two dozen enspelled swords. Notable among her collection is a blade that enables her to fly, which she bore when she first crossed steel with her future husband, Florin.

Her passion for goodly blades has not passed unnoticed by some of her foes. She once spent several years trapped in a blade devised as a trap for her by an unscrupulous wizard of Halruaa. She punished him by managing to lure him into a situation where an elven friend of hers worked a magic that switched her essence with that of the Halruaan. The moment he was in the blade, she put it in a forge and began hammering it down into a blunt metal baton!

Dove still has three hidden caches of magical blades—one somewhere quite close to Harper's Hill in Shadowdale—but her most powerful blades have been donated to Twilight Hall for use by needy Harpers, or to the Herald's Holdfast for safekeeping until a grave need sees them unleashed into the world again. The cache that Dove has near at hand is known to hold a long sword that is a *luck blade* +1, a *broad sword* +2 that has a functioning *gem of brightness* set into its pommel, and four *daggers of throwing*.

Gaining some of her blades put Dove on a first-name basis with several dragons. Of those she did not have to slay, she has built up a friendship with two: Othauglarmar, an old copper he-dragon who dwells in the Desertmouth Mountains north of Spiderhaunt Wood; and Behrshimmer, a vener-



able emerald she-dragon whose lair is in the Giant's Run Mountains above the Lake of Snows.

Behrshimmer is a lazy sort, but stirs herself enough to shelter Dove, or someone who comes to her in Dove's name. She even defends such people against beings who come looking for them, so long as the guests remain in her lair and do not try to steal anything from her hoard.

Othauglarmar, however, is an energetic being who loves adventure. He is often away from home on some sightseeing flight over Faerûn or on a "feeding run," as he puts it. (He likes to skim low over the grasslands of the Shaar, snatching up various hooved animals for a meal. The Shaar is a popular place for hungry dragons to dine, he notes.) He likes to use his spells to watch the doings of humans. As a result, it is very hard to approach his mountaintop lair undetected. He observes Dove's doings every other day or so, watching unseen over her shoulder with glee as she wrestles, hunts game or brigands, or pursues her husband around moonlit Shadowdale in some mirthful night game. If Dove is imprisoned or in dire danger, the copper dragon is apt to take wing and come rushing across the Realms to aid her. In return, Dove brings Othauglarmar choice items of treasure and she stays and chats for a handful of days from time to time.

Dove's recent stay in Evermeet also won her friends there, though these are folk loathe to venture out of their island realm. They use magic to contact her from time to time in order to send her on missions to aid elven folk in the North. Often such tasks involve rescuing or guiding elves who are trying to reach one of the *gates* that take them to Evermeet or to Ardeepforest. (From Ardeepforest, Harpers take them to Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun so that he can whisk them on their way to Evermeet via the secret *gate* in Blackstaff Tower. If the elven party is large or bears many items, Khelben instead boards them in secret onto ships in Waterdeep that then sail to Mintarn, where an elven ship picks them up.)

Dove's elven contacts in Evermeet are many, but those who contact her most often are Saélihn Nightstar and Ohmbryn Elaéyadar. Saélihn, a

young, energetic moon elf, is co-head of the Nightstar family and dwells in House Nightstar, in the city of Leuthilspar. She uses a spell that sends Dove a flying, shimmering will-o'-wisp-like light that speaks to her. (The light ball can hear her and all other sounds within 60 feet, and sees in all directions around itself with the same range. Its only offensive use is to fly at a foe at MV 21 (A) and destroy itself in a lightning discharge that deals 4d4 points of damage.)

Ohmbryn Elaéyadar dwells in Taltempla. He is an old, irascible elf who is the closest thing to a sage specializing in the doings of humans as Evermeet has (or wants to have). His spells manifest only as a voice deep in Dove's mind. She need not speak aloud to answer him. Through this link, Ohmbryn can send healing magic (to affect Dove or to course through her and aid another being she is touching) or destructive force. (This damage is caused by a burst of energy emanating from Dove's body that does her no harm, but deals 5d4 points of damage to all other beings within 20 feet. Each being in range must make a successful saving throw vs. spell or be hurled bodily out of the blast area. Those so hurled have another 1d2 points of damage inflicted on them when they land, and all fragile items they wear or carry must make a successful saving throw vs. crushing blow or be broken or destroyed.)

Ohmbryn so aids Dove only when she is in desperate straits, but his gruff, curt manner conceals a great affection for this particular one of Mystra's Chosen who works so often and hard to aid his people. Since her fledgling adventuring days as Riathra of the Blades, Ohmbryn has watched her from afar. (It was during this period that he chose her as a suitable agent of the elves.) On more than one occasion he has silently warned her of treachery or manifested as a dry, sardonic voice speaking from the empty air, to embarrass an overamorous suitor or other being who is bothering Dove. The Silent Sister strives to be worthy of this friendship, but has been known to dryly suggest that Ohmbryn stop watching from time to time (usually when she is alone with her husband Florin).



In all Waterdeep, “there is no more truly powerful person so widely and genuinely liked as Laeral Silverhand, the Lady Mage of Waterdeep – and probably no archmage so loved this side of Silverymoon, Berdusk, and the shores of Nimbral,” the sage Ammathair Hawkfeather has said of Laeral of the Seven. While she keeps a lower profile than her sister Alustriel, and dwells in a city full of many self-important and powerful folk (and so is not the subject of as much adulation as Alustriel), Laeral is thought of as a friend by most Waterdhavians. This is an achievement no other being has ever managed.

Laeral’s gentle intervention reaches where her consort Khelben’s stern writ and threat of magical destruction cannot. Her gentle diplomacy extends into the confidences of private women’s gatherings all over the City of Splendors in both high houses and low, and as far beneath the city as the inky and perilous alleys of Skullport. The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors believes she confronted the mad mage Halaster, survived, and even came to some agreement with him over what subterranean areas of Waterdeep he would leave alone, such as storage cellars—and the foundation pilings that support city buildings! Something of Laeral’s character can be seen in these two scenes:

Khelben and Laeral were abed in Waterdeep, talking quietly in each other’s arms of the day’s deeds and plans to come as they looked up at the summer stars overhead. The Lord Mage of Waterdeep had few conceits. One was the domed ceiling of their bedchamber, which twinkled with a thousand stars, mirroring the clear night sky overhead even when fog, snow, or cloud hid the real sky from view.

They were both restless tonight. Itches and tinglings seemed to spring up in their bodies and shift about, roiling inside them. Khelben frowned after a particularly violent surge of discomfort as they both snarled in irritation, scratching furiously.

“Much Power is moving this night,” he said, staring about in the darkness. “Mystra’s Power—or Art that affects her, at least. What d’ye make of it?”

“Something is happening to Our Lady, I am sure,” Laeral said. “Look at us.” She caught his hand and held it up between them. In the darkness, both bare arms glowed

with a faint, ghostly, bluish radiance. As they watched, it seemed to pulse and grow brighter, then fade again, and then grow. The stirrings within them matched its changes.

“Should we try to speak to the Lady?”

Khelben was rarely indecisive, in any time or place, but he was puzzled and clearly unsure now. His lady shook her head, long hair stirring and curling about her shoulders of its own accord, moved by the awakening Art within her.

“No,” she said, “we might disturb her will at a dangerous time. She’ll touch us, should she need us.” She pursed her lips, and set her head on one side, thoughtful eyes on his. “But what if we reached to my sisters, or to Elminster?”

Khelben shrugged. “Perhaps a good thing. Yet no doubt they feel what we do, and know little more. Perhaps it would be dangerous if we are linked when the Lady calls on our Power or shifts Power into us. I know not what to do. I have never felt this much—tumult—of Art before.”

“Nor I,” Laeral agreed softly, and drew him to her in a tight embrace. They held each other under the stars like two lost children, snuggling against the cold, and waited. Sometimes waiting is all even archmages can do.

—from *Elminster’s Doom*

“Then he must die.” Khelben’s face shut like a slammed stone door, his eyes looking out of the still mask like two ready spearpoints.

Laeral laid a gentle hand on his arm. “No, my lord,” she said. “He must not. There is a place in Faerûn even for madmen who delight in twisting magic.”

Khelben raised one dark, stormcloud eyebrow. “Oh?”

“There is a place in Faerûn for us all,” Laeral spoke, softly

Khelben frowned. “An overly simple philosophy,” he said, his voice a flat challenge.

His lady turned away. “I but return to you your own words, my lord,” she replied, her voice coming back to him like a soft breeze, “said to those who would have destroyed me, when the *Crown* held me in its thrall.”

Khelben’s face changed. One arm reached out almost reluctantly to his lady traced the slim curve of her back with infinite, delicate care, and then drew her deftly around to face him.

“Your tongue, my lady,” he said wryly, “is the sharpest weapon any mortal wields in all Toril.”

A smile stole briefly across Laeral’s face and was gone again. “No, my lord,” she replied, “that tongue belongs to my sister Alassra. *My* tongue is merely the most *deft* weapon in Toril.”

Khelben turned sharply away to look into the ever-shifting scenes of an enchanted window. Several moments passed before Laeral realized that a slow blush had spread across his features.

“That, my lady,” he murmured softly, “I can well believe.”

This time, when it came, her smile was dazzling.



Few folk realize Laeral's true power. Most think she is merely named after the famous Laeral of the North, whereas she in truth *is* that legendary sorceress of olden days. Her love of adventure in her youth, her enjoyment of companionship and the beauties of nature, and her delight in crafting magical items have kept her from attaining the mastery of magic that a more driven, single-minded mage, such as her sister the Simbul, could have done. (Prior to her sojourn under the influence of the *Crown of Horns*, Laeral delighted in creating magical items. Since her rescue from that evil by Khelben, she has turned to diplomacy, perhaps associating her fascination with the captured magic of items with her slavery to the *Crown*.) Nevertheless, Laeral is a chaotic good human female 25th-level mage who is very close to becoming 26th level. From earlier days and deeds, she can also claim to be a 9th-level ranger. She has STR 13, DEX 17, CON 16, INT 18, WIS 18, CHA 17, and 86 hp, and her usual AC is -1.

The Lady Mage of Waterdeep is a slim, lithe woman who moves her 6-foot-tall frame about with sensual grace, yet seems innocent of her beauty most of the time. All she usually lets slip in front of strangers is an occasional impish twinkle in her very large, emerald-hued eyes—eyes that have been known to blaze with amber fire when she is angry.

She is charming by nature and has worked hard to become an almost telepathic judge of character. She tries very hard (and skillfully) to set folk at ease and make each one feel accepted as a friend. She is a consummate actress and can conceal her true feelings with iron control, but genuinely likes most people, in all the variety of character Waterdeep presents to her daily. As a result, she has won the admiration of nobles, guildsfolk, and the poorer citizens alike. Many folk who have only visited Waterdeep briefly think of her as their only friend in that city. Every year, scores of young women and men seeking their fortune arrive on the steps of Blackstaff Tower because their parents (who did the same

thing when *they* were young) told their offspring, "When you get there, go and see the Lady Laeral. She'll show you around, give you a hot meal, a bath, and a bed. She's a true friend."

It is a measure of Laeral's character that she makes time to do just that for all those young hopefuls—and when she is away on business, the apprentices of Blackstaff Tower and Waterdhavian ladies who value her as a friend (some of them powerful nobles) step in to serve visitors as she would do. As a result, Laeral is the heart of a huge network of folk who know each other because of her or through her. She can call on allies in hundreds of communities all over the Realms. Most of them are located north of the Calishite border and west of Westgate, but her contacts elsewhere are surprisingly broad and varied.

Her adventuring days and travels since have given her mental maps of much of the Realms, and skills at recognizing flora, odors, and even breezes; thus, she is an expert land navigator. In a campaign employing proficiencies, Laeral has direction sense, endurance, fire-building, healing, herbalism, hunting, mountaineering, reading lips, riding (land-based) —horse, singing, survival (arctic, mountain, and woodland!), swimming, and tracking.

Though she is comfortable in homespun and a forester's skins and leathers, Laeral loves to dress up in splendid finery when a noble's party or a ceremonial occasion provides her with an excuse—but she is not vain. More than once, when trouble erupted at such a gathering, she has torn off a gown to leap about and fight more easily, ruining the garment but obviously not caring. She tends to ignore soiled or torn garb unless it hampers her movement, and really does not care if she meets folk in her skin alone, muddy forest leathers, or finery that struts the height of current fashion.

In her travels, Laeral collects gowns and footwear she considers elegant. She also has a fondness for hand-sized or smaller carvings or castings of snails, toads, and frogs. The alert vis-

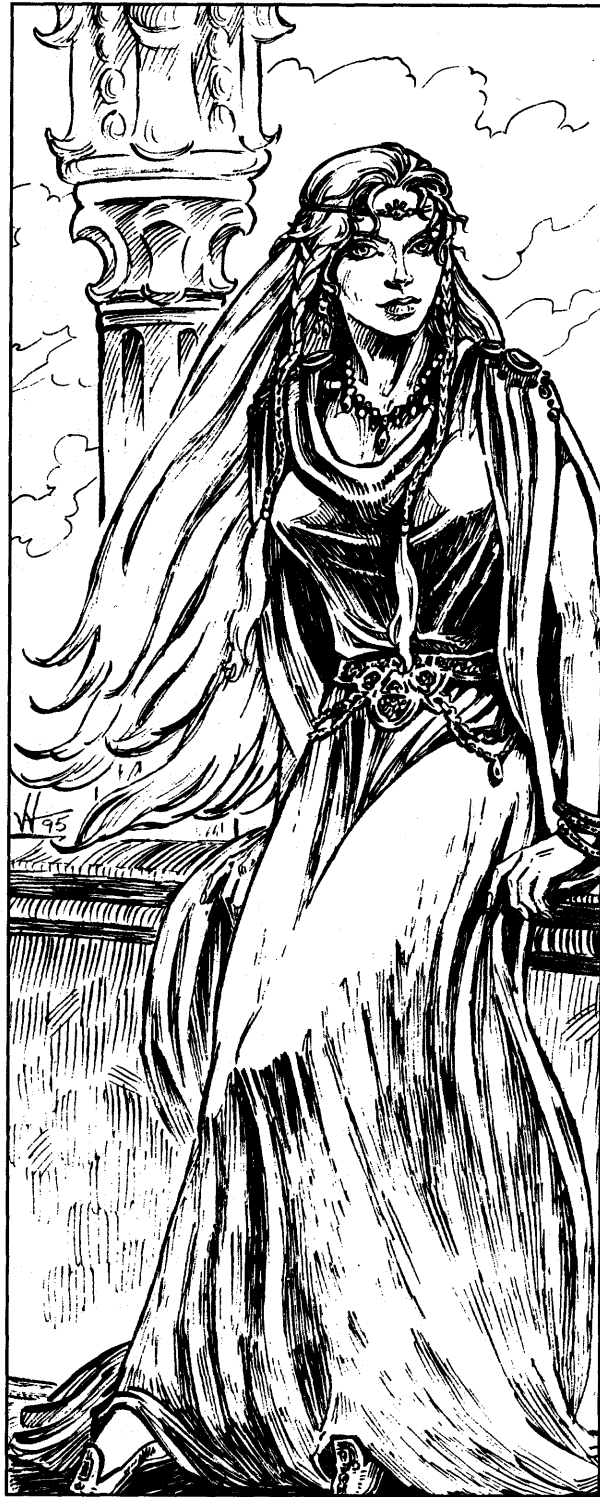


itor to Blackstaff Tower who is so favored as to see the bedchamber Laeral and Khelben share will notice a small spell cloud (that harbors, thieves are warned, some awesome but unspecified defenses) above Laeral's bedside table. Some tiny exquisite snails and frogs carved from gems in long-lost Myth Drannor endlessly orbit within this twinkling, faintly glowing cloud. Laeral is also known to have a long, sheer silk stocking hanging somewhere in the Tower stuffed with gems she uses as currency when necessary. Laeral does not seem to be grasping or care overmuch how much things cost. When the Lady Mage of Waterdeep shops, she does not bother to haggle, much to the delight of many merchants.

All of the Seven have private names known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in messages and communication and guardian magics, so the Sisters can recognize each other without breaking any disguises. Laeral's truename is "Myroune."

Laeral's life of meeting and aiding people keeps her very busy, but she spends the time when most folk sleep studying spells. She considers it imperative to always have as much magic on hand as possible. She usually wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *bracers of defense AC 2*, as well as *rings of animal friendship* and *free action*. Her *bracers* are in the form of *everbright* silver anklets ornamented with tiny padlocks that are themselves a type of *Quaal's feather token*. These *tokens* by touch and order become *passwall* spells. These items have led to a rumor in Waterdeep that Laeral is Khelben's captive, kept obedient by magic cast on the anklets. It is a rumor that Laeral never denies, as it has led to some interesting offers from foes of Khelben who were hoping to gain her help in defeating him in return for freeing her over the years.

Laeral also habitually carries *wands of magic missiles*, *paralyzation*, and *polymorphing*, augmenting the offensive powers these give her with a



Laeral Arunsun Silverhand, Lady Mage of Waterdeep



full roster of defensive and utilitarian spells. Her favorite spells include *know alignment*, *tongues*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *seeming*, *sending*, *Laeral's crowning touch* (detailed in the "Powers of the Chosen" chapter of this book) and *time stop*.

Laeral's Powers

As soon as her mastery of magic enabled her, Laeral employed *permanency* in combination with the dweomer of a *ring of fire resistance* to give herself the continuous protection of the ring (which was itself destroyed in the process). This automatic, continuous protection has proven effective in shielding her from the attacks of mages and the effects of natural fires. With it guarding her, she has often waded into blazing buildings to rescue folk within.

As are all of the Chosen, Laeral is immune to one wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate such spells, but not all spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way. Laeral is immune to *shocking grasp*, *blindness*, *fireball*, *charm monster*, *feblemind*, *chain lightning*, *spell turning*, *sink*, and *energy drain*.

As do all magically gifted Chosen, Laeral also has bonus spells that she need not study. When she casts them, they return to her mind through Mystra's grace 24 hours (144 turns) later. Laeral needs no material components to cast these, and they do not count as part of her roster when she is memorizing spells. Laeral's bonus spells are *spider climb*, *invisibility*, *wraithform*, *wizard eye*, *major creation*, *legend lore*, *prismatic spray*, *symbol*, and *Mordenkainen's disjunction*.

Laeral's time as a ranger (and her habit of always wearing soft-soled footwear) allows her to hide in shadows 56% of the time. She also has a 70% chance of moving silently.

Laeral is careful to always carry weapons. Even when elegant gowns leave her largely bare, she always manages to keep half a dozen daggers hidden on her person.

Laeral is personally interested in magical items. One of the greatest human magical item crafters of all time, she has developed an affinity for item enchantments and can often tell much about an item she has never seen before simply by touch and instinct. Elegant enchantments delight Laeral, especially many-layered, "if-this-then-that, but-if-thus-then-this-instead," *contingency*-bound dweomerweavings such as those once created in Myth Drannor. She loves to examine and unravel such magics. Several Red Wizard and Zhentarim-trapped magical items have nearly slain her in recent years, and she has grown wary of simply seizing an item and experimenting with it.

Laeral has a 70% base chance of telling how many enchantments an item bears after she has handled it (but not activated it) for three consecutive rounds or more. She has a 60% chance of sensing roughly what sort of effect the major or most powerful enchantment is concerned with (its school of magic and rough process), and a 35% chance of discerning any linkages between enchantments—in other words, she can tell when activating one power in turn awakens another one or is governed by yet a third magic. She has a 20% base chance of learning something about each secondary enchantment. If the item is similar to one she is familiar with, or crafted by the same being as one she knows well, this chance rises to 40%. In all cases, Laeral's chances of learning things about any item can be increased an additional 7% by prolonged contact and thought. (One hour or more of cumulative—not necessarily continuous—handling.)

If Laeral activates any power of an item while she is able to hold and observe it, all of her chances for learning about the item's other powers increase by 10%. She is also 90% likely to sense all precise details of the power she has activated, including side-effects and long-term processes, the number of charges remaining in charged items, and so on.

These powers are linked to an ability that she keeps as secret as possible. Mystra has given



Laeral the ability to affect magical items that she touches or that touch her—even those that touch her very briefly, such as when they are used against her in battle. She can always cause a touched item to cease to function or to go wild, emitting random, chaotic effects for 1d4+2 rounds (The Wild Surge Results table from the *Tome of Magic* can be used to determine what actually occurs by any DM who has access to it; otherwise, choose random spells from the *Player's Handbook* to take effect). Laeral can so affect a particular item once per turn.

What Folk Think of Laeral

The Lady Mage of Waterdeep is widely loved by common folk in the North and Sword Coast lands, by most citizens of Waterdeep, Neverwinter, and Silverymoon, and by Harpers everywhere. Nobles, mages, and adventurers also tend to like her, but are wary of her both for her connection to Khelben (who is not nearly so tolerant as she, and may act, they fear, on something she observes and happens to mention to him) and her time as the victim of the fell *Crown of Horns*, an artifact rumored to be cursed by an evil god. (What if its taint is permanent?) To trust Laeral and tell her things might deliver one into the clutches of evil in the future if she falls back into her crazed, violent ways as a result of godly influence or the return of the Crown. (“Oh, aye, ’tis said Khelben destroyed it, but who can be sure of that? He could easily have hidden it away to use in a trade with another wizard or to punish someone later—and it is then bound to get out and about again!”)

Some older folk in the Sword Coast lands remember Laeral as a light-hearted, merry adventuress, hard-drinking and fearless, in the days before the *Crown* changed her. They tend to trust her, and they ignore all whispers about the *Crown* or about her being some sort of evil, long-ago sorceress in the North. Others (particularly in the cities of Amn and Tethyr, and in Baldur's Gate) know her only by different names and likenesses. When dealing for gear in cities while

a young adventuress, Laeral often adopted magical disguises.

What Angers Laeral

Troublemakers and deceit infuriate Laeral (that is, deliberate untruths told for harmful reasons, not little white lies told as kindnesses). “Why can't human and orc and elf and dwarf all live together, side by side, in honest peace?” she has been heard to say. While she is not naive enough to think they ever will, she sees it as a goal all intelligent races should work toward rather than wasting each other's lives in bloodshed. At the same time, she knows it is the nature of intelligent folk that some do manipulate and exploit others. She sees herself as working to redress the greatest cruelties through magic—and in showing little folk how to use magic against those who are stronger. Evil mages who misuse magic are Laeral's chief enemies, but she is no friend to slavers, doppelgangers, and all who oppress folk of lesser power.

What Pleases Laeral

Laeral loves to find, play with, and fine-tune item enchantments (as described above). She also loves dressing up, going to parties, and handling herself well in the thick of intrigues. That is, she like to manipulate other folk in a kind and deft way. She genuinely loves to help people, and she does not hesitate to set aside weighty matters to help a lost child or a frustrated beggar. As she has told Mystra herself on at least one occasion, there *are* no more weighty matters than helping a single being in need.

Daily Doings

Laeral works to maintain peace in Waterdeep and the cities of the Lords' Alliance linked to it, and thence to maintain the peace of more of Faerûn ultimately. Her current goals include crushing the Zhentarim in the North and Sword Coast lands



and getting Cormyr to join the Alliance. She is also working to gain friends in Amn, which is her next target region to recruit into the Alliance, followed by Westgate and Luskan.

Laeral's everyday concerns, however, are far more focused on people, not items. As the Lady Mage of Waterdeep, she functions as the chatelaine of Blackstaff Tower, seeing to its stores and defenses, and mothering the ever-changing, often difficult brood of apprentices dwelling within its walls. As well as keeping young magic-wielders (who are often driven, twisted, or egotistical folk) from destroying each other or large portions of the Tower, Laeral gives them most of their actual magical teaching. Her patience and understanding far surpass that of her mighty mate, before whom most apprentices cower in trembling awe anyway.

In addition to all of these full-time tasks, Laeral remains a confidant and friend to those who seek her out at the Tower, both waifs newly arrived in the city and troubled matrons of Waterdeep. Somehow she also finds time to function as the linchpin coordinating Harper information-gathering operations in the city, and to undertake similar work herself in the perilous darkness of subterranean Waterdeep. Add a little planar traveling to this, and the need to undertake jaunts to aid Alustriel or carry out the business of the Lords' Alliance, and it is a wonder she does not collapse from nervous strain or sheer physical exhaustion after a single day!

That she does not, of course, is a testament to her awesome organizational powers and her ability to remain calm. Her skillful diplomacy and manner instills this serenity in others. Around the City of Splendors, she is also known for her herbal teas. As well as setting folk at ease, she can brew concoctions that deaden pain and nausea, can bring on instant slumber, or can banish the need for sleep for a day or more, bringing a weary person to full alertness.

When in the thrall of the *Crown of Horns*, Laeral experienced horrors (including evil behavior on her own part) that she had never dared to nor dreamed of partaking in before. As a result, she is

more familiar with evil ways and beings in the Realms than any of her Sisters. They may have fought or faced as many or more such villains down the years, but Laeral has *been* one. This allows her some insights (and therefore, foresight about the probable behavior of evil foes) that her Sisters cannot achieve—though the Simbul and Syluné can match her in this regard when dealing with certain individuals known to them.

As leader of the Nine, Laeral also had a long and colorful adventuring career. "Wild one" is a term that could have been applied to her in those days just as fittingly as it has been hurled at her sister the Simbul. Few were the taverns and dungeons in the North that she had not seen every dark corner of in the midst of a merry band of valiant and capable comrades. Until the *Crown* twisted her and death came to the ranks of the Nine, shattering the fellowship forever, these companions-at-arms were family, friends, and mates to Laeral. She still maintains contacts with two of her surviving comrades: the ranger Thanadar and the bard Arnthiir Windrivv, as these worthies have been called since the fall of the Nine.

Thanadar and Arnthiir were known by other names before the fell *Crown* that Laeral wore, trying to defend itself from their attacks, decided to occupy all their time. It marked them as focal points for hordlings seeking to come to Toril. Any such being who learned the name of any of the Nine could simply utter it and be plane shifted into the presence of that unfortunate adventurer. Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun broke this magic, but in doing so, he compelled the adventurers to change their names.

Thanadar is a tall, urbane, quiet man of gray hair, steel-gray eyes and a dark green cloak. He travels the backlands of the northern Sword Coast region as the leader of an expert band of caravan guards he has trained himself. Well able to forage for its own food, and versed in the ways of the land, the discipline of this band's members is such that they are one of the few groups of humans allowed to enter the Greycloak Hills without elven misdirection or resistance. Much changed from the



proud and merry adventurer he once was, Thanadar is content to live out his days helping demihumans and humans to pass safely through the most perilous areas of the Sword Coast lands. He has been known to assist the Harpers, and Twilight Hall counts him a friend. Laeral teleports herself to him when she needs to relax, speak freely, and avail herself of level-headed advice.

Thanadar is a neutral good human male 17th-level ranger of STR 17, who possesses a *long sword* +3 *defender*, a *ring of shooting stars*, and a seemingly endless supply of *potions of healing* that he took from the magical cache of the Stronghold of the Nine, along with a *girdle of many pouches* to keep them in. He is also said to have certain other magic (swords and daggers among it) hidden away in a cave refuge somewhere in the Marsh of Chelimber. He wears a *blink ring* that *can blink twice* a day, *dimension door* twice a day and *teleport without error* himself and one other being he is touching to a single destination, once a day: his cave refuge. This stalwart took the name of his grand-uncle as his own. (His grand-uncle was Thanadar of Dragonrock, who was born in the now-vanished Amnian village of that name, and who died in Baldur's Gate of old age, some decades ago.)

Arnthiir Windrivv, by contrast, remains the hearty pranksome, hyperactive rogue he was in the glory days of the Nine—the sort of cheeky lone adventurer that innkeepers and tavernmasters alike know on sight as potential trouble. He took the name of a pranksome black sheep among his mother's ancestors. Arnthiir wanders the lands of Amn and Tethyr from inn to inn and tavern to tavern, telling stories and singing songs for his supper as if he were but a minstrel. ("The North is too cold of winter nights for one who's neglected to bring a warm fire—and a stout hall to house it in—with him," he has said.) Of the Nine's magic, he wears *only a ring of the ram* and a *ring of spell turning*, and carries only a *dagger* +2 that can be made to glow with a *faerie fire*-like radiance (hue of the wielder's choice) when grasped and ordered.

Arnthiir Windrivv is a neutral good human male 15th-level bard of DEX 18 and CHA 17. He

serves Laeral (when she comes to him) as an agent to accomplish things of which Khelben would be shocked to hear. For example, he has helped to hunt down and kidnap "respectable" Waterdhavian citizens Laeral wished to speak to, arranged that a certain person be drunk at a given time, or made sure that a certain item was gained by or handed to someone else in Skullport when Laeral had other business to attend.

Laeral finds Arnthiir's jesting amusing, but his company exhausting. His irrepressible penchant for reckless daring and getting into scrapes for the thrill of it is too dangerous for the smooth unfolding of most of her plans, so she calls on him seldom. In return for his services, she procures any healing he may need, gives him several hearty meals and as much money as he wants, and returns him to his travels by teleporting him to his chosen spot.

Laeral makes sure that as few folk in Waterdeep as possible know of her contacts with these two onetime battle companions—including, as much as possible, Khelben. She does this because both men prefer anonymity in their dealings (it suits their tastes and chosen lifestyles), neither man wants to be drawn into the society and intrigues of Waterdeep, and Laeral does not want their usefulness as her agents compromised.

No mention of Laeral is complete without mention of her wild nights. Even before her adventuring days, when she was a demure apprentice, Laeral loved to don a disguise and pass herself off as someone else once every three months or so, when the mood came upon her. She impersonates someone she knows (or has spoken with long enough to feel she can mimic) and goes to a party, meeting, or out for a night at a tavern, pretending to be this other person. This is a habit she continues to indulge. "Not only is it great fun," she once admitted to Syluné, "but I learn so *much* by stepping outside the routine and shape of Laeral to become this noble lady or that dockhand. I think every mage should do something like this—and learn about the world outside of spellbooks."



The Simbul



In all Faerûn, no living mage has as fearsome a reputation as “the Storm Queen,” the fiery-tempered, wily, ruthless, awesomely powerful Witch-Queen of Aglarond. Almost alone she has held back the massed might of Thay from sweeping over her kingdom (and all the Inner Sea lands beyond it), for year after year and decade after decade. In countless spell battles she has defeated Red Wizards, Zhentarim, Shadowmasters, lich lords, and even, legends insist, beholder mages.

Few in the Realms today even know her name. Since coming to the throne of Aglarond, Alassra Silverhand has called herself only the Simbul (in an ancient local tongue, a *simbul* was a watchful warrior-wizard). The most willful of the Seven, the Simbul is a loner by nature and spends much of her time flitting about the Realms in *shapechange* -wrought disguises. Something of the calmer sides of her complex, moody character can be seen in the scenes that follow.

Dalamar chuckled. “Only one of us would call a *lightning storm* spell pedestrian.” Then his face froze, and he made a sudden gesture. Motes of light swirled around the fork on his plate, and then died away.

“What befalls?” Mordenkainen asked sharply, as the dark elf drew hastily back from the table.

“My fork!” Dalamar said, voice tight. “It *looked* at me!”

“And the magic you cast?”

“Repulsed,” the Master of the Conclave said tensely, “which requires *great* magical power!”

“No living thing can enter this place without my leave,” Elminster said slowly, alarm in his own eyes.

Mordenkainen looked at him, and then back at the fork. “So whom did you give leave to enter?” Without waiting for a reply, he murmured something under his breath and opened his hands.

The fork glowed, but nothing else seemed to happen, and the radiance slowly faded.

Dalamar chanted something, and light leaped and flashed from his fingers. The fork was outlined in fire, but seemed unharmed, even as the lasagna beside it vanished in smoke and ashes, and the plate beneath it flew apart with a sharp crack.

“Not a fan of lasagna?” Elminster asked, raising an eyebrow.

“No more destructive magic, please,” Mordenkainen put in firmly, “until we know what we face here.” He turned to Elminster and added very quietly, “You know who this is, don’t you?”

“Aye,” Elminster said softly. “I believe I do.”

Dalamar paused, one hand raised to hurl another killing spell. “Well?”

“Don’t cast that spell,” Elminster replied gently, “if ye would live.”

The fork rose smoothly from the table, floated sideways to hang beside Elminster’s face, grew silver lips that kissed his cheek—and then lengthened toward the floor with frightening speed.

Dalamar hissed, moved his hands rapidly—and then stopped, staring.

The swirling, silver-shot darkness beside Elminster suddenly coalesced into a fire-eyed woman whose long, silver hair curled around her shoulders with a life of its own. She wore dark robes, and stood tall and slim on Elminster’s arm.

Mordenkainen bowed. “The Simbul, Queen of Aglarond, I presume?”

“I am. Well met, Mordenkainen of Oerth.”

The Lord Mage of Greyhawk inclined his head. “The pleasure is shared, great lady.”

“Well met, Master of the Conclave,” the Simbul said to Dalamar, a faint note of challenge in her easy tones.

Fury boiled up in the dark elf’s stare. “How long have you spied on us?”

The Queen of Aglarond raised one shoulder in a shrug very like Dalamar’s.

“I don’t know if I approve of such secret meetings, and the magical knowledge that may from time to time be inadvertently spilled in them,” the Simbul said softly, looking around at the three mages.

“It is not your place, lady, to approve or disapprove,” Dalamar said coldly, and the rings on his hands winked in unison.

Mordenkainen turned swiftly to him and said in a voice of cold iron, “No. Work no magic, if you would live.”

Dalamar drew back. His eyes darkened as he asked carefully “Are you *threatening* me?”

“No,” said the mage of Greyhawk, in a voice whose silky menace matched Dalamar’s own, “I’m trying to keep you alive, Dalamar. This lady mage can overmatch you easily—I believe she could best any two of us, in wide-open spell battle. So belt up.”

Dalamar stared at him, and then back at the Simbul. “Is every mage in Faerûn more powerful than the Master of the Conclave?” he protested, sounding like a small, petulant boy who has just been told he cannot have a toy he had assumed was his.

“No, lad. Just enough of ‘em that ye dare not misbehave—good advice to any mage, come to think of it.” The



Old Mage's eyes twinkled. "Now sit ye down, have a drink, and put thy nose back into joint."

"A *very* good idea," the Simbul agreed softly.

Dalamar glared around at them all, and then shrugged. Mordenkainen uttered a snort that sounded suspiciously like a stifled chuckle, and sat down.

"So, Witch-Queen," the dark elf said coldly, "are you planning on dropping in—or listening in—on every one of our gatherings, from now on?"

The Simbul met his eyes, and held them with her own. Silence fell, and some time passed.

I trembled in the armor, sweat running off the end of my nose in a stream. Then Dalamar shivered, his jet-black skin decidedly pale, and looked away.

"No," the Simbul said simply—and then she suddenly acquired a wicked grin, and added, "Not now you've repeatedly put me in your mouth."

Dalamar paled still more, and involuntarily clapped a hand over his lips. She had had endless chances to work magic on him from within—or prepare him for future doom. . .

The Simbul leaned forward, and said quietly, "You have my word, Dalamar, that I intend no ill toward you, and did not mean to intrude here—I used a spell to take me to Elminster, and found myself warded out to the kitchen—so, of course, I came in to see why. I won't intrude again." She looked all around the study, winking almost imperceptibly when her eyes swept across mine (inside the armor, I gulped), and added, "—Unless you ask me to. Since you seem to be trading spells, I'll leave one."

She blew the astonished Dalamar a kiss, and snapped her fingers. A dainty, ribbon-tied scroll appeared between them, and she blew it in the dark elf's direction. Then the Simbul turned to Elminster, murmured, "Later, Old Mage," and melted into empty air without haste or sound.

Mordenkainen shook his head with an amused air, reached for his glass, and looked at Dalamar.

The Master of the Conclave had unrolled the parchment. He looked up from it with amazement and a little fear in his face, and said, "It's called *Alamanther's return*. It allows the caster to duplicate the effects of any spell he's just seen cast—without knowing the spell."

"See *meteor swarm*, cast meteor swarm?" Mordenkainen inquired, eyebrow arched.

Elminster nodded. "Life as a mage grows more and more dangerous with each passing day," he told the ceiling. His pipe drifted down from it to his mouth—but thankfully, the ceiling did not answer.

—from *Once More the Three*

* * * * *

"This time you cannot escape us! *Die!*" As Shalithan Dlann spoke, twelve of his colleagues faded into visibility

behind him: a dozen Red Wizards floating in a deadly line high above the palace. The faces wore looks of triumph as their hands wove a dozen different slaying spells.

The raven perched on the statue was twisting and growing, changing its shape into—the form of a wild-haired woman in a tattered black robe. She sat demurely atop the giant stone head of the Red Wizard Triumphant with a disconcertingly calm smile, and raised no hand to defend herself.

A breath later, the very air shattered and roiled with the violence of unleashed magic. The statue vanished in a cloud of outflung fragments and dust, the ground rocked, and a shadowy cloud briefly spun in midair before it grew two dark and daggerlike eyes, and then became the Simbul once more, sitting in empty space as if the stone head was still beneath her.

She surveyed the collapsing wisps of dust and smoke that had been thirteen living Red Wizards only a breath before, and sighed. "Will none of you *ever* learn?"

Behind her, rocks shifted and then tumbled, as more of the dais fell away. She turned to watch a pair of lesser, robed statues—representing apprentices, perhaps—collapse, and she told their dust, "Well, no . . . being Red Wizards, I suppose not."

Although the influences of Mystra, Azuth, Elminster, and her subjects have sent her drifting toward good aims and deeds, the Simbul is still a chaotic neutral human female 30th-level mage of STR 14, DEX 18, CON 16, INT 18, WIS 15, CHA 17. She has 82 hp, and her usual AC is -6. Over the years, she has done enough adventuring without magic that she can also claim to be a 6th-level fighter. Perhaps the greatest living human master of magic, the Simbul is also one of the most experienced planar travelers in all Faerûn. She stands 5 feet 10 inches in her robes, and her manner is usually alert, restless, and imperious. She seems, however, to spend more time in the form of a black raven or falcon than in her own shape.

The Simbul has been called "a good friend, but a deadly enemy" (by King Azoun IV of Cormyr, among others), but she has always been the most willful and independent of the Seven, going her own way in open defiance of Mystra, Azuth, and her elders Elminster and Khelben. From her earliest days, she seemed driven to master more magic than anyone else. She strove to master applied magic—spells cast often and decisively to



The Simbul, Queen of Aglarond

influence the world around her, as opposed to painstaking and solitary or secluded magical research, which is the life led by many a mage across Faerûn.

The Sisters all have private names known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in messages and communication and guardian magics, so the Sisters can recognize each other without breaking any disguises. The Simbul's truename is "Nethreene."

The Simbul is always ready for a fight and maintains many caches of magical items all over the Realms. She tries to always have a full load of spells in memory. Her favorites include *comprehend languages*, *web*, *dispel magic*, *charm monster*, *telekinesis*, *chain lightning*, *limited wish*, *mass charm*, *the Simbul's spell supremacy*, *the Simbul's synostodweomer*, and *the Simbul's spell trigger*.

The Simbul's spell trigger, which allows her to link one to four spells of 1st to 7th level to go off at the utterance of a particular word at a later time, is one of the secrets of the Simbul's success against the Red Wizards—that is, her continued survival. Known only to her, it exists in written form only in certain hidden caches. (One of these caches is known to be in Evermeet, another in the Herald's Holdfast, and a third in a demiplane accessed only via a *spellweb* linked to the Simbul's *staff of power*. This last cache can only be reached by doing exactly the right things to the staff when it is in exactly the right place in her private, spell-guarded apartments in Aglarond.) The Simbul often uses her 9th-level *spell trigger* to unleash the spells *chain lightning*, *feblemind*, *Alustriel's sword of stars*, and *anticipation* when foes attack her. There is a 7th-level version of this spell, known as *the Simbul's spell sequencer*, that allows up to three spells (of 1st to 4th level) to be triggered. When she uses it against wizardly foes or an army, the Queen of Aglarond usually unleashes three *fireball* spells. (*Alustriel's sword of stars*, *anticipation*, *the Simbul's spell sequencer*, and *the Simbul's spell trigger* are all described in the "Spells of the Seven" chapter of this book.)



The Simbul also habitually carries a version that triggers *time stop*, *heal* (the priest spell of that name) on herself, *dispel magic* on whatever she wants it cast on, and *teleport*. Using this she can recover from a magical attack, disarm or magically plunder foes, ruin any barriers or other spell effects they have caused, and then leave. More than one rash Red Wizard apprentice has hurled a spell at the Simbul, only to find himself transported minus all his magical items into the slave pens of a rival Red Wizard, the court of some ruler who desperately wants to lay hands on him, or the kitchen midden of a farmer whose son the wizard recently slew—and under the descending tines of the astonished farmer's fork!

The Simbul wears *bracers of defense AC 1* and *rings of spell storing* (containing the spells *identify*, *wizard eye*, and *true seeing*) and *shooting stars* at all times. She usually carries *wands of magic missiles* and *lightning* in her boots, a silver-bladed *dagger +4*, four *potions of extra-healing*, and two *elixirs of health* at her belt. The potions are carried in stainless steel vials.

The Simbul's Powers

Over the years, the Simbul has employed multiple *permanency* spells in combination with the spells *detect invisibility*, *protection from evil*, *shape change*, and *Serten's spell immunity*, as well as an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and a *ring of protection +3*, to somehow achieve the continuous functioning of all these magics on her person without the actual rings being present. While leaving these protections fully functional, the Simbul is able to control changes of her shape instantly by silent act of will and even to confer all or part of the protective effect once exhibited by the *ring of protection* to another being, as long as she is in flesh-to-flesh contact with him or her.

Even the most powerful and ambitious mages are advised not to try duplicating her feat. The attempt is known to have torn apart several sorcerers, and many folk learned in magical mat-

ters are of the opinion these internal magical fields, which cannot be dispelled, have cost the Simbul her sanity. Certainly, they have robbed her of much of her patience. She seems restless in the presence of strong magic, and she can feel when magic, extant or hanging (waiting to be triggered) is within 90 feet.

Alassra has also somehow gained the ability to transform her body into *chain lightning*, with the same effects as the spell. However, the last bolt becomes a streaking meteor that flies off at MV 27 (B). When she does this, her body cannot coalesce again for 1d4+2 hours, and she is helpless while she solidifies—which takes an entire turn. In meteor form, she inflicts 4d4 points of electrical damage upon creatures she contacts, and she cannot be harmed by electrical, energy burst, or explosive spells, though metal weapons do her double damage. The Queen of Aglarond uses this power only as a last-ditch defensive maneuver. As it is a natural ability and not a spell, *anti-magic* cannot prevent her from doing it nor stop her passage while in meteor or lightning-arc form. Some legends insist she won this power by defeating Azuth in a contest or battle, while others say Mystra bestowed it upon her ingratitude for her creation of her *synostodweomer* healing magic.

These magical abilities may have driven the Simbul wild, but they have also kept her alive in the face of powerful sorcerous foes. Over the years, they have shielded her from many waiting traps and multiple attempts by the Red Wizards and other mages to track her down and control or destroy her.

Like all of the Chosen, the Simbul is immune to one wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate such spells, but not all spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way. The Simbul is immune to *magic missile*, *blindness*, *fireball*, *ice storm*, *feeblemind*, *disintegrate*, *limited wish*, *maze*, and *wish*. She is also working on altering her life force still further to make herself immune to *time stop*. This process is not yet complete, but her present



state allows her to have her normal saving throw vs. spell (4 on a d20) against every *time stop* that would ordinarily affect her.

The Simbul also has bonus spells gifted to her by Mystra (as do all magically gifted Chosen) that she need not study. When cast, they return to her mind through Mystra's grace by themselves 24 hours (144 turns) later. She needs no material components to cast these, and they do not count as part of her roster when she is memorizing spells. The Simbul's bonus spells are *feather fall*, *web*, *fly*, *polymorph other*, *hold monster*, *anti-magic shell*, *delayed blast fireball*, *prismatic wall*, and *the Simbul's synostodweomer*.

What Folk Think of the Simbul

Most common folk across the Realms think of the Simbul as a fey witch best kept well away from. Some go so far as to denounce her as a baatezu or tanar'ri using human guise to escape being slaughtered by the risen might of all human mages in Faerûn. Many folk privately think the unpredictable, awesomely powerful sorceress who rules Aglarond *must* be insane—but they are still glad she roams the Realms. As one merchant of Suzail put it, "Better her fury and spellhurling than all of us being spell-twisted slaves of the Red Wizards."

In Aglarond, of course, and in the halls of the Harpers, the Simbul gets a different reception. The folk of her kingdom worship her for working so tirelessly to keep them alive. The Harpers, as well as the folk in Telflamm and in Shadowdale, which she visits often to see Elminster, respect her more than they fear her. None of them want to be in her shoes, but all of them would move swiftly to aid her when necessary. It is better to do so than to be changed into a frog, or blasted right through the walls of one's own castle.

What Angers the Simbul

The endless plottings of the Red Wizards and the Zhentarim infuriate the Simbul when they

are not so laughable as to amuse her. Having seen the doings of the Shadowmasters and others herself, she wishes these dolts dabbling at ruling the Realms through magic could see them too, and scramble away in fear—or perhaps even grow up.

Acts of cruel magic, misused authority, slave-taking, and deeds harmful to Aglarond typically move the Simbul into cold fury—and instant magical attack. She is swift and ruthless when aroused, preferring to make an example of those who dare to challenge her by destroying them with far more force than necessary.

Magical deceit, whether employed in large ways—such as by a wizard to frighten and coerce others, and thus rule a kingdom—or in small ways—as when used by a tutor to hold back from telling a student all about a topic, for example—infuriates the Simbul. If she does not want to reveal something, she says so, bluntly. Only in tactics against the forces of Thay does she employ trickery or tolerate it in others.

Though she is often justly accused by others of being arrogant, the Simbul cannot abide arrogance in others. However, she is merely amused by nonmagic-using beings who sneer at others. *Mages* who behave thus always make her determined to smash their feelings of superiority. She feels almost morally obligated to manipulate events to make them feel foolish if they are friends, allies, or harmless folk, or to teach them swift and harsh magical lessons if they are not. Some folk find it prudent to go through life making as few enemies as possible—Laeral of the Seven, for example, subscribes to this view. The Simbul cares not a whit how many foes she makes in a day.

What Pleases the Simbul

Alassra misses most her innocence—chances to relax without the cares of the current plots of Thay weighing upon her. When she finds young children she can play with, outdoors and well away from fearful parents, she delights in doing



so even if she has to change into the form of a faerie dragon or other trusted, amusing creature and remain that way for some time.

She also finds chatting or sharing a cup of broth, ale, or berry or bitterroot tea with adults – most often elderly people – who make her welcome and do not fear her the most precious and delightful encounters of all. Alert at all times for Zhent and Red Wizard traps or treachery, the Simbul does not let her guard down during such interludes. But she does appreciate those who are friendly and easy with her, and she often works magic to aid or protect them – usually in such a way that they do not realize what she has done until later.

Gifts also please the Simbul, because she gets so few of them – and even fewer that are not trapped with spells or contact poison.

Daily Doings

The Queen of Aglarond deliberately eschews all routine. This randomness in her daily activities

is her best defense against Red Wizards seeking to slay her. She always considers survival of her beloved Aglarond the foremost of her goals, and she spends her time manipulating events in the Realms to further her goals and observing the Realms in general. She wanders and watches the Realms so as to savor the richness and beauty of the lands, to see all she can of lifestyles she dare not embrace, and to learn more about the ways of Faerûn and the doings of her many foes.

Recently, fresh joy has come into her life because she has finally found a man who can stand up to her – and who now regards her as an equal, not a wayward little girl. This person is her chosen consort, Elminster. Though he does not know it yet, she has every intention of bearing his child.

Alassra has wandered Toril and many other worlds and planes, and may just be the most widely traveled mortal being in existence. Since the death of the sorceress she was apprenticed to, Queen Ilione of Aglarond, the Simbul's trav-



els have been more fleeting than before she had a throne to sit on and a realm to worry about. Although she secretly enjoys matching wits and spells with hostile mages, she bitterly resents the time she must waste foiling the plots of Thay. She counts it as time she could be spending building the strength and prosperity of Aglarond, making her citizens happy, and transforming their realm into a carefree sylvan paradise.

One day, she vows, *Thay will* be destroyed, and she will call together the witches of Rashe-men, the druids of many faiths, and the elves from all over Toril, and work on founding a new forest east of Aglarond, centered on Lake Thaylambar. There elves can settle in a new realm, and Alassra can then forget all the cruelties of Thay and set to work smashing the decadent Old Empires of Unther and Mulhorand, and reforming them into farming realms rather than dust-blown slave empires ruled by the crazed and the cruel. When the human-held surface lands are patchwork places of local powers and small grasp, she can set about encouraging settlements of halflings nearby, and dwarf and gnome settlements below, until those races recover the numbers, pride, and culture they enjoyed before being crushed beneath the ruthless numbers and ambitions of orcs and humans.

The Simbul revealed these intentions to a sage in Candlekeep once, and he asked her (outrage overwhelming prudence) what gave her the right to dare to try to reshape the Realms into just what she wanted them to be. "Right?" Alassra replied softly, "Nay 'tis a duty." And so she truly believes: that all archmages and truly powerful priests have a duty to try to improve the world they find around them as much as possible. Though pursuing such a course is meddling, they are the only beings blessed with power enough to even hope to manage any improvements. It is therefore their *responsibility* to attempt such improvements.

Many would (and do) disagree with her, but

the Simbul ignores them. If compelled to listen to their protests, she dismisses them impatiently with the statement that if they had lived as long as she has, done what she has done, and experienced what she has seen, they would see things as she does. And, right or wrong, they would do as she is trying to do.

Such lofty ideals may be scant consolation to a Red Wizard or Cult of the Dragon wizard she has smashed to pulp along with his tower, but Alassra has no remorse for her slayings of such beings: "By choosing the lives they did, they chose also their deaths," she has said more than once. "They could have cultivated wisdom enough to stand clear of me."

The Simbul's wide experience and her almost instinctive feel for magic not only allow her to anticipate what spells lesser wizards will hurl before they begin to cast them, but enable her to hold to her own personal goal of devising a new spell, or improving an existing one, once every moon. As a result, she is always alighting in secluded, lonely places to experiment with magic, often to the delight and fearful awe of a being who observes her. She always has spells at her command that even experienced adventurer-wizards have not seen before.

Common folk across the Realms rightly fear the Simbul more than any other of the Seven Sisters. She is not safe to be around, as she has admitted. She is always thinking about how to further her aims in ways both large and small—and acting on her thoughts. "Of us all, Alassra should have been called *Storm*, not me," her sister Storm once said as she watched the Simbul ravage a Zhentarim-led army single-handedly in a wild maelstrom of spells. "I'm but a minor squall from time to time—but her fury challenges the anger of the gods!"

Few of those who have faced her in battle would disagree. And whether they do or not, the Queen of Aglarond cares not a whit, as she carves her way toward her goals, and through Faerûn, day after day.



he best-known of the Seven Sisters is Storm Silverhand. Through Harper ballads and the folklore of half of Faerûn, she is known by name and deed in almost every village and crossroads north of Calimshan and west of Telflamm, and in song at least, will probably live forever. Storm is the free-spirited adventuress that restless girls all over the Realms dream of being—and lonely boys of all ages, all over Faerûn, dream of encountering. Many folk are smitten by her looks and character at first meeting. Something of that character can be gleaned from her words, quoted hereafter, and the scenes that follow.

Where lies the heart of a realm? Its throne, some say The one who sits upon it, others affirm, trying to appear more wise. Nay—the one who stands, whispering, behind it, yet others will tell thee, smiling cynically and trying to appear wisest of all.

None of these, I tell you. No temple nor castle, no sacred grove nor mountain height holds the heart of a land of Faerûn. If you would seek out such a thing, you will find it in only one place: in the eyes and toil-scarred hands of the farmers and yeomen who work the land, who answer the commands of priest and king, who help those in need who come their way, and who raise club, spade, or handy rock to defend their own.

Go then, and find hearts. When you have done that, you can begin the truly difficult task: finding truths in any heart you have found.

Search well; a lifetime is scarce time enough to find a handful of truth.

—Storm Silverhand
 “The Song of One Harp”
 Year of the Broken Helm

.....

Storm took off her second boot and stretched, catlike. Across the leaping flames of the fire from her, Elminster sucked his pipe into life in a cloud of drifting, snapping white sparks and curling green smoke.

“The wards, El?” the silver-haired bard asked.

Elminster nodded. “Set as strong as my Art can make them in these troubled times. None can see us or reach us, short of the gods. Ye can lay blades aside, take thy ease and undress, if that’s what ye’re asking.”

Storm grinned at him and began unbuckling and unlacing. Then she frowned. “What do you mean, ‘in these troubled times’?”

Elminster puffed on his pipe; a small inferno went up. “Magic’s not the sure thing it was a winter ago,” he said. “It’s

going wild now, sometimes, and not even Mystra herself will answer me over it.”

Storm met his eyes for a long breath of silence, and then shivered. “Alaundo,” she almost whispered, and he nodded. Storm stared at him a moment longer and then sighed, shrugged, and went on disrobing. Silver hair curled free about her shoulders and down her back. She removed dagger sheaths and safe-pouches from where they were strapped next to her skin, and rubbed away the marks they left behind with obvious pleasure, relaxing.

The old man across the fire had seen her do this many a time before, since the days he had changed her himself when she was only a babe. He sat and smoked companionably, directing discarded apparel away with magic that spun unseen from one lazy finger. Clothing floated silently through the air at his direction; more than once Storm smiled her thanks at him. When she was done, he said merely, “Ye still look magnificent, lass.”

“It’s a good thing ye’re the great age you are, isn’t it?” Storm teased him, in mimicry of his own voice and manner, before he could utter the same sentence. Elminster chuckled, and wiggled his eyebrows. Obediently his pipe went out, rose up into the darkness overhead, and vanished.

The fire followed it, leaving behind only a warmth and a glowing in the air.

Storm stared at it, and then looked at Elminster, mouth open. “Ye gods,” she whispered, “was that—spellfire? I thought you’d used fire spells to ignite real wood . . .”

Elminster shrugged. “The little lass isn’t the only one alive who can work such tricks. She merely does it naturally Azuth taught me, long ago. It drains me overly much, mind you. I don’t do it lightly.”

“But you did it just for me,” Storm protested.

“That was not a light thing,” Elminster said, deadpan, and winked at her.

Storm reached a hand out through the faint glow to clasp the Old Mage’s hand. “You are a delight, El. I love you, Old Mage.”

“Oh, good,” was the dry reply, and she felt him wriggling closer. “Then ye won’t mind if I lie beside ye here. Being old and shy an’ all that, I’ll be leaving my clothes on, though.”

“You? Shy?” The bard snorted, and then wrinkled her nose. “I forgot to get our blankets. They’re—”

“On the horses where they should be, keeping the faithful beasts warm,” Elminster replied tranquilly. “Ye’ll find ye won’t need blankets—my Art’ll keep us as if we were bundled up, but without getting too hot or the like, and make the ground beneath gentle to lie upon, as well. Trust me.”

“Oh, I do.” They lay side by side in the darkness, holding hands, and looked at the silent stars glimmering high overhead. As Selûne rose and grew bright, Elminster let the faint spellglow fade until they were in darkness under the night sky.

They lay together in silence for a time, watching the stars wheel overhead. Although a stranger looking down on them



would have placed Storm in her lush late thirties, despite hard muscles and white sword-scars aplenty, and Elminster somewhere the gray side of sixty, both bard and archmage were hundreds of winters older than that.

Elminster stroked the hand that he held with his fingers and thought about the secret he shared with the woman who lay beside him in the grass. The secret that had shaped both their lives. Both of them carried some of the immortal magefire locked forever inside their bodies, small parts of the divine power of Mystra placed in mortals of Faerûn to maintain some great and mysterious balance. They could be slain, releasing the power of Mystra—as Storm’s sister Syluné had been, not long ago—but grew old only slowly, aged more by the care of responsibilities and the grief of outliving even elven friends than by physical causes. Sometimes, though, they felt very old.

Elminster was wise enough to give Storm this time to drift into slumber under the watching stars. It eases the heart, he knew.

For himself, it was enough to have her beside him. Of the sisters he had reared, Storm was the most his friend, even if he loved the Simbul more as mate and companion. Elminster smiled up at the stars and was happy

“El,” the beloved voice beside him came softly “you know I love riding the Realms with you—but tell me, where are we bound this time, and why?”

“We go to meet a certain old enemy of mine and do a certain thing,” Elminster said carefully. “Is that enough?”

He heard the grin in her voice. “Of course. You phrase ‘nothing’ so eloquently.” She rolled up to one elbow with easy grace, and looked down at him. “And the ‘why’?”

Elminster looked into her level gaze and melted. “It is part of an ongoing game I play against—certain folk. A very old and deep game to limit the power of those who watch from the shadows in this world. The Malaugrym—aye, ye remember them, I know—are after Shandrîl of Highmoon. Her affair’s by no means clear and done yet. We’ll doubtless meet in Silverymoon, these Shadowmasters and I, to do spell battle over her. What we do now will become important then. ’Tis more important that the Shadowmasters have no benefit from what I’ve left undone than that the Harpers or Shandrîl—or Toril itself—gain strength by what we do. If we prevail. . .”

Storm laughed softly and kissed him. “I love it, Old Mage, when you’re so forthcoming and open.” She lay down again beside him. “Never change, will you? Promise me that.”

“Ah, lass,” he said sadly “That’s one of the promises none of us can keep.”

He lay there in silence until she slept, holding her hand tightly. When her slumber was deep, he waved his free hand, and a spellbook floated silently out of the night to hang above his nose. Spellfire was but one of Elminster’s little secrets. Another was the fact that he no longer needed to sleep.

The old, familiar symbols and phrases filled his mind again as they had so many times before, but he did not let go of Storm’s hand, even for a moment. Throughout life, one does

not miss any chance to hold onto the things that are really precious, if one is truly wise.

—from *Crown of Fire*

Storm was laughing in that flying web of steel, her dancing blade holding off two others in a deadly jig. The Bard of Shadowdale was training two Harpers at swordwork, showing them how with skill she could force their blades and their bodies continually nearer each other, driving them into each other’s way as they circled about the moss-carpeted glade. More than once the two men in leathers had stumbled into each other, muttered apologies and oaths, and jumped hastily back out of the way of the splendidly leaping blade that stung them, teased them, flirted with their own steel, and darted past their hilts to touch them, again and again.

It was a rare chance, to break blades with Storm Silverhand. Among the Harpers she was as famous as Elminster, Mintiper, or Sharanralee: a veteran adventurer of whom songs had been sung and many tavern tales told. Semiretired now, she dwelt in the green fastness of Shadowdale and trained Harpers who came to her in the ways of music and of battle. Many came, some skeptical that one woman could really be so special. They left awed and changed, and spoke of their meetings with her in reverence and with fondness.

Storm Silverhand was really *that* special. At once grave and polite, an impish humor danced about her eyes as she faced them now, long hair bound back out of her eyes, her leathers creaking with the strain as she twisted and leaped and danced, as light as a youth at play.

Belkram and Itharr, rangers and Harpers both, wore faces by then as delighted and eager as boys at a favorite sport. They had come almost as much to see for themselves if the legends were true as to hone their sword skills. Both had seen many deaths and much battle, and they thought few could teach them more than a trick or two with a blade.

Now, they knew they faced a true master. Thrice, five times, a dozen more, the lady bard could have slain them—had that been her goal. Her slim but very long silvery sword leapt again and again through their guards to kiss shoulder, breast, forearm, or flank. Yet so skilled was she that she pulled her thrusts back ere steel tasted flesh, time and again, even when the blades struck so hard that winking sparks flew around them, and the fray moved so fast that the two men were scrambling, and all three were panting like winded dogs.

A rare chance, this was: to face one skilled enough not to hurt you, but to keep the swordwork as hard and as fast as if it were to the death. Belkram and Itharr, parrying that blade that seemed to be everywhere, found themselves helplessly maneuvered again into each other. As they bumped shoulders, they sprang apart, murmuring apologies, and exchanged a glance. Their eyes met only for an instant—it was all they dared spare time for—but each saw the admiration for their



opponent in the other's eyes. This Storm was truly magnificent with a long sword in her hand.

Belkram shook sweat out of his eyes for perhaps the sixtieth time, and hopped back a pace to avoid any lunge the bard might make while he was doing so. Had this fight been in earnest, the awe he now felt would have been stone cold fear, he knew. Storm, as she had been doing since she discovered that both her opponents were good bladesmen, was smiling as she fought. Smiling merrily—and, in between gasps for breath, humming a sprightly tune that Belkram had heard harped in Everlund often.

Anyone who could toy with him—and with Itharr, who was as good as himself or better—as this lady was doing, enjoy it, and spare thought and breath enough to hum a tune, could be the death of him whenever she desired. Belkram had seen many quick swords in the years since he had joined the Harpers, but never the equal of this. He was old enough, now, to realize the gift she was giving them both—a chance to face one much better with a blade, to try all they knew against her and to feel, face, and master their fear—rather than being paralyzed with terror and an instant later sinking into the red-edged darkness of death.

Belkram matched Storm's smile as he at last remembered a crossing attack seen long ago in a seafight. He arched to his left, parrying Storm's blade with a series of short, binding, feathering strokes of his own blade, pulling her steel to one side. His own side was exposed now—but Itharr should be attacking from that side, protecting it.

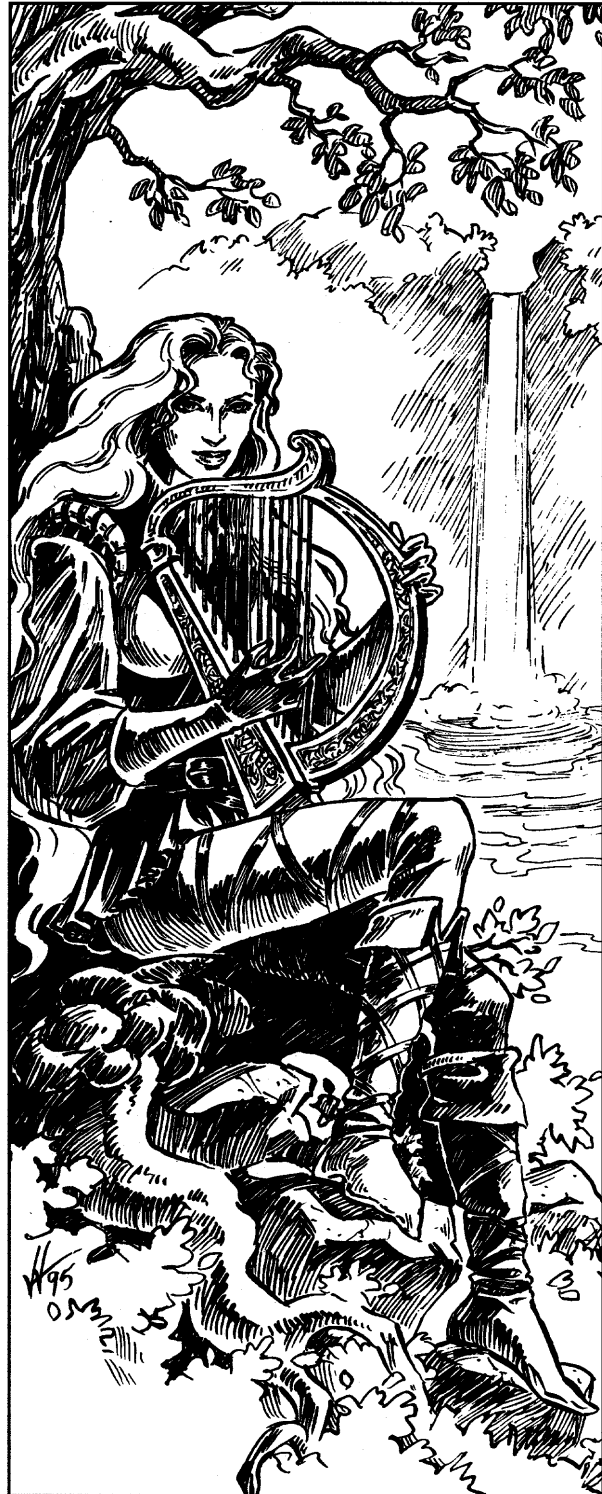
And then, not for the first time in that clash of steel, Storm was gone. Ducking smoothly to one knee, dropping below Belkram's parries, she spun back to face Itharr, tossing her sword to her left hand and raising it to parry his descending blade. In the same motion, her now-empty right hand took Belkram's ankle and jerked.

The ranger hopped, trying to twist his foot loose, and then fell helplessly. Storm straightened up and put her shoulders into two furious strokes that drove Itharr—a burly man, who was a hand shorter but at least six trade blocks heavier than she, and with arms and wrists twice as thick—back across the clearing. With a twist of her blade she disarmed him—again—his blade singing off into the trees.

Belkram chuckled ruefully as he rolled to his feet, and brought his own blade up barely in time to turn aside her swordpoint inches away from his cheek. He dodged and twisted, moves slowed and blunted by growing weariness, and tried a circular cut that extended into a lunge, attempting to win past her blade.

In the midst of the ring and skirl of their blades, Storm's face suddenly twisted. She stiffened, a blue-white glow suddenly surrounding her hair. Belkram did not even have time to gape in astonishment as his blade slid over hers and into her breast.

It went into the leather-clad swell of her bosom just—just as easily as they say, as a heated knife into butter. It went in a good three inches or more before he could stop it. Beside him,



Storm Silverhand, the Bard of Shadowdale



Belkram heard Itharr gasp, but Storm made no sound. Her eyes had closed, and her mouth was parted in pain.

"Gods, you've killed her!" and "Oh, Lady! Forgive—" rang out together, as Storm swayed, clutched the steel that stood out of her breast with both hands, and opened her eyes at last.

"My apologies, both of you. Something . . . linked to me took hold for a moment. No blame to you, Belkram."

Storm smiled at them, but the two Harpers were staring at her as if she had suddenly become a ghost, or a dragon. Her eyes were two dancing flames of blue-white fire, and more flames crackled in her mouth as she spoke. Her hands moved down Belkram's blade, and in their wake blue-white fire danced along the steel. The ranger felt a tingling in his hand that grew suddenly into a painful burning. Without thought, he let go of his blade.

Slowly Storm drew it out of herself, blazing with that cold, silent blue-white fire from end to end. She laid a hand on her breast, and flames licked between her fingers. Then she smiled and glided forward easily to hand the blade hilt-first to Belkram. She did not move as if she were hurt.

Wondering, Itharr asked, "Are you—all right, Lady?"

Storm nodded. "I am." The fire in her eyes was dying down, and she looked almost herself again.

Belkram felt the eerie tingling spread up his arm from the blade he held and said quietly, "Lady, I am sorry. It was as you said; I could not stop in time. But you have shown us both that you can, time and time again now. I have never seen your like in battle—and hope not to again. Tell me, if you will: Are you a mage, also?"

Storm shook her head. "I am a bard, and no more." She spread out her hand and looked at the fading blue-white glow with interest. "This is not of my doing. It was what—caught me, and gave us all this scare." She raised eyes to them both that were normal again, but suddenly somber, and added, "Let us bathe, and then go in for wine and talk. I have no more stomach for fighting this day."

"Aye," the men agreed together, and put away their swords. Belkram had slid his half into its scabbard before he remembered Storm's blood and hastily pulled it out. A sword must never go away wet, lest it rust, and this blade had traveled long and far with him. Yet, to wipe it clean in front of the very lady one has just wounded with it. . .

Storm saw his look, and laughed. "No need, Belkram. See?" She caught hold of his blade with two deft fingers and turned it. Light flashed along its length. It was shining clean, and glowed faintly blue, as if freshly oiled. "It will never rust now," Storm said softly. Both men looked at her without speaking.

Storm looked back at them. "It has tasted Mystra's fire," she explained, and then undid her leather jacket and peeled it unconcernedly off. Her skin, beneath, was unmarked—there was no sign of the bloody wound that should have been there, that should have drained her life away.

The Harpers stared and then quickly looked away, with muttered apologies. One does not stare at a lady so. They were another six steps toward the stream before they realized that no sweat had glistened on her skin—that, too, must have been burned away.

They were very quiet as they stripped to bathe in the stream with her, and they kept a respectful distance. One does not speak loudly or appear overly bold when walking with one who might be a goddess. Storm tried to put them at their ease with light talk, but dared not tell the two men what had really happened to her in the clearing. And so another legend of Storm Silverhand was born.

—from *Elminster's Doom*

Storm is a chaotic good human female 22nd-level bard of STR 18/27, DEX 17, CON 16, INT 15, WIS 15, CHA 15, and 74 hp. Despite what she told the two Harpers, she has also been a 9th-level mage, a 7th-level fighter, and a 5th-level thief. Her usual AC is -1, and she stands a striking, well-muscled 6 feet 2 inches tall, her silver hair spilling down to the backs of her knees. As the preceding scenes show, nudity does not bother Storm—in fact, about all that does is the unhappiness of others.

Storm's work to make folk safe and happy has made her famous across Faerûn, but she was once (a long time ago) a selfish, rebellious youngling. Storm enthusiastically plunged into the life of an adventurer in those days, and learned some hard lessons in her early years. She tends to be sympathetic to youths who feel harshly treated by parents, neighbors, rulers, and the gods in general.

Mystra admires Storm's buoyant spirit and zest for life, and she has often whisked Storm away from certain death. She is further pleased by the fact that Storm has not come to expect such rescues, or exalt herself because of them. (Mystra usually manifests in these cases as a brilliant blue mist that absorbs or turns back hostile magic, or teleports the Bard of Shadowdale away)

These days, Storm serves as den mother to Harpers who are based in Shadowdale. Her infrequent adventuring forays are almost all Harper business.

As a legacy of her early adventuring days (when dealings with thieves' guilds and shady



wizards were frequent), Storm is an expert at detecting deceptions. Though she has no magical powers in this regard, there is a 65% chance that any lies uttered in her hearing by someone she's acquainted with, or regarding a person or situation she knows something about, will ring false to her.

The Sisters all have private names known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in messages and communication and guardian magics, so the Sisters can recognize each other without breaking any disguises. Storm's true-name is "Esheena."

Although she avoids spell battle whenever possible, Storm tries to always be ready for it, carrying all the spells she can as her up-my-sleeve secret. As a bard of her exalted level, she is in the rare position of having outstripped her spellcasting skills as a wizard. Her favorite spells include *magic missile*, *spider climb*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *dimension door*, *minor creation*, *teleport*, and *anti-magic shell*.

Storm usually wears leather armor, *bracers of defense AC 2*, a *cloak* and *boots of elvenkind*, a *silver ring of protection +2*, a *ring of spell storing* (containing the spells *detect invisibility*, *dispel magic*, *tongues*, and *wizard eye*), an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and a tiara whose powers duplicate those of a *ring of fire resistance*. At her belt, she bears a silver-plated long sword that is actually a *luck blade +1* (with one wish left), two *potions of extra-healing*, a *potion of invisibility*, and an *elixir of health*, all in stainless steel vials. The buckle of her favorite belt combines the powers of a *ring of feather falling* and a *ring of warmth*, and its intricate edge-carving conceals three fold-out lockpicks and a curved, razor-sharp blade that has a fingernail-groove so that it can be swung out, into action, easily. Storm has used this hidden feature more than once to cut ropes bound about her wrists.

Storm also owns a suit of *elfin chain mail +2*, some enchanted weapons, and several magical harps that she uses only when expecting battle or a Harper gathering. As a senior Harper, she

can quickly get her hands on several caches of magic and riches if need be. The sourcebook *FOR4 Code of the Harpers* reveals the power of another ring Storm often wears—a *contingency* that can whisk her (or her remains) away to a refuge.

Storm's Powers

Long ago, Alustriel and Laeral protected Storm in preparation for a duel against Iyachtu Xvim, the Godson of Bane (a duel she won, earning his eternal enmity) with a *spell reversal* and *permanency*, so that to this day four specific spells do not harm her. Instead, these spells heal her or give her extra hit points equal to the damage they would have done; these extra hit points disappear after one day. The four spells are *magic missile*, *lightning bolt*, *ice storm*, and *chain lightning*. Storm is also immune to natural lightning damage, and she loves to stand out in storms, lashed by the wind and rain. Her habit of doing so as soon as she could toddle is the origin of her first name.

Like all the Chosen, Storm is also immune to a wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate these spells, but not all spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way. Storm is immune to *charm person*, *misdirection*, *fireball*, *fear*, *feeblemind*, *death spell*, *finger of death*, *power word blind*, and *meteor swarm*.

In common with the other magically gifted Chosen, Storm also has bonus spells she need not study. When she casts them, they return to her mind through Mystra's grace 24 hours (144 turns) later. She needs no material components to cast these, and they do not count as part of her roster when she is memorizing spells. Storm's bonus spells are *identify*, *ESP*, *water breathing*, *stoneskin*, *teleport*, and *legend lore*.

As a fighter, Storm specialized in the use of the long sword (she gains an additional +1 on attack and damage rolls with her *luck blade*). Her thief abilities (augmented by her career as a



bard) are pick pockets 95%; open locks 95%; find/remove traps 95%; hide in shadows 53%; move silently 95%; detect noise 95%; climb walls 95%; and read languages 90%.

What Folk Think of Storm

Storm is loved (if not quite as revered) as much as her sister Alustriel, and by a wider selection of folk across the Realms than Alustriel, from sprites and korred to the haughtiest of elves. She has what amounts to a cult following among the elves of Evereska, who follow her exploits the way some folk enjoy the deeds of a gladiatorial or other sports team.

Storm is held up as role model by parents all over the Dalelands and Sword Coast north—and her many kindnesses and carefree merriment keep her legend growing, as do the ballads young and smitten Harpers write about her and the fame her own songs bring. Few living folk in the Realms are as famous as the Bard of Shadowdale—and very few who enjoy such fame stay as humble and helpful as Storm Silverhand. When it is harvest time, she is likely to show up at farm after farm around Shadowdale to pitch in and work (for free) alongside the owners. Since the death of her sister Syluné, Storm is also seen as the local folk healer and herbalist by the folk of Shadowdale, who bring their injured and sick to her. No matter what the hour, Storm greets them with a smile and gentle hand. The children love her as they love all adults who play with them, take time to listen to them, and treat them as equals.

Storm also has her enemies, of course—but these are individuals who have earned her hatred, or who oppose the Harpers on principle. Few people in the Realms think of her with other than admiration.

What Angers Storm

Storm has a grim, get-even temper most often kindled by the Zhentarim, but also roused by

swindlers, thieves, and all who despoil the land. In particular, careless travelers who set woods alight with their fires have set her off in the past. Storm has been known to use magic to contain such blazes—and to plant those responsible in the heart of the flames for a terrifying minute or two.

Storm is also infuriated by any ruler who acts maliciously and cruelly; the simple *stupidity* of kings makes her sigh, not grow angry. She works to bring about the downfall of those she considers unfit to rule, and to influence or educate those she feels can be rescued. She is looking askance at Maalthiir of Hillsfar and the more corrupt merchants of Sembia at the moment, and she is also cultivating behind-the-scenes friendships with Azoun of Cormyr and his heirs.

Storm opposes anyone who deliberately oppresses others or tries to make other beings fearful or unhappy. In her view, the misuse of authority is one of the greatest of crimes.

What Pleases Storm

Storm loves to make people happy—from young and old commoners to those overburdened with the cares of ruling a kingdom or keeping a farm solvent in a bad season. It brings a smile to her face to see someone else delighted, set at ease, or moved to speak longingly of their personal dreams. She sees helping folk a step or two closer to achieving their dreams as the work she was destined to do—and Mystra seems to agree. In some ways Storm is a simple soul, but folk as kind and at the same time as capable as her are truly rare.

Daily Doings

As a Harper leader, Storm is always busy. Sometimes her work involves adventuring forays (usually with Elminster), but she spends more of her time training or advising Harpers who come to her. In effect, she leads the eastern,



more independent, free-spirited branch of the Harpers, just as the Lady Cylyria Dragonbreast in Berdusk does the main, formal, western branch of the Harpers.

Through Jhessail and Illistyl of the Knights of Myth Drannor and the Lady Shaerl Rowanmantle of Shadowdale (via many late-night chat and gaming sessions), Storm also works constantly to be familiar with both the doings of the Knights and the government of Shadowdale. She uses these friendships and the information they bring her to influence the Knights and the Shadowdale government to further her own aims, when necessary.

Storm is the true ruler of the Shadowdale area. The ever-present threat of Elminster's power keeps at bay Maalthiir of Hillsfar, various ambitious Zhentarim, self-interested merchants of Sembia and Cormyr looking to plunder Myth Drannor or take over the verdant backwater of Shadowdale, and others who would like to remove her.

Storm spends her days seeing to her crops, planning plantings and the defensive enchantments of her farm with her spectral sister Syluné, doing Harper work, and pursuing her own plans for Shadowdale. She wants to make Shadowdale and its vicinity an area that welcomes elves, treants, druids, and other beings who love (and want to dwell in) vibrant woodlands. She is working with Mourngrym, Lord of Shadowdale, to confine woodcutting to the northwestern (Daggerdale) border of Shadowdale and to permit only one other significant clearance of local woods for the construction of a good road linking Shadowdale with Mistedale. She sees such a road following the route of the current trail on the eastern bank of the Ashaba, with its southern end being served by a good inn—an inn run by Harpers, of course. The Shadow Stag is not built yet, but a secretive team of Harpers is preparing for its eventual provisioning and seeing to details of its layout and construction.

Within Shadowdale proper, Storm would like

to see only enough general farming to support local food needs and have the rest of the land put to use growing special crops of the most highly prized foodstuffs for the tables of Sembia, Cormyr, Hillsfar, Westgate, and the Vast. To spread the wealth around and to rotate plantings to keep the land rich, the Shadowdale farmers would have to agree on the agricultural organization of Shadowdale at a council chaired by Lord Mourngrym. Although many local farmers like the idea, none wants to be the first to risk changing from traditional farming to Storm's newfangled plan, so Storm spends a lot of time selling them her vision of Shadowdale's green, growing future.

Whatever spare time Storm has from these pursuits is used to direct Harpers who are exploring ruined Daggerdale, slaughtering the roving monsters they find, and planning a way-fortress on the road between Shadow Gap and Shadowdale—a community that will be the basis for a revitalized Daggerdale. Randal Morn (rightful lord of the Daggerdale) has some reservations about abandoning the traditional seats of power in his realm, but sees the wisdom of Storm's plans. He and his trusted aides frequently slip into and out of Shadowdale in disguise to confer with Storm. (These aides include a lady named Shree, the shapechanging sorceress of Spiderhaunt Wood, who is a magical human-doppelganger half-breed and Randal Morn's intimate companion, and Talath Hawk-sund, a Harper ranger Storm trained, who has become the love of Randal Morn's sister Silver Morn.)

If any scraps of spare time remain in her days after all of these pursuits, Storm is apt to use them either composing songs with her harp up on Harper's Hill or dallying with Lhaeo in Elminster's Tower. Children of Shadowdale have been known to sneak up through the woods to eavesdrop on the former activity—but none of them have ever dared to approach the Old Mage's Tower to spy on the latter doings—and neither shall we.



Syluné, the most misunderstood of the Seven, has always been a kindly, polite, wise woman known by those who wrongly feared her as “the Witch of Shadowdale” when she lived. She is now known as “the Ghost Witch” by those who have heard rumor of her continued existence beyond death. She sacrificed herself in spectacular fashion, dying under dragonfire in the Year of the Worm (1356 DR) as she broke her *staff of the magi* in a retributive strike to kill the beast that was killing her, an ancient red dragon. She died as she had lived, defending her beloved Shadowdale. Some folk say the Dale grew into the sort of community that would attract Elminster to dwell in solely because of her. Certainly, it would not exist at all, save as shunned ruins overgrown by the forest, were it not for her influence with the Elven Court.

When she lived, Syluné was a wise, sometimes stern, but usually kind and soft-spoken woman. She was a dispenser of herbs, philters, medicines, and advice to all who stopped by her hut near the millpond at the western end of Shadowdale.

Today she is a spectral harpist. This is a special sort of undead who were once Harpers (described fully in *FOR4 Code of the Harpers*), but Syluné is in many ways unique even as a spectral harpist. Something of what the Witch of Shadowdale is today can be gleaned from the following scene.

Sweat glistened on bare, knot-muscled shoulders as Storm Silverhand greeted the morn. A bastard sword with a blade as broad as a man’s hand glinted blue and deadly in the rising light as it spun and leaped in her hands. Storm wore only boots, tattered and patched riding leathers and breeches, and huge metal war gauntlets. She grunted from time to time as she twisted, lunged, and danced, fencing with shadows. When she was breathing heavily, Storm paused, leaned on her blade, and called softly, “Vethril! Vethril—battle, sister!”

In the round-windowed room under the eaves, her two Harper guests awoke as Storm’s soft words floated in through the open window. Belkram and Itharr yawned,

rubbed their eyes, stretched, and winced. Both were as sore as old saddle horses after a hard ride. Their eyes met ruefully. Gods, did the woman never rest?

She had talked late into the night, matching them flagon for flagon, and they had fallen asleep listening to her sing soft, sad lullabies of lost Myth Drannor as she swept and washed up. Now she was up and about in the dawn, after a day of battle that would leave most men stiff and numb for half a day after—and that wound . . .

Perhaps it was this beautiful house, and the Dale beyond. Harpers, who tend to be folk of the open road, can seldom relax and rarely sleep without a blade to hand. This place was a refuge, a rare opportunity to let go for two men who had a lot of sleep to catch up on.

Nonetheless, they were Harpers. At the first clash of steel, they were up, barely clothed but with swords ready in their hands, and rushing to the window. Their jaws dropped together.

Outside, the half-naked Bard of the Blade, silver hair swirling about her, was fighting a ghost. A hard-to-see, translucent, utterly silent figure swung a very real, black-bladed battle axe. When it met the great bastard sword Storm wielded, sparks flew from the force of the blows.

The two men drank in the sight of Storm’s magnificence for a breath, then stared hard at the opponent that was not there. Then they exchanged glances, and whistled soundlessly. The fighting down there was fast. Like their combat in the glade yesterday, it was obviously friendly—no one was striking to slay. But as those huge weapons flashed and spun, crashed together and bobbed about in the hands of their dodging, dancing wielders, the Harpers were struck by just how fast the two women were going at it. Perhaps their own work, yesterday, had looked like that—they had been far too busy to watch.

Two women? Yes—for the ghost, if that was what it was, was a slim, long-haired woman in a gown. Shorter than Storm, she looked very like the Bard of Shadowdale in features, build, and moves.

The two men could see right through her, but from time to time, as she moved, her features grew clearer and more solid. This seemed to happen when emotion rose—when the silent figure flashed an exultant grin, let loose a delighted, soundless laugh, or grimaced in remorse at a missed chance or bad bit of weapon-wielding. She seemed solid, too. As they watched, Storm leaped up, slashing the axe aside with her own blade, and crashed down upon the ghostly figure with knees high—and there was an audible thump as they fell to the trodden turf together.

Itharr leaned out the window to see what happened as the axe leaped skyward again and there was a clanging flurry of blows. His naked sword grated for an instant on the windowframe.

The silent figure stared up in terror and melted away in an instant, the axe falling. Storm batted it away with her



blade, but not fast enough to avoid taking a long slice as its blade caught on one forearm and slid past.

She shook her head, smiling up at the two Harpers ruefully, and said, "Fair morn, men. I can't seem to avoid getting cut open when you're around." Clapping a hand to the welling blood, she asked, "A little practice? Or dawnfry first?"

"Uh—food first, if that's your pleasure, lady," Belkram managed, trying not to stare. "Errh—who *was* that?"

Storm took up the axe in the crook of her arm and started for the door beneath them. "Come down, and I'll tell," she called.

Hastily pulling on boots and breeches, the two Harpers went down. They brought their swords with them—because they were, after all, Harpers. The kitchen was as cool and inviting as it had been yesterday.

"Well met," Storm grinned, muscling a cauldron of soup off the hearth, an apron wrapped around her hands to ward off burns. Wordlessly Itharr went to her, and turned up her arm. A long white scar there was fading already. He raised his eyebrows.

Storm gestured with her chin at a shelf behind him, under the stairs they had descended. "Healing potions there, if you need them."

Belkram cleared his throat. "Lady, at the risk of seeming a complete idiot, I'd like to ask you to tell us whatever you care to about what we just saw—and for that matter, what happened yesterday."

Storm waved them to seats, whipping warm bread from a hearth pan, and said, "Of course. One of my customs is to limber up, of mornings, with the heaviest blade I can comfortably swing." She cast a fond glance at the great bastard sword. The two men looked at it leaning against the wall from close up, and both raised their eyebrows at its length and evident weight. "From time to time, I call on a sparring partner, whom you saw."

"A ghost?"

"If you like. A soul who dwells here with me and can materialize for short periods. The rest of the time, she is my watchguard—if ever you have a message for me, and can't find me here, speak it aloud, and she'll usually make some sign—moving a chair, for instance—that she's heard. She's handy that way, scaring off thieves."

Itharr nodded slowly. "I can imagine." He looked all around. "She's here all the time?"

Storm nodded. "She doesn't like to show herself to any but me, and I don't like to reveal her to others. I came up to wake you two—with a kiss and a hot mug of bitterroot, as I did yestermorn—and you both slept right on. That's never failed before," she grinned again, "so I thought you were safely snoring for a bit, and called her."

Belkram rolled his eyes at her comment and her grin. Itharr nodded again, and then said, raising his voice only a little, "Ah—well met, Vethril! I'm sorry we—broke into things. You swing a mean axe."

A little chill went down his spine as a feminine mouth and chin seemed to appear in the air before him for a moment, over the table, and smile. Then it was gone. Belkram stared at where it had been for a long moment, and then said, "Yes. Well. Lady, will you tell us about yesterday?"

Storm nodded, not smiling now, and said, "Something happened. Something very important, something that wisdom forbids me to tell you about. Something that, as you know, is connected with Mystra. All I can say about that is—beware magic for some time to come. It may go awry in strange ways from time to time. More than that—the days ahead are a time for all to be wary and ready for trouble. It is all too likely to come."

Storm sighed and broke off a large chunk of bread in her long, strong fingers. Itharr looked from them to the gauntlets and back again. Then his gaze drifted up her torso—to be caught and held by Storm's own eyes. She was not smiling, and her eyes held both men as if on two dark swordpoints. Her voice, when it came, was very soft.

"There is more. For the next little while, the most important being in the entire Realms is the archmage Elminster of Shadowdale. He must be aided and watched at all times by every Harper—so spread the word. He *must* be kept alive, and he might not be able to use, or rely on, his magic much. We must guard him as if he was a defenseless child. Nothing you do in your lives, gentlemen, is likely to be half so important as this. Believe me."

Deep silence fell, and lasted five long breaths before Itharr shivered. They all stirred, then, and Storm smiled at them again.

"That reminds me," she said briskly, "that we'd best go and see Elminster. So break bread, men, and let's be washed up and done."

"Ah," Belkram said, eyeing her, "can we get dressed first? You seem used to going about near unclad and all, but. . ."

They all chuckled, and Storm rose and took down the leathers she had worn the day before from a drying rack amid the beams low overhead.

Itharr looked up at her, and then said softly, "Vethril? Vethril, are you near?"

The empty chair beside him turned by itself. Itharr nodded and said, "That's your truename, isn't it?" Silence gave him reply. He drew a deep breath and said, "Well, I think it is. And you are friend—no, sister"—he heard a sharp intake of breath, from nearby—"to a fellow Harper. Know, then, that my truename is Olanshin, and I would be pleased to know thee."

Belkram nodded at the formal words, and added, "And mine, unseen lady, is Kelgarh. Well met."

Itharr was startled, then, to feel the touch of soft, cold lips upon his cheek, and then wetness. But he was a strong



man, and a Harper, and did not flinch or bring his hands up, but only smiled.

He did not wipe the tears from his cheek. Storm looked at him with an expression of thanks and pride that Itharr would remember to the end of his days, and said huskily, "And mine, friends, is, I fear, not mine to give. If I could, know you that I would."

Belkram nodded. "We understand," he said, rising from the table with the dishes in his hands. "Mystra forbids."

Storm looked at the empty air. "Truly, sister," she said with a smile, "we've two good ones, this time."

The reply, when it came, startled them all—a hissing, ghostly whisper. "You'll need them," was all that Vethril said.

When they were out on the Dale road later, walking toward the junction that would take them to Elminster's Tower, Itharr turned to Storm and asked quietly, "That's your sister Syluné, isn't it?"

Storm smiled, and nodded, and Itharr saw that her eyes were suddenly bright with tears. "What's left of her," she said, very softly.

—from *Elminster's Doom*

In life, Syluné Silverhand was a neutral good human female 22nd-level mage (and 2nd-level fighter) of STR 13, DEX 17, CON 18, INT 18, WIS 16, CHR 15, and 77 hp. As a spectral harpist, she has an AC of 4, cannot be turned or dispelled in Shadowdale, and appears as a disembodied voice, translucent wraith, or ghostly gray form 5 feet 9 inches in height. If dispelled elsewhere, Syluné is dissipated for 2d12 days, but can freely reform thereafter. While she is dissipated, there is no known means of contacting—or harming—her.

Syluné's movements in her current form are limited to Storm's farm, a 90-foot radius from any Chosen she chooses to accompany, or up to 90 feet distant from any foundation stone of her hut, even if the stone is picked up and moved (she can cross the Realms if another being carries one of these stones and accompanies her). She has a THAC0 of 11 and a chilling touch attack that inflicts 2d4 points of damage. She retains the magical powers granted to her as one of the Chosen, along with her own diligently acquired knowledge of magic, so she can train others in the ways of spellcasting and crafting magics. She can also cast all wizard spells that do not require the caster to be alive—though in

some situations, vital material components may be out of her reach or beyond her ability to properly manipulate. She is steadily modifying all of her spells into verbal—only forms (or, when possible, those enacted by silent act of will alone), borrowing from dragon magic or devising the spell modifications by experiment.

Syluné's Powers

Like all of the Chosen, Syluné is immune to one wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate such spells, but not all spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way Syluné is immune to *charm person*, *web*, *hold person*, *wall of fire*, *feeblemind*, *disintegrate*, *power word stun*, *power word blind*, and *power word kill*. Some of these are not much use to her in her undead state, but they cannot be altered save by Mystra—and the Mother of All Magic has not done so.

Syluné also retains the bonus spells that are one of Mystra's gifts to her Chosen. She need not study these spells, and if she casts them, they return to her mind by Mystra's grace 24 hours (144 turns) later. She needs no material components nor physical solidity to cast these. Syluné's bonus spells are *mending*, *ESP*, *dispel magic*, *charm monster*, *major creation*, *reincarnation*, *spell turning*, *polymorph any object*, and *time stop*.

Syluné decided she could best serve Mystra by settling down in one spot and nurturing a community there, so that common folk could see that magic could be used to aid them, not just as a bludgeoning weapon. In time, she hoped that her home could become a center of magical learning. Mystra agreed, and Syluné explored the Realms for some centuries, learning mastery of magic when she could, and ultimately chose Shadowdale to settle in. She married Aumry, Lord of the Dale, and set about defending her adopted community.



Syluné traveled the Realms learning magic from many hermits—druids and priests as well as liches and mages. What she could not wield herself, she determined at least to learn all about. These jaunts gave her a wide circle of acquaintances among the powerful human and demihuman wielders of magic in Faerûn. She even (in disguise) dwelt among the mages of Thay for a time, and she later trained with the Witches of Rashemen. She also visited Kara-Tur on many occasions. (She once said of the magic of that far eastern land, “It’s more effete but not more effective than ours. If the wu-jen mages of Kara-Tur were half as good as they think they are, western realms would have cause to be humble—or fearful.”)

In her travels, Syluné found and used the *scepter of Savras*, which contained the essence of the god Savras the All-Seeing, who had been defeated by Azuth long ago. It allowed the wielder to work infallible divination magic of all sorts. One simply indicated the desired knowledge, and the *scepter* went about gaining all information it could on the subject. The *scepter* could also *identify* objects by touch (as the wizard spell, but without any debilitating effects to the wielder).

Savras was always seeking to break free of his prison, and he subliminally (as the Spirit of the Scepter) permanently granted Syluné the abilities of a weredragon. She could take the shape of a mature adult silver dragon at will, acquiring all dragon powers and abilities. This ability enabled Syluné to hold herself together when destroyed by dragonfire and become a spectral harpist (of sorts). Also because of this, once a year for up to seven hours, Syluné can solidify into the form of a mature adult silver dragon and use all of its powers. She is keeping this as secret as possible. Even some of the Seven do not know about it.

Syluné willingly surrendered the *scepter* to Azuth upon his request after she used it to uncover some secrets of the doings of the gods that Mystra deemed it better for mortals not to



Syluné, the Witch of Shadowdale



know. In return, Azuth has watched over Syluné from time to time, and since her death he—does so constantly. Any concerted effort to destroy her spectral form now results in the following manifestation of Azuth: A dry male human voice says, “‘Twould be wise to desist from harming the lady” and a white, glowing, upright Hand of Azuth (a manifestation of the god) appears floating in midair and outlined with a shimmering silver aura. This Hand has its forefinger extended to point. If the peril to Syluné does not cease instantly, two lightning bolts leap from that pointing finger per round, targeting any beings present who have attacked or menaced Syluné, until six bolts have erupted. After the sixth bolt, the Hand moves to touch Syluné’s wraithlike form, restoring it to full hit points, and then fades away

Syluné is perhaps the shrewdest of all Mystra’s Chosen. She can judge the essential nature of beings with awe-inspiring accuracy. This has allowed her to correctly anticipate everything from complex series of reactions to future events most of the time. This faculty that won her a reputation as a seer and led to suspicions among many clergy, Harpers, Red Wizards, and Zhentarim that she had been given some sort of prophetic gift by Mystra. This was unfortunately not so, and since her movements are now limited, her ability to get to know beings and organizations is severely curtailed. This will doubtless increase her errors in prophecy as time goes on, as beings she has correctly judged disappear, die, or change. However, Syluné is still a master of manipulative strategies, anticipation, and the perception of critical or weak points. She is perhaps the most able unknown general the Realms has ever known.

The Sisters all have private truenames known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in messages and communication and guardian magics, so the Sisters can recognize each other without dropping disguises. As

revealed in previous scene, Syluné’s truename is “Vethril.”

What Folk Think of Syluné

Loved in Shadowdale but feared elsewhere as a dangerous witch during her life (partially due to dark rumors spread by the Zhentarim), Syluné is thought dead by most of Faerûn, though disquieting rumors of her undeath are now spreading. The Harpers revere Syluné as a teacher and kind, ever-vigilant guardian. She tends to watch over Shadowdale as a never-sleeping sentinel, informing Mourn-grym, Storm, or the Knights of any Zhentarim activities (or other fell deeds) she sees. She also serves the Harpers as an expert reference source about magically mighty beings she met during her travels.

She has been known to accompany some Harpers—particularly young, lone females who might well soon come into contact with folk Syluné knew when alive—on adventures all over the Realms by bidding them carry a fragment of stone from her hut, and having Elminster cast a *contingency* on her that whisks her back to him or to Storm if the stone is parted from the Harper, the Harper is slain, or the stone breaks. (If such a sorely wounded Harper were still conscious, Syluné would bid her shatter the stone, freeing Syluné to reappear in Shadowdale and summon aid.) On such journeys, Syluné serves as an ever-vigilant night watch over the sleeping Harper, an invisible guide, advisor, and confidant, and (sometimes) a rescuer. In her wraithlike form, Syluné can spiral tightly around a falling man-sized being and slow the Harpers as if she or he were affected by a *feather fall* spell. Doing this drains Syluné of 4d4 hit points of her un-life energies.

Syluné can also read or trace *explosive runes*, *glyphs*, and *symbols* without triggering them. As she recognizes the exact powers of most of these, she can readily warn beings of the pres-



ence and properties of such magics. She also has a slim (29%) chance of sensing cursed items or waiting magical traps by their enchanted “feel” without triggering them.

What Angers Syluné

Cruel meddlings in the affairs of simple folk (such as the many Zhent attacks on Shadowdale and the Flight of Dragons that killed Syluné herself) still infuriate this silent Sister. She believes there are no worse villains in all Toril than those beings who have the ability to work magic and habitually use it to harm or oppress others. Mages should be responsible in every sense for the ways in which they employ magic. And in Syluné’s view, they also have the duty to use it to aid those who do not.

What Pleases Syluné

Syluné delights in performing and observing acts of kindness, and in seeing her beloved Shadowdale grow stronger and more prosperous. She takes a great satisfaction in seeing clear evidence of her aims being carried out—for example, when young and energetic Harpers leap to carry out her will or follow her advice. Words of thanks from folk brighten her visibly.

Daily Doings

Syluné spends much of her time now watching over things in the few places she can reach. Some of these things are as mundane as plants she has planted (and tends) in Storm’s garden and elsewhere—and others are as important as the minds and ease of important rulers of the Realms.

With the aid of her sister Alassra, Syluné recently perfected a spell activated by will alone—a modification of both the *teleport* and *gemjump* spells she has long been familiar with (*gemjump* is detailed in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS*



Adventures book). She carries this spell with her at all times when she is tangible, on a small plaque that depends on a chain and usually is stored in her bodice. Copies of the spell are also hidden at the various destinations the spell can take her to, usually in locations only a being able to fly and pass through narrow openings can reach. This 6th-level *improved stone teleport* wizard spell can whisk her from the presence of one stone (or stone fragment) taken from the burnt foundations of her hut to the locale of another, and her spectral form can then move up to 90 feet distant from each stone.

Known locations of such stones from her hut’s foundation are her ruined hut, several spots around Storm’s farm, the bedchamber shared by Lord Mourngrym and Lady Shaerl in the Tower of Ashaba in Shadowdale, one of the antechambers to King Azoun’s bedchamber in the Palace in Suzail, Vangerdahast’s study in that same Palace, the kitchen of Elminster’s



Tower in Shadowdale, an inner chamber of Twilight Hall in Berdusk, little-used rooms deep in both the old and the new Vault of the Sages (two libraries) in the city of Silverymoon, and certain undisclosed locations in the cities Everlund and Waterdeep. Almost all of these stones were planted by Harper agents, and usually they are well concealed by being worked into—or lightly buried beneath—a stone wall or floor.

By means of this spell Syluné can confer with many important folk—or stand silently and invisibly eavesdrop on them. On one such occasion her spells saved the life of Azoun, who was snoring away contentedly and would never have evaded the magical flying daggers unleashed into his room by a would-be Zhentarim assassin. On another occasion, she learned of certain plans Vangerdahast wanted to employ against Mourngrym—plans she immediately set about thwarting. Azoun and Vangerdahast know of her ability to reach the chambers in their Palace. It is a measure of the respect in which they hold her that they have never done anything to prevent her manifestations nor ever attacked her spectral form. At least one palace servant has seen her, however, and rumors of the ghost lady who stands silently watching the king while he sleeps have spread in whispers around Suzail.

If she chooses, Syluné can remain invisible except when actually launching a spell. She is prudent enough to stay invisible most of the time, especially when in any location other than in the vicinity of a stone in Shadowdale, where the local folk have begun to accept her shade as a benevolent part of the local scenery. Syluné was well loved in life by many of the residents of Shadowdale as the midwife and healer who came to them when they needed her, always had time to chat and listen to their troubles, and gave them advice when Elminster, Storm, and even the druids of the Circle in earlier days were always too busy with grander schemes and adventures. For these folk, accepting her ghost as a friendly thing is not all that hard. Cer-

tain lonely older folk of the Dale still go and chat with her just as they did when she was alive. “Syluné always has time for me,” one of them explained to a wondering Harper—and she still does.

And this the key to understanding the much-misunderstood Witch of Shadowdale: Once she had settled in the Dale, she always had time for its lowest, slowest, ugliest, dirtiest, and poorest inhabitants, meeting all folk as equals. For that, the folk of the Dale will love her forever. The Dalesfolk respected her husband Aumry, but they *loved* her. They did whatever they could to please her because they could see that she was doing the same for them. And as Elminster once said, “Hurling down mountains? Shattering fortresses? Easy enough. Caring diligently for all the folk who come to you, day after moon after year, and keeping at it—that’s hard. Try it some time.”

It is apparent from this that Syluné loves people in all their variety and with all their shortcomings. When she is not listening to their troubles, she is teaching them to weave spells or adventure under the sign of the Harp, following the same philosophy she has: to work always for the betterment of peaceful folk everywhere. Deliberate misuse of power is the greatest crime in her eyes, and many a Harper has heard her say crisply, “And did you *think* before you acted? If not, why ever so? Those who act without thinking do the greatest harm of all!”

Long years of hard thinking have led Syluné herself to anticipate and work to avoid troubles as few folk in the Realms can. If she stops to play with a child, she already knows where all the sharp, pointed objects and chances of falling nearby are. If she sends a Harper into battle, she knows when and where best to strike for maximum effect and in maximum safety. And most important of all, she cares what happens to other folk in the Realms—a rare virtue, as many will attest, and an even rarer one among mages.



Most mysterious of the Seven, the seventh or “Dark Sister” is the focus of many fell rumors. As she is a drow, that is not surprising. Her character *is* a surprise, however. More than any of the other Sisters, Qilué, balanced between two free-spirited goddesses, is always conscious of her power and using it properly. Something of this sense of responsibility can be seen in the scene that follows.

They stopped when the moon first fell full and bright on the sacred stone, and they fought down their panting to sing in unison. The soft, almost droning, call to Eilistraee went out into the night as a gentle whisper—the way the Lady preferred to hear it.

And then the call echoed and came back to them from the darkness, strong and clear. The Lady had heard them.

Excited eyes looked to the one who led the dance, standing tall among them, her body slick with sweat. Qilué gathered their gazes with her eyes—great pools of darkness that always seemed to glow—and without a word led the worshipers into another dance.

Sweat on smooth, jet-black limbs glistened in the moonlight as the assembled drow followed their priestess in the measures of a slow, stately pattern—unaware, all of them, of the furious scrutiny of a spell-shielded intruder.

The mage Tanarhil of the Towers was deeply shocked. Drow! Dancing in a moonlit forest clearing as bold as you please, less than a day’s easy ride from Waterdeep! How *dare* they!?

The cold thought occurred to him that the dark elves must have grown strong indeed to walk the surface of Faerûn so openly. To act now might well mean his own death. Yet, just as surely as he saw breathtakingly beautiful limbs moving in fluid grace below, he knew they danced to further some sort of fell ritual. His duty was clear.

Tanarhil drew a deep breath, raised his staff, and unleashed a storm of fire into the dell, striding swiftly forward to smite survivors with more fire before they could escape or work magic against him. Everyone knew drow wielded deadly sorcery.

Moonlight fell on him as he pushed forward—and stumbled to a shocked halt. Drow faces turned to glare as his firebolts flared up and then vanished, one by one, as they struck unseen magical shields.

Nay, one shield. The dying radiances raced back in a webwork of force lines to one tall woman—who strode to confront him with fearless grace. Her magic had prevailed. His attack had harmed not a single dark elf.

Tanarhil swallowed and raised his staff as the woman advanced, her hands empty. She was unclad and weaponless, achingly beautiful—and utterly unafraid of him. He swallowed again, and hefted his staff. “Go from this place,” he said hastily, his voice rough with rising fear, “or be destroyed!”

The woman’s eyes held his like two deep wells, dragging his gaze away from her lithe curves—and making him suddenly very, very afraid.

The mage triggered his staff, calling on its most potent rending force. It thrummed loudly and seemed to burn, but instead of emitting a cone of howling devastation, it leapt from his grasp and blazed with sudden fire—cold, blue-white magical flames that twisted into the sign of Mystra, goddess of magic!

Mystra— a drow? Impossible! Breathless in awe, Tanarhil of the Towers felt himself drawn toward his staff, compelled by irresistible force, as the staff began to drift slowly away in midair in the direction of Waterdeep. The mage was dragged helplessly in its wake, stumbling over rocks and brush he could not bend to see, as the drow priestess said softly, “Begone from this place, wizard, in the name of Mystra.”

Tanarhil managed only one last, startled glance at her before he was towed off into the night.

Qilué watched him go in silence, as angry voices hissed, “You let him go!”

“Aye, you let him live, to tell others of us and this place! What foolishness is this?”

“Wait until he is well away from here, and then send a slaying spell after him!”

The faithful of Eilistraee crowded around her, faces indignant and angry, still glistening with the sweat of the dance.

“Well?” an older warrior-woman demanded, turning so moonlight outlined the scarred ruin human blades had made of her left side, to remind Qilué. “What will you do, then?”

“’Tis done, Veltheera. He is gone. ’Tis enough.”

“You’ll let him live?”

“Mystra demands it,” Qilué said quietly, turning back toward the sacred stone. An angry hand spun her around.

“Mystra?” Veltheera spat. “What of her? She has no say in *our* affairs!”

“The Most Holy Lady Eilistraee and Mystra have agreed on this,” Qilué replied gravely.

“What?!?” Incredulity and fury warred in Veltheera’s rising voice.

“Do you not believe me?” Qilué asked calmly. “All who doubt—look upon the Ladystone!” Her voice snapped out in sudden command, and all eyes followed her pointing arm.

The sacred, spell-guarded needle of rock glowed with sudden light—a light, all the drow knew, no mortal’s magic



could have caused. The light coiled and pulsed, and then the Sign of Mystra wrote itself slowly across the rock, glowing with inner radiance.

The drow watched in stunned silence, the air around them suddenly so heavy with magic that it stirred every hair on their bodies. And then the light changed, becoming somehow friendlier—and the sign of Eilistraee appeared. Some of the dancers trembled and went to their knees, but their priestess only smiled at both symbols, and then bowed deeply to the Ladystone.

The Signs blazed brightly at her, as if in answer, and she began to dance again, as if no mage had interrupted the ritual.

After a long, uneasy moment, the other faithful followed her once again.

Qilué Veladorn is high priestess of the Promenade of the Dark Maiden, a temple to Eilistraee that she founded near Skullport in the vast subterranean dungeon beneath the city of Waterdeep that is known as Undermountain. She is sometimes addressed by other drow of the temple as “the Chosen of the Chosen” (by which they mean foremost of themselves, the Chosen of Eilistraee—not the Chosen of Mystra). She is their leader and their inspiration: the embodiment of all that a mortal in the service of Eilistraee can hope to become.

Eilistraee is a little-known goddess. She is the dark elven deity of goodness, beauty, and light, patron of those drow who yearn to dwell on the surface world at peace with other races and to abandon the endless warfare, friendless feuds, and intrigues that dominate the lives of most drow of all faiths today. The worship of Eilistraee is detailed in *FOR2 Drow of the Underdark*.

Qilué is a strikingly beautiful chaotic good drow female 16th-level cleric of STR 14, DEX 18, CON, 16, INT 17, WIS 17, and CHR 18, with 92 hp and an AC of 6. She stands 6 feet tall and looks like any other imperious drow priestess save for her wild, dazzling beauty (as opposed to the sleek, well-groomed appearance of most sharp-featured drow priestesses) and her silver hair. Her hair cascades down her back to her ankles.

When not dancing to the goddess, she customarily wears a robe that flickers with a shifting, silvery glow. It combines the powers of a

minor globe of invulnerability with the automatic power to reflect back at the source the first spell (not of Qilué’s casting) of 7th level or greater that strikes the robe in every 12-hour period—in other words, after it turns back a spell, it does not so function again until 72 turns have passed.

The robe is linked to Qilué’s life force, and it instantly loses all its powers when not touching her. She can make the robe become invisible (revealing anything beneath it), glow with a faint *faerie fire*-like radiance (hue of her choice), or even emit faint mists that serve to cloak her identity or allow her to hide in shadows whenever she is standing motionless in a dark area. Qilué often uses this ability to stand unseen in various corners and passages in Skullport or even in Waterdeep, listening to what is going on around her. She has attended many nobles’ parties in this way with the hosts none the wiser, and learned many things. She has also used these powers of the robe to allow her to confer with human agents of her temple and sympathizers to her faith who dwell in the surface world.

Qilué never willingly dances when she is clothed, for Eilistraee is venerated by dancing unclad. Many folk in Skullport have been astonished by the sight of a nude drow lady dancing alone in a far-off cavern lit only by dim fungal radiances. Qilué sometimes deliberately shows herself in this way to lure drow of other faiths or of uncertain persuasion, or beings of other races whom Qilué wishes to talk to, to the temple.

Those foolish enough to attack the lone, unarmored dancer are advised that Qilué can summon an unsheathed *singing sword* (described in the “Magical Items of the Seven” chapter) into her hand at will. Summoning the sword in such a manner is a power bestowed by the goddess Eilistraee so that her Chosen need not be defenseless when dancing to worship her. Qilué also often carries a *blast scepter* (also detailed in the “Magical Items of the Seven” chapter) and a special *wand of magic missiles* that can unleash 6 missiles per round and is rumored to regenerate one of its 88 charges every hour. Both were looted from the riven tomb of an archmage of lost Netheril.

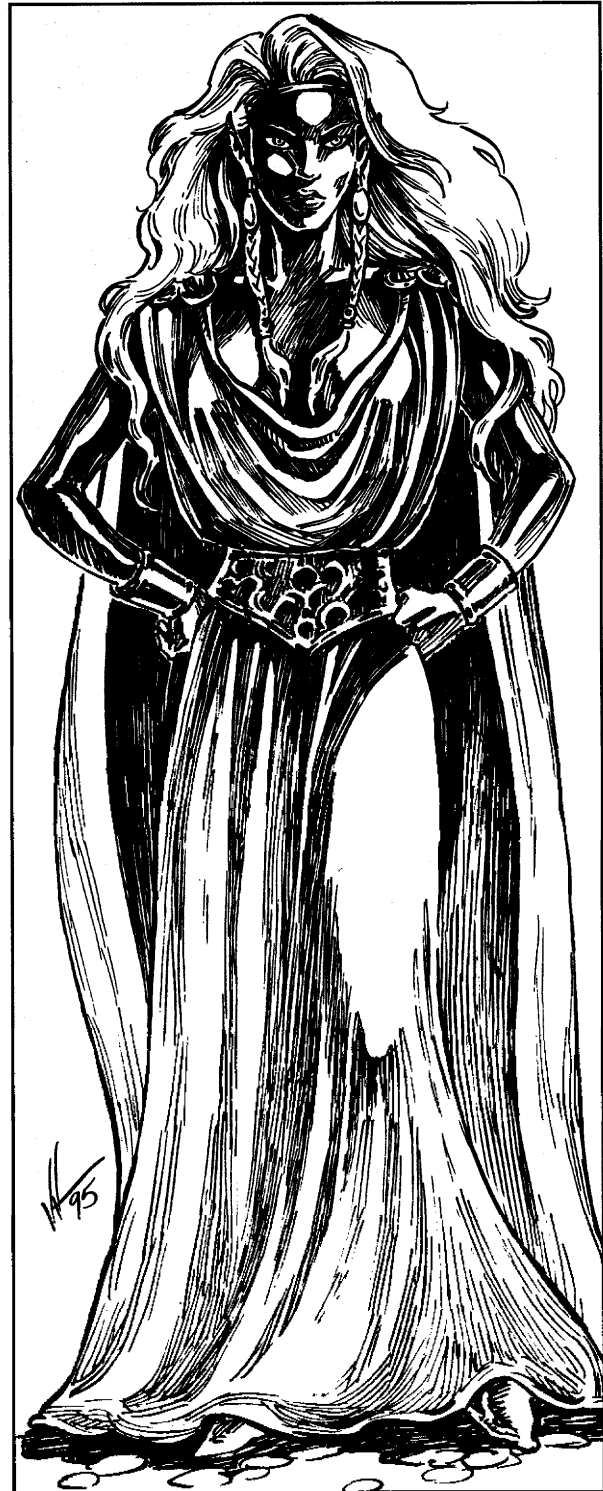


Though she is not slow to use her spells or weaponry when necessary, Qilué can usually avoid combat through the use of diplomacy. She has a firm, commanding manner, though she is usually gentle and warm. She has an impish streak that is usually betrayed by an uplifted eyebrow. She is an agent for both Mystra and Eilistraee, and often employs disguises. She has a lifelong history of adopting the shape of Laeral, impersonating her sister in order to play pranks or whenever she wants to taste human society, both in the service of the Two Who Watch (as she calls Eilistraee and Mystra when wryly weary of their directives) and for her own purposes. (Once, while she was pretending to be Laeral, she fooled one of her sister's lovers into revealing his treachery toward the human sorceress.)

If your campaign uses proficiencies, Qilué's known nonweapon proficiencies include artistic ability, dancing, direction sense, healing, several ancient languages, reading/ writing in several tongues, religion, rope use, swimming, spellcraft, and tumbling.

The Promenade temple was founded by Qilué, and her statue can be seen in the Cavern of Song at the heart of the temple complex. The folk of the temple both love and respect their leader. Temple folk include Eilistraee's Chosen and nondrow temple guards and workers. The ranks of these nondrow include adventurers who tired of the perils of Undermountain, and escaped slaves from Skullport.

Qilué directs all the temple folk in healing and protecting adventurers of all races, encouraging trade between the surface and the deep Realms, encouraging drow to travel between the surface and the deep Realms, and encouraging drow to turn from other beliefs—especially the veneration of Vhaeraun—and embrace the worship of the Dark Dancing Lady, Eilistraee. Travel is promoted because Qilué believes that the more drow who become familiar with the World Above, the weaker the cruel control of Lolth and Ghaunadar over her race.



Qilué Veladorn, High Priestess of the Promenade



Qilué's temple is unusual in that it is a stationary settlement located well underground. Most Chosen of Eilistraee dwell in caves, traveling from dark refuge to dark refuge by night on the surface world and worshiping their goddess by moonlight. This practice is the source of many human stories about seeing black-skinned elves dancing in a circle around a fire by night.

The Promenade exists because Eilistraee (in the form of a 9-foot-tall, stunningly beautiful drow maiden) appeared to Qilué when the Sister was only a child, commanding her to lead her playmates to aid nearby drow in need. The goddess armed all of the drow children with *singing swords* identical to the one Qilué can summon to her hand. These two dozen or so blades remain precious relics of the temple today.

Surrounded by the glowing aura of Eilistraee's favor, Qilué led her friends from their tiny, now-vanished drow settlement of Buiyrandyn in an attack on a temple of Ghaunadar. They hacked through countless slimes, oozes, and creeping things to reach the central hall, where Qilué embraced the largest amorphous horror of all—Ghaunadar itself. Eilistraee's power, bolstered by Mystra, flared forth from the child's body as ravaging fire that burned away at the drow elemental god until it opened a *portal* in desperation and fled for its life, much reduced in strength.

The Ghaunadar's remaining creatures fled, and the fire pouring from Qilué's body melted and sealed all the downward fissures and tunnels in the temple that they had used in their escapes. Then the child collapsed, and her playmates heard the voice of Eilistraee warning that Ghaunadar had only been defeated and would take revenge if they allowed it to return to this place of its power. The voice said, "You must make a stand here close to the surface world, and you must be ever vigilant against the return of Ghaunadar. For a mighty city of humans shall rise above this place, and if you are to make peace with humankind and your elven kin of the surface world, this place is best suited for you."

The children caused a rockfall that filled what

was left of the Pit of Ghaunadar, and they began patrolling the passages around it in an endless vigilance. These were undertakings mockingly called "promenades" by other drow, but the Chosen of Eilistraee proudly adopted the term. They were led by Qilué. When she regained her senses, the fires of the goddess had fled from her body, but she was marked by mature wisdom and a ready grasp of magic from that day forth.

For centuries the Chosen continued their watch, facing increasing attacks from denizens of the Underdark. These malicious attackers always knew where to find the Chosen and wait in ambush, and they were well acquainted with the fact that the Chosen had no permanent defenses. Wearying of the slaughter of her people, Qilué recently decreed that the Chosen should construct a permanent temple, choosing as its site the long-sealed Pit of Ghaunadar. As the temple expanded, the drow also found—and took over—an abandoned temple of Moander that had been desecrated by followers of Tyr.

Worshippers of Moander and Ghaunadar are now both enemies of the Promenade. They share a hatred of the temple with the slavers of Skullport and drow who adhere to other faiths.

Since it is often under attack, the Promenade hires adventurers from nearby Skullport to defend it and undertake expeditions to further its interests, paying such hirelings in gems. Those who consort with the Dark Ladies of the temple are not well regarded in Skullport, where folk fear and hate the "slave shelterers" of the temple. However, there seems to be no shortage of folk whose hunger for wealth is greater than their care for what folk think of them in Skullport.

The Promenade is located east and north of Skullport, and it touches on the river at three places. It is easily found by its location and by the sounds that issue from it. The Promenade houses full priestesses, called Dark Ladies; Maids, who are acolytes who have not yet been accepted into the faith or attained full priesthood; and the lay brethren, the adventurers and workers who may not even fully embrace the faith. Notable among



the lay brethren is the temple's excellent cook, the halfling Meryl Vyrmoth, known for her roast cockatrice in mushroom sauce.

Qilué's Powers

Mystra has given Qilué the power to disrupt the functioning of any magical items within 90 feet of her body. By silent will she can choose to entirely block particular items and leave others unaffected. Within this range, she can also use the charges or power of one item to augment the effects of another—the precise limits of this power are not yet known.

Like all of the Chosen, Qilué is also immune to one wizard spell of each level. This immunity includes magical item effects that duplicate such spells, but not all spells of the same school or type of effect. When these spells are used against her, they simply do not affect her in any way. Qilué is immune to *magic missile*, *web*, *lightning bolt*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *cone of cold*, *chain lightning*, *power word stun*, *sink*, and *imprisonment*.

By agreement between Mystra and Eilistraee, Qilué also has bonus spells that she need not study. If cast, they return to her mind by Eilistraee's grace 24 hours (144 turns) later. The Chosen of the Chosen does not need material components to cast these. They are *cure light wounds*, *charm person or mammal*, *dispel magic*, *neutralize poison*, *raise dead*, *blade barrier*, and *resurrection*.

Whenever Qilué is anywhere outside the temple, such as in Waterdeep or leading a dance on the surface at the sacred site mentioned in the passage of fiction, she wears a single *bracer* on her right forearm that is a sheath for a silver-plated *dagger +1*, and also functions as a *ring of spell storing*, except that it can hold six spells of any level. Crafted by three of her Sisters as a present long ago, the *bracer* is one of Qilué's most treasured possessions because it reminds her of the love of her Sisters whenever she looks at it. She keeps it loaded with the spells *find traps*, *locate object*, *remove curse*, *fire storm*, *regeneration*, and *sunray*. She doffs the *bracer*, along with her cloak, when dancing to Eilistraee.



Qilué is careful to pray for spells often, so she almost always has a full load of spells. The Promenade stands at the heart of danger, and its survival may depend on her strength at any time.

All full priestesses of Eilistraee, including Qilué, have the power to conjure *moonfire* by silent act of will, once per day for every experience level they possess. On rare occasions, other faithful of Eilistraee may manifest this radiance by the will of the goddess, when they are acting for her and in desperate straits.

Priestesses can control their *moonfire*. It can range from a faint glow to a clear, bright (but not blinding) light, its hue being whatever is desired. *Moonfire* cannot equal or exceed the brightness of full sunlight for purposes of fighting undead. It is equal to moonlight, and it serves well as a light source for reading, finding one's way, and signaling to, or attracting the attention of, other creatures.

A manifestation of *moonfire* lasts as long as its summoner desires, to a limit of one round for each level she possesses. Qilué can call forth *moonfire* 16 times a day, for up to 16 rounds each time. Concentration is not required to maintain *moonfire*, but *dispel magic* or magical *darkness* end it. The creator of *moonfire* can engage in other spellcasting or even go to sleep without ending the *moonfire*, which fades out when a sleeping summoner runs into its level-bound duration limit. *Moonfire* and *darkness* negate each other on contact.

Manifested *moonfire* can move about as the creator wills, though it always projects from some part of the creator's body. Priestesses of 4th level or higher can cause *moonfire* to drift away from their bodies altogether, floating about in a manner akin to *dancing lights*. The radiance can move around the creator's body as fast as the creator desires, but when out of body contact, it drifts at a rate of up to 40 feet per round. The manifester can guide it in any direction, through the tiniest openings, and cause the glow to appear in any size, from a fist-sized ball to a limit of 1 cubic foot per level of the *moonfire* creator.

Qilué's other powers remain mysterious. The

DM is encouraged to keep things that way, using the Priestess of the Promenade as a normally hidden, enigmatic figure active in and around Waterdeep by night. See "Using the Seven in a Campaign" for some hints as to Qilué's present aims. (She aids Harpers.)

The Sisters have private names known only to each other, Khelben, Elminster, Lhaeo, and certain trusted Harpers. These truenames are used in messages and communication and guardian magics, so that the Sisters can recognize each other without breaking any disguises. Qilué's truename is "Ilindyl."

What Angers Qilué

Qilué despises drow who act arrogant and cruel, and equally detests other beings who expect all drow to be arrogant and cruel, and so attack before words are exchanged. She is also infuriated by anyone or anything that causes intelligent creatures to go about in fear. She acts to shatter such beings or their power. This viewpoint brings her into constant conflict with drow loyal to Vhaeraun and Lolth, bands of slavers and thieves, and such organizations as the Cult of the Dragon and the Zhentarim.

What Pleases Qilué

Qilué loves to dance and enjoys hearing good singing. Her appreciation of song is one of the main reasons she goes to parties in Waterdeep. (Her enjoyment of dalliance with human men is another.) Qilué also likes to play pranks and to humble folk who underestimate her and the folk of her temple as haughty, evil, dark-skinned elves who cannot be trusted, but who can be slain by someone who "knows about drow." The general lawlessness of Skullport and the constant stream of bad folk arriving in that town give her ample opportunities to teach harsh lessons to adventurers confident that they have the ability to plunder the Promenade where others before them have failed.



Daily Doings

The work of the Dark Ladies of the Promenade takes precedence over rituals, but the temple does observe a routine. A cycle (roughly a day-long period, measured by the movements of the moon, not the sun) begins with an informal gathering of all ranks and races dwelling in the temple, for bathing and chatter (with the exception of those standing guard). At length, Qilué or the ranking priestess present conjures *moonfire* (described in the section on Qilué's Powers above) and begin the Charge, a recitation in which all full priestesses join. The Charge is often heard by folk in Skullport as a rising and falling murmur echoing eerily from afar.

The Charge is a call for all in the temple to voluntarily come and join in the Council, a secular, free-speaking meeting chaired by the leader of the Charge. It's a forum for plain speech wherein all priestesses have equal standing and are expected to speak with candor. The Council closes with a prayer to the goddess, given by the chairpriestess, and the Chosen disperse to begin their daily work.

Roughly four hours later, all whose work need not continue gather in the Cavern of Song. The Cavern of Song is a large natural cavern whose confines—unlike other underground spaces—do not echo. There they perform the Grand Chorus. This is the greatest ritual of worship to Eilistraee, an ever-changing song of celebration led by a senior priestess who guides the song with an overriding theme or melody. By Eilistraee's will, the Chorus brings into being shafts of sparkling moonlight, flowing farther and glowing more brightly as the fervor and emotion of the singers rise. If such radiances ever meet with real moonlight, Eilistraee grants a special power to all of her priestesses in the Chorus, and all beings and items they are touching or carrying. The priestesses can, at will, transport themselves along a web of moonlight for as far as it reaches in an unbroken path. For example, they could move from the location of the Chorus to any place on the surface that moonlight is falling upon.

The Chorus is followed by a brief rest period, and then the priestesses practice dance and song until a senior priestess wanders about the temple singing the "Call to Eilistraee," a haunting melody that draws all the Faithful back to the Cavern of Song. There, the priestess launches into the Charge to open another, shorter Council, after which the Chosen disperse into small informal groups known as "tables" to eat their evening meal.

This meal is followed by a personal work and play period during which the Chosen do repair work, place things in storage, prepare food, and so on until they end the cycle by taking to their beds. During this personal time, the Chosen also make their most important, personal prayers: the solitary Flame Songs.

A priestess performs a Flame Song whenever moved to do so, dancing around a candle or other flame. She sings to the goddess in whatever manner she desires, dancing as the song moves her until the candle flame goes out. It is the height of rudeness for a Chosen to deliberately interrupt the Flame Song of another, though outsiders are usually forgiven for doing so. Priestesses usually try to find an alcove or passage where they can be alone to make a Flame Song. While they do, the Promenade is filled with the eerily beautiful echoes of half a dozen or more of these solos at once, drifting down the passages.

Qilué spends most of her time seeing to the duties and rituals of the temple, though her rank allows her to do as she pleases, absenting herself from the observances of worship whenever necessary. She sometimes goes on extended forays into the city of Waterdeep or into the Underdark near the temple just to get answers to questions that have arisen about certain folk the temple has dealings with, or to get a sense of what is happening in the area she lives in. In such cases she gets out of Undermountain as soon as possible. Wandering about in its trap-filled, monster-roamed rooms and halls is not her idea of fun.



Spells of the Seven



he Seven Sisters have used many spells down through the years. A few of their favorites are listed and described hereafter. In this list, an asterisk after a spell name denotes a spell likely to be known by some spellcasters in the Realms who are not Harpers or one-time apprentices of the Seven. Many of the spells are variants of, or improvements on, each other. Each of the Seven enjoys modifying a spell to her personal tastes, and they often alter each other's spells.

The canon of previously published Realms sourcebooks details other favorite spells of the Seven. For example, *ghost pipes* and *Presper's*

moonbow can be found in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS Adventures* tome or *Pages from the Mages*. The Sisters have access to almost all of the Realms magics published to date, even spells developed by the phaerimm and magics normally seen only in Zakhara, far to the south of their usual haunts in Faerûn. Two spells detailed here, *the Simbul's spell sequencer* and *the Simbul's spell trigger*, are known only to the Simbul, and are identified with a " † " next to their name. *Laeral's crowning touch*, a special 9th-level curse spell denoted in the spell list below with " ‡ ," is described under the "Powers of the Chosen" chapter, and is listed in the spell list here only for completeness.

Rare and Unusual Wizard Spells Used by the Seven Sisters

1st Level

Blacksteel *
Blackthorns *
Fire Quill *
Flamespin *
Gauntlet *
Ghostharp
Laeral's Dancing Whip
Moonglow
Storm's Frozen Moment
Turtle Soup
Wardaway *

2nd Level

Alustriel's Banner *
Alustriel's Fang
Bendal's Swoop *
Bladeleap *
Breath of Bewilderment *
Circle of Flame *
Ghost Blade *
Laeral's Cutting Hand
Magic Missile Reflection *
Threestones *
Wings *
Words of Fire *

3rd Level

Acid Lash *
Cloak of Adeamoza *
Elminster's Multiple Mouths
Jalartan's Miraculum *
Laeral's Dancing
Dweomer *

Laeral's Raging Griffon
Lightning Reflection *
Manyjaws *
Steeldance *
Storm's Swordfire
Syluné's Viper *
Wylunde's Ward *

4th Level

Alustriel's Mantle
Blood Lightning
Galather's Gnostic Chain
Galkyn's Bolt
Iron Maiden
Laeral's Aqueous Column *
Laeral's Gesture *
Ottar's Mask
Rainbow Shield *
Shadow Dance
Swordshun
Whisper Blade *

5th Level

Fleshshiver
Laeral's Disrobement
Melisander's Harp
Mooncloak
Muirara's Map *
Phantom Blade
Shadow Head *
Shoondal's Seeking *
The Sighing Chain *
Stealweb *
Storm's Spell Thrust

6th Level

Brightsong *
Cathala's Compulsion *
Double Steel
Fire Eyes *
Gauntlet of Teeth *
Ghostgrail *
Howling Chain *
Obold's Brightness *
Shadowsteal
Skeletal Bride
Spell Mirror *

7th Level

Alustriel's Improved
Mantle
Alustriel's Sword of Stars
Anticipation
Basilisk Glare *
Hold Golem *
Ongeldyn's Fist *
The Simbul's Spell
Sequencer †
The Simbul's Spell
Supremacy
The Simbul's
Synostodweomer
Syluné's Secret
Syluné's Streaking Meteor *
Wandweird *

8th Level

Afterclap *
Air Spiral *
Brain Spider *
Dweomerdeny
Laeral's Invisible Blade
Lightning Ring *
Net of Stars
Presper's Double
Wizardry *
Rising Colossus *
The Simbul's Skeletal
Deliquescence *
Syluné's Absolute
Immunity

9th Level

Alamanther's Return *
Algarth's Embattlement *
Blade in the Soul *
Eye of Mystra
Eye of Power
Juggernaut *
Laeral's Crowning Touch ‡
Maw of Chaos *
Ring of Swords *
Ringweave
The Simbul's Spell Trigger †
Spellstorm
Sphere of Wonder *
Tyranteyes *



1st-Level Spells

Blacksteel

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 turns/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 weapon

Saving Throw: None

Although this spell works on any sort of weapon, it is usually employed on bladed metal weapons. It enables the caster to temporarily alter the properties of any one touched weapon. The weapon becomes dark, silent, and nonreflective. A blacksteemed weapon does not make any noises as a result of striking beings or objects, even if it is broken by the severity of its use. Also, any blood shed by it adheres to it, neither spraying from it nor dripping down it, as long as the spell lasts. The weapon can be magical or have other enchantments laid on it before the *blacksteel* is cast. The *blacksteel* does not affect the conductivity of the weapon, and although it makes the weapon count as magical for purposes of what it can hit, does not confer any bonuses to attack capability or damage to the blade.

A *blacksteel* ends if the weapon it is cast on comes into contact with any magic after the *blacksteel* is established, even if the magic is not aimed at or does not affect the weapon-wielder. There is only one exception to this: If a *locate object* is cast on a weapon protected by *blacksteel*, or used to seek that weapon, the two magics cancel each other; both spells end and the weapon is not located.

The material components of this spell are a pinch of iron filings and a scrap of cobweb.

Blackthorns

(Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 6 rounds

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell causes a 10-foot-thick ring of thorny hedge to rise up around the caster. The hedge is as high as the caster's chest, is open at the top, and is immovably fixed in place. It can be hacked apart, but does not burn, and its position cannot be shifted by physical or magical attacks.

The unnaturally thick hedge completely blocks the passage of man-sized or smaller creatures, and contact

with the hedge causes any creature 1d8 points of damage. Double damage is inflicted by a forceful contact, such as the impact of a charging creature.

While within the ring of thorns, the caster's Armor Class is improved by 2 versus all physical attacks. This Armor Class bonus applies even if the ring has been breached and attacks have come through that opening. The caster of the *blackthorns* spell can pass repeatedly and freely through the hedge as if it does not exist, taking no damage. One strategy casters of *blackthorns* often use is to emerge from the hedge to fight and then retreat inside it to use it as cover.

There is no known means to make this spell last longer. The various spells that extend the duration and effects of most existing magic and magical spells fail to work on a *blackthorns* hedge. The material components of this spell are three thorns or whittled wooden or bone spikes of thorn shape.

Fire Quill

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell transforms a feather of any size and type into a quill pen that writes letters of illusory flame. The feather is the material component of the spell. The pen can be used for up to one turn after the spell is cast to write 10 letters, characters, or symbols per level of the caster. These letters appear to be made of leaping flame, and are bright enough to read by within 7 feet. They can be written in the air, on a stone wall, or even on a person. Creatures unwilling to be written on receive a saving throw vs. spell; if the saving throw is successful, the letters fade as they are written. The pen comes to life only as the caster wills. The flames are not real, and cannot ignite anything, but they do not form on water or a wet surface.

If the caster tries to use the *fire quill* to draw magical glyphs or symbols, they do not form. The magic only works when the caster's hand is guiding the quill. No ink is necessary. The flaming inscriptions last for one turn per level of the caster from when the spell was cast, not when they were actually written. They need not all be written in the same place, on the same surface, or adjacent. For example, the caster can draw an arrow here, another



arrow with a word or two of instructions in the next room, another couple of arrows down a passage, and an inscription in the room at its end.

Flamespin

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 3 rounds
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a 2-foot-diameter vertical pinwheel of flame in midair, anywhere in spell range. It remains stationary unless touched by the caster, who can touch it without taking any harm and, alone of all beings, can move it about. The caster can throw it, bowl it, tow it along, or thrust it like a bludgeoning weapon at a foe. If the caster uses it as a weapon, she strikes with it once per round at her normal THAC0, and cannot cast any spells during that round.

Circumstances may increase the caster's chances of striking a target. Hurling the pinwheel of flame through a hatchway or down a narrow passage or shaft, for example, might merit a bonus for the caster's attack roll. A stationary *flamespin* cannot be moved by any means except the caster's hand, so beings who lack a *dispel magic* and cannot wait for the spell to expire must take damage if they have to touch the flames. Falling through a *flamespin* in a shaft, for example, would result in damage to the falling being.

A *flamespin* inflicts 1d6+3 points of damage to any creature touched by it, unless the creature has some protection against magical fire. A *flamespin* also forces all items that come into contact with it to make saving throws vs. magical fire (except those worn or carried by the caster). If a *flamespin* remains in contact with a creature, it causes the stated damage each round and forces exposed items to make a saving throw each round, too.

The caster need not concentrate to maintain the flame's existence. The material component of this spell is a bit of phosphorous or saltpeter (or a powdered pinch of the same).

Gauntlet

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 9 rounds

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: One of the caster's hands

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a translucent, silent, nonconductive glove of magical force around one of the caster's hands. This glove cannot be crushed, so the caster can use it to wedge doors open, keep even the great weight of a falling portcullis from slamming down, and so on, even when the caster's hand is removed. The wedge remains in effect until the spell expires or a *dispel magic* causes the *gauntlet* to vanish.

The *gauntlet* can be used to strike for 2d4 points of damage per blow, with the caster's normal THAC0. It is considered a +4 magical weapon for purposes of what it can hit, though it gains no attack or damage bonuses. It can touch or handle heat, acid and other flesh-corrosive substances, and boiling liquids or vapors without harm. Diseases cannot be transmitted by it or cling to it, so molds and mummy rot can be freely handled and not passed on to another being who later touches the *gauntlet*. No substance or creature can adhere to the *gauntlet*, regardless of what methods are used. In other words, a *spider climb* -using mage could not, and neither could a *viscid glob*, gibbering moulder secretion, stirge barb, mimic pseudopod, or web spell. The glove does not grasp or strike with any force beyond the caster's normal Strength.

Casters cannot cast any spells requiring somatic components while the *gauntlet* is in place on one of their hands. It can be banished instantly by a caster's silent act of will, even from afar. Once gone, it cannot be recalled without casting another *gauntlet* spell.

The material component of this spell is a lump of clear glass or rock crystal large enough to fill the caster's palm.

Ghosharp

(Evocation)

Range: 0
Components: S, M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables a caster to silently and unobtrusively make harp music performed much earlier by or in the presence of the caster be heard again. The loudness and apparent origin of the music are under the control of the caster. Sung or spoken words cannot be conveyed by means of this spell, but messages, recognition motifs, and



even magical triggers can all be carried by the right tune performed in the proper manner.

The spell can be used to play several tunes, in any order and sounding as if they come from various directions and distances, so long as all of this music was audible while the spell was memorized and the spell duration is not exceeded. Silences can be placed between tunes or between repetitions of the same tune by the spellcaster.

The casting of this spell involves only the caster's flesh directly touching a tiny harp model (which can be inside a pocket or under clothing), as the will is bent on unleashing the music. The model harp vanishes as the spell takes effect. This spell is usually used to distract foes or captors, to impress folk with the caster's powers, or to trick people into thinking the caster is a harpist or that a harpist is somewhere close by.

Laeral's Dancing Whip

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell animates a whip or any piece of wood small enough to be carried one-handed by the caster into a weapon. The caster tosses the item into the air and speaks the incantation, and this material component becomes a 5-foot-long line of translucent white light floating in the air.

On the next round, the *dancing whip* strikes twice with a THAC0 of 10 at any target being chosen by the caster. It inflicts 1d3+1 points of damage with each successful strike. It continues to attack twice per round until the spell expires, the target being moves out of spell range, or the target being is slain or destroyed. If the target moves out of range, the *whip* hangs in midair waiting for the target to move back into spell range. The spell range is stationary around the spot where the caster was when the *whip* was created; it does not move with the caster.

A *dancing whip* can never change its target being, but it can sense invisible or shapechanged beings, and it is not fooled by illusions. (It ignores *mirror images* to strike at the true body of the target, for example.) Each time the *whip* successfully strikes the target, the target's effective Armor Class against the *whip only* (not other creatures or attacks) worsens by 1 point. The target is allowed a saving throw against every *whip* attack, however. A successful saving

throw means only 1 point of damage is suffered by the target.

A *dancing whip* takes no damage from physical attacks, but is MV Fl 15 (A), AC 4, and has 22 hp for purposes of other types of attacks. A *dispel magic* destroys a *dancing whip* on contact. The caster of the *whip* need not concentrate on it or refrain from other spellcasting to maintain its existence. The *dancing whip* magic consumes the original whip.

Moonglow

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 10-foot-radius sphere

Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables the caster to conjure a faint, blue-white radiance resembling moonlight, centered on a chosen item within range. The item chosen to be highlighted must be man-sized or smaller in volume. Items of larger volume chosen are only partially illuminated. (For instance, a particular spot on a wall will be lit.) The clothing or gear of a foe attacking in darkness can be chosen, but the spell focus must be visible; the caster cannot choose to illuminate some part of an *invisible* foe. Chosen items, even those on the person of a hostile creature, are allowed saving throws vs. spell against being illuminated only if they bear a dweomer.

Moonglow cancels and is canceled by any sort of magical *darkness* on contact. It is not bright enough to read spells or normal writing by, but large inscriptions and clear, simple, or familiar markings can be discerned.

Storm's Frozen Moment

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables the caster to temporarily interrupt the movement of a being through the air, including a fall, jump—including magical *jumps*—and natural or magical flying. If the spell recipient is unwilling, a saving throw vs. spell applies, but if the caster is able to touch the being as the spell is cast, the saving throw is made at a -5 penalty.



Storm's frozen moment causes the recipient being to halt and hover in midair for one round. During this time, the recipient being is held stable, so that a quick spell can be cast, a knot can be tied, a lock opened, or other complex but swift task performed. This spell is often used to allow falling beings to tie a rope around a projection. The magic temporarily removes the need for winged creatures to beat their wings, but does not affect *fly* spells in any way; the magics coexist, neither one affecting the duration or performance of the other.

A *frozen moment* cannot coexist with a *feather fall* spell. It negates any existing *feather fall* magics, and prevents such spells or magical item abilities from functioning on the same being the *frozen moment* was cast upon for one turn after the *frozen moment* ends, unless a *dispel magic* is cast on the being to remove this prohibition. In other words, a nonflying being who receives a *frozen moment* falls after it ends—unless restrained by a rope, handhold, or other means—and takes normal falling damage, even if already protected by a *feather fall*.

Turtle Soup

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 3 turns

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This was the first spell Alustriel developed on her own. She is still fond of it, though her sisters have made it known that they do not share quite the verve of her liking for turtle soup. Over the years, Alustriel and her apprentices have discovered many inventive uses for this spell. It requires as material components three drops of water and a piece of turtle shell or skin of any size. Alustriel uses a tiny fragment from a score or more she carries in a tiny belt pouch.

The spell calls into being a bowl of thick, green, peppery turtle soup, as large in volume as the caster's head. Just the soup is summoned. It is held in a bowl shape by the spell dweomer without benefit of an actual bowl. This "bowl" appears in one of the caster's hands when spellcasting is complete. Soup may be sipped, drunk, or ladled out of its flat top, which is the only face soup can spill from. The soup remains in existence after the spell duration is over; however, it no longer holds its "bowl" shape automatically.

The soup is nourishing, and it arrives at the tempera-

ture the caster desires, from frozen hard to boiling. The "bowl" does not transmit the temperature of the soup to the caster's hand. If hurled at a creature, the soup leaves its "bowl" shape in midair and strikes with the caster's THAC0 as a grenadelike missile. A direct hit causes 1d3 points of damage if the soup is warm, 1d6 if it is frozen hard, and 2d4 if it is scalding hot. If dumped over a creature, the soup inflicts 2d4 points of damage only if it is scalding hot. Turtles, tortoises, and related beings cannot be harmed by any contact with an effect of this spell.

Wardaway

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 rounds

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: Special

This spell hurls a disjointed, shimmering area of magical force at a single opponent. This forceful chaos can dodge and dart so as to reach its intended target, regardless of the movements of the foe or other beings. Once the spell is cast, the caster cannot change her mind about which being is the spell's target.

The shimmering chaos strikes and swirls around the target, who must make a saving throw vs. spell. Targets who succeed in their saving throws make all attacks at a -1 penalty for two rounds and strike last (of all engaged creatures) in both rounds. Targets who fail in their saving throws suffer the same fell effects as those who succeed in their saving throws, and in addition suffer 1d4+4 points of a damage as the spell force impacts them. In either case, any charge made by the spell recipient is broken. The most common use of a *wardaway* spell is to stop a charge and give the caster time to prepare for subsequent attacks.

Undead and nonliving animated constructs (such as golems) are immune to the effects of *wardaway*. The material component of this spell is a small human hand sculpted of clear rock crystal or moonstone.

2nd-Level Spells

Alustriel's Banner

(Illusion/Phantasm)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level



Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

Another of Alustriel's early spells, this magic has gained favor among armies and mercenary bands all over Faerûn because of its battlefield usefulness. It causes an impressive fanfare to sound as a banner appears in midair wherever the caster desires within spell range. The banner is usually placed high in the air, though it can be directed to appear right against a wall or door. The banner can be of any size and appearance desired, from rigid and shieldlike to a long pennant, and can look new or ancient. The caster can also decide whether or not it glows, and can make it vanish at will. If it glows, the light it sheds is equal in maximum effect to a *light* spell, and, within these parameters, of the hue and intensity desired by the caster. The fanfare lasts only one round or less and can even be absent if the caster desires.

The fanfare must be trumpet or horn music that the caster has actually heard at some past time. The banner's form and any device, coat-of-arms, or rune on it must be a decoration that the caster has actually seen.

Sometimes this spell is used to frighten folk into thinking they are encountering a watchful ghost or guardian magic. For example, if thieves or would-be slayers are

suddenly confronted with a royal coat-of-arms on the door of the king's bedchamber that they are stealthily approaching, they may think it is guarded by some powerful magic. The spell is most popular, though, as a battlefield recognition symbol, rallying device, or directional marker. It is often cast high up in the air, by night, to illuminate a skirmish or embattled camp.

The material component of an *Alustriel's banner* is either a real trumpet or horn or a tiny model of one made of bone, ivory, whittled wood, or metal.

Alustriel's Fang

(Alteration)

Range: 60 feet
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 2 rounds
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 1 weapon
Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to fire a dagger, dart, or other piercing weapon shorter than her forearm in a straight line from her hand to the target, a foe within 60 feet. The weapon makes two attacks, as if wielded by a wizard two levels higher than the caster, does its normal damage +1 point of damage for each hit, and then



returns to the caster's hand, unless prevented from doing so, flying at MV Fl 12 (A). The caster must be proficient in the use of the weapon used in *Alustriel's fang*.

The weapon is deemed magical for purposes of what it can hit when used in the spell, and it is not harmed by the spell in any way. To prevent the weapon's return, a victim must have been struck by the weapon, must make a successful Dexterity ability check to grasp the weapon, and must make a successful Strength ability check to retain hold and break the spell. If either check fails, the weapon slips free and returns to the caster.

The weapon awaits the caster having a free hand on its return, hanging motionless in midair as near the caster as possible if the caster's hands are both busy. In other words, it does not interrupt climbing or spellcasting. If one of the caster's hands does not become free, the weapon simply falls to the ground when the spell expires.

The material components of this spell are the weapon and a pinch of iron filings.

Bendal's Swoop

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: Special

This spell instantly turns any fall by the caster, accidental or deliberate, into a horizontal movement of up to 30 feet at any point in the fall after the caster has descended more than 10 feet. The horizontal movement is in the direction and to the distance the caster desires.

A caster can elect to end the spell at this point (usually because the horizontal movement has taken her to a ledge, balcony or other desired location), and her landing is then protected as if by *feather fall*. If the spell is not ended at completion of the horizontal flight, the caster's movement becomes an involuntary, head-first power dive.

A diving caster can aim her swooping descent at a target below and receive a +4 bonus on her attack roll. If the roll fails, the caster misses and suffers 5d6 points of impact damage if she strikes any hard surface (3d6 points if she hits water).

If the roll succeeds, the caster strikes the target and suffers 2d6 points of impact damage plus any damage

the target can deal her with an in-hand weapon. The diving caster suffers an Armor Class penalty of 2, and is subject to triple damage if the target can set a spear or similar piercing pole arm against a charge and does so.

At the same time, the swooping caster smashes into the target with magically augmented speed, dealing out 8d4 points of damage and forcing a Strength ability check on the target creature. If the check fails, the creature is knocked off its feet and must make a successful saving throw vs. spell to avoid being stunned (unable to think or act coherently) for one round. All fragile items worn or carried by a creature thus crashed into must make a successful saving throw vs. crushing blow or be destroyed or damaged.

The magic of *Bendal's swoop* protects the caster from such shock effects. If not killed by the damage taken from impacting with the target, she rebounds to her feet and can automatically hit a stunned target creature on the following round if she desires.

Bladeleap

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 1 bladed weapon

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to make any bladed weapon fly from her hand to strike at a chosen being. The weapon need not be one that the caster is proficient in, and it strikes only once, with a bonus of +4 on both attack and damage rolls, and is considered a +4 magical weapon for purposes of what creatures it can hit while the spell is in effect.

The weapon is not consumed by the spell, but does not return to the caster or remain under the caster's control. When its attack is made, it falls to the ground. If directed at a target creature beyond spell range, the weapon also falls to the ground at the limits of the spell range.

The material components of this spell are the weapon and a hair from the caster or a thread from the caster's garments.

Breath of Bewilderment

(Evocation)

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round



Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: A cloud 10 feet high, 10 feet wide, and 30 feet long

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell allows the caster to breathe out a visible cloud of smoking vapor. It dissipates one round later, but all creatures coming into contact with it must make a saving throw vs. poison or be stunned for one round, during which time no coherent, deliberate activity is possible. The caster is never affected by her own *breath of bewilderment*, or, if she has this spell memorized, by anyone else's.

Circle of Flame

(Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a hollow ring of flames up to 10 feet across around the caster. The ring is stationary and does no damage to the caster or any of the caster's worn or carried items. The caster may pass through the ring repeatedly without harm. All other creatures suffer 12 points of damage from passing through any part of the ring, and 1d4 points of damage for each lesser contact. In other words, a charging creature that went straight through the circle would sustain 12 points of damage twice—once from each "wall" it encountered.

The circle of flames can be as high as the caster desires, to a maximum of 20 feet, but cannot be made to close at the top, into a sphere. The magic prevents the flames from burning any surface on top of which they appear (such as a floor), but ceilings, flying creatures, and overhanging items are not protected.

The material components of this spell are a flint and a bit of ash from any fire.

Ghost Blade

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2+2d4 rounds

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 1 wooden item

Saving Throw: None

This spell temporarily transforms any wooden object that is longer in one direction than in another and of less

than 35 lbs. or so (an average man-sized being must be able to lift it in one hand) into a sword. The sword can be of any one-handed type, from a short sword to a long sword, and is considered a magical weapon for purposes of what it can hit. It inflicts the normal damage of the weapon type selected (gaining neither damage nor attack bonuses from the magic), and can be wielded by any being as if she or he were proficient with it.

The caster can cause the magic to end instantly before the spell duration expires. The wooden item—usually a staff, cudgel, furniture leg, or tree limb—is never consumed by the spell, and reappears whole at the end of the spell duration even if the *ghost blade* was broken or bent during use.

The spell's material components are the wooden item, a handful of iron filings, and a drop of water from any pool or body of water once struck by lightning.

Laeral's Cutting Hand

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Caster's hand

Saving Throw: None

This spell affects one of the caster's hands. The spell does not change the hand's appearance, but its lightest touch severs nonmagical ropes, sacks, and the like. Its strike deals 1d4+2 points of damage. The spell dwomeer can be visible as a glow of any hue equivalent to *faerie fire*, if the caster desires.

While the spell lasts, the caster's hand is considered a +2 weapon for purposes of what it can hit, and the caster gains the +2 bonus to attack rolls made both barehanded and with all nonmissile weapons wielded by the hand. (The caster's base THAC0 is unchanged.) The magic does not prevent the hand from moving, grasping, and otherwise functioning normally.

No spell involving a somatic component can be cast while the *cutting hand* is maintained. It can be ended in an instant by the caster's will.

Magic Missile Reflection

(Abjuration, Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 rounds+1 round/level

Casting Time: 2



Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell was once *known* as *Shalantha's kiss* because that long-ago sorceress of Myth Drannor bestowed its protection on companions in the adventuring band she led by means of a kiss. It weaves an invisible field around the body of the caster or a recipient creature that reflects *magic missiles* entirely back at their source, so the protected creature takes no harm. The missiles are reflected for full damage unless the source is protected against them.

The spell can be transferred by the protected being to another creature by willing the magic to move and speaking the one-word initial incantation as the new recipient is touched. The incantation is made initially by the caster as she touches a spell recipient, who probably hears it well enough to repeat it. A being so bestowing the spell need not be a spellcaster. These transfers can be done as often as desired, but only once per round, and only one creature is protected at any given time. The spell duration is not extended or shortened by transfers.

The material component of the spell is a drop of the caster's saliva.

Threestones

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: $\frac{1}{2}$

This spell transforms any three stones that the caster can hold simultaneously in her hand and throw together into fist-sized stones hurtling straight at a chosen enemy. The stones are consumed by the spell.

The stones fly at MV 27 (A) and always hit unless a target can interpose a solid barrier (such as a closed door) between himself or herself and the streaking *threestones*. The stones smash into the target at a rough location chosen by the caster (head, chest or back—depending on the way the target is facing—or legs). Fragile items in such locations have to make successful saving throws vs. crushing blow or be crushed. In any event the target takes 2d4 points of damage per stone. A successful saving throw vs. spell halves this damage.

If the target wears field plate or better armor (by type), the damage is reduced to 1 point per stone.

Wings

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 3 rounds

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell causes the caster, or a chosen recipient being who must be visible during casting, to instantly acquire wings. The wings sprout from the shoulders of the recipient, and are of any appearance desired by the caster, from giant feathered avianlike wings to diaphanous insect wings to the batlike wings of baatezu and tanar'ri. The latter wing type is sometimes used to impress onlookers with the caster's magical power or fool them into thinking she is a powerful being from another plane.

The wings created by this spell last for three rounds, and cannot be banished earlier. If made sufficiently large they encumber a walking being not used to them. The maximum wingspan is thrice the height of the recipient.

The wings are only under the rough control of the spell recipient. Only beings who are normally winged can use them without penalty at MV 21 (B). All other beings must make a successful Dexterity ability check each round to keep from tumbling head-first as they lose all balance or the wings become entangled. Room for the wings to beat unencumbered must also be available or failure in all aerial movement attempts is automatic. The wings can be used to lift, glide, or brake. Only one of these actions can be performed per round, but switching between actions from round to round is possible.

Lift is accomplished by frantically beating the wings. To accomplish this, a successful Strength ability check is required. If the check is successful, the being can jump upward to a height of 10+2d8 feet. (This is useful to reach a balcony, ledge, or window, or grasp something overhead.) This power can be used to strike a single blow at an opponent aloft, at the winged being's normal THAC0. After the attack roll is made with whatever weapon is in use, the winged being always undergoes a helpless 1-round tumble back to the ground, taking 2d4 points of falling damage—unless the recipient uses the attack roll just to grasp the opponent, doing no damage but clinging on to strike in later rounds.

A glide using the wings can be a deliberate leap, or the *wings* spell can be cast from afar on an already-falling being. The mere presence of the wings enables the recipient to control the general direction (north,



northeast, east, and so on) of the descent. A successful Intelligence ability check is required to aim the glide more precisely, so that all side-slipping action is avoided and the gliding being stays level (instead of falling into a tumble or flipping upside-down). A falling being who successfully makes both a Dexterity and an Intelligence ability check can successfully aim for a window, archway, door, or trapdoor, and pass through it. If the opening is too narrow to permit the wings to pass through, they are smashed flat, and cannot be used on the following round. The gliding being can choose to slow descent or speed it into a dive, but influence over speed is very slight.

A brake action can be used to slow a fall, a glide, or a descent after a lift, but cannot be attempted by a tumbling being. It consists of a frantic flurry of wingbeats, and the winged being must successfully make a Dexterity, a Strength, and an Intelligence ability check for the maneuver to work. If all three succeed, the being lands without any damage from a descent of 60 feet or less, and suffers only 1d6 points of damage for greater descents. If one or all of the checks fail, only 1d6 points of damage are removed from the normal falling damage suffered by the winged being.

When the spell ends, the wings rapidly fade away. The material component of the spell is a fragment of a wing from any sort of insect or a feather of any type.

Words of Fire

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 2 turns/level

Casting Time: Special

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows one of the caster's fingers to write letters of illusory flame. The caster can write at any time for up to one turn after the spell is cast, writing 12 letters, characters, or symbols per experience level she currently possesses. These letters appear to be made of leaping flame, and are bright enough for beings within 7 feet to read by. They can be written in the air or on any inorganic surface. The flames are not real, and cannot ignite anything, but do not form on water or a wet surface.

If the caster tries to use the *words of fire* to draw magical glyphs or symbols, they do not form. The flaming inscriptions last for two turns per level of the caster from when the spell was cast, not when they were actually

written. All of the characters must be written adjacent to each other in a space no larger than the caster can encompass with spread feet and hands.

As the caster writes, she can choose to have her writings duplicated on another surface or the air in another locale somewhere else on the same plane. An observer in this other locale sees letters of (illusory) fire appear, character by character, as the caster writes them. This other place must be one the caster has visited or seen, for it must be clearly visualized as the characters are written. If this second area or surface bears an enchantment, the letters do not form, though the caster is instantly aware of this.

3rd-Level Spells

Acid Lash

(Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 3 rounds

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell brings into being a vivid, purple, radiant line of magical force projecting from one of the caster's hands. Weightless, it crackles and wavers constantly, yet always projects straight out from the caster's forearm, like a lance. An *acid lash* is 7 feet in length. It rebounds from solid barriers that restrict its full length, bending in random directions. This poses no harm to the wielder. The caster of an *acid lash* can never be harmed by her own spell.

An *acid lash* can be swept back and forth to strike opponents. It bends around solid bodies that it is pulled through, to get past them. Though most casters employ an *acid lash* against a single opponent, it can deal damage to any number of foes—or friendly beings, for that matter—in certain situations. For example, it can be held across a doorway to harm all who pass through, or thrust directly out at charging foes. As the caster cannot be harmed by the *lash*, there is no risk in close defense.

An *acid lash* has no solidity. It is actually a corrosive field that deals 4d4 points of damage at a touch. The *lash* strikes with a THAC0 of 14 because of the ease of striking foes with a sidewise, sweeping motion, but even if the *lash* is cut across a foe and back many times during a round, 4d4 points of damage is all that is dealt to a given being in a single round, unless the target is undead.



Undead creatures suffer 8d4 points of damage from an *acid lash*. The corrosive field is not hampered by armor, but as it is not true acid, it does no harm to armor, other metal, or even leathers.

While employing an *acid lash*, the caster cannot directly wield any two-handed weapon or any item larger than a dagger (held or thrown in her other hand), and cannot cast any spell having a somatic component. An *acid lash* can be instantly banished by silent act of will if the caster desires.

The material components of an *acid lash* are at least three drops of any acidic liquid.

Cloak of Adeamozs

(Abjuration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the caster, or a single spell recipient being touched during casting, against spells of 3rd level or less and equivalent magical item discharges. It does not prevent such magics from reaching or affecting

the protected being (having no effect on saving throws and the like), but lessens damage done by such attacks.

For spells that inflict random damage, a *cloak of Adeamozs* reduces their harm by 3 points of damage per die for 1st-level spells, 2 points per die for 2nd-level spells, and 1 point per die for 3rd-level spells. For spells that cause a set amount of damage or a certain base amount augmented by a number of points per level of the caster, a *cloak of Adeamozs* reduces the damage by 12 points for 1st-level spells, 8 points for 2nd-level spells, and 4 points for 3rd-level spells.

The material components of this spell are a handful of iron filings from metal that was once part of a plate worn as body armor and a scrap of cobweb.

Elminster's Multiple Mouths

(Evocation)

Range: Special

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell is named for its creator, the famous Old Mage of Shadowdale. It is used by some senior Harpers



and by the Seven Sisters, who usually change its manifestation from bearded mouths with Elminster's dry voice to ruby-red female lips accompanied by a husky voice.

This spell creates one *magic mouth*, akin to those created by the spell of the same name, per level of the caster. These *mouths* can appear on specific items or floating in midair just above the head of a chosen recipient being. Such a recipient must be personally known to the caster or met and clearly seen by her at least once; the being's current location need not be known to the caster. The *multiple mouths* can even be made to appear in a chorus in the same locale, usually in a ring around a specific point.

The *mouths* can speak any message uttered by the caster during casting, duplicating tone of voice, hesitations, volume, mimicry, and the like, and can even thereby pass on magical words of activation and instructions. An actual spell incantation uttered by a *multiple mouth* would not function, nor can its utterances trigger magical items. Someone who heard the *mouth* and repeated its words *could* activate a magical item, however.

This spell has often been used to spread a warning—of an attack or fire, for example—in multiple locations throughout a castle or to share information between widely scattered beings (such as all of the Seven at once). The *multiple mouths* can appear anywhere on the same plane of existence, regardless of magical barriers or distance.

A caster of this spell who possesses 10 or more experience levels can, by increasing the casting time of the spell by one round per message, cause the *multiple mouths* to each speak different messages. In doing so, the caster can also vary their speaking times so that those *mouths* that appear in the same place can be made to speak one after another in a particular sequence. A caster of this spell who is 10th level or greater can alternatively elect to create only a single *mouth*, but have it repeat the same message once per round until the spell expires.

The duration of the spell determines how long the *mouths* remain visible if the caster wants them to wait before triggering their speech (each *mouth* vanishes after it has spoken once).

Jalartan's Miraculum

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: S

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell modifies one other spell that is memorized in the caster's mind at the time the *miraculum* is cast, allowing the caster to cast that other spell without one of its normal components (verbal, somatic, or material). Spells that normally have only one component can be cast by silent act of will alone if a *Jalartan's miraculum* is used first.

A specific component of a particular spell must be chosen to be omitted when this spell is cast. There is no time limit between the casting of the *miraculum* and the unleashing of the modified spell. However, the caster must not have been slain in the intervening period or the modified spell does not work.

Laeral's Dancing Dweomer

(Illusion/Phantasm)

Range: 20 yards+10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 40-foot-diameter sphere

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell is used to confuse spells and abilities that detect magic by creating a score of false images that flit from one item to another within the area of effect, alternately creating and masking magical auras on all items therein. A *detect magic* spell used within the area of the *dancing dveomer* consequently reveals nothing useful, as all items in the area flicker with magical radiance. The flickering is not visible to the naked eye. It is seen only by beings actively detecting magic.

All beings so employing any such means of detection are allowed a saving throw vs. spell, modified as follows: Subtract a penalty from the roll equal to the level of the caster of the *dancing dveomer*, and add a bonus to the roll equal to the level of the detecting being (or equal to its Hit Dice, if the detecting being is not classed). If the saving throw fails, the being cannot tell what items—if any—truly bear a *dweomer*, and cannot tell the source or nature of what is confusing the detection. If the saving throw succeeds, the being is able to discern stronger, fixed auras about the truly magical items, and to see the movements of the *dancing dveomer*; if the caster of the *dancing dveomer* is still present at the scene, she or he also seems to be illuminated by a smaller duplicate of the *dancing dveomer*.



The caster of a *dancing dweomer* need not concentrate on the effect or refrain from other spellcasting to maintain it. The material component of this spell is a pinch of dust tossed into the air.

Laeral's Raging Griffon

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 9 rounds
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell calls into being a translucent, utterly silent, obviously magical construct that is an extension of the caster's will and acts with precise loyalty to the caster's desires. The caster can ride it if desired, see through its eyes whenever desired (though not to cast spells through it), or command it to fight the caster's foes.

A *raging griffon* is AC 3, MV 12, FI 30 (C), has 7 Hit Dice, and always has 44 hp. Its maneuverability changes to D when the caster or another being is mounted on its back. It attacks thrice per round, with its two clawed foretalons (for 1d4 points of damage each) and its razor-sharp beak (2d8 points of damage). Beings other than the caster can ride the griffon—and even drop onto its back from above, against the caster's wishes—but by will the caster can make the griffon vanish instantly.

The griffon also disappears if destroyed by cumulative damage. It fights a target creature of the caster's choice until it or the target is destroyed, or the caster changes its target. The caster can change the griffon's target in any round that she does not cast another spell. The griffon can move any distance from the caster without contact—or control—being lost. The spell range refers to how far away from the caster the griffon can be made to appear when the spell is cast.

The material component of this spell is a griffon feather or a tuft of hair from a griffon's tail. A real griffon does not recognize a *raging griffon* as a griffon or a living creature, and never views it as a threat unless attacked by it.

Lightning Reflection

(Abjuration, Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 turn
Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 1 being
Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the caster or a touched recipient (and all worn or carried material) against all effects of energy discharges. All such attacks are reflected straight back at their sources for full normal effect. Magical or natural *lightning* and other raw energy discharges are protected against. *Magic missiles* are also reflected. Fire is not protected against.

The material components of the spell are a drop of quicksilver and a shard of metal of any size.

Manyjaws

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 6 rounds
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: ½

This spell brings into being one pair of clashing jaws per level of the caster, floating in midair. These are actually strings of disembodied teeth, without gums, lips, or gullets. These jaws can only attack one target being per round, and fly about at MV FI 15 (A) in accordance with the caster's silent act of will. If other spellcasting is undertaken by the caster, the jaws either hang stationary or, if already attacking a creature, go on attacking the same target as per the caster's previous command until the caster resumes control over them.

The jaws are constructs of force and can penetrate any nonmagical armor. The jaws automatically hit their target each round. Each jaw bites for 1d4 points of damage per round. Magical armor of any sort (not bracers or rings) provides some protection from the jaws. Their damage is reduced by 1 point per jaw for each magical plus of the armor worn. (*Leather armor* +2 would reduce the damage by 2 points per jaw.) Targets that make successful saving throws vs. spell take half damage from each jaw, with a minimum of 1 point of damage being inflicted per jaw.

The material components of this spell are at least two teeth. The teeth can be of any size, need not be sharp, and can be from any sort of creature or creatures. They are consumed by the spell.

Steeldance

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet /level
Components: V, S, M



Duration: 2 rounds

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 60-foot-radius sphere

Saving Throw: None

This spell causes four whirling long swords or scimitars to appear out of thin air and fly about inside the area of effect at MV 18 (A), striking at foes for two rounds before vanishing again. Each blade strikes at a THAC0 of 6 and does 6 points of damage per successful attack. For the purpose of determining what they can hit, they are considered +4 magical weapons, but they gain no bonuses atop the previously stated THAC0 and damage. Each blade is AC -3 and has 12 hp. If a foe hits a blade for more than that amount of damage during its brief existence, it winks out immediately. The blades are subject to spell damage if magic is used against them.

The blades strike at up to four targets chosen by the caster, but the spell's area of effect is stationary. If the target or targets flee out of the spell's reach, the blades cannot follow.

The material components of a *steeldance* spell are four bladed weapons of any size from as long as the caster's forearm to tiny replicas. Knives or daggers are commonly used. The components are not consumed by the spell and can be reused.

Storm's Swordfire

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 1 weapon

Saving Throw: None

This spell causes any one metal bladed weapon touched by the caster during spellcasting to erupt in flames. These magical flames persist for the spell duration, racing up and down the blade without harming it or affecting its temper. A weapon exhibiting *swordfire* is considered a +2 magical weapon for purposes of what beings it can hit, but does not gain any attack bonuses or damage bonuses from this designation.

The flames inflict an additional 2d4 points of damage atop the physical damage normally done by the weapon to any creature struck. If a creature struck is undead, it suffers an additional 1d12 points of damage on top of the flame damage. The flames also ignite all flammables (such as paper, cloth, and oils), and force item saving throws vs. magical fire on all objects touched by them.

The caster can by act of will alone cause her own *swordfire* to instantly die, but once it is gone, it cannot be recalled. Another *swordfire* spell is needed to evoke the effect again.

In addition to the weapon, the material components of this spell are a lodestone or magnetized piece of metal and a lump of saltpeter as large as the caster's mouth. The weapon is not consumed by the magic, but the lodestone and the saltpeter are.

Syluné's Viper

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 4 rounds

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: Special

This spell temporarily transforms one of the caster's arms into a retractable serpent, whose eyes the caster can see through (if desired), complete with a fanged mouth. This serpent bites once per round as if it were a wizard seven levels higher than the caster, and its bite does 1d4+1 points of damage and forces the victim to make a saving throw vs. spell. If the saving throw is failed, the victim is convulsed for the following round. During this time the victim is helpless to attack, deliberately defend, or complete any other voluntary task or activity, and has his or her Armor Class penalized by 4. The serpentine arm can extend up to 50 feet and is effectively weightless. It can bite through armor plate, shields, and the like, and is a magical force rather than a real snake. It is unaffected by magic governing serpentkind.

The serpentine arm cannot constrict or entwine about victims, and its bite is not poisonous. Each time a victim is struck a saving throw vs. spell must be made to avoid the convulsive effect. The arm can climb vertical walls and then drag the caster's body after it if the caster so desires, but it moves at the caster's movement rate. The caster cannot work any other magic while one of her arms is in serpent-form, but she can end the spell before expiration by silent act of will.

The viper arm can be struck by foes. It is AC 4 and has 44 hp beyond the caster's own. If attacks reduce these hit points to 0, the serpent-arm vanishes and the spell ends. All attacks on the caster during the functioning of a *Syluné's viper* spell inflict damage against these extra hit points created by the viper arm first. Excess damage beyond the 44 hp is suffered by the caster directly.



The material components of this spell are a scale and a tooth from any snake (not necessarily a fang).

Wylunde's Ward

(Abjuration)

Range: 0

Components: V

Duration: 2 rounds

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

This spell is named for its creator, an irascible adventurer-mage who disappeared in the wilderness of the Sword Coast North long ago. It is called into effect with the utterance of a single word. It shields the caster with energy surges that are sometimes visible as a faint shimmering in the air around the caster's body. *Wylunde's ward* reduces any damage suffered by the caster by 2d4 points in each of the two rounds it exists, reducing damage to a minimum of 1 point per round.

If no attacks strike the caster during the time he or she is protected, the spell is wasted. It intercepts hostile spell damage as well as physical attacks, and it does not prevent the caster from working other magic. There is no known way for a mage to confer this protective ward on another being, and if a second *Wylunde's ward* is used by the same mage within a full day (24 hours, or 144 turns) of the last *ward* taking effect, it increases all damage taken by 2d4 points in each round it exists. If a third *ward* is cast within a full day (in other words, a ward takes effect within a full day of two other *ward* spells), the caster suffers an immediate 2d12 points of damage and must make a System Shock Survival roll (failure means death).

4th-Level Spells

Alustriel's Mantle

(Abjuration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 6 rounds

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the caster, or a single spell recipient touched during the casting, by enveloping the chosen being in a close-fitting magical defensive field. An *Alustriel's mantle* is normally invisible, but can be made by the desire of the wearer to shimmer, glow faintly (in any hue

and changing in response to the wearer's will), or shine brightly. When it shines brightly it is never blinding, but it is bright enough to read by or to allow one to see 10 feet or so in all directions in dark subterranean surroundings.

The *mantle* wards off all physical weapons except those that bear a +2 or better enchantment. It also prevents the functioning of all 1st- or 2nd-level spells or equivalent magical item effects within its confines. A caster protected by an *Alustriel's mantle* could stand in the path of *flaming sphere* that rolled over her, and it would do her no damage while still having normal effects on other beings in its range. She could also walk through a hail of nonmagical arrows or ignore nonmagical dagger attacks.

If two *Alustriel's mantles* ever come into contact, the result is a brief writhing chaos of swirling magic that wracks any protected beings involved with horrible pain, rendering them helpless for 1d2 rounds, and deals them each 4d8 points of damage as the *mantles* collapse.

The material component of an *Alustriel's mantle* is a tiny glass vial that the caster has breathed into and then stoppered at least a day (24 hours) before spellcasting.

Blood Lightning

(Alteration, Evocation, Necromancy)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: Special

This spell can be cast on the caster or on any touched recipient being. A *blood lightning* delays taking effect until the being next bleeds, and is undetectable while it is "waiting." The only way to prevent the blood fire from taking effect once cast is by the casting of a *remove curse* on the spell's recipient.

Within a turn after the spell recipients first bleed, they can by silent act of will lash out, releasing the *blood lightning*. If they do not, the magic heals them of 1d4+1 points of damage and dissipates. (If the spell recipient is a spellcaster, releasing the *blood lightning* does not count as casting a memorized spell, and it can be released *in addition to* normal spellcasting in that round.)

The spell manifests as a web of leaping and crackling blood-red lightning, raging out from any wounds the being has to deal all beings within 40 feet 6d6 points of damage. Beings struck by the *blood lightning* must make a successful saving throw to receive only half damage. A



being unleashing *blood lightning* is never harmed by it, but cannot choose to exclude any being within range from the *lightning* unless she is able to directly touch that being as the *lightning* is released.

Galather's Gnostic Chain

(Enchantment/Charm, Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: Special

Galather was an elven mage who won many spell duels during his long adventuring career by means of this spell, until the Simbul defeated him. *Galather's gnostic chain* is effective only on spellcasting beings. If cast on a being using magic or magiclike forces that are the result of psionics, natural spell-like powers, or magical items, the spell is wasted.

The *chain* appears as a glowing, snakelike spiral of light in the air above the chosen target, and settles down on him or her. The *chain* can form even if the target is invisible or surrounded by magical barriers. There is no known way to escape a *gnostic chain* as it forms. If the

chosen victim is not a spellcaster, the chain falls past him or her to the ground and vanishes in a harmless chaos of winking lights.

On the round after the *gnostic chain* is cast, it affects the chosen victim. The victim is forced to cast only spells of the same level as the last spell cast before being affected by the *chain*. The victim may choose which spell (if more than one remains) and when to cast, but any magic she or he works must be of that spell level—except magical items triggered or scrolls read. If all memorized spells of that level have been exhausted, the being has to engage in study before being able to cast spells again.

A *gnostic chain* is immune to *dispel magic*. It can only be escaped by a successful saving throw vs. spell. The first saving throw allowed to the victim is two rounds after being affected, and it is made at a penalty of -6. The second saving throw, two rounds later, is at -5, the third is at -4, and so on. The penalty decreases to zero (0) and then becomes a bonus of +1 added every other round until a maximum +6 bonus is reached, whereupon the modifiers reduce by 1 again until -6 is reached, and the cycle begins anew. If a saving throw is ever successfully made, the spell is broken. The death of the victim also ends the spell. A resurrected or raised victim is free of it.



The material components of a *gnostic chain* are at least three joined links of any sort and size of chain, a lock that has been used to confine any living being in the past, and a horseshoe nail. All the components are consumed in the spell's casting.

Galkyn's Bolt

(Alteration)

Range: 20 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell is sometimes used by Harper mages who are expecting trouble but have a need to carry mostly nonbattle spells. Named for its long-dead creator, it "drinks" any spell of 4th level or greater that is currently memorized in the caster's mind, converting it into a magical bolt.

This raw energy pulse leaps at a being of the caster's choice, striking at a +4 bonus to hit and using the caster's THAC0. The caster can will the pulse to fly straight or to arc around or over barriers. A bolt that misses simply fades away and the magic is wasted, but a hit causes the target being 5d4 points of damage. Undead and other beings linked to the Negative Energy Plane suffer 5d6 points of damage instead.

Iron Maiden

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell brings into being a helmed horror that fights for the caster with absolute loyalty until destroyed. This construct takes the form of an empty, animated suit of armor and appears armed with a long sword and a footman's mace. It acts as the caster directs. The caster mentally chooses its target, and it fights that target until directed to change targets or to perform some other specific action. For example, it can be commanded to "Block that doorway, and let nothing through!" or "Snatch up the wand that the mage in black let fall, and bring it quickly to me!" The caster is free to work other magic as the helmed horror fights.

The *iron maiden* is a battle horror, the most powerful type of helmed horror. It is AC 2; MV 12, FI 12 (A)—but only 6 (C) if carrying the caster; HD 13; hp 88; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword), 1d6+1 (footman's mace), or 1d4 (fist); SA *Dimension door* up to 60 yards distant (1xper day), and *blink* for up to 1 turn (1xper day); SD Immune to *magic missile*, *dispel magic*, and *lightning bolt*; SZ M (6' tall); ML Fearless (20); Int High (14); AL LN; XP 4,000. Note that the battle horror cannot cease blinking and then start again unless a full day has passed, even if it did not blink for a full turn.

A destroyed *iron maiden* shatters and falls into dust and shards of rust. If it still exists when the spell expires, it meets the same fate, dropping on the spot and unharmed any items that the caster has directed it to carry. (In other words, a fragile flask would settle undamaged to the ground when the iron maiden carrying it collapsed, not fall and shatter.) A battle horror created by means of this spell can communicate only with the caster who created it. Only one *iron maiden* spell can be memorized by a mage at once, and such is the stress of this spell that it cannot be memorized again until at least a full day (24 hours) has elapsed since it was last cast and forgotten.

The material component of this spell is a piece of metal plate that has been part of a suit of armor worn into battle at least once.

Laeral's Aqueous Column

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Area of Effect: 10-foot-diameter cylinder, expanding 10 feet per level in length

Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, a mage can transmute the air in a particular area into water. A cylindrical volume of pure water 10 feet in diameter per level of the caster is created. The caster decides if the water is fresh or salt during casting, and the spell confines the water in a 10-foot-diameter cylinder, allowing it to circulate freely and draw oxygen into itself as necessary to support marine life. The caster's level determines the length of the cylinder. Multiple *aqueous column* spells can be cast by the same caster or several mages to create a continuous column longer than the powers of a single caster could bring into being.

The column can run vertically, horizontally, at an angle, and make turns as desired and set during casting.



Once it is established, though, the location of a column cannot change. Beings and objects can pass freely into and out of the water without disturbing the stability of the column. (In other words, the passage of a creature or item does not cause the *column* to leak, spray, or spill.) Though items and beings become wet in the column, all excess moisture is gone when they emerge. Creatures not able to breathe in water are not empowered to do so by this spell.

An *aqueous column* is often used to maintain marine creatures in a dry environment for purposes of conferences, imprisonment, or transportation. The created cylinders are usually vertical (hence the spell's name) and may be connected with other bodies of water, such as sewers beneath buildings or the sea under a ship. When the spell expires, the water simply vanishes; marine creatures can easily be stranded. The magic equalizes varying water pressures so as to harm neither creatures nor the spell's surroundings. (A *column* connected to the sea in a cellar does not cause the sea to flood the cellar.)

The material components of this spell are a hair from any creature and a drop of liquid.

Laeral's Gesture

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows its user to cast any currently memorized spell of 3rd level or less in a casting time of 1 without verbal or material components, by means of a specific complex gesture. The spell to be affected is chosen, the *gesture* is cast, the caster casts the modified spell, and then she directs the effects of the chosen spell normally.

Only one *Laeral's gesture* can be memorized by any being at a time. There is no known way to make this magic govern spells of greater than 3rd level.

Laeral is (correctly) said to have devised this spell after being attacked while bathing—and necessarily parted from all most spell components—once too often.

Ottar's Mask

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster or any willing being touched by the caster to perfectly assume the face and frontal appearance of another being visible to the caster at the time. The adopted shape is a toes-to-hair duplicate of the front facing of the body *only*. There are several tales of hairy-chested male warriors whose limbs were brawny and hairy on their front surfaces and smooth, slender, and pale white on the back.

The being whose form is taken may be of a different gender, age, and race. The imposture is undetectable; not even a betraying dweomer is exhibited. Eye hue, hair length and hue, moles, wounds, and the like are all duplicated, as are scents and textures. Assumed features gained by use of this spell are fully usable (drow eyes have infravision, for example), but the spell does not grant spell-like natural powers of a race whose guise has been assumed, nor does it make cross-gender or cross-racial disguises fertile with beings that the caster would not normally be fertile with. The spell recipient's Dexterity is also unchanged.

The magic is powerful enough to fool creature-specific poisons and spells into thinking the front is the type of the whole being, and the spell recipient can drop the guise instantly by silent act of will. The changed form has no effect on the spell recipient's spellcasting ability, although the spell recipient must be careful to not allow material components to be transformed into part of the assumed frontal shape.

The material components of this spell are an eyelash a piece of skin from any creature.

It is thought that no living mage outside of the Seven and some Harpers knows this spell, though there are persistent rumors of the Witches of Rashemen employing it.

Rainbow Shield

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell envelops the caster or a touched willing spell recipient in a glowing aura of swirling colors. Though its hues are ever-shifting, the overall color of the aura corresponds to the caster's mood (purple for



despair, yellow for nausea, red for anger, black for pain, blue for happiness, green for affection and friendliness, and white for pride, exultation, or manifesting magical power). Though the *rainbow shield* has been used just to impress gullible observers, its purpose is to defend its wearer in combination with another spell.

This second spell must be of 3rd level or less. The spell is cast into the *shield* and is absorbed. Thereafter, until the *shield* fades away at spell expiration, the effects of the protector spell (typically *fireball* or *lightning bolt*) are visited on anyone seeking to strike at or through the *shield*. Normal saving throws vs. the spell, if any, still apply. Though the *shield* affects only creatures making direct physical attacks (not missile or magical attacks), it can deal full damage (or spell effects) as often as there are invaders to deal with, even if several creatures attack simultaneously. The protector spell can never be called forth and cast again. It becomes part of the *rainbow shield* and fades away when the *shield* does.

The material component of this spell is an iridescent shell, such as polished abalone.

Shadow Dance

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell transforms the caster or a touched recipient creature and all worn or carried material into a translucent, insubstantial state, resembling the creatures known as shadows. Like shadows, this form is 90% undetectable in all but the brightest sunlight, except to an observer who knows of its presence and watches it continuously. While affected by the spell, the caster's movements are silent, and she can pass through any crack or opening. Though an intangible wizard cannot cast spells requiring material components or launch physical attacks, the state can be ended instantly by silent act of will.

The user of a *shadow dance* is protected at all times by an effect identical to a *feather fall* spell, and is immune to all undead or magical energy-draining attacks. This immunity includes the Strength drain of shadows, life-force attacks (such as the *chill touch* of a lich or a wizard employing the spell of the same name), and the level draining of more powerful undead.

Shadow dance users cannot fly, but can dive downward, trusting to the *feather fall* property of the spell for protection. They can also climb empty air in a rhythmic manner that resembles some dances. This upward movement is equal to a *levitation* spell (an upward movement rate of 2, no horizontal movement, weight limit of 100 lbs. per level of experience of the caster).

The material component of this spell is a cobweb or eyelash that has been touched at some time by moonlight.

Swordshun

(Necromancy)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

This battle spell sees little use because the caster must deliberately wound herself with a bladed weapon to cast it. The weapon does its normal damage, plus 1 point every second round thereafter, so long as it remains in the wound.

Mages typically use this spell when they cannot avoid attacks. The caster can cast other spells while a *swordshun* is in effect on her, but all such magics have their casting time increased by 1.

While the weapon is in the wound, however, no other bladed or piercing weapons of any sort can harm the caster. Those that do strike draw no blood and do no damage, and the wounds they cause close by themselves almost instantly. The caster can walk through a *blade barrier* unharmed while using *swordshun*, or stroll unhurt through a shower of arrows.

The spell ends when the caster loses consciousness or the weapon is removed. Healing magic applied to the caster while the weapon used to cast the spell is in place are delayed in effect by the *swordshun* enchantment so that they do not work until the weapon is removed. When the weapon is removed, they take instant effect, no matter how much time has passed.

The material component of this spell is the weapon, which dissipates in smoke when the spell is done.

Whisper Blade

(Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level



Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a translucent, shadowlike, weightless area of magical force extending from the fingers of one of the caster's hands. This silent construct is blade-shaped. Its cutting edges inflict damage just as those of a real long sword do. The caster wields the *whisper blade* as if proficient in its use.

A *whisper blade* counts as a +1 magical sword for purposes of what it can hit (though it does not gain this attack or damage bonus). It can be used to slice at chains, armor, and other hard targets, since it never breaks, rusts, or grows dull. It is nonmetallic, nonmagnetic, and does not reflect light or conduct electrical energy. A *whisper blade* cannot be dropped or torn from the caster's grasp, but it vanishes instantly if the caster desires.

The spell's name comes from the habit many mages who employ it have of whispering the spell's verbal component, so as to surprise enemies.

5th-Level Spells

Fleshshiver

(Necromancy)

Range: 10 feet /level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 1 being
Saving Throw: Special

This spell afflicts any single creature the caster can see within range. The creature is automatically stunned (reeling, unable to think or act coherently) for the following round, and must make five Constitution ability checks. For each one failed, a limb is broken, with an accompanying 1d6+2 points of damage and loss of mobility. For human, demihuman, and humanoid targets, the checks are for left arm, right arm, left leg, right leg, and neck; if the last one fails, a System Shock Survival roll is required to avoid death. (DMs must rule on a reduction in movement rate appropriate for the creature targeted if one or more limbs that provide movement are broken; a drop in MV by 3 per broken leg is suggested for man-sized bipedal creatures.)

The material component for this spell is a bone, which is broken during the spell casting. Chicken bones are often used.

Laeral's Disrobement

(Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 day/level
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell is cast upon any nonmetallic worn item before another spell of any level is cast. The casting of a *disrobement* consumes a handful of diamond dust (crushed diamonds worth 3d4+1x1,000), but the item it is cast on is not harmed or consumed by this magic. This item can be as large as a gown or as small as a ring or earring, but cannot be something already bearing an enchantment.

The second spell is cast in the normal way, but the caster—who need not be the caster of the *disrobement*—touches the item bearing the *dweomer* of the *disrobement* during casting, and the spell enters the item rather than taking effect. *Teleport*, *death spell*, and *meteor swarm* are favorite spells to be used in conjunction with *Laeral's disrobement*.

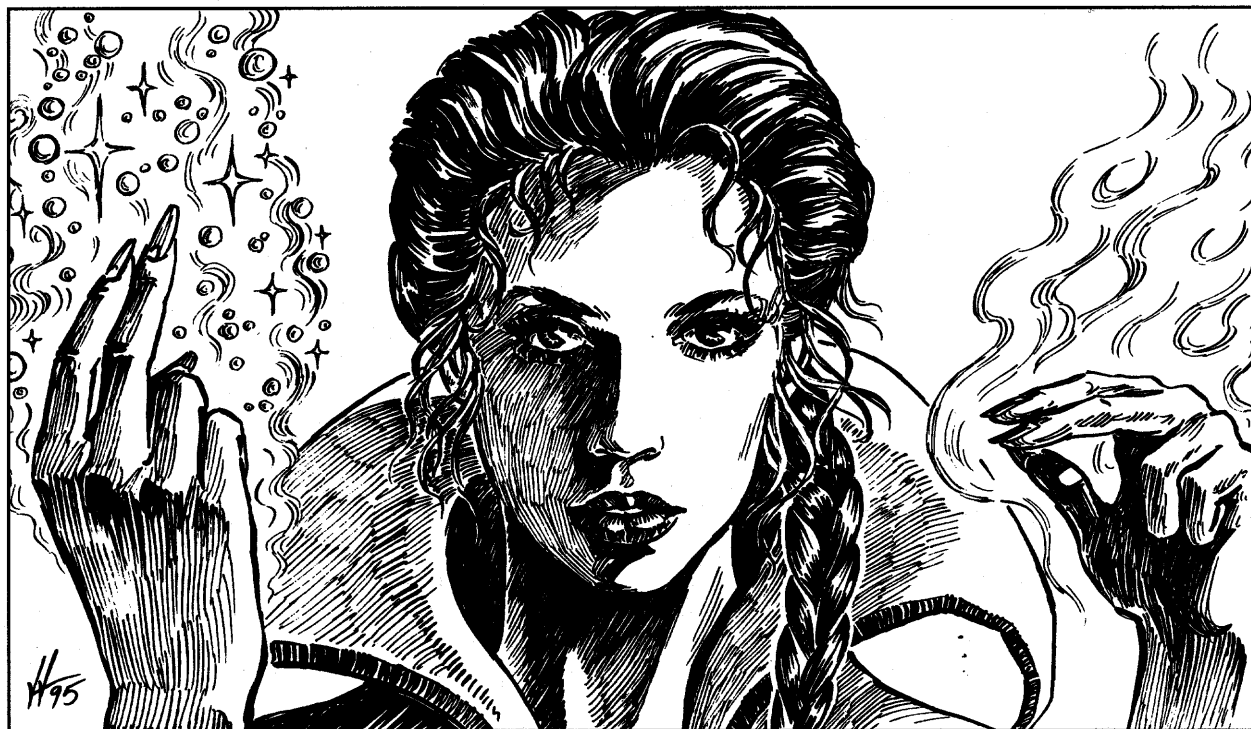
This second spell takes effect when the item is removed from or torn away from an unwilling wearer, or when the item is destroyed or substantially damaged (tearing a sleeve from a shirt, for example, or slashing a tunic with a sword). Although a metal dagger could not be made the focus of a *disrobement*, its sheath could.

Item-wearers are instantly made aware of erupting spells. These spells are under their control even if they have no spellcasting ability or are of another class than the caster of either the *disrobement* or the spell it has stored. The item-wearer can decide what form the spell takes (if any), its duration or intensity (if applicable), and its destination or target. This control is by silent act of will. Even bound and gagged item-wearers can direct erupting spells.

Even if item-wearers make foolish decisions about spell effects, they can never be directly harmed by an unleashed spell. If the item-wearer made a *fireball* detonate with herself at the center, she and all worn, carried, and touched items and companions would be completely protected by the *disrobement*, but the *fireball's* blast would have normal effects on everything else it reached.

If the *disrobement* expires before the item is removed or harmed, this second spell is lost without taking effect.

Syluné once used a *disrobement* when captured by slavers. They tore her gown to brand her on one shoul-



der, and the resulting *meteor swarm* destroyed them and their log-built stronghold. As a result, *Laeral's disrobement* was called *Syluné's displeasure* for a time by sages who had not learned its true nature. The name may still be found in some old writings.

Melisander's Harp

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet /level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell is named for its creator, the elven mage and Harper hero known to Realmslore as the Last Lonely Harpist. It brings into being the spectral, shadowy illusion of a harp that plays by itself, floating in midair. The harp can be up to 10 feet per level distant from the caster. While within range, it can be moved at a rate of up to 10 feet a round according to the caster's will. Its playing can be turned on and off instantly and repeatedly by silent will of the caster, but this does not affect spell duration.

While the harp is playing, all creatures within 20 feet of it are affected as if by a *slow* spell (no saving throw).

All sound is hushed (but not negated), available light dims, and all creatures of 4+4 Hit Dice or less within 40 feet must make a successful saving throw vs. spell or be affected as if by a *sleep* spell.

All creatures and objects within 60 feet of a *Melisander's harp* are also affected as if by a *feather fall* spell (no saving throw) while the harp is playing.

A *Melisander's harp* is unaffected by *dispel magic* or *magical silence*. A *limited wish* or stronger spell is required to destroy such a harp while it exists. The powers of a *harp* cannot pass through magical barriers (such as a *wall of force*), and a spellcaster cannot cause a harp to come into being or to move to the other side of such a barrier from the caster's location.

The material components of this spell are a silver harp-string and at least three tears.

Mooncloak

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: 20-foot-radius sphere

Saving Throw: None



This spell is usable only at night under a moonlit sky. By an incantation that destroys a moonstone, pearl, or other pale-hued gemstone of not less than 50 gp in value, the caster can weave an aura of moonlight around herself or a chosen visible being within spell range. The area of effect moves with the focal being.

This magical field glows with a pearl-white radiance bright enough to read by. Within its confines, creatures receive special benefits against all cold-based, paralyzing, and level-draining attacks. Creatures receive an extra saving throw, another ability check, or the damage they would receive is lessened by 1 point per die—whichever best applies in the Dungeon Master's judgment.

Once per round, while a *mooncloak* lasts, the spell's caster can choose to sacrifice one memorized spell. The spell is forgotten without being cast, and the caster or another creature within the moonlit field of the caster's choice gains a number of hit points equal to twice the level of the forgotten spell.

The caster need not touch a chosen recipient to so gift (and usually heal) him or her, but cannot cast another spell in the same round as this sort of magical sacrifice is made. If hit points gained in this way raise a being to more than its usual total, the extra hit points are retained only until the spell expires. Any damage suffered by the being is taken first from these phantom hit points.

A *mooncloak* can outlast the death, unconsciousness, or flight of its caster (unless she was its focus, in which case it moves with her), but vanishes instantly if its caster desires it ended.

Muirara's Map

(Divination)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

Developed by one of Syluné's favorite apprentices, the long-dead half-elven sorceress for which it is named, this spell allows the caster to perceive a mental picture of four lights in darkness: one light is the caster, two others are known places the caster has visited at some previous time (specified during casting), and the third is a chosen being.

Viewing this mental map gives the caster a rough idea of the location of a being she seeks, and his or her

direction and distance from the caster. If the being happens to be at one of the chosen locations, the spell confirms this and gives a greater indication of their whereabouts: A hazy mental picture shows the caster if the target being is indoors or outdoors, above or below ground level, and moving or stationary.

The spell can find any creature on the same plane as the caster except a being using *nondetection* or psionic means of concealment.

Phantom Blade

(Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a translucent, shadowlike, weightless area of magical force extending from the fingers of one of the caster's hands. This silent construct is blade-shaped. Its cutting edges inflict damage just as those of a real sword do. The caster wields the *phantom blade* as if proficient in the use of this weapon, at her normal THAC0.

A *phantom blade* counts as a +2 magical sword for purposes of what it can hit (though it does not gain this attack or damage bonus), and cannot harm inorganic things (such as ropes) because it has no solid existence. Against living foes, it cuts and chills for 1d10 points of damage per successful strike. Against undead creatures, beings phasing into or out of the Ethereal Plane, or beings maintaining any simultaneous dual-plane existence, it gives a +4 bonus to the wielder's attack roll and causes 4d4 points of damage. A *phantom blade* is nonmetallic, nonmagnetic, and does not reflect light or conduct electrical energy. It cannot be dropped or torn from the caster's grasp, but it vanishes instantly if the caster desires.

A *phantom blade* is also effective against nonprismatic magical barriers (such as a *wall of force*) and fields (such as a *minor globe of invulnerability*). At each contact with such a barrier, roll 2d12. A maximum of one contact between the phantom blade and the barrier can occur per round. When the total of all such attacks exceeds the field's total points, the field or barrier is destroyed, along with the *phantom blade*. For purposes of determining when a field falls, assign a field 10 points per spell level; assign 70 points for effects with unknown level.



Shadow Head

(Evocation)

Range: 90 feet

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

When this spell is memorized, it is woven around any already-memorized spell of 1st through 4th level (typically a combat spell). The two spells combine, becoming a single 5th-level spell in the caster's mind, and freeing up the mind-space occupied by the lesser spell.

When this spell is cast, it creates a spectral head: a humanlike, disembodied, floating head that appears to be composed of translucent shadow. The head can be the size of the caster's own or larger, to a maximum height of the caster's entire body. The head moves and speaks as the caster wills. Controlling it and maintaining its existence does not prevent the caster from casting other spells.

A *shadow head* typically gives a guiding or warning message. The caster can speak through its mouth as long as the head is within range, though spell incantations or magical item words of activation uttered by the head do not work. The head can also be empowered to speak when certain triggering conditions are met, in the same way a *magic mouth* spell does. The predetermined message in this case can be up to 50 words in length, can be delivered in any language the caster knows, and can be spoken in any voice the caster can mimic.

A *shadow head* has no solid existence and can do nothing but speak (note that it can threaten or mislead). If any attack, magical or physical, passes through it, the spell it was combined with (typically *fireball* or *lightning bolt*) is instantly launched from the head at the source of the attack. The head then vanishes.

The material components of this spell are a scrap of cobweb that a shadow has once fallen across and a bit of tongue from any creature.

Shoondal's Seeking

(Divination)

Range: 40 feet

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 9 rounds

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

This spell empowers the caster to see all locks, keys, and fastenings within 40 feet. All such devices glow a bright gold. They are visible to the caster's gaze even through concealing frescoes, wood overlays, clothing, tapestries, and other materials up to the density of a 3-inch thickness of solid stone. Even magical disguises overlying a lock, key, or fastening do not conceal it from a *Shoondal's seeking*.

If any of the revealed devices are enchanted, their auras seem ruby-red to the caster, not golden. If there are mechanical traps or alarms linked to revealed devices, the devices glow blue. If both mechanical traps and magic are linked to the same item, the magical glow takes precedence, unfortunately concealing any hint of the mechanical link. The spell does not show which locks and keys go together.

The material component of this spell is a key from any source, which is consumed in the casting. It need not be one familiar to the caster, or even a real key. A piece of metal shaped like a key the caster has seen will suffice.

The Sighing Chain

(Evocation)

Range: 10 yards per 2 levels

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: None

This spell brings into being a shimmering silver-blue chain of force that coils snakelike around a single chosen target creature. The spell's name comes from the loud, continuous sighing sound the *chain* makes as it loops and writhes around the target being. The *chain* surrounds its victim automatically. Its movements do not require the caster's continued attention; the caster is free to work other magic or even leave the scene.

The victim within the *sighing chain* is not prevented from moving about or performing desired actions, but the *chain* imposes a -2 penalty on all of the victim's attack and damage rolls, adversely affects ability checks, saving throws, and movement rate by 2, and increases the casting times of any spells cast by a spellcasting enchained victim by 2.

Creatures trying to pull at the *chain* suffer 2d4 points of bludgeoning damage per tug, and such attempts are always futile. Foes of the victim trying to strike at the victim past or through the *chain* suffer a -2 penalty on attack rolls, but are otherwise unaffected by the *chain*.



Aside from waiting for its disappearance at the expiration of the spell, the *chain* can be gotten rid of by *dispel magic*, by destroying it, or by the death of the victim. If the first victim dies and the spell has not expired, the caster can direct the *chain* to move to another target, coiling and writhing at MV 9. To enchain this subsequent victim requires a successful attack roll at the caster's THAC0, and directing the *chain* to a new victim consumes the spellcaster's action for that round. This is the *only* way a *sighing chain* can change victims. If the *chain* is not directed to a new victim in the round following the first victim's death, it dissipates.

To destroy a *sighing chain*, it must be dealt 21 points of damage. It is only AC 6, but the nature of the magic causes all damage done to it by any spell or being, not just the victim, to be also visited point for point on the enchained victim. Thus, a victim must suffer 21 points of damage to be free of a *sighing chain* that is "killed."

The material component of this spell is a length of at least three joined links of chain of the finest steel or of any pure metal.

Stealweb

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: ½

This spell is cast on an archway, portal, doorframe, window, or other solidly defined opening—though this can be as crude as the space between two standing stones or boulders. Like a *magic mouth* spell, it waits, radiating only a faint dweomer, until its specific trigger conditions are met and then lashes out. (Its usual trigger conditions are "when any nongood-aligned wizard passes through.")

A bright web of glowing white force-lines appears, washes over the chosen victim (who must be a single creature passing through the opening), and then vanishes again. A *stealweb* activates whenever its conditions are met. It can activate as many times as its caster has levels at the time of the spell's casting, or until it is dissipated by destruction of the opening it is linked to or by application of a *dispel magic*.

The victim of a *stealweb* suffers 4d4 points of damage from a blast of raw spell energy, but can never again be affected by that particular *stealweb*. The *stealweb* also does not activate at the same being's repeat passage,

though its conditions are otherwise unchanged. A successful saving throw vs. spell by the victim when the energy charge goes off cuts the damage in half.

The caster of a *stealweb* cannot be harmed by her own spell, even if she meets the conditions for its activation as stated during casting. The material components of this spell are a piece of phosphorous, a flint, and a scrap of cobweb.

The name of this spell comes from an earlier variant (now believed lost) from ancient Netheril that stole spells from the minds of those who activated it. It is most often used today to protect wizards' strongholds.

Storm's Spell Thrust

(Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 rounds

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: 10 feet/level

Saving Throw: None

This spell causes up to two hostile spell manifestations (one per round of its existence) to rebound back instantly at their source. Thus, a *lightning bolt* would leap back whence it came, the blast of an expanding *fireball* would be directed back at its source in a long jet of flame, and so on. Creatures at a rebounded spell's source are allowed whatever saving throws the returned spell normally affords potential victims. If multiple spell manifestations occur in a round, the spellcaster chooses which one is thrust back at its source. The caster of the *spell thrust* need not be able to see the source of a spell to rebound it.

Some spells, by their nature, cannot be made to rebound; *Storm's spell thrust* has no effect on them. A *spell thrust* has no visible manifestation to warn enemy spellcasters.

The material component of a *spell thrust* is a small, curved piece of polished metal or glass.

6th-Level Spells

Brightsong

(Abjuration, Alteration, Enchantment)

Range: 0

Components: V

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: 20-foot-radius sphere

Saving Throw: None



This spell is unleashed by a sung incantation; it creates *free action* (akin to that of the 4th-level priest spell or the magical ring) in a spherical area of effect centered on the caster. In this space (which moves with the caster), all creatures can move and attack normally, and the following magical effects are negated or prevented from forming: *web*, *slow*, *entangle*, *forcecage*, *hold*, and all types of paralysis and petrification. All locks, mechanical and magical, are opened, and all knots are untied.

Beings under any sort of compulsion (such as *charms*, *geas* spells, or psionic influences) are allowed an immediate saving throw to escape them upon entering the *brightsong's* area of effect. A given *brightsong* spell allows only one such attempt per being, regardless of how many times a being enters and leaves its area of effect. This spell does not work underwater.

Cathala's Compulsion

(Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell, named for its creator, is cast on any one being. If the being successfully makes a saving throw vs. spell, the *Cathala's compulsion* is wasted. If the saving throw fails, the victim is forced to charge at the caster until the caster ends the magic (typically just before impact) or the victim manages to touch (usually to smash into) the caster. A victim who is prevented from reaching the caster by a barrier or foe single-mindedly tries to climb, get past, or batter down the barrier to get to the caster. Victims leave themselves vulnerable to attacks from other beings in their single-minded attempts. The victim does have time during the charge to ready any weapons within reach, and the caster may similarly prepare while the victim is en route, even casting spells if time allows (if the victim is hampered or slowed, perhaps).

A charging spell victim moves at one-and-a-half times his full movement rate, has an attack bonus of +2, and can inflict double damage with certain weapons (such as a lance). Charging victims also lose all Dexterity-based Armor Class bonuses and have a base Armor Class penalty of 1. If a charging victim is attacked during the charge, the his or her attackers gain -2 on their initiative rolls and can inflict double damage with pole arm weapons set against the charge.

The material component of this spell is a copper hook of any size attached to a string, thread, or piece of fishing line.

Double Steel

(Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to create a duplicate of any bladed weapon she has touched or seen in use out of thin air. The duplicate weapon matches the original exactly—even to any magical powers it has or enchantments laid upon it. When the spell expires, the blade fades away and can never be recalled (that particular weapon can never be duplicated by that mage again). Until the spell expires, the caster or another being can wield the blade and is made instantly aware upon touching it of all of its powers.

This duplicate weapon vanishes instantly if wielded by a caster who attempts to cast any spell, but the caster is free to work other magic if the blade is wielded by someone else. Any beings who wield the duplicate do so as if they were proficient with it. The caster alone, if she uses the weapon, can choose to wield it with her own THACO or that of a particular being she has seen employing the original weapon. The spell does not reveal to the caster what that THACO is; she can only guess at it, given the blade's performance in the being's hands.

The duplicate weapon created by this spell has tangible physical existence while the spell lasts. It can be used as a prop or tool. It can even be seized by a foe of the caster and used against her, though she has the ability to make the duplicate blade vanish at any time by willing it out of existence.

Fire Eyes

(Alteration)

Range: 1 foot/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: ½

This spell causes the caster's eyes to emit twin rays of fire. These are concentrated beams that are hot enough to



burn holes in plate armor in one round and in most stone walls in two rounds. The eye-beams cause 4d8 points of damage per round to any creature they touch except the caster and all items worn or carried by the caster.

In normal conditions, the caster can train her eye beams on a maximum of two creatures per round. Sometimes, such as when she is looking along a corridor at an approaching file of creatures or when multiple beings look in a window or doorway and meet her gaze, one after another, the caster is able to affect many more creatures.

While the caster's eyes are emitting fire, she can see normally, but cannot cast or wield any other magic. The caster can end the spell at will before it would expire normally. Emitting the beams can be interrupted temporarily, also, so that the caster can look at creatures and things without burning them.

Contact with an eye beam instantly ignites flammables such as paper and cloth, and forces all other items to make a saving throw vs. magical fire. Mages employing this spell can easily—and sometimes inadvertently—cause fires. While a mage is under a *fire eyes* spell, she is protected against all direct flame and heat effects, from any fire (including dragon breath) and any hot substance (such as hot lava). She is not protected

against fire-*related* damage, such as falling timbers in a burning building.

Gauntlet of Teeth

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 6 rounds

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: ½

This spell creates a whirling oval of disembodied teeth in midair. The countless teeth all face one way, and they spin around each other in random arcs within an oval area 8 feet long or tall and 4 feet across at its widest extent. In any round in which their caster does no other spellcasting, she can mentally direct the *gauntlet* to fly about at MV FI 9 (A), tilting it as desired. (It is vertical when it first appears.) If other spellcasting is undertaken by the caster, the teeth of the *gauntlet* whirl about in a stationary location until control is resumed. The *gauntlet* can form about a target creature, and it compresses to fit through any opening at least as large as the caster's head.

The teeth are constructs of force and can penetrate any nonmagical armor. They cause any creature (including



undead ones) 6d4 points of damage on contact (or per round of continued contact with immobile creatures). They do no damage to nonliving things. If a *gauntlet of teeth* can pass through a target creature—that is, move up to, envelop, and continue onward beyond it—damage is increased by an additional 2d4 points. If circumstances permit (for example, a *gauntlet* moving down a narrow passage occupied by a file of beings), a *gauntlet of teeth* can harm up to 12 beings per round, but it deals the specified damage to each only once. In most cases, only one or two victims can feel its effects in a round.

Magical armor of any sort (not bracers or rings) provides some protection from the *gauntlet*. Its damage is reduced by 2 points for each magical plus of the armor worn. (*Leather armor* +2 would reduce the damage by 4 points.) Minimum damage done by the *gauntlet* is 2 points.

The material components of this spell are at least seven teeth. They are consumed by the spell.

Ghostgrail

(Abjuration, Alteration, Necromancy)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell affects the caster or a single recipient being touched during spellcasting. It makes the spell recipient immune to all undead special powers (level or strength draining, fear, mummy rot, and the like), so that the protected being suffers only physical damage from undead attacks. A mage under the effects of a *ghostgrail* does not age when encountering a ghost, and need not make a saving throw when hearing a banshee wail. Moreover, the spell allows the protected being to see, hit, and damage undead with normal weapons at all times. (Shadows are always seen, vampires can be struck when gaseous, and so on.) This temporarily overrides undead immunities, but only empowers the *ghostgrail* user to do normal physical damage to undead (not magical damage, or the extra bonuses of magically augmented damage).

A *ghostgrail* spell does not negate spell-like undead powers (such as phasing and flying), and does not provide any protection against spells cast by undead, such as any spells cast by a lich.

The material component of a *ghostgrail* is the dust from a coffin or burial slab.

The Howling Chain

(Evocation)

Range: 10 yards per 2 levels

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: None

This spell brings into being a shimmering, blood-red chain of force (akin to that created by the 5th-level wizard spell known as *the sighing chain*) that coils snakelike around a single chosen target creature. This spell is named for the howling chant emitted by the *chain* as it loops and writhes around the target being. The *chain* surrounds its victim automatically. Its movements do not require the caster's continued attention; the caster is free to work other magic or even leave the scene.

The victim within a *howling chain* is not held fast nor prevented from moving, but the *chain* imposes a -2 penalty on all of the victim's attack and damage rolls, adversely affects ability checks, saving throws, and movement rate by 2, and increases the casting times of any spells cast by a spellcasting enchained victim by 2.

A *howling chain* flails at its victim constantly attacking twice per round with a THAC0 of 7, and dealing 3d4 points of crushing and bludgeoning damage per successful strike. In any round in which both *chain* attacks hit a spellcasting victim, the spell is ruined; otherwise, an enchained spellcasting victim *can* successfully cast spells with a casting time of 5 or less. If an enchained victim devotes his or her attention exclusively to blocking and avoiding *chain* attacks, and does not otherwise move or attempt any other actions not directly related to defense (readying a shield is permissible), one *chain* attack per round automatically misses, and the other is made at THAC0 12.

Creatures trying to pull at the *chain* suffer 2d4 points of bludgeoning damage per tug, and such attempts are always futile. Foes of the victim trying to strike at the victim past or through the *chain* suffer a -2 penalty on attack rolls, but are otherwise unaffected by the *chain*.

Aside from waiting for its disappearance at the expiration of the spell, the *chain* can be gotten rid of by *dispel magic*, by destroying it, or by the death of the victim. If the first victim dies and the spell has not expired, the caster can direct the *chain* to move to another target, coiling and writhing at MV 9. To enchain this subsequent victim requires a successful attack roll at the caster's THAC0, and directing the *chain* to a new victim con-



sumes the spellcaster's action for that round. This is the only way a *howling chain* can change victims. If the *chain* is not directed to a new victim in the round following the first victim's death, it dissipates.

To destroy a *howling chain*, it must be dealt 33 points of damage. It is only AC 8, but the nature of the magic causes all damage done to it by any spell or being, not just the victim, to be also visited point for point on the enchained victim. Thus, a victim must suffer 33 points of damage to be free of a *howling chain* that is "killed."

The material component of this spell is a length of at least three joined links of chain of the finest steel or of any pure metal.

Obold's Brightness

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 rounds

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 60-foot-diameter sphere

Saving Throw: ½

This spell is named for its creator, the gruff old mage Obold (now dead), who used it to deal with frequent orc attacks on his isolated mountain-crag tower. The *brightness* is a thick, smoky cloud that glows bright white and is shot through with sparks. These sparks are actually tiny bolts of lightning that leap here and there inside the cloud, dealing all beings in contact with it 6d8 points of damage. A successful saving throw vs. spell means that creatures contacting the *brightness* take only half damage.

The cloud forms in one spot. It forms as a hemisphere, if over level ground, rather than as a full sphere. It moves briskly in a single direction chosen by the caster at MV 15 for the rest of its existence. It can reach areas the caster cannot see, and it is thus handy for attacking fortifications, defended caverns, and the like.

The material components of this spell are a scrap of fur and a tangle of wire.

Shadowsteal

(Alteration, Illusion/Phantasm)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell can be triggered at its casting, or long after the casting by uttering a command word or by the fulfillment of certain conditions set during the casting (in the same manner as a *magic mouth* is triggered). It affects the caster or a willing recipient touched by the caster during casting. Once the spell is activated, it lasts for one hour per level of its caster or until the special conditions defined below occur.

When the *shadowsteal* is activated, the protected being acquires a shapeshifting, shadowy appearance that conceals its identity and even its race. Its continually altering shape emits ever-changing heat and cold that foils even infravision, so all opponents attack the protected being at a -3 penalty their attack rolls.

The shadowy being can move, cast spells if a spellcaster, and fight normally. There is no real alteration of its body or any worn or carried items. The protected being sees and speaks normally, and this spell empowers it to *dimension door* (as the 4th-level wizard spell) at any time while the spell continues, but the use of this magical transportation method ends the *shadowsteal* instantly.

A *shadowsteal* waiting to take effect is negated by the death of the being it is cast on or the application of a *dispel magic*, but is unaffected by all other magic.

In ancient times, this spell was a favorite of wizards seeking to slay foes and escape without being recognized. The Seven have used it to fight Zhentarim and Red Wizards of Thay without revealing their identities.

Skeletal Bride

(Necromancy)

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn + 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a skeletal form of the same height and proportions as the caster. The form has a smooth, flesh-hued, featureless globe for a head with whatever type and length of hair the caster wills, but the rest of the body is always skeletal.

This skeletal form is not undead and cannot be turned or influenced by spells acting specifically on undead. It moves with the same gait and mannerisms as the caster, but only moves at the caster's mental urging. It collapses into dust, ending the spell, if it ever passes out of spell range.



The caster can dress the *skeletal bride* in clothing to make it appear to be herself or a companion, and can control its actions from afar, so long as the caster and the *bride* remain within range of each other. *Skeletal brides* often take ambushes or stealthy night attacks meant for their casters, or dupe others into thinking the caster has friends to aid her. Inventive Harpers have used this spell to create diversions (by making other folk think they see an intruder or known rival), to guide folk in places where the Harper cannot safely go, and to fool foes into thinking they have killed the Harper. The most common use of the spell is simple to scare folk. Female Harpers often use this spell to scare away overamorous men on the road, who are usually startled indeed to find that under a *bride's* clothing are only bones!

Skeletal brides can carry or support a total weight of only 20 lbs. or less, such as clothes and a light weapon. Overloading them causes them to collapse into dust. They are AC 7 and can withstand 19 points of damage before collapsing, though single attacks dealing more than 10 points of damage at a time crush or sever individual limbs, the head, etc. This sort of damage does not end the spell or impair the functioning of what is left of the skeletal form, although the loss of a leg may slow its mobility. (The animating magic can hold a *bride* that is carrying or wearing 10 pounds or less of material upright.)

Skeletal brides cannot speak, but *magic mouth*, *ventriloquism*, and similar spells can be cast on one to 'make it appear to speak.

The material component of this spell is a human bone.

Spell Mirror

(Alteration)

Range: 20 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell is cast on a reflective surface of any sort. It is usually used to lay traps for intruders. For one turn after a *spell mirror* is cast the surface waits. Within this period of time, the first spell of 4th level or less or any magical item discharge (regardless of level equivalency) that is directed at the mirror is swallowed up, tracelessly. These spells "arm" the mirror.

This swallowed-spell effect does not manifest until the mirror is destroyed or looked into by a being or beings specified in the casting of the *spell mirror*. Typical

specifications defined in the spell are: "any orc shaman," "Eldaerus the Mage of Neverwinter," "a priest of any evil faith," or even "any mage who is not me or Aldagh or Shonter." When the conditions for activating the *spell mirror* are met, the magic held by the mirror springs forth with full effect and normal area of effect. Specific targeting directions (or targets) or spots for discharges are determined by the caster of the *spell mirror* during the spell's original casting. Saving throws apply only if the erupting spell normally allows them.

The material components of this spell are the mirror and a handful of dust from any powdered object that was once magical. The mirror surface is damaged in by the spell process, even when the stored spell erupts.

7th-Level Spells

Alustriel's improved Mantle

(Abjuration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the caster or a single willing recipient touched during the casting by enveloping the chosen being in a close-fitting magical defensive field. An *Alustriel's improved mantle* is normally invisible, but can be made by the desire of the wearer to shimmer, glow faintly (in any hue and changing in response to the wearer's will), or shine brightly. When it shines brightly it is never blinding, but it is bright enough to read by or to allow one to see 10 feet or so in all directions in non-magical darkness.

The *mantle* wards off all physical weapons except those that bear a +2 or better enchantment. It also prevents the functioning of all spells or equivalent magical item effects of 4th level or less within its confines. A caster protected by an *Alustriel's improved mantle* could stand in the heart of a *fireball* that burst and crisped beings standing all around her, and escape with herself and all she wore and carried completely unharmed. Nonmagical weapons cannot hit a being enveloped in an *improved mantle*. The wearer of such a *mantle* (which, despite its name, is a magical field, not a garment) also receives a +2 bonus on all saving throws.

If any *Alustriel's improved mantle* ever comes into direct contact with another *improved mantle*, or with an *Alus-*



triel's mantle (the lesser spell related to this one), the result is a brief writhing chaos of swirling magic that wracks any protected beings involved with horrible pain, rendering them helpless for 1d2 rounds, and deals them each 4d10 points of damage as the *mantles* collapse.

The material components of an *Alustriel's improved mantle* are a gem of any sort worth 50 gp or more and a tiny glass vial that the caster has breathed into and then stoppered at least a day (24 hours) before casting the spell.

Alustriel's Sword of Stars

(Evocation)

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a shimmering, translucent construct of force. This construct is a cluster of winking, pulsing lights that resemble stars in the night sky, grouped in the shape of a two-handed sword of the largest size. For purposes of determining what it can hit, this construct is considered a +2 magical weapon, though it does not gain this attack or damage bonus.

This *sword of stars* forms on the round following the spell's casting and silently attacks a chosen target creature. It pursues, attacking twice per round at a THAC0 of 9 (regardless of the caster's own THAC0), and dealing 4d4 points of damage at a successful strike, until the target being is slain, the *sword of stars* is destroyed, or the spell expires. The *sword* can follow a being anywhere on the same plane, though long-distance *teleports* cause the magic to expire before the pursuing *sword* reaches its target.

A *sword of stars* flies about at MV 21 (A). It has an AC of -2 and has 22 hp. It vanishes if destroyed by physical attacks. Magical attacks of any sort have no effect on it at all, save that *dispel magic* or a properly worded *limited wish* or *wish* spell can make it vanish. The magical blade fights by itself, not requiring the caster's attention once created.

The material component of this spell is any metal-bladed weapon. The weapon is consumed in the casting, so cheap daggers or tiny replicas are most often used.

Anticipation

(Divination)

Range: 0

Components: S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

This powerful spell allows the caster to correctly know what attacks and other actions all beings within 60 feet at the time of casting will attempt on the following round, so the caster can act accordingly. For each weapon attack to occur, the information gained is the type of weapon to be used, whether or not the weapon is magical (but not what magical power will be used), and the attacker's intended target.

If the attack is to be a spell, the intended target or area of effect of the spell is revealed, but not the type of spell. For activities involving items, the precise item to be used is learned. Often this reveals the presence of hidden items to the caster.

Undead beings and creatures from other planes cannot be "read" by this spell. Note that the spell reveals the presence of *invisible* or disguised beings by communicating their intended activities to the caster.

Basilisk Glare

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 4 rounds

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 1 being/round

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell causes the eyes of the caster to glow with a bright, ruby-red radiance. Any being that the caster looks at and bends her will upon can be transformed into a stony state for the duration of the spell plus 1d3 rounds. A maximum of one being per round can be so affected. Targets must be at least partially visible to the caster, but need not meet the caster's gaze to be affected.

A target being makes a saving throw against the spell. If the saving throw succeeds, the target is unaffected, and no other target can be chosen during that round. If the saving throw fails, the target must make a System Shock Survival roll. If this fails, the victim is reduced to 2d4 hit points and rendered unconscious.

If the spell succeeds, the victim suffers 1d4 points of physical damage as his body turns to stone (clothing and items, including objects bearing a *dweomer*, are also petrified, but are never harmed by a *basilisk glare*). Thereafter, until the magic wears off, the victim is immobile, unseeing and unhearing, and makes a saving throw as



stone against all attacks. Beings temporarily petrified by means of this spell cannot be shattered by physical attacks. Their actual body state is flickering swiftly and imperceptibly between stone and flesh, as magical energy surges pulse and glow.

While employing a *basilisk glare*, a mage cannot activate any other magic or cast any spells. Already-active magical items can be held and continue to function if their natures allow them to do so, or an already-held magical weapon could be wielded. Using a *basilisk glare* does not prevent a caster from participating in physical combat or activities, and the spell can be ended instantly if the caster desires. (Already-affected victims are governed by the spell's effects for 1d3 rounds after the spell is dropped.)

The material components for this spell are a pebble or stone chip of any type and size and two teardrops from the caster's eyes.

Hold Golem

(Abjuration, Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 1 golem

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to halt a single golem of any type within spell range. The locations of all golems within range are revealed to the caster—even if they are disguised, hidden behind cover, or inactive—and the caster can choose which golem to affect.

The golem becomes immobile even if it is under the direct control of another being. Moreover, a *hold golem* even freezes any existing golem attacks (such as magic or breath) in midair, so only creatures venturing into their manifestations are affected. After the *hold* takes effect, a golem cannot launch any special attacks it may possess until released from the *hold*.

The golem can be touched, climbed, attacked and even dismantled without breaking the *hold*. The only way to free the golem before the spell expires is to slay the caster. *Dispel magic* spells cast on the caster or the golem do not affect the spell. Once the spell takes effect, even the caster cannot end it before the spell duration runs out.

Ongeldyn's Fist

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M



Duration: 3 rounds
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: ½

This spell calls into being a shadowy humanlike fist about as large as a man's torso. It strikes at a single target creature selected by the caster. The target must be visible to, and within range of, the caster at the time of casting.

This fist strikes at the target creature at a THAC0 of 7 and inflicts 4d4 points of damage per hit. It always strikes last in any round, allowing a nimble opponent to cast spells, fight others, and carry on other activities.

An *Ongeldyn's fist* cannot be parried, and only a *dispel magic* can affect it. A successful *dispel magic* destroys it. It cannot change targets once cast, and fades away if its target dies or leaves the plane on which it is cast. It can follow a fleeing target being anywhere on the same plane, and is specifically designed to stay with a target that is using *blink*, *dimension door*, *teleport*, and other transportation magics.

The material component of this spell is a small fist carved of onyx.

The Simbul's Spell Sequencer †

(Alteration, Conjunction, Evocation)

Range: 0
Components: V
Duration: 366 days
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

When memorizing this spell, a wizard must select one to three other spells of 1st to 4th levels. The number of spells is at the discretion of the wizard, though the maximum cannot be exceeded, and the spells can be of the same level or even be identical—for example, four *fireball* spells. The selected magics must be cast immediately after the *spell sequencer* is memorized, employing the usual material components, but preceding each casting with the word that will later unleash the *spell sequencer*. (The word forms the verbal component of the spell; when it is spoken the sequencer is cast.) The spells need not be cast by, the wizard memorizing the sequencer, or even by a wizard; priest spells can be linked to a sequencer.

The spells have no effect at the time they are cast, but when the trigger word is later uttered (casting the *spell sequencer*), all of them take effect in the same round, one after the other, in the order in which they were cast, until all the spells have taken effect. Spell damage is always the

maximum possible, and targets are selected by the will of the *sequencer*-caster. The *sequencer*-caster must be able to see all intended targets when the *sequencer* is cast.

The Simbul's Spell Supremacy

(Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V, S
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This powerful, little-known spell has won the Simbul many magical duels. It allows the caster's next two spells to be cast by silent act of will alone, without material components, and with a casting time of 1. Moreover, both spells manifest for their full possible damage and duration.

Spell supremacy is only effective in augmenting the effects of spells of 6th level or less. If the caster uses more powerful spells, they do not benefit, but the *spell supremacy* magic is exhausted in any case.

The Simbul's Synostodweomer

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Range: 0
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 round
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This powerful spell, devised by the Simbul, allows the caster to transform the energy of another spell memorized by the caster into healing magic. The *synostodweomer* is cast, and then another spell of the caster's choosing. The second spell does not take effect, although any material components it requires are consumed or altered in the usual manner for the particular spell, and the spell does vanish from the caster's mind.

Instead, any being touched by the caster regains 2 hit points for every level of the transformed (second) spell (a 9th-level spell would give an injured being back 18 hit points). This spell does not grant extra hit points, but "excess" points conveyed can have special effects. An excess of 5 points cures any one disease possessed by the injured creature, and an excess of 7 points banishes all effects of poison. If both afflictions are present, the caster must choose which to cure unless there is enough of an excess—12 hit points—to cure both. A *synosto-*



dweomer does not affect lycanthropy. If the recipient is neither diseased nor poisoned, or there are not at least 5 extra points conveyed, the excess curing is simply lost.

The healing capability endowed by the *synostodweomer* must be used within three rounds, or both it and the second, transformed spell are lost and wasted. Healing can only be granted by direct flesh-to-flesh contact.

Only spells memorized by the caster of the *synostodweomer* can be transformed into healing energy by this spell. It cannot transform spells from scrolls or spell-like magical item functions or abilities.

Syluné's Secret

(Abjuration, Alteration, Divination)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

Syluné was quite secretive about her spell creations. This spell is one of the few she shared with her sisters. It is an enchantment the caster employs on herself, just before battle, that protects her against a single type of spell effect selected during casting. For example, the caster could choose to be protected against cold, fire, heat, electrical, blast, or raw energy discharge, such as *magic missiles* or *spellfire*. If any natural or magical attack of the chosen type comes into contact with the caster, it is *instantly* drawn into the caster.

For example, a *fireball* blast that would have harmed the protected caster appears with a flash and then vanishes into the caster, inflicting upon other beings in its blast area either 1 or 2 points of damage in the fleeting shadow of a moment of its manifestation. The caster is not harmed by the incoming spell energy, and if injured at the time, is healed of 1 point of damage per absorbed attack. The spell provides no protection against other attack forms, but can absorb any number of attacks of the selected type in a single round. On at least one occasion, Syluné used the spell to escape several intersecting *meteor swarms* unscathed.

The remainder of the spell energy can be used, if the caster desires, to teleport a short distance. This teleportation is similar to the 4th-level wizard spell *dimension door*, though the protected caster does not have to perform any casting to make the trip, or spend any time recovering afterwards; she can in fact proceed with other spellcasting or physical combat during the same

round. The destination is selected by the will of the caster when the energy is received. If the spell energy is not used to teleport in the round it is received or the round directly following, the energy is lost.

The caster *cannot* protect another being or empower them to *dimension door* by means of this spell. Laeral is said to be working on an 8th-level variant of this spell that allows the caster to confer by touch both aspects of the spell, together or separately, on another being. She has not succeeded thus far, however.

The material components for a Syluné's secret are a cat's whisker, a shell from any marine creature, and a stone that has at some time been thrown a short distance by the caster.

Syluné's Streaking Meteor

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet /level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: ½

This spell creates a flying sphere of flame 12 feet across. It may begin anywhere within spell range that the caster desires, and at any height (including touching the ground). It begins its journey by moving away from the caster in the direction the caster points, forming a 40-foot-long teardrop of flame as it goes. It may rise, descend, or fly in a level manner, as the caster's pointing finger directs (or as forced to by walls).

After the *streaking meteor* has traveled 60 feet away from the caster, it turns sharply (90°) to the right, left, up, or down (whichever direction the caster has chosen during casting), runs for another 60 feet, and then abruptly fades away. Note that this trajectory allows a mage to hurl fire around corners, up shafts, or down behind barriers.

A *streaking meteor* rebounds straight back on its own path if it strikes a large solid object such as a wall or a huge or larger-sized creature. When a rebound occurs, the *meteor* tries to continue the remainder of its trajectory (whatever remains of 60 feet, right-angled turn, then 60 feet more). It can rebound any number of times (for example, from wall to wall), but loses 1d6 from the damage it inflicts with each rebound. (A creature struck repeatedly by it as it races back and forth may fail to fully appreciate this weakening.)

Upon contact, a *streaking meteor* automatically ignites all readily flammable substances, forces saving throws



vs. magical fire on all other items, and deals all creatures 1d6 points of damage per level of the spell's caster, to a maximum of 16d6. This may be lessened by rebounds, though each contact causes damage, if a creature is struck repeatedly. This damage is halved if the creature successfully makes a saving throw vs. spell.

The material components of this spell are an insect wing or bird feather, a pinch of ash from any fire, and a pinch of sulfur or saltpeter.

Wandweird

(Abjuration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 10' radius sphere

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates an invisible sphere of protection centered on the caster that moves with her. While the spell lasts, no wands function within this sphere, and no wand discharges can pass into or through the sphere. Even if triggered to explosive effect just beyond the sphere's boundaries, no part of a wand's powers penetrates the protected area. All such effects vanish as the sphere absorbs them.

Wand effects that inflict no direct points of damage are merely absorbed by the spell. Wand attacks that deal damage (such as *magic missiles*, *fireballs*, and *lightning bolts*) empower a pool of spell energy of which the *wandweird* caster is made aware.

As the sphere's existence ends because of the spell's expiration (or earlier, by the caster's choice), the *wandweird* caster can elect to launch the energy the sphere has collected at any single target creature. A blast or ray of raw spell energy roars at the chosen target, striking at MV 30 and with a THAC0 4, dealing out all the cumulative points of damage that the wand attacks absorbed by the sphere would have done.

If any being destroys a *wandweird* sphere by means of a successful *dispel magic*, this attack automatically lashes out at the dispelling caster, regardless of the *wandweird* caster's wishes or lack of attention.

This spell has no effect on magic from other sources. The material component of this spell is a piece of wood roughly the size and shape of a wand, upon which any spell has been cast within a day of the casting of the *wandweird*. The spell need not still be in force; most mages employ a *light* spell for this preparation.

8th-Level Spells

Afterclap

(Alteration)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to duplicate the damage suffered by a single being within spell range on the previous round. Damage is precisely duplicated in type and amount—in other words, the same damage rolls, saving throws, ability checks, and so on occur in the same way. The damage may have been caused by any source, not just magical attacks.

The material component of an *afterclap* is a bit of stiff rubber or gum that is pulled until it snaps back.

Air Spiral

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 60 yards

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

An *air spiral* spell creates an upright, helix-shaped, revolving staircase in the air. It appears with one of its treads firmly under the caster's feet. The caster can choose to be placed at the top or bottom of the stair, or anywhere in between. The staircase can rise or descend at MV Fl 9 (D), as the caster wills. It revolves in an area 90 feet long and 20 feet in diameter.

Although the *air spiral* cannot move through solid objects, it can pierce all known magical barriers (such as *forcecages* and *prismatic spheres*), opening permanent safe-passage holes in them as large as the stair-spiral. A being on the stair would safely pass a barrier, but one clinging to the outside of the stair rail would be subject to the effects of contact with the barrier. When an *air spiral* strikes an immobile solid object (such as the ground or a wall), it does so gently, in the same way a *feather fall* spell minimizes the shock of a landing.

All beings who can reach this staircase can stand on it, cling to it, or climb up and down it. While in direct contact with the *air spiral*, beings can breathe underwater if the stair takes them there, and are immune to the effects of heat, cold, electrical discharges (including all sorts of



lightning), and all crushing or constricting attacks, including water pressure and spell or monster attacks).

The caster of the *air spiral*, whether on the stair or not, can by will *banish* any extraplanar creature in contact with the stair instantly back to its home plane. Such creatures get no saving throw. The caster can also force any being touching the stair back into its true form, thus ending any curses, *shapechange* magics, illusions, and disguises that mask the being's real appearance. In any round, the caster can work only one of these effects, and can affect only one creature.

The caster can also make the magic end and the stair vanish at will, or cause it to explode in whirling eddies of air occupying the same volume as the *spiral* did. These eddies have the following effects:

- They extinguish all flames instantly.
- They destroy any air elementals on contact, or they banish any other sorts of creatures from the Plane of Elemental Air back to that plane, and bind them so that they cannot re-enter the Prime Material Plane for one lunar cycle (about a month) per level of the caster. (Such creatures can travel freely to and among all other planes if they normally has the ability to do so.)
- If they have not been used upon a creature from the Elemental Plane of Air, the eddies inflict 1d12 points of damage plus 1d4 hp per level of the caster on any other creature, and force a System Shock Survival roll on all beings of 7 or less experience levels or Hit Dice. Failed System Shock rolls result in death.

This spell is often collapsed instantly into its whirling winds aspect by casters seeking to use it only as an offensive weapon or to extinguish flames.

Brain Spider

(Divination, Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 20 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell allows the caster to eavesdrop on the thoughts of up to eight other beings at once, either perceiving the ceaseless chaos of surface thoughts and images, or following individual trains of thought, or compelling the minds to yield up information about a one particular topic, thing, or being per level of the caster. The thoughts and memories of one creature per round can be studied in detail. Once per round, in any

round in which no such detailed studying occurs, the *brain spider* caster can elect to implant a *suggestion* (similar to the 3rd-level wizard spell) in the mind of any one of the eight creatures.

This spell can affect all intelligent beings of the caster's choice within range (up to the limit of eight), beginning with known or named beings. Target beings need not be personally known to the caster, who can choose, for instance, "the nearest eight guards who must be in that chamber there." Target beings who make a successful saving throw vs. spell are unable to be reached by the spell.

Creatures who are psionically gifted or who are in the process of casting or using any enchantment/charm spell when contacted by a *brain spider* probe are instantly aware of it. They learn its source's identity and general location, though the *brain spider*-caster is not warned of this. They automatically escape all spell effects, and they do not count as any of the eight beings affected. Creatures who are insane or feebleminded cannot be affected by a *brain spider*, and contact with their minds inflicts upon the *brain spider* caster 1d4+1 points of damage per deranged mind touched.

The material component of this spell is a spider of any size or type. It may be dead, but must retain all of its legs.

Dweomerdeny

(Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: 1 being

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell banishes a particular spell forever from the mind and comprehension of a spellcasting being. To enact it, the caster must touch the target creature while speaking an incantation. A successful attack roll is required to touch unwilling beings. If the target is not a spellcaster, the spell is wasted. A touched spellcaster must make a successful saving throw vs. spell at a -6 penalty.

If the saving throw succeeds, the chosen spell vanishes from the mind of the target if it is currently memorized. The spell is lost, but the target takes no harm. If no such spell is in memory, the spell has no effect at all. The spell targeted may be specific, known, and named, or just whatever magic was used to produce a particular spell effect that the caster of the *dweomerdeny* has personally witnessed.



If the saving throw fails, all memory of the spell is gone forever, both any currently memorized enchantments and all memories of learning them and using them. Moreover, the victim's mind is never be able to comprehend the particular spell again. It cannot be learned, memorized, or even read from a scroll by the victim. *Limited wish*, *restoration*, and *wish* spells are the only known ways of reversing this loss.

A *dweomerdeny* works *only* against a specific spell, not against all spells of a school or type. For instance, it could be cast so as to prevent a wizard from using a *fireball*, but that prohibition would not extend also to *flaming sphere* or *meteor swarm*.

Laeral's Invisible Blade

(Evocation)

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell is the result of Laeral modifying a spell created by one of her sisters, *Alustriel's sword of stars*. Laeral's spell creates an invisible, silent, long sword-shaped construct of force that forms at the end of the round of casting and attacks a chosen target creature. During casting, the caster decides if the blade will strike with her own THAC0, inflicting 2d4 points of damage plus 1 point for each experience level the caster currently possesses on a successful strike, or whether the blade strikes at THAC0 7, only 2d4 points of damage per successful strike. Whichever variant is chosen, these properties cannot be changed after the spell is cast. For purposes of determining what it can hit, an *invisible blade* is considered a +5 magical weapon, though it does not in fact gain this attack or damage bonus.

An *invisible blade* cannot be seen unless or until it is blooded or marked with some other substance. Its first blow is always made at THAC0 5 (regardless of which version of the *blade* has been chosen), and it strikes twice per round until the spell expires or the caster chooses a new target creature. Because a target concentrating on detecting (and parrying) the blade can see disturbances in the air as the edges of the force move, there is no Armor Class penalty when fighting an invisible blade after its initial attack, unless the attacks are made in complete (or magical) darkness. All attacks made upon the *blade* in such darkness invoke the standard penalties

for striking at an invisible foe, and the *blade* itself strikes in such conditions at a THAC0 of 5. The *blade* is detectable only by creatures within 10 feet of it. Onlookers see only a creature fighting apparently empty air.

The magical *blade* fights by itself, and does not require the caster's attention once created, except when the caster desires the *sword* to switch targets. Every time a new target is chosen, the caster cannot cast spells on the round in which that choice is made. The round must be spent concentrating on the blade and the new target, which must be a being within spell range of, and visible to, the caster at the time the choice is made. An *invisible blade* can follow a being anywhere on the same plane, though long-distance teleportation causes the magic to expire before the pursuing sword reaches its target.

An *invisible blade* flies at MV 21 (A), has an AC of -2, and has 22 hp. It vanishes if destroyed by physical attacks. Magical attacks have no effect on it at all, save that a successful *dispel magic*, or a properly worded *limited wish* or *wish* spell, can make it vanish. Contact with any detection spell, regardless of its normal function, causes an *invisible blade* to become clearly visible.

The material components of this spell are any metal-bladed weapon, which is consumed in the casting, and a clear rock crystal.

Lightning Ring

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet /level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 8 rounds (or 1 round)

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: ½

This spell surrounds the caster with a bright white, crackling, chest-high ring of lightning. The ring moves with the caster, who can cast other spells without harming the ring's functioning after the round in which the ring is established. While encircled by the ring, the caster is immune to damage from all lightning attacks.

Twice per round, the ring can emit a *lightning bolt* that streaks straight outward in a direction chosen by the caster. (The *bolt* rebounds at an angle chosen by the DM if it strikes something solid and nonliving.) Such *bolts* cause 8d6 points of damage to all creatures in their path. Creatures who are struck must make a successful saving throw for half damage.

Alternatively, this spell can be cast to discharge all at once. The ring forms in one round, spinning about the



caster (who is protected against all lightning damage for that round), then rises straight up and fires eight *lightning bolts* at once at up to eight different targets chosen by the caster. In doing so, the spell exhausts itself. The bolts do the same damage as those cast by the continuing-duration version of the spell.

The material components of this spell are a ring of any size, fashioned of glass, and a bit of fur from any animal.

Net of Stars

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a whirling cluster of stars (twinkling motes of raw spell energy) that can be mentally wielded by the caster to lash one target repeatedly or directed to spin and dance rapidly about in an area, filling it with a net that harms all creatures in its confines. Once the net option is chosen, the spell becomes fixed in that area and cannot be wielded as a lash again. The caster cannot work any other magic while wielding a *net of stars* as a lash, but it continues to function as a stationary net without her attention. The caster is never harmed by her own *net of stars*.

A *net of stars* causes 2d12 points of damage each round to a being lashed by the net, who is hit automatically and receives no saving throw. Damage caused by the whirling stars is not considered fire damage. If a second being moves to forcefully aid or shield the first being, damage is divided equally between the two creatures (1d12 each). If three or more beings group tightly together, all of them suffer 1d8 points of damage per round. A lash created by this spell is approximately 20 feet in length and fan-shaped. It is 2 feet wide at its base, extends to 40 feet across at its farthest edge, and is about 6 feet in thickness.

When a *net* is stationary, it fills a 40-footx40-foot volume unless constricted by walls so as to spread farther in one or more dimensions. Creatures within the *net* can move normally though they cannot cast spells. (The spell energy disrupts any forming dweomer.) Beings inside the area of effect suffer 3d4 points of damage per round. Creatures who move into an existing stationary *net* suffer an additional 2d6 points of damage on first contact. Exiting a *net* does not evoke this flare up, but a being who probes into the *net*, is harmed, withdraws, and then

enters again suffers the extra 2d6 points of damage twice.

The material components for a *net of stars* are an eyelash from any mage who has successfully cast a wild magic spell (even reading it from a scroll) and a small powdered diamond, moonstone, or piece of rock crystal.

Presper's Double Wizardry

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

This spell is the predecessor of the famous *Algarth's embattlement*. It is a less powerful version of the same concept that was developed two decades earlier by the adventurer-mage Presper.

The spell allows the caster to store up to four spells for later use. These spells are cast by him or her in the normal manner in the turn after the *double wizardry* is cast. Each stored spell must be of 7th level or less, and storing each spell causes the caster a loss of 1d6 hp. These lost hit points must be regained by rest or healing, but cannot be regained while the spells they are linked to are still stored.

During any round in which the *double wizardry* is in effect, the caster can call forth one or two of the stored spells by silent act of will. They take their normal effects unless circumstances prohibit this—for example, if the caster cannot see a spell target who must be in view for the spell to function.

If a *dispel magic* is cast on the caster of the *double wizardry* while it is in effect, the least powerful (or last memorized, if two spells of the same level are stored) spell in storage erupts involuntarily. It lashes out at the source of the *dispel magic*. Other stored spells are unaffected. The death of the caster or the expiration of the spell causes all stored spells to be lost.

This spell does not allow a caster to augment the spells in his or her mind beyond normal limits: Stored spells are still considered memorized for this purpose.

The material component of a *double wizardry* is double-yolked egg. It need not be fresh, and may even be petrified.

Rising Colossus

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M



Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell calls into being a large humanoid torso (head, shoulders, and arms) that seems to rise up out of the ground in front of the caster, facing away from its creator. The *colossus* can be up to 100 feet in height, with a reach of up to 80 feet. It can turn all around, but its base cannot move from the location where it first appeared. It is AC -2, has 99 hp, and attacks targets (chosen by silent will of the caster) with its fists. It can strike once with each fist in a round using the caster's THAC0, and it deals 6d8 points of damage per successful blow. It cannot pick up anything (for example, to lift someone or something safely up to a high place) except the caster and beings and items touching the caster. It cannot grasp or constrict things otherwise, only smash them.

A *colossus* looks like a bald-headed human with no recognizable features except a mouth. It seems to be made of the same substance as the ground it appears from, although it is in actuality purely a spell manifestation. It can roar out a word or a phrase of up to six words that are whispered by the caster during the spell's casting, as often as desired. These words cannot be a spell incantation, and they do not issue forth if they are words that trigger or activate any magic.

The usual use for a *colossus* is to smash a way into or out of a structure or to shield the caster from harm. Its sheer bulk can block volleys of arrows, and it magically attracts to itself all magic specifically meant for the caster such as *magic missiles*, *feblemind* spells, and so on. The spell effects are then visited on the *colossus*, not the caster. Spells that normally rebound from solid forms or burst, such as *fireball* and *lightning bolt*, are drawn into the *colossus's* body so that they do no harm to the surroundings.

Any blow landed on a desired target by a *colossus* shortens the duration of its spell "life" by one round. Any spell that strikes the *colossus* also shortens the spell's life by a round, even if the spell does not destroy the *colossus* form by cumulative points of damage. When the spell duration runs out (possibly in a considerably shortened period), or the *colossus* is destroyed by accrued damage, the *colossus* simply fades away.

The material components of this spell are a ball of clay that fills the caster's palm and a bit of string, wire, or natural fiber.

The Simbul's Skeletal Deliquescence

(Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 day/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: 1 being
Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell is sometimes called the *boneless* spell because it enables the caster to turn all of the bones in any one touched creature to jelly. The victim collapses into a helpless, heaving mass that is able to speak, breathe, and perceive—but do little else! Nothing can be held by a being affected by this spell. The victim can flow downhill at MV 3, and ooze across level surfaces at MV 1, but cannot move uphill at all. Worn or carried items are not affected by the *deliquescence*, and typically fall around the victim.

A boneless victim is AC 10 and has no physical attack forms except smothering a prone, helpless being by flowing over its means of breathing. A boneless victim can float on water, swim through it at MV 3 (by forming flaps like a ray does and flexing its gelid mass), or can breathe by filtering oxygen from the water.

When the spell expires, the victim returns to its normal form. The nature of the spell avoids the victim having to make any System Shock Survival rolls. Liquids (even if boiling), vapors, poisons, and corrosive substances, such as acid, do no harm to a boneless creature, but it automatically fails all Dexterity ability checks and makes all saving throws at a -3 penalty.

A onetime apprentice of the Simbul took this spell to the Red Wizards of Thay when he joined them. Their use of it since then suggests they believe its effects to be permanent. Several victims have regained their own shapes when left "to die" by Red Wizards.

Syluné's Absolute Immunity

(Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 day/level
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: 1 being
Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the caster or a willing spell recipient touched during casting from all damaging effects of a particular spell. The spell must be of 7th level or less. Absolute immunity is gained. If a *delayed blast fireball*



struck the chest of a being protected against that spell and then exploded, it would explode as normal, perhaps slaying many folk and devastating a room, but the unblackened, unhurt protected being would still be standing in the midst of the ashes afterward.

This spell also confers a limited benefit on the protected being of a +2 bonus on all saving throws against spells similar to the designated one, but does nothing else to lessen damage from them. In the case given above, the spell recipient would gain this saving throw bonus against *flaming sphere*, *fireball*, *Melf's minute meteors*, *meteor swarm*, and probably some additional, less common, mobile-ball-of-flame spells. *Syluné's absolute immunity* has no effect at all on other spells than the designated one and related spells as described above.

A being can only be under the protection of one *absolute immunity* at a time. Casting a second one on the same person for the same spell overlaps the spell durations so that the protection lasts longer. Casting a second *absolute immunity* switches the spell protected against to the second spell, replacing the first *immunity*.

9th-Level Spells

Alamanther's Return

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 60 yards + 10 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell allows the caster to duplicate the effects of any one wizard spell she has ever seen cast—even if she does not know how to cast the spell, lacks the necessary material components, and is ignorant of even the spell's name. The duplicated effect cannot be a magical item discharge, psionic effect, natural spell-like power, or a priest spell. The damage, extent, and duration of the duplicate spell match exactly those of a chosen casting that the caster saw. The target of the *return* is up to its caster, and need not duplicate that of the observed casting.

A *return* cannot be used to duplicate any spell available to the caster. A spell scanned but never memorized by the caster or a spell the caster cast once from a scroll that then faded is not considered available for these purposes. Any spell the caster researched, studied, or copied into a spellbook is considered available, even if it is not currently memorized and the book it is written in

is inaccessible. Thus, a *return* cannot be used to endlessly duplicate the effects of an especially effective *fireball* or other combat spell that the caster once observed.

The spell is named for the mage who devised it, Alamanther of Aglarond. Alamanther was once the consort of the Simbul, before he was destroyed in a duel with a Red Wizard of Thay. Alamanther delighted in using it to hurl nasty spells used on him right back at those who cast them.

Algarth's Embattlement

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 day/level

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

This infamous spell is sometimes called the *box of spells*. It is one of very few known magics that allow a caster to unleash more than one spell in a round.

Casting an *embattlement* requires four drops of water and a gem of not less than 4,000 gp value. After this spell is cast, the caster can cast up to six additional spells (each one in the usual fashion, requiring normal material components and the like) and elect to have them wait, unleashed, as part of the *embattlement*. For each spell so stored, the caster loses 1d4 hit points that cannot be regained until the spell is cast. (At that time, they must be restored by healing or rest; they do not return automatically.)

There is no known means of ruining spells stored in an *embattlement*. They persist even beyond the death of the caster, who may later rise as an undead able to unleash them! If the caster outlives the spell duration without casting all of the spells, however, unused ones are lost.

Spells of any level that the caster can wield can be so stored. They can be unleashed by silent act of will at any time, at a maximum speed of two spells per round. No other being can provide spells for the *embattlement* to store. Note that the caster must be conscious, and for certain spells must be able to see a target, but she or he need not speak, move, or employ material components to enact stored spells. More than one supposedly helpless captive has destroyed foes by means of this spell.

This spell does not allow a caster to augment the spells in his or her mind beyond normal limits: Stored spells are still considered memorized for this purpose.



Blade in the Soul

(Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables the caster to compel a being to do something specific or be harmed. The target creature must be within range of the caster. The target must be a specific individual known by sight or name to the caster, but need not be visible to the caster at the time of casting.

The caster holds aloft a bladed metal weapon of any sort (a dagger is most often used, as it is consumed by the magic) and says the incantation. The target feels a chill in its vitals (in humans, typically in the heart) and hears the caster's voice in its mind, whispering the deed that must be done. The deed can be as intricate, involved, and specific as the caster desires, including having multiple steps. For example, the course of action might be: "Go immediately to the north tower and release the third pigeon from the left from its cage, and then put your *wand of shooting stars* in its beak and let it fly away without harming it in any way or placing any spell upon it. Do not try to trace where it goes by any means. After the bird has flown, go to your throne room, announce to whomever is there that you are renouncing the throne, break your crown with your mace, and put the pieces on the seat of the throne. Then spit in the court wizard's face, take off your robes, walk out of the castle, and dive into the moat, singing the following song. . ."

The target being is given an immediate choice: Follow the caster's commandment or die. In the case of NPCs and monsters, the DM must decide which course is followed given alignment, temperament, and situation.

If the target being accepts the task and becomes a "bladed one," the spell empowers the caster to observe the target from afar whenever desired until the deed is done. A round of mental concentration is necessary to establish contact. The caster can then see and hear all the target creature can for as long as the caster concentrates on doing so. When the deed is done, the spell ends, and the caster has no further control over the actions of the bladed one. At any one time before the deed is completely fulfilled, the caster can by silent act of will *teleport without error* into the presence of the bladed one without casting that spell. (This transportation is fueled by the *blade in the soul* spell.)

If the target being refuses the task and fights the spell, an immediate saving throw vs. spell must be made. If it succeeds, the target suffers 1d12 points of damage per level of the caster and must make a System Shock Survival roll. If it fails, instant death is the result.

If the target creature dies from the damage, system shock, or as a result of trying to carry out the task, the target rises as a zombie after a day has passed (even if blasted to dust), and begins to travel toward the caster. Although this lumbering undead creature may frighten beings who see it, its foremost purpose is to get to the caster. It avoids combat wherever possible.

When it reaches the caster, it touches the caster. After contact is made, it becomes an absolutely loyal undead zombie under the caster's control. If the zombie is destroyed before or after reaching the caster, it remains destroyed and does not rise again. The person on whom the spell was cast may then be resurrected or raised normally.

Certain of the sisters (notably Laeral, who once had this spell used on her) refuse to use this spell, but the Simbul is almost never to be encountered without it.

Eye of Mystra

(Alteration, Invocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: 1 being or item

Saving Throw: None

This spell can only be used by true servants of Mystra. All others who cast it only see a floating, feminine eye appear. The eye winks mockingly at them and then vanishes.

An *eye of Mystra* appears as an all-knowing, beautiful human orb about the size of the caster's head. Its pupil is a very dark blue, and its lashes are long and black. It bends its gaze on a single being or item chosen by the caster, and a visible ray of cold blue light as large as the eye, and as long as is necessary, leaps out from it.

The ray never misses, and when it falls on the chosen item or being, all magic is removed from that target—including memorized spells and enchantments that have not taken effect yet or are long term. Magical aging and longevity are both reversed, and any magical disguises or *shapechanges* are stripped away. Healing, *neutralize poison* magic, and the like that occurred in the past are unaffected. Psionics are also unaffected by this spell,



as are other items or beings the ray may pass over or touch on. Only the chosen target is "disenchanted."

This spell does not remove spellcasting ability from any creature, though its draining effect on magical items is permanent. Magical artifacts are immune, or partially immune, to the effects of the eye.

An *eye of Mystra* fails when used against a being who is one of the Chosen of Mystra. If the caster of an *eye of Mystra* is forced to use the spell under compulsion, its effect is only the mocking wink.

Eye of Power

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1 turn

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables the caster to create a *wizard eye* that is akin in all respects to the effect of the 4th-level wizard spell of the same name, except that it can appear anywhere, at any distance from the caster in the spell range. It is a visible, flying eyeball, and spells can be cast through it.

In other words, the caster can work spells in the usual way, but elect to have them emitted silently from the eye, as if the eye was one of the caster's hands. Saving throws against these magics are permitted if the spells normally allow saving throws.

The caster need not concentrate on the *eye* to maintain its existence, but must do so to move it. Only one spell per round can be cast through the eye, and the *eye* halts during the casting. Only spells of 7th level or less can be cast through an *eye of power*. More powerful spells fail, simultaneously causing the eye to collapse. No being other than the creator of an *eye of power* can cast spells through it.

An *eye of power* is AC 1, has an MV FI 21 (A), has 77 hp, and makes a saving throw vs. spell as if it were the caster. If it is destroyed by damage, the spell ends early.

Juggernaut

(Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell calls into being a large, mobile humanoid form similar to a featureless, genderless, naked human. The form seems to rise up out of the ground in front of the caster, facing away from its creator. Despite the spell name, it is not a juggernaut golem.

The *juggernaut* can be up to 100 feet in height, with a reach of up to 80 feet. It is AC -2, has MV 6, has 99 hp, and attacks targets (chosen by silent will of the caster) with its fists. It can strike once with each fist in a round, with a THACO two points better than its creator. (In other words, if its caster has a THACO of 14, the *juggernaut* strikes at THACO 12.) It deals 8d8 points of damage per successful blow. It can grasp and carry items, including foes. It inflicts 6d8 points of damage with its grab, plus constricting damage of 5d8 points per round thereafter until the victim makes successful Dexterity, Constitution, and Strength ability checks all in the same round. (Check all three each round.)

A fall from a *juggernaut's* hand results in normal falling damage of 1d6 points per 10 feet fallen. A being thrown by a *juggernaut* suffers double falling damage on impact and receives no saving throw (unless the thrown being can fly or use magic to slow his or her flight)! A *juggernaut* cannot wield magic, even wands or worn items such as magical rings, and the caster cannot cast spells through its body.

A *juggernaut* looks like a bald-headed human with no recognizable features except a mouth. It seems to be made of the same substance as the ground it appears from, although it is in actuality purely a spell manifestation. It can roar out a word or a phrase of up to six words that are whispered by the caster during the spell's casting, as often as desired. These words cannot be a spell incantation, and they do not issue forth if they are words that trigger or activate any magic.

A *juggernaut* within 60 feet of its caster draws into itself all magical attacks specifically meant for the caster, such as *magic missiles*, *feeblemind* spells, and so on. The spell effects are then visited on the *juggernaut*, not the caster. Spells that normally rebound from solid forms or burst, such as *fireball* and *lightning bolt*, are drawn into the *juggernaut's* body so that they do no harm to the surroundings.

When the spell expires or the *juggernaut* is destroyed by accrued damage, it simply fades away.

The material components of this spell are a ball of clay that fills the caster's palm, a bit of string, wire, or natural fiber, and a gem of any type worth at least 500 gp.



Maw of Chaos

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 90 feet

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: Special

saving Throw: special

This spell instantly calls into being a spectral mouth, 6 feet across and many-toothed. The mouth has no tangible existence and floats in the air, moving under the caster's mental direction, at MV fl 6 (A).

The mouth does nothing except move into position to aim where the caster desires until the end of the round after the spell is cast. If it is struck by a weapon directly wielded by a being during this time, it is destroyed. The being who destroyed the mouth suffers 9d12 points of damage (no saving throw). If the destroying being is a spellcaster, she or he is automatically *feble-minded* as the spell. Missile weapons and all magical and psionic attacks have no effect on a *maw of chaos*.

At the end of the round after casting, the mouth opens and emits a ray of roiling, purple-red radiance. This ray is a cylinder 10 feet in diameter and 90 feet long. This stationary shaft of chaos remains in existence for two rounds before it suddenly vanishes. All items and creatures touching any part of the ray during its existence are subject to the following effects:

- All magical items are surrounded by a crawling web of raw spell energy that prevents their functioning while they are in the ray and for 1d4+1 rounds after the shaft vanishes. No known means short of a *wish spell* banishes this effect before it fades of its own volition.
- All spellcasters are prevented from spellcasting and all psionically gifted beings prevented from using psionics while in contact with the ray because of the concentration-destroying chaos. Thereafter, such beings must make a successful saving throw vs. spell in order to regain their wits enough to work magic or use psionics. Such saving throws are made at a -6 penalty on the first round after escaping the shaft, a -5 penalty on the second, -4 on the third, and so on, up to +1 on the eighth round. The first successful saving throw means the spellcaster (or psionic individual) is free of the chaotic effects thereafter and need not make a saving throw on subsequent rounds.
- All magical barriers and effects (from simple *wizard locks* and *stoneskin* spells to illusions and even *psionic spheres*) are instantly destroyed.

- All beings except the caster and undead creatures suffer 1 point of damage per level of the caster. A successful saving throw vs. spell reduces damage taken by half. The caster never suffers any damage from his or her own *maw of chaos*. Undead creatures suffer double damage and receive no saving throw.

The material component of a *maw of chaos* is a jawbone from any creature, with at least two teeth attached.

Ring of Swords

(Alteration)

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to establish an area defended by animated metal-bladed weapons. These weapons (swords are usually used) can be magical or not. They typically vary in size and shape, as whatever the caster can find is usually used. The caster must touch each blade during the casting.

The spell causes the blades to drift into a ring of any size desired, up to a radius of 10 feet per level. They orbit (clockwise or counterclockwise, as the caster desires) slowly at about MV 9 around the boundaries of the invisible protected area, forming a sphere of protection of 10 feet in radius per level or smaller.

The protected area can be safely entered and left by the caster, or by any being who correctly speaks a certain pass-phrase of at least four words in length when they come within 10 feet of any of the swords. Such beings can even touch or handle the blades without activating the magic. When a sword handle by such a person is released, it flies back to the ring to resume its place. Another being assuming the caster's shape never successfully fools the magic. The only exceptions to this triggering are creatures who are within the protected area when the spell is cast. They can enter and leave freely (and repeatedly) without triggering the spell.

Any other being who enters or tries to reach into the protected area (including casting spells into it) triggers the magic. The swords then attack.

The blades used by the caster are preserved from the elements by the spell, and are not harmed in any other way by the spell itself. If they are magical, they retain the use of their powers, striking with them so as to always do the most potent damage until any finite powers are exhausted.



Otherwise, all attacking blades from a *ring of swords* fly about up to 70 feet distant from the ring at MV Fl 21 (A), striking twice per round at a THAC0 of 4, and do their normal damage to any creatures who activate the ring.

When activated, the swords attack only beings who have triggered them and not any others in the area. However, if a companion creature to one who activates the swords strikes at, tries to divert, or attempts to restrain one of the activated swords, it instantly becomes a target too.

The activated swords are considered AC 0, and one can be rendered inanimate by dealing it 29 points of damage. Swords rendered inanimate are not damaged. The spell ends when all of the swords are rendered inanimate, the caster ends the magic by uttering the passphrase in reverse (*only* the caster can end the magic this way), or 29 years to the instant have passed since the caster of the *ring of swords* died.

The swords cease attacking and return to their drifting ring whenever all intruders have perished or withdrawn more than 70 feet from the ring. A *dispel magic* has no effect on a *ring of swords* other than to cause a single blade to fall inanimate for one round per level of the caster of the *dispel magic*. Magical barriers can be used to thrust through the ring, but the swords will seek to fly around them, attacking ceaselessly.

This spell is often used by wizards to defend a sanctum or sleeping area. The material components of the spell (aside from the blades, which are not consumed) are sapphires of not less than 4,000 gp value each, one for each blade. These are powdered, and some of the powder is touched to each blade, and some sprinkled at the center of the area to be protected (whereupon it vanishes). The spell range given refers to the distance from which the spell can then be cast, if the caster finds it necessary to do so from a distance.

Ringweave

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 20 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 day/level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to precisely duplicate a single power or function of a magical ring that the caster has previously used. The caster need not possess the ring or have investigated its enchantments. The ring

power functions as many times as the caster has experience levels (if called on that many times before the spell expires), and the ring power erupts from any single non-living item chosen by the caster during spellcasting. The caster can even make the power erupt from a nonmagical ring, to fool observers into thinking the ring bears a permanent dweomer. The power manifestations only come forth from this one focus item, and the spell is broken if the item is destroyed.

A *dispel magic* cast on the item has no effect on the functioning of a *ringweave* spell except to prevent any power discharge for one round per level of the caster of the *dispel magic*. The ring power is called forth by silent act of will, but no other spellcasting can be done by the caster in the same round as it is called upon. If the ring power is carefully called upon, the caster may well be able to conceal the focus item, which can be positioned anywhere in spell range. The caster need not be wearing the focus item or be in contact with it.

The Simbul's Spell Trigger †

(Alteration, Conjunction, Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V

Duration: 366 days

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

When memorizing this spell, a wizard must select one to four other spells of 1st to 7th levels. The number of spells is at the discretion of the wizard, though the maximum cannot be exceeded, and the spells can be of the same level or even be identical—for example, four *death spells*. The selected magics must be cast immediately after the *spell trigger* is memorized, employing the usual material components, but preceding each casting with the word that will later unleash the *spell trigger*. (The word forms the verbal component of the spell; when it is spoken the *spell trigger* is cast.) The spells need not be cast by the wizard memorizing the *spell trigger*, or even by a wizard; priest spells can be linked to a *spell trigger*.

The spells have no effect at the time they are cast, but when the trigger word is later uttered (casting the *spell trigger*), all of them take effect in the same round, one after the other, in the order in which they were cast, until all the spells have taken effect. Spell damage is always the maximum possible, and targets are selected by the will of the trigger-caster. The trigger-caster must be able to see all intended targets when the *spell trigger* is cast.



Spellstorm

(Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: 70-foot-diameter sphere

Saving Throw: None

When cast, this spell takes effect in a sphere centered on the caster and moves as the caster moves. It causes every physical weapon that comes within its area of effect to activate, tearing free of scabbards, bindings, hiding places, and chests to fly about at MV 15 (A), attacking the nearest living thing once per round with the caster's THACO (except the caster, whom the weapons avoid). For the purposes of this spell, physical weapons are all unenchanted objects that were made or carried hence with an intent to do harm to other living beings, or have been so used in the past.

In addition, while the *spellstorm* is in effect, no unenchanted weapon can harm the caster—not even missile weapons launched from outside the area of effect. The *spellstorm* turns these weapons aside. The caster can ignore them, cast other spells, sleep, or stroll unconcernedly.

This spell is often used by mages seeking to wreak havoc in a hostile castle or army encampment, or on a battlefield. Other wizards use it to defend themselves. They prepare a reception room in their towers that is hung with many weapons and use the spell there. More than one mage has used *spellstorm* to turn a courtroom or throne room where she or he was about to be executed into a blood bath for all present.

Sphere of Wonder

(Alteration, Evocation)

Range: 10 feet/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 9

Area of Effect: 90-foot-diameter sphere

Saving Throw: None

This spell calls into being a sphere of magical radiance equal in effect to a *light spell*, in which no spells or magical item discharges can take effect (or persist, if already in effect) except those of a type silently chosen by the caster during spellcasting. For example, the caster could choose to allow only spells involving fire to function, or only electrical discharge magics (such as *lightning bolt*). The prohi-

bition cannot be narrowed down to allowing only a particular spell (*fireball* but not *flaming sphere*, for example), but there is no way for beings other than the *sphere*-caster to tell what spell type works except by trial and error.

Spells of the wrong type cast into the *sphere* from outside are negated at the point where they touch the *sphere*. The magic has no effect on beings or items once they leave the *sphere*. Once cast, the *sphere* is stationary.

Tyranteyes

(Alteration, Evocation, Necromancy)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to transform herself into a beholder until the spell expires or until she wills the magic to end. When this spell is cast, the caster vanishes and is transported to an extradimensional space, where she remains for one round while the spell forms a beholder body. During this round, she can cast any spell she has memorized, possesses the material components for, and can weave within one round. Typically, a defensive magic is wrought.

A round after vanishing, the caster reappears as a beholder in the same spot she occupied when she disappeared. Her own body remains in the extradimensional space, unreachable by anyone. If the caster is slain in beholder-form, she is forever dead unless a *contingency* spell saves her. The contingency (as typically set up) causes the caster to reappear in her own body where the beholder was slain. This is not necessarily the same locations as where the caster disappeared.

As a beholder, the caster has 69 hp, is AC 0/2/7, moves at MV Fl 3 (B), and is in all other respects a normal beholder, with all the usual eyestalk powers. The caster's form corresponds in all respects to a living eye tyrant. Beholders are described fully in the **MONSTROUS MANUAL**®.

Damage suffered to the beholder body does not harm the caster's own body. If she ends the spell before it dies, she regains her own body with no damage at all. Once the caster decides to end the spell, the beholder disappears. In the following round, the caster reappears in the location she vanished from.

The material component of this spell is part of a once-living beholder.



Magical Items of the Seven



his chapter could fill many grimoires on its own if a scribe set out to be thorough and somehow won the complete cooperation of the Seven. Down through the long centuries of their lives, the Seven have employed many many magical items. In fact, all of them have a taste for small worn items (either nondescript clothing or simple jewelry) that bear powerful enchantments, duplicating magical items that most mages and adventurers expect to find in other forms.

Should you meet with either Dove or Storm when she is clad in leather armor or less, for example, expect her gorget, belt buckle, and bootheels to conceal both miniature blades and magical items. One of her upper garments will have the powers of a *vest of shadows* (detailed in *FOR4 Code of the Harpers*) or a *vest of useful items* (an alternative form of a *robe of useful items*).

Some of the Seven—Alustriel and Syluné, for example—have always preferred to travel light when it comes to magical items, believing a few well-chosen pieces are better than an arsenal. Others, notably Dove and the Simbul, tend to the opposite view.

The magical items most often handed out by the Sisters are *calling stones*. These are small pebbles scratched with the markings of an eye and a star. They allow a user to call on the Sister who gave a stone out, once. Activating the *calling stone* is has the same effect as a *sending* spell with no chance of failure, activated by silent act of will while holding the stone, targeting the Sister who gave out the stone.

This chapter details a few magical items personally linked to the Seven. *Dove's harp* appears in both the *Ruins of Myth Drannor* boxed set and in *FOR4 Code of the Harpers*, but new powers that it exhibits only in Dove's hands are revealed herein. The two items that bear Laeral's name have long been thought to be the work of a cruel, long-dead sorceress of the North. This sorceress was, of course, Laeral herself in a "previous life," before she "died" and dropped out of view to avoid the attacks of mages who suspected she was immortal

and wanted to wrest from her the secrets of how she achieved that state. All items described here use the activation times for their standard type of item or the default time of 3 if another number is not specifically given in the text.

In the listings that follow, "XP Value" is an experience point award gained by a being who researches and crafts such an item. This award applies only the first time such an item is crafted. It should be reduced proportionally if other beings assist in, teach, or guide the construction. It is *not* experience gained by a being who merely comes to possess an item. "GP Value" is an average market price for the item in Faerûn. It is assumed to be being paid by a wealthy mage, merchant, or sage interested in magic and not suspecting the seller is in any haste or financial need. Such wealthy individuals are all too rarely encountered (but one can always dream, eh?).

Alustriel's Sword Pendant

XP Value: 500

GP Value: 3,500

This never-tarnishing silver ornament must be worn next to the skin for its powers to be usable. While the *sword pendant* is worn, it confers a continuous, automatic protection equal in effect to the *ironguard* wizard spell (see the *FORGOTTEN REALMS Adventures* or *Pages from the Mages* books). All metal passes freely through the wearer's body, so the wearer cannot be held by shackles or bars. Items worn or carried by the wearer are not rendered invisible and immune to metal in this way; metal still tears or entraps them. Normal metal weapons do no damage to the wearer, but can still transmit heat, cold, poison and other associated damages to the being they are passing through.

Enchanted metal forms a barrier to the wearer, and magical weapons inflict upon the *pendant-wearer* damage equal to their magical bonus (for example, a *long sword* +2 inflicts 2 points of damage per strike) and are turned aside or stopped by contact with the wearer's body, just as they normally would be. The pendant-wearers can



wear magical metal armor, whereas normal armor would “fall through” them.

The wearer of a *sword pendant* can also call on three additional powers that act by touching the pendant to a target item.

- The *pendant* can banish any acid, venom, poison, rust, or taint from any metal item, neutralizing its harmful effects forever. Damage already done by such effects is not reversed or restored.
- The *pendant* can convert any metal object no larger in mass than a full suit of plate mail into a hollow globe with a magnetically adhering, watertight, and airtight lid. This vessel can be of any size from the size of the *pendant* -wearer’s smallest fingernail to the size of his or her head, regardless of the volume of the item it is created from. The globe is usually used to carry valuable “found liquids,” such as dragon blood, waters from magical pools, and the like. Flaming items go out as soon as they are enclosed by the globe, rather causing the

globe to explode or being totally consumed; corrosive liquids cannot affect the carry-globe. Such globes only last for two days (48 hours, or 288 turns) or less. They disintegrate, spilling their contents, if left in existence longer. If commanded to revert before two days pass, a carry-globe turns back to whatever item it formerly was, visiting no ill effects on the item.

- The *pendant* can transform any unenchanted metal-bladed weapon into any other unenchanted metal-bladed weapon that the *pendant* -wearer can envisage. Inscriptions and exact appearances of known items cannot be duplicated, and the new weapon cannot be less than half the volume or length of the old one, or more than double it. In other words, a long sword could be made into a two-handed sword, and a spear into a heavy horse lance, but a belt knife could not be transformed into any type of sword except a short sword. This transformation lasts one day (24 hours, or 144 turns). The



same item can be repeated transformed into different things (or the same altered form), but the item must revert to its real form before the *pendant* can change it back again to what is desired.

A *sword pendant* also has a special power usable only once every four days. At will, the wearer can cause one of his or her forearms to reshape itself into the long, thin shape and cutting edges of a long sword. The limb does not become metallic, but is protected against any impact damage that would normally be suffered by it—for example, if it is used to parry another blade or pierce armor. A swordarm inflicts 1d8 points of damage per strike to any man-sized or smaller opponent, and 1d12 points to any larger foe. It gains the resilience and tensile flexibility of a blade of the best temper and can be used to slice rope, parchment, hair, and the like as if it were razor-sharp steel. The swordarm lasts for four turns or less; the arm reverts to normal before four turns have passed if the wearer loses possession of the *pendant* or wills the arm back to normal. Note that a swordarm has no fingers or toes to grip, carry, or find purchase, but can be used as a pegleg or carrying spar.

Dove's Harp

XP Value: 500 (see below) **GP Value:** 2,500

This magical item takes the form of either a hand-harp (of the sort known in our world as Irish or Celtic) or a similarly shaped moonstone sculpture, 3 inches in height, that can be worn as a pendant or earring. By Dove's touch and will (and hers alone!) a *Dove's harp* can be transformed from one form to the other, which takes one round and forces all *harp* powers into dormancy for that round.

Dove can activate this item either by playing it as a harp or by touching it when it is in its miniature form. Once she has played it for at least one continuous round, it plays on by itself until she touches it again and wills it to stop or

until a *dispel magic* is used on it. (All other beings aside from Dove must continue to play the instrument for its music to sound and its powers to manifest.) Whenever such a *harp* is aiding any being, the *harp* and harpist radiate a faint white nimbus of *faerie fire*.

If a *Dove's harp* is touched while in miniature form by a being uttering a secret command word, it plays until touched again by the activating being and willed to stop.

The music of a *Dove's harp* has magical powers that are effective up to 20 feet distant. Within that range, the music lightens grief and depression, calms anxiety and anger, and temporarily suspends insanity. It also instantly and permanently frees beings who are affected by despair, discord, fear, hopelessness, rage, and terror of any sort (even if caused by artifacts or entities of great power).

The music of a *Dove's harp* also *cures light wounds*, healing 1d8 hit points once in any being within range who listens to it for two successive rounds. This healing works only once every nine days for a particular being.

In the hands of any of the Seven, a *Dove's harp* can be made to enact a *legend lore* (as the 6th-level wizard spell), emitting messages or scenes that all beings within 20 feet can perceive. This ability can be used only once every two turns, and the *harp* must play for four successive rounds before this power can be called up by silent act of will, while the harpist is touching the *harp*. All of the Seven have used this ability to sway, impress, or educate patrons of an inn or tavern by posing as harpists and calling up "visions" or "signs from the gods" with their playing.

When Dove herself plays such a harp for three successive rounds and wills it to so act, a *Dove's harp* can also enact a *stone tell* (as the 6th-level priest spell) or call into being a *forcecage* (identical to the 7th-level wizard spell, with a range of 70 yards and a duration of only six turns). Any other being who tries to call forth either of these latter two powers must play a *Dove's harp* con-



tinuously for one turn, and then will the harp to act. However, there is only a 10% chance per point of Intelligence, Wisdom, and Dexterity above 16 that the harpist possesses that the power functions. A being who has successfully called on one of these powers can thereafter always use that power once per day, at the end of any turn of continuous harping. The DM may wish to award a tenth of the XP value to any nonmagic-using character who successfully masters either of these latter two *harp* powers.

Laeral's Spell Shield

XP Value: 500 **GP Value:** 5,000

A *spell shield* protects the holder from the following spells (so that she or he suffers no damage): *Alustriel's fang*, all *Bigby's* spells (note that it does not negate an *interposing hand*), *blade barrier*, *bladeleap*, *Ongeldyn's fist*, *shillelagh*, *spiritual hammer*, and *threestones*. There is also a 60% chance (check for each *missile* or attack) that the shield attracts and negates *magic missile* attacks and the strikes of an *Alustriel's sword of stars* (created by the spell of the same name). At least 40 of these plain metal shields exist, most in the possession of Harpers and other heroes of the Sword Coast North.

A *Laeral's spell shield* acts as a *shield +1* against normal missiles. If a missile attack roll on the *shield* bearer indicates a miss, roll 1d6; a result of 5 or 6 means the missile strikes the *shield* and is hurled back at its source. The *shield's* magic sends the missile flying back to arrive at its source on the following round, striking once with the *source's* (not the *shield* bearer's) THAC0, plus an additional +1 bonus to the attack roll. Returning missiles are considered +1 magical weapons for this return volley only.

Laeral's Storm Armor

XP Value: 1,800 **GP Value:** 13,500

Laeral made a dozen or so of these magnificent suits of plate armor for her champions in the

Sword Coast North long ago. Two are known to have been destroyed, the whereabouts of three other suits are public, and the rest have disappeared. Laeral has not made any for a long time, but it is suspected that Piergeiron of Waterdeep and Dove and Storm of the Seven possess suits of *storm armor*.

Storm armor is crafted of a peculiar nonmetallic alloy that does not conduct electricity and is rumored to employ substances found only on other planes of existence. These suits of full plate armor are enchanted so as to bestow a +2 bonus to Armor Class, and they automatically transfer heat to and from the surrounding air so that the wearer stays comfortable in a freezing gale or under the hot desert sun. In fact, a wearer of *storm armor* is unaffected by *fireball*, *ice storm*, or *cone of cold* spells, and is immune to electrical damage of any sort.

Storm armor also allows its wearer to stand securely or move forward at his or her normal rate in the face of even the most powerful winds (even magical *gusts* and *gales*).

If *storm armor* is struck in the same round by a spell causing heat and a spell causing cold—even if these spells affect different areas of the suit—the armor becomes brittle. It may be shattered by a physical attack or attacks dealing 9 points of damage that strike it, but only on the round such spells affected it or the following round. (Damage the armor takes over this amount during this period is suffered directly by the wearer.) Thereafter, the *storm armor* has regained its resilience, and is again unbreakable. When a suit of *storm armor* shatters, it does so thoroughly. The heat-transferring components of its alloy break down, and the entire suit disintegrates into unusable powder and soft pebble-like fragments.

Qilué's Blast Scepter

XP Value: 4,000 **GP Value:** 45,000

A *blast scepter* is a wand-sized metal cylinder with knobs at both ends and 5d12 charges. It is



controlled by silent will of the holder. It does not function if two beings are touching it. Learning to wield such a *scepter* takes one turn, but calling forth a single power just seen in operation takes only 1d4+1 rounds.

A *blast scepter* automatically absorbs heat and all electrical energy directed at the bearer, and reflects the blast force of all explosions away from the bearer. These powers function without using any charges. Though this ability does not shield against missiles or flying debris, it halves the damage done by *fireballs* and similar fiery explosions, even before saving throws apply, since only the flame damage affects the *scepter*-bearer.

A *blast scepter* can *stun*, *blast*, or *powerstrike*. Each of these abilities uses charges. When deciding whether to *stun* or *powerstrike*, the wielder may decide upon which of the two powers to invoke *after* a successful attack roll has been made on a target.

- The *scepter* can *stun* by touch (successful attack roll required), dealing 1d4 points of damage and affecting the victim as a *power word, stun* spell does for 1d4+1 rounds. Victims who make a successful saving throw vs. spell at a -4 penalty avoid the *stun* effect. There is no saving throw to avoid the damage. This power can be used only once per round and costs one charge.
- The *scepter* can *blast* with a soundless shock cone that is 30-feet long and 20-feet wide at its widest, farthest extent. This *blast* deals 2d6 points of damage to all beings in the area of effect. There is no saving throw to avoid this damage, but affected creatures must make a successful saving throw vs. paralyzation or be knocked over, ruining spellcasting and forcing saving throws vs. fall to be made for all fragile worn or carried items. A shock cone can only be emitted once per round and costs two charges.
- The *scepter* can *powerstrike* a single being with a touch. This requires a successful attack roll be made against the target. A

powerstrike inflicts 5d6 points of damage unless used against a golem made of matter that was never alive (such as stone, clay, glass, etc.). Targets who are not golems of the mentioned types may attempt a saving throw vs. spell for half damage; specially affected golems receive no saving throw, although magic resistance applies. A *powerstrike* always disintegrates golems made of never-living materials on contact. *Powerstrikes* cost four charges (plus 1d4 more if the victim turns out to be a specially affected golem), and can be made only once per day

Qilué's Singing Sword

XP Value: 1,600

GP Value: 10,000

A *singing sword* is a silver *bastard sword* +3 that sings constantly (and loudly) when unsheathed. Its song makes its wielder confident, so she need never make any morale checks while using the *singing sword*. The *sword* also renders its wielder immune to *charm*, *command*, *confusion*, *fear*, *friends*, *repulsion*, *scare*, and *suggestion*. If *emotion* is cast on the wielder, the only result is rage (directed at the caster of the *emotion*). The *sword's* song also negates the songs of harpies, stills shriekers, and can *entrance* creatures of 2 Hit Dice or less (except undead or creatures from other planes). Such creatures must make successful saving throws vs. spell whenever they are within 60 feet of the song or be subject to an automatically successful *suggestion* from the sword-wielder. This *suggestion* ability functions as the spell of the same name. Note that the sword-wielder can enact a different *suggestion* on each creature affected. Note that a bard can easily negate this latter power of the blade by singing a counterharmony.

Qilué's *singing sword* is unaligned and comes to her from an extradimensional space only she can access. Others who use magical means to try to trace where the *sword* comes from or enter the extradimensional space find it closed by a man-



ifestation sent by Eilistraee, equal in effect to an *Evard's black tentacles* spell that materializes right in front of them. As this punishment forms out of the empty air, it discharges a single *lightning bolt*, dealing 4d4 points of damage to every being involved in the attempt to access Qilué's hideaway.

Spellstar

XP Value: 4,500 **GP Value:** 14,000-20,000
(depending on type and number of spells stored)

Spellstars are sparkling, translucent blue or green gemstones (usually emeralds or sapphires of not less than 6,000 gp value) or shining star-shapes of the purest steel. If made of steel, they are *everbright* -enchanted so they cannot rust, tarnish, or become scratched.

Spellstars are spell storage devices. Each can hold up to four wizard or priest spells, but both types cannot be stored in the same item. They can be activated by any being who touches them and whispers the right word of activation; there is a different word for each spell. *Spellstars* melt away, actually growing smaller, as their stored spells are unleashed. An exhausted *spellstar* crumbles to dust, forever gone. The spells that allow *spellstars* to be recharged are rare and secret indeed. Only Alustriel, Elminster, and Syluné are thought to know them.

Stored spells have the efficacy (damage, for instance) normal for magics of the being who cast them into the *spellstar*. The activator of a *spellstar* spell is mentally touched by the gem and made aware of the spell particulars, so targets, range, duration, and so on can be dictated by the activator at the time of casting.

Staff of Silverymoon

XP Value: 13,000 **GP Value:** 40,000

Only three of these items are known to exist: the one that Alustriel always has in her hand or nearby, one thought to be hidden in Moongleam



Tower (the Harper fortress tower described in *FOR4 Code of the Harpers*), and another concealed somewhere in Blackstaff Tower in Waterdeep. Hearsay tells of others stashed in various tombs around Faerûn, and in the Herald's Holdfast (also described in *FOR4*), and in the keeping of a certain archlich in Spellgard (detailed in *FR13 Anauroch*). These last two places are mentioned persistently in rumor.

Alustriel can call these staves to her or *teleport* to them. The transportation magic is a function of the *staff*, and it requires no spell use on her part. This teleportation is without error. If a staff is enclosed within solid matter, Alustriel will know this, and she can elect not to go to it or to appear in the nearest safe space. No known barriers can prevent a *staff of Silverymoon* from transporting itself to her if she calls it.

The *staff* is a symbol of Alustriel's rule over the city of Silverymoon, and it can create or destroy the magical *Moonbridge* that links the older, larger



part of the city on the north shore of the River Rauvin with its newer suburbs on the southern shore. The *Moonbridge* is like a giant, smoothly arching *wall of force* laid on its side. It has no rails or sides, is invisible (though the *staff*-wielder can render it visible at any time by causing it to emit *moonfire*), and can be created or destroyed in one round. Anyone touching the *staff* can mentally command either the entire upper surface of the bridge or a specific part of it to *reverse gravity* for a round. (Beings hurled upward can either be made to smash back down into the bridge, or the bridge can be made to vanish while they are aloft so that they plunge into the water instead.) The *staff* calls on talismans of power buried near the River Rauvin to create such a large construct as the *Moonbridge*. If a *staff*-wielder tries to bridge any other gap or chasm, the *staff* can create only a 10-foot-wide span of up to 90 feet in length—though this bridge floats. If the bridge is too short to span the desired terrain, it hangs in the air, touching solid ground only at one end, but providing beings firm footing to its other end (from which they may be able to leap the remaining chasm).

The *staff* as many other powers. Unless otherwise specified, all of these take effect as if the *staff* were a wizard or priest of 22nd level.

- A *staff of Silverymoon* automatically and continuously extends protections against magic equal in effect to a *Serten's spell immunity* spell to all beings touching it.
- Six times a day, the *staff* can emit a *hold monster* ray. Targets are allowed Dexterity ability checks to avoid the ray only if circumstances permit energetic dodging. The usual saving throw for *hold monster* also always applies.
- Thrice per day, the *staff* can call into being a *wall of force* or allow the wielder to *fly* or *know alignment*.
- Twice per day, the *staff* can *passwall* or *animate rock*.
- Once per day, the *staff* can create *chain lightning*, a *forcecage*, or a *minor globe of invulnerability*, or allow all beings touching it to *dimension door* to their choices of destination (not necessarily all to the same spot).
- Once in every 10 days, the *staff* can, by touch and the will of the wielder, cause a *restoration* as if the spell were cast by a 14th-level priest.

Alustriel is said to be able to unerringly feel the exact location of each *staff* whenever she concentrates for one round. This power is, in essence, an unlimited-distance *locate object* effective anywhere in Realspace.

Storm's Garter

XP Value: 1,000

GP Value: 9,000

Storm's garters are worn by many Harpers of both genders, and by increasing numbers of other folk of Faerûn, who have managed to steal or plunder them from slain or injured Harpers. They take the form of a simple black silk band sewn to three long thongs or flat tie cords. Enchantments make them elastic, so they expand or contract to fit the body wearing them (from tiny to larger than man-sized), but they are not protected against fire or harmful magic. A *Storm's garter* must be worn next to the skin to be effective. Most are worn around the upper thigh, under clothing and tied to a waistbelt or sash, but some have been seen worn as armbands or even collars. The thongs need not be secured to anything.

The wearer of a *Storm's garter* is imbued with 60-foot infravision, has the automatic and continuous protection of a *feather fall*, and gains a +1 bonus on his or her Dexterity. The following additional powers of the *garter* can be called on thrice per day: *spider climb*, *silence 15' radius*, and *jump*. Each of these four abilities lasts for four rounds each time it is called upon.

The *garter*-wearer can also cause the *garter* to *neutralize poison* once a day and *cure disease* once per day. These healing abilities can be used either on the wearer or on a creature touched by the wearer.



Even a brief glance through this book reveals that the Seven Sisters are very powerful individuals. They are mighty enough to take over or even carve out realms to rule for themselves, if they were so minded (and of course Alustriel and the Simbul *are* so minded). All of them have the magical means to just “drop in” on play in any campaign, appearing without warning. Dove, Storm, and especially the Simbul have a long-established history of doing so.

The Harper connections of Dove and Storm and the affairs of Aglarond for the Simbul provide hooks that manipulative PCs can use to drag a desired Sister into making an appearance. These hooks are best used on a one-time basis (usually to win rescue for desperate PCs), but rapidly diminish in effectiveness if overused. They should backfire badly if misused.

The rest of the Seven (Alustriel, Laeral, Qilué, and Syluné) are more reliably tied to places. Adventurers who buckle a swash in Silvermoon can expect to come to the attention of the High Lady Wild use of magic or boasting overmuch of adventures in either Skullport or Waterdeep can attract the ear of Laeral. Pounding on the doors of Blackstaff Tower and being rude or insistent enough to whichever apprentice answers always brings Laeral into attendance—if the PCs are lucky enough to have called when Khelben is absent. Storm’s farm in Shadowdale is haunted—literally—by Syluné, who can teleport at will all over the farm, and between it and the burnt foundations of her hut, a fair distance away across the Dale. She can also travel in the normal manner for a spectral harpist from either site to any locale in Shadowdale.

Large-scale spell battles—such as another Harpstars War, an attempt by the Zhentarim or the Red Wizards to open a *gate* to another plane and usher in fiends to work evil, or a flight of dragons or other cataclysm set in motion by the Cult of the Dragons—will certainly bring the Seven into play. In any campaign where longevity is a goal, however, world-shaking

events must be used rarely and with great care.

Moreover, in a campaign where role-playing is valued, heavy-handed use of powerful NPCs as either big cannons or helping hands that descend from the sky must—and should!—be rare. Though play in which adventuring PCs try to rise in the ranks of the Harpers or the councils of Aglarond or Silvermoon will almost certainly draw in the relevant sisters, use of the Seven is both more realistic and less damaging to play balance (and PC freedom) if their paths cross those of the PCs only seldom, and in the course of the everyday lives of the Seven.

Alustriel

Alustriel is concerned above all with the peace and stability of life in the North. She wants to know about all new fortifications and dramatic changes in the landscape wrought between Anauroch in the east and Mirabar in the west (and at least as far south as Triboar). She investigates any reports of mountains disappearing or rivers being diverted, because both activities are favorite works of wizards intending to establish mines or strongholds. Large-scale logging of any sort is also reported to her, and she sends agents to inspect such sites—agents who can call her to them via *teleport* in an instant if they deem it necessary. For example, her agents would doubtlessly summon her if they found a band of adventurers busily building a new stronghold or refortifying one of the many ruined keeps abandoned in the northern wildernesses.

Discovery of such things does not mean the High Lady of Silvermoon charges to the attack with spells blazing, but it does mean she shows up to observe and ask questions. If she has the slightest suspicion about what she learns, she follows up with extensive magical scrying and places Harpers in positions to bolster her watch. These Harper agents have orders to follow and observe any beings involved.

Who controls food in the North and what the orcs are up to are Alustriel’s constant and major



concerns. Specifically, she is concerned about where the orcs will attack next and how soon will they be able to muster a horde. She watches over the trade routes and trading companies of the North, working against all attempts to establish tolls or control over fords, bridges, and passes. She also strives constantly against competing attempts by Zhentarim, Waterdhavian noble families, and well-heeled Calishite and Sembian interests to take over or amalgamate caravan companies and to destroy rival companies (or at least their reputations). She wants trade to remain open, fair, and free.

Alustriel is also at pains to keep an eye on events in Silverymoon and to deal with troubles before they erupt in order to maintain the feeling of safety and tolerance-for-all she has built up over the years. Her secret work (known to everyone who spares it some thought, but cloaked by her vigorous support for all the creative arts) is to build a cadre of talented, powerful, sensitive, and loyal mages to help in all her works and carry them on in her absence and after her death. (Alustriel fully expects to be killed by one of her foes in the North one day) She spends much of her time training mages. She works tests and manipulative stratagems to expose them to temptations and develops new eavesdropping magics to watch over their doings without being seen to do so. Her greatest fear is that the Zhentarim, the Red Wizards, or some other cabal of fell mages will manage to infiltrate the ranks of her wizards and work treachery at the worst time—destroying Silverymoon’s defenses when an orc horde is sweeping down on the city, for example!

Alustriel has some agents she trusts absolutely. Notable among their ranks are the aged wizard Taern “Thunderspell” Hornblade, a Harper and then Lord Mage of her palace’s Spellguard (a lawful good human male 17th-level wizard); the nearby Harpers Eaelraun Shadowlyn and Sharanralee Crownstar, who dwell in Everlund (see FOR4 *Code of the Harpers*); and a dozen urbane half-elven warriors who ride pegasi and are well-equipped with *spellstars* (detailed in the “Magical

Items of the Seven” chapter of this book). This last group seems to be brothers. Longtime rumor in Silverymoon hints that they may be sons Alustriel bore to an elven lord, long since slain in battle against the orcs. (In her early days in the North, Alustriel was at some pains to cement elven support for her city.)

Rumor, in this case at least, is correct. Alustriel’s 12 warrior sons do bear a strong family resemblance to each other and to her. They are called the Tall Ones. That term originated among the elves, and it refers to the regal grace of the warriors as well as their height. These soft-spoken, graceful, unassuming men are all fighter-mages of at least 11th level in each class. They spend their days traveling about the North on Alustriel’s business. They act as her envoys and observers, and are occasionally sent on missions to arrest fugitives from the High Lady’s justice. At times they are sent, in the same way Harpers and other adventurers sometimes are, to perform other tasks or to prevent something from happening.

The Tall Ones use the surname Aerasumé (*Silver-moon* [of the evening] in the archaic elven tongue once used in the North—or *Silverymoon*). Naming oneself for one’s birthplace or present place of abode is a traditional elven practice among orphans, outcasts, or those desiring anonymity. In this case it could seem that they are proclaiming that Alustriel, who *is* Silverymoon (since the city as we know it today is almost wholly her creation), is their mother.

The first names the Tall Ones use in public are Andelver, Boésild, Dolthauvin, Elinthalar, Ghaelryss, Inthylyn, Lilingar, Methrammar, Naerond, Raérilarr, Tarthilmor, and Uoundeld. All of them wear enchanted anklets that allow them to cast one *sending* (as the 5th-level wizard spell) every six turns to Alustriel or anyone else wearing another of the anklets. Two anklets are also held by the Harpers Sharanralee of Everlund and Lady Cylyria Dragonbreast, High Lady of Berdusk, for use in emergencies. Alustriel wears an anklet that allows her to communicate with any of her sons or all of them at once, whenever she desires.



Alustriel's anklet works as if she were using a scrying crystal. Both she and the person she is contacting can see and hear as much of the surroundings of Alustriel or the being she is contacting as Alustriel desires. The being Alustriel contacts with her anklet can also hear thoughts she sends in their minds. In this way, Alustriel can talk to one of her sons and say one thing, while at the same time delivering a private mental message that differs from, or elaborates on her spoken words. These anklets are thought to be elven in origin, but Alustriel has not suffered any wizard or sage to examine them. She has (during the Time of Troubles) loaned one to an adventurer so that he could report back to her what he found in a particular place, but it should be said that this was an extraordinary deed done in unusual circumstances.

Alustriel's guardianship of the trade roads also extends to fighting forest fires. If an agent reports a sizable conflagration to her, she uses magic to call on local elves and also send (or even lead) a team of her mages to help fight the fire, bolstered by any priests of nature deities she can quickly contact in Silverymoon. Overly bold individuals are warned not to use deliberately set fires as a way of summoning her. Such practices make her very angry, and she may destroy such miscreants or imprison them in a Flame of Torment. (Moreover, in times of war, Alustriel does not risk herself by appearing personally at such fire-fighting forays. Too many orc shamans have tried to lure her into traps this way in the past.)

A Flame of Torment is the most severe punishment used in Silverymoon short of the death penalty or the deliberate *febleminding* of magically gifted criminals. Originally devised specifically for arsonists, it consists of a magical sphere of fire in which a criminal floats. The sphere's magic protects those placed within it from taking physical damage, but all of the pain that the fire would be causing their bodies if they were not so protected is not prevented. It has a humbling effect on most offenders, who do almost anything to avoid another exposure to it. An evening is the usual length of punishment, but for severe

misdeeds, terms of up to three or even seven days and nights are not unknown. The experience taxes the body. For every day (or partial day) of exposure to the flames, there is a noncumulative 20% chance that the offender suffers a loss of 1 point of Constitution.

Dove

Dove is a Knight of Myth Drannor and a recent mother, and the two roles have replaced her former freebooting adventuring career. It has been some time, for example, since she hired herself out as a mercenary to anyone.

As a Knight, she watches over both Shadowdale and the Elven Court woods around the ruined city of Myth Drannor (which is fully detailed in *The Ruins of Myth Drannor* boxed set), trying to foil Zhentarim, Red Wizards, and other "selfish sorcerous" activities. She also heads off—or rescues—explorative expeditions that come from Cormyr, Hillsfar, Sembia, Westgate, the Moonsea, or the Vast. She often appears through the trees with blade in hand, protected by magic so she can ignore arrows sent her way. She has found that adventurers tend to be mightily impressed by a woman who stands calmly but firmly warning them away from the baatezu- and tanar'ri-haunted ruins, paying no attention to arrows flying thick about her.

Dove has trained many Harpers in the use of dagger and long sword. She still does such training, though since her marriage she rarely travels to Berdusk to do so; interested students must come to her. She is always careful to include in such training both an instance of the pupil wounding her and another of her wounding the pupil (with healing magic ready to hand in both cases, of course). She does this so that her students are fully familiar with blood, pain, the debilitation that wounds cause, and their own endurance when trying to go on fighting or carrying out other activities (like dragging or carrying another person) while wounded. It also gives her students a lasting appreciation of just what their blade does to a foe.



As a mother, Dove spends a lot of time in Evermeet (detailed in the *Elves of Evermeet* sourcebook), specifically in a simple tree home near the shores of the Lake of Dreams. From its round, many-windowed main room, the crystalline beauty of the Summer Palace can be seen floating above the lake. There her son Azalar is raised under the protection of Queen Arnlaruil to revere the land and all beauty, both natural and created. Dove can travel to and from Evermeet by means of ancient elven *gates*, through use of her own spells, or by the use of the rogestone she always carries. Whenever Dove is absent, Azalar is under the watchful eye of at least three elven elders—even when he is sure he has given them the slip to play in the woods with his young friends.

Dove's desire to make of her son an elf-friend from birth has quelled most of the opposition—found mainly among the oldest, proudest gold elven families—to human presence in the most sacred places of Evermeet. Her own kind, calm manner and long years have also worked against ruffled elven pride. After a certain court function, she was accorded the grudgingly whispered accolade that “she could almost be one of us.” She promptly shattered such conceptions by joining the youngest, most reckless elven males in a balletlike dance in which young elven ladies are traditionally lifted high by their partners and twirled aloft—except that she lifted and spun a startled male! Dove's impish humor is usually well hidden, but tends to emerge at important moments, startling folk into mirth and leaving her wearing a triumphant half-smile among the hilarity she causes.

The DM should note that Dove is sensitive to the expressions and movements of folk around her. She is quick to sense when such humor will be misinterpreted and what in general is expected of her in any given situation. She once awed the head of a haughty gold elven family by healing a family wizard who collapsed while attempting a High Magic spell, and then without delay calmly casting that same spell, perfectly and with no harm to herself!

Her son, barely a decade old but already possessed of more knowledge of living things, elven ways, and magic than many sages acquire in 80 winters, is described by most as quiet, serene, and even grave in manner. It is early yet to know what Azalar's true character will be, but certain elves of Evermeet have plans to mold him into a fighter-mage who might defend their realm in days to come. They are busy trying to instill a deep love of their land in the young Falconhand, hoping that he will choose to remain in Evermeet if either of his parents should ever try to take him away for long.

Dove has been known to appear out of the blue to aid Harpers. She has even adopted a disguise and joined adventurers on a venture that would (even unwittingly) weaken Zhent influence in the Dragonreach region or further Harper plans. Many a proud and reckless table full of celebrating adventurers has grown still at the sudden realization of how much power she revealed in saving them at a crucial moment—backing up the spells of a novice wizard against a baatezu, for example—and then lost themselves in speculation as to who she might be. Such whimsical help-here-and-then-flit-over-to-do-that-there deeds were her entire life before meeting Florin Falconhand. Like her sister Storm, she was regarded as a true kindred spirit by the archmage Elminster because all three of them like to spend their time thus.

Since becoming a mother, Dove's adventuring forays have been few and short in duration. She is unwilling to become entangled in the affairs of others for long. Adventurers who dare the dangers of Myth Drannor could still encounter her trying to warn them off or coming to their rescue. Those who try to raid caravans or Dalesfolk in or near Shadowdale can expect to see a fiercer side of her.

Laeral

Laeral has become known as the Lady Mage of Waterdeep, consort of the legendary Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun, and chatelaine of Blackstaff Tower. Although this is a full-time occupation in itself, Laeral has forged her own covert role as the



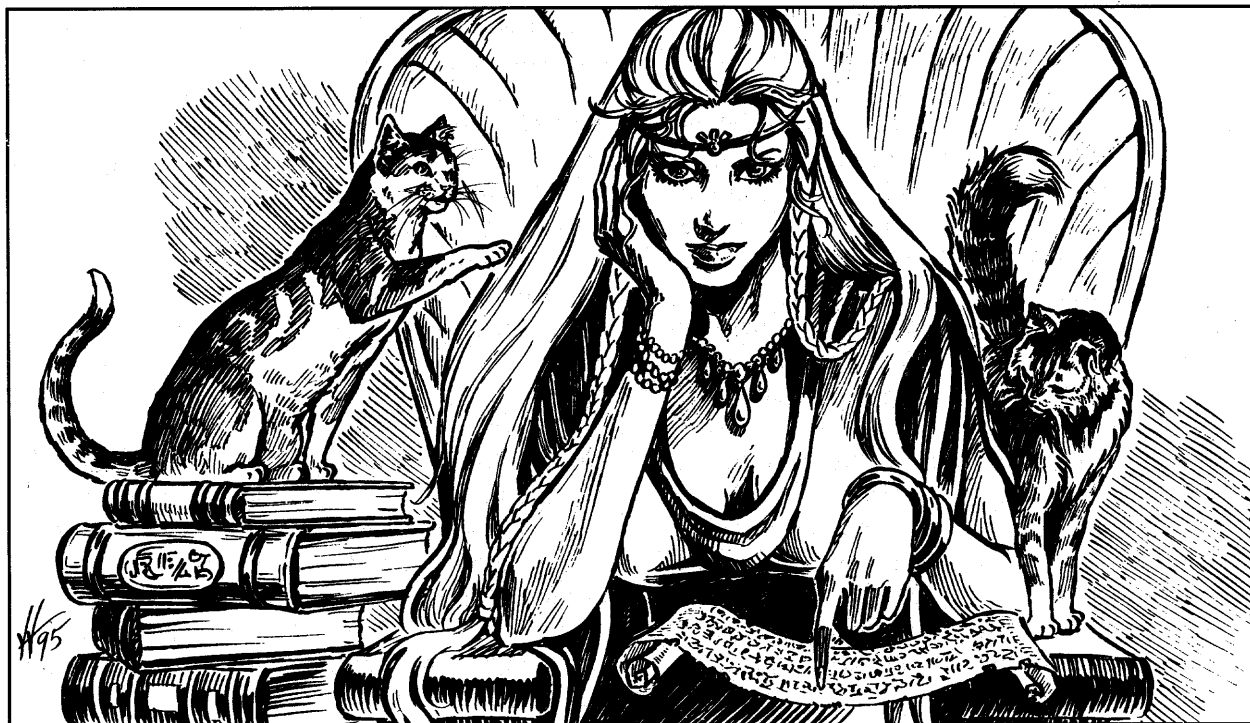
liaison between the authority of Waterdeep (Khelben, the other Lords, and the military might headed by Piergeiron) and its lawless underside. She deals with the “underside” both literally and colloquially, by being familiar with the affairs and acquainted with the inhabitants of subterranean Skullport, and by familiarizing herself with the thieves of the city and the under-the-table alliances between guilds and noble families working to subvert the authorities. Much of Laeral’s work in Skullport is done in disguise, in the persona of Iru-syl Eraneth, a mage who is assisted by a half-elven apprentice Liak. Liak is in reality a gnome illusionist agent of the Lords of Waterdeep, Kyla (who is detailed in the *City of Splendors* boxed set).

Though Khelben and Laeral have never married, their relationship is regarded as perfectly normal for archmages (who are, after all, odd folk). Laeral is often announced at feasts in the city as “Lady Arunsun.”

Waterdhavians think of Laeral as the kind and sympathetic side of Khelben’s rather inflexible sorcerous justice, and they have been known to

seek her out as a champion in cases of impostors, magical crimes, false evidence, and serious misunderstandings caused by doppelgangers, magical disguises, and the like. She remains an unofficial court of last resort for those who are innocent but appear not to be. The desperate have been known to flee courtrooms to run to Blackstaff Tower, seeking her intercession on their behalf. Increasingly the magisters of the city are willing to let her prying spells go where their writ dare not in uncovering the truth in difficult or sensitive matters. For example, when senior members of nobility or visiting envoys from Calimshan, Luskan, or other aggressive lands are accused of crimes, they may let her deal with things personally when dealing with them on behalf of the city would cause political difficulties.

Laeral has been known to call on Force Gray, Mirt and Asper, visiting Harpers, and even unfamiliar adventuring bands to serve as her agents in these investigations. On more than one occasion, it appears, the Lords have staged a crisis so that Laeral’s digging could be used as a test of the loy-





alty or true nature of a visiting adventuring band, a noble, or an official of the city. Such “deep games,” as the nobles are wont to call such manipulative politics, can occupy a lifetime. Laeral sometimes seems to be struggling to be clear of them, to pursue her own interests.

Laeral also serves as revered mother to the apprentices of Blackstaff Tower, shielding them from the worst of Khelben’s wrath when they misbehave and watching over them always. She is on constant alert for treachery from young mages who in reality serve the Zhentarim, the Red Wizards, or another evil interest of Faerûn.

If an apprentice goes drinking or to a festhall, Laeral makes it her business via agents, as well as by scrying magic, to know what establishment and which individuals are involved, what is done and when, and who else of note—such as other wizards, merchants from lands or cities that are rivals of Waterdeep, important nobles, and religious or factional leaders—was present at the time. If an interest in the city wants to buy the friendship or guidance of a young mage by winning and dining the apprentice, buying him or her gifts, or paying for his or her clothes or escort services, Laeral wants to know. She has even been known to adopt disguises and enjoy a night brawling on the docks, or scuttling along sewers in the shape of a rat, to learn such things. Some folk whisper that she travels in other planes as often as Elminster himself for these purposes, as well as to pursue her own interests.

One angry illithid recently went so far as to call her the spy of Waterdeep during a council in Skullport. The mind flayer nearly collapsed in shock when the grizzled half-orc he was trying to hire sweetly said, “Thank you,” and twisted its features momentarily to reveal its true face—Laeral, of course, smiling and winking.

Lady Arunsun even considers it her business to try to keep track of, and to some extent watch over, ex-apprentices of Blackstaff Tower in case a timely rescue is necessary. One such is the youth Gemidan (who is detailed in the *City of Splendors* boxed set).

Khelben has proudly told Harpers that his consort is the strongest reason that no thieves have managed to maintain a powerful guild or other organization that is very large or very active for long in Waterdeep. As she flits across the city in various shapes by night, Laeral takes special interest in adventurers and others trying to unobtrusively enter or leave temples, noble villas, and shops that have been shuttered for the night.

The relentless pace of Laeral’s life would soon kill a woman who needed sleep. To conceal her lack of need for slumber, Laeral has decreed that she must have her highsun nap, and she firmly withdraws into seclusion in the inner rooms of Blackstaff Tower every midday. She uses this time to study spells, spy on apprentices who show signs of taking advantage of this time in which the Lady of the Tower “cannot be watching over them,” or to be with Khelben.

To defend Waterdeep, the Blackstaff must pretend to be a harder man than he really is, and he is often tense and irritable as a result. Laeral is his confidant and masseuse, letting him pour out his troubles, talk through his concerns, and relax as her skilled fingers soothe away stiffness and tension. She is said to have begun the custom, embraced by the wealthiest Waterdhavian nobles, of using *fly* spells to exercise in alternating tubs of warm scented oils, diluted soap, and clear hot rinse-water. Whereas most nobles turn this into a party frolic, she and Khelben keep it a private time together. Woe betide the apprentice or overly insistent visitor who disturbs it!

The Simbul

The Simbul is the most active of the Seven. Her life is an endless whirlwind of activity. By temperament she is a loner, enjoying only brief contact with others, though in recent years she has come to value her relationship with Elminster and her sisters. To keep their friendship, she maintains an iron control over her mercurial temper when she is in their company.



Others have not been so lucky. She was once enraged by a mercenary company hired by the Red Wizards of Thay (probably just because they called themselves the Red Sword), whom she intercepted at Mistbridge and tried to dissuade from attacking Aglarond. The Sword mercenaries insulted her repeatedly and then attacked her and her attendants with a volley of arrows, despite a flag of truce. She lost her temper, flew aloft surrounded by magical flames, and slew all 2,000 mercenaries with her spells. This deed made her infamous across the Realms, and it has made mercenaries who agree to serve under the banner of Aglarond rare beasts indeed.

Word of her recent intimate involvement with Elminster has spread rapidly across Faerûn, but in truth most of their time together is spent talking. They are both lonely folk who value a chance to let the years fall away and talk unguardedly with an equal. They also spend time studying spells together, with one of them immersed in spellbooks while the other maintains magical wards and shielding so powerful foes cannot launch a spell attack.

Otherwise, the Simbul's time is devoted to defending Aglarond. She does so not primarily by leading armies or slaughtering Red Wizards, the leading enemies of her realm—though she must do both of those things from time to time. Rather, her chief means of defense is to manipulate events all over Faerûn so as to make Aglarond essential to trade and diplomacy around the Sea of Fallen Stars, and to keep various Red Wizards distracted with other pursuits—like trying to destroy each other. Like Elminster and her sister Dove, the Simbul is very good at perceiving how seemingly tiny acts—telling a merchant a piece of news here, and felling a tree across a trail there—can sway upcoming events in a grand pattern, warping the way of things in the Realms to further her own ends and thwart those of her foes, the Red Wizards.

The Simbul's sudden appearances—as a bedpost or clump of leaves that writhes and grows, spinning up into her black-robed, wild-eyed form—have become legendary all over Faerûn.

Many are the clandestine meetings, duels, arguments, late-night tankard sessions in roadside taverns, and over-the-fence gossip sessions she has eavesdropped on.

It is a measure of the success of her activities that, although common folk in the Realms fear her and count themselves glad that they are not ruled by her, they think of Aglarond as a land of decent folk who have had to become warriors to defend themselves against the rapacious armies of the Red Wizards. And they think that all Faerûn should be thankful that they *have* held on. If Aglarond were to fall, the Red Wizards would be freed of their obsession with the tiny realm that has successfully defied them for so long, and they would turn to conquering every other realm or city-state their eyes fell upon. All of this may well be true, but it is largely the Simbul's work that has folk thinking that all men of Aglarond are noble knights, and all women of the realm passionate and capable healers that their menfolk would happily die for. It was the Simbul who slyly dubbed the men of Aglarond “whirlwinds of war, masters of battle” in a ballad she wrote while posing as a minstrel, some 20 winters ago.

Among wizards, the Simbul is seen as the personification of wild magic, a misconception she has deliberately fostered to keep lesser wizards from daring to entrap or challenge her. Her spellcasting is actually efficient and deft, but she likes mages to think her so unpredictable that crossing her is just not worth it. Those mages who can think beyond the ends of their own noses regard the Simbul with awe. They correctly see her as single-handedly holding the massed magic of the Red Wizards at bay decade after decade. These individuals are fewer than one might expect; wizards seem a more self-centered group than any other in the Realms.

The Simbul can be encountered literally anywhere, though most folk only realize it when she changes into her favorite traveling form—an unusually large, black raven with ragged wings—from whatever shape she was hiding as, and leaves. Some adventurers active in the Dragonreach and Sword Coast lands have seen



her in this fleeting manner dozens of times, as she keeps track of their deeds.

She can weave quite an air of mystery around a person, place, or group of people by her comings and goings, enigmatic utterances, and the little signs she leaves. Her face once appeared in the flames of a baron's fire to tell him, "Always make the *other* choice," completely bewildering the poor man. However, this event scared him into pondering decisions for the first time in his life, rather than simply doing whatever came easiest, without thinking about the consequences.

The "calling cards" she leaves may take the form of permanent inscriptions that appear overnight, where no words were to be seen before; words of fire, floating in midair, that fade away when a particular person reads them; dream images directing a certain action or showing a certain place that the recipient should go to or stop in when they happen upon it; *dancing lights* that lead folk to a particular spot or item; and so on. The Simbul regards these means as rather heavy-handed, and tends to use them only when she thinks they will be very effective.

In short, the Simbul is apt to be everywhere, tearing through life with an energy matched by few mortal beings on any world. She is rarely still, and enjoys being mysterious. She makes no attempt to explain something that a person watching her misinterprets or is puzzled by, unless their correct understanding is important to her. Indeed, she once explained an entire ballad to a rather dense noble of Cormyr by presenting him with a series of vivid visions, accompanied by sound and her own acting—she flowed from shape to shape to appear as the various characters involved.

To mortals whose lives are short and whose concerns are more personal, the Simbul's actions often seem capricious in the extreme. It is important to remember that, although her fury can be fearsome and her moods change quickly, she is sane—and to her, everything she does has some purpose. It may please her whim to explain what she is doing to a someone who demands to know who she is and what she is up to, or she may utterly ignore such

queries, even if attacked with weapons or spells.

Folk still tell the tale in Westgate, late of nights, of the time the Simbul flew into an upper room of a proud house in that city to light a signal candle to a ship running in before a storm. The wind was rising, and the candle kept going out. The Simbul calmly lit and relit it by means of tapers, finally getting out and filling an oil lamp to serve instead. All the while, the occupant of that room, a lord of Westgate who had been dabbling in magic, fearfully slashed at her and ran her through repeatedly with his sword. She simply ignored him until the lamp was lit. Then she turned and asked severely, "Do you *mind*?"

He fainted. When he came to, some time later, she had vanished, cleaned up the mess he had made, and left him unharmed. His own sword was floating in the air just above his eyes. The moment he touched it, it leapt into its sheath, to be replaced with fiery floating letters that spelled out the words: "Next time, ask before you stab—it's a good way of keeping friends and loved ones alive." The words faded the moment he had read them—and the doughty Lord of Westgate promptly fainted again.

Storm

Storm is the most widely liked of the Seven Sisters. To many folk in the Realms, she is the kindness of the regal warrior personified. In part, that is because she has traveled Faerûn as widely as any veteran minstrel, playing in every tavern or inn on the road. Her striking good looks, kind nature, and ability to reduce a room of hardened folk to tears or laughter through her minstrelry have won her a legion of admirers and friends all over the Realms.

The passionate side of Storm's nature won her warm beds in lowly cottages and lord's towers wherever she went, too, until her longevity began to make people whisper that there was something unnatural about her and draw back from her in fear. Her sensitivity makes her aware of even the most suppressed reactions in folk around her, so



she is always careful to make people feel at ease—as if they are old friends she is comfortable to relax with.

Her charm is such that Azoun of Cormyr was hopelessly smitten with her at their first meeting. His courtiers found him lying on a sloping rooftop at the back of the palace, chatting with her and swapping a flask of fine zzar as if they were two vagabonds on the road. Moreover, her charm was strong enough to soothe Azoun's wife, who had become alarmed when she found the king was missing, into letting her harp for them both in the royal bedchambers late that night. This is the night, Queen Filfaeril has always claimed, that Alusair Nacacia was conceived, attributing the conception to the romantic mood set by Storm's harping.

Another story of her charm that senior Harpers sometimes tell is that of her long-ago capture by Calishite slavers, who drugged her wine after a performance she gave in a tavern. They planned to sell her to an important satrap who lived a long distance away (Beautiful females who can sing, play the harp, dance, and use a little magic are rare goods in Calimshan.) Before the tip was half over, two of the slavers had so fallen in love with her that they killed each other, fighting for her hand in marriage. A third slaver helped her escape the rest of the band, and out of his own pockets paid for a replacement wardrobe for her and conveyance back to the tavern they had taken her from. To the Harpers who tell it, the important part of this tale is that Storm heard of this man's fatal illness, tracked him down, and harped for him while he lay on his deathbed, using her magic to make his passing as painless as possible. It is but one of many, many tales of Storm's caring that can be heard by any traveler in the North who cares to ask in most every inn or tavern one might stop in.

Storm has won a reputation as a free-spirited lady of the road, a bard who feared nothing and befriended folk both high and low, believing beggars and outlaws and the maimed to be as important as grand lords and powerful clergy. But her days of aimlessly wandering the Realms ended centuries ago, when she became bored and set about serious

adventuring. Thereafter, she found in the Harpers a purpose in her life besides nurturing and making friends at random, and her traveling minstrelry since has been a cover for Harper business.

Even so, she continued to take time off from Harper concerns to nurse sick folk she meets, go on adventures, and have dalliances with young men. She has always been particularly attracted to the nobility of Cormyr, Tethyr, and Waterdeep, in whom she sees promise. She wanted to set young nobles of those places out on a path in life that would lead them to become decent citizens, who embraced secret hopes and dreams for a better Faerûn.

Eventually she met a man whose intelligence and kindly nature matched her own: an orphan youth of Neverwinter called Maxam. Though she knew she would probably outlive him (as with so many beloved mates before), Storm dwelt with him for over a decade at her farm in pastoral Shadowdale, using it as a base from which they undertook many wild and dangerous adventures—for adventuring was in Maxam's blood. He died of it in the end, torn apart by *tanar'ri* when he and Storm stumbled on a *gate* to the Abyss opened by a band of illithids. Storm was too beset by illithids and *tanar'ri* to come to his aid.

Since his death—and the later tragedy of her sister Syluné's demise, which befell when Storm was away from home on Harper business—Storm has seldom gone adventuring. Instead, she has devoted herself to ensuring that Syluné would survive in some form and have a companion to maintain her sanity. Storm has stayed at her farm, building her reputation as the Bard of Shadowdale and serving as a tutor to Harpers who come to her.

Storm very much wanted to bear Maxam's child, and her failure to do so during their years together—or to have any children during her wild and wanton years as a wandering minstrel—have made it clear that she is barren. This is a source of some sorrow to Storm, but she has grown out of the continual urge to try to have a child “just one more time.” Storm has also acquired a regal (that is serene, not haughty) man-



ner over the years, overlying her easy merriment, and is accorded instant respect by strangers she encounters. Most folk think her a noble lady.

Storm's closest friend these days is her sister Syluné. Although Elminster and the Simbul have developed a passionate love for each other, Elminster and Storm have drawn ever closer as intimate companions-of-the-road, friends who are easy in each other's company and who undertake adventures together from time to time. Folk who hope to use her to sway Elminster to their views, or to undertake a certain action, are warned that she refuses to be so manipulated and *can* become *quite frosty* with those who try.

Storm is fearless. Even severe pain does not sway her into doing anything she does not want to. What she *does* love to do is to make a glow of wonder appear in the eyes of young children, the aged, and lonely or oppressed folk of all ages—either by an act of kindness or by performing a song that moves or inspires them.

Storm always takes orphaned children to the nearest temple whose clergy she trusts to give

them a good upbringing. She has been overheard to say of this, "At least it forces priests to do *something* worthwhile for folk around them in the Realms." She regards it as her duty to aid young runaways and lovers who are divided by duty, social censure, or forbidding parents. The antics of young, reckless, less-than-competent adventurers amuse her. Such folk are more likely than most in Faerûn to hear a truly beautiful sound: the high, bell-like mirth of Storm laughing heartily.

Hearts pine for the Bard of Shadowdale all over the Realms, and many of their owners are wise enough to appreciate the fact that Storm does not shamelessly take advantage of that. As Azoun of Cormyr once said to his court wizard and confidant Vangerdahast, "Before all the gods, I could fall on my knees in helpless love to that woman in a moment—and so help her, my queen would allow it, and even encourage me! And I doubt that my throne's not the only one she could have for the asking, if she desired such things." The king then frowned and asked, "I wonder what she desires?"



And Vangerdahast said heavily, “The love of everyone in the Realms, Sire—and from just one man of them all, a child.” He strode to the window and looked out at the moon, hands clasped behind his back. Vangerdahast’s next words stunned that council chamber into silence. “The gods above know I tried.”

Syluné

Syluné won a reputation as the Witch of Shadowdale before she died—a sorceress who dealt in potions, ointments, herbal wines, and philters. Her hut was destroyed in the same conflagration of dragon breath that slew her, but she had established numerous secret caches of herbs, preparations, and magical items all over the Dragonreach area, and many of these still survive.

Today as a wraithlike spectral harpist, Syluné can no longer cast many spells (see the chapter on Sylune), but she can wield the many magical items Storm has about her farm, and fight opponents physically. More than once she has slain or terrified intruders who planned to steal from Storm, though word of the farm’s ghost or invisible guardian has spread and intrusions have become noticeably fewer. On one spectacular occasion, she even scared off a trio of Zhentarim magelings.

Syluné serves all who dare to seek her out as a wise, caring councilor, dispensing advice and information about the Realms freely and even directing those in need to where she has cached magic, long ago. In payment for such lore, she demands listeners perform small services for her, such as taking a doll to a little girl in a nearby dale, telling a certain old man that Syluné has not forgotten him, or taking a rich feast to the cottage of poor folk who once fed her when she was weary. The nature of these services reveals the interest that consumes her time these days: watching over Shadowdale as she did in life, trying to make its folk content and prosperous, and the land beautiful, verdant, and free of weeds, wastage, trash, and boundary disputes.

Alert folk who stay in Shadowdale for any

length of time begin to sense her gentle hand at work, though Syluné is careful to work through others behind the scenes, so citizens do not feel she is watching their every move or ruling them. Despite her care, certain guards of the Tower of Ashaba, who have had the misfortune to be scared by her gliding nighttime visitations to chat with Mourgrym and Shaerl, have taken to calling her the Ghost Queen. This term has even crept into their passwords. Half of the watch word for the watch that begins at midnight is “For the Ghost Queen.” The Harpers who report to Storm in Shadowdale trust Syluné absolutely and regard her as their mentor and spiritual guide. This is the origin of the rumors, spread by eavesdropping folk, that Harpers receive their missions from a ghost.

Because of her preoccupation with improving Shadowdale, Syluné is always interested in news of crop failures or successes elsewhere in the Realms, and of new types of cattle or wagons or methods of tillage. She is even interested in changes in dining habits—especially in Cormyr and Sembia, the large and important neighbors of the Dales—that might lead to changes in what crops should be grown.

As well as tirelessly tending Storm’s plantings, Syluné still makes wine. She also still bathes in the millpond every morning and evening if she can spare the time, though it is a source of great frustration to her that she can no longer feel the coolness of the water or make it move by the passage of her body. Her baths still attract the attention of small boys playing in the nearby woods, just as they did when she was alive—and just as she did when alive, the Witch of Shadowdale merrily ignores such observers.

Some locals who do not want to be seen going to the farm to consult her even wait for her by the millpond to ask her advice. They are not the only visitors Syluné receives. Many folk, from the rough-and-tumble youths of Shadowdale to their despairing parents, proud knights from Cormyr, fat Sembian merchants, bold young adventurers bent on making their fortunes and reputations in Myth Drannor or the icy mountain caverns of the



Moonsea north, and minor lordlings from the cities of the Vast and the Moonsea, journey to Storm's farm to sit by the stream or on a bench in the garden and talk things over with a kindly woman they either cannot see—or can see through.

A DM who subtly introduces to PCs this chance to debate things and avail themselves of an almost-free sage service may find that overly bold adventurers acquire the habit of talking everything over. In life, Syluné was not an expert in many fields beyond Harper history, magic, winemaking, herbal lore, and living things of the Dragonreach lands. However, she did know who, all over Faerûn, to ask about other things, and she can direct PCs to sources of information on just about any topic. She visited both Candlekeep and the Herald's Holdfast, and she was most impressed by them. Today, she can still vividly and correctly describe their layout and certain of their contents in detail.

Syluné always possessed a great memory, and can clearly recall the exact tone and words of conversations she has had years before, can describe folk in minute and accurate detail, and can describe magical procedures and tricks of spellcasting she has not used for decades. In undeath as in life, she is also an accomplished mimic and actress, and she is not above misleading those who threaten or try to deceive her. Several Zhentarim, posing as young mages, have come to the farm to learn all they can, for example, and Syluné sent them straight into waiting doom with false directions.

One of the most tragic shortcomings of being a spectral harpist is the inability to acquire new memories. Although Elminster, Storm, and the rest of the Seven have given of their vitality to improve Syluné until she can do so, her memories of folk and events in the years after her death are fragmentary at best. She may accidentally sometimes direct folk to caches that she has forgotten she has sent other folk to already.

The Witch of Shadowdale always thought pranks to be cruel, not funny but she has always loved puns, jokes, and word games of all sorts.

She continues to be delighted by such things in her undeath. Visitors who bring her such joys are highly regarded and never led astray. Even if she knows they are evil or trying to deceive her, she will state her knowledge rather than trying to trick them into later misfortune.

Syluné regards the destruction of harmful undead creatures in the vicinity of Shadowdale as her personal duty and she does whatever is necessary to rid her territory of them. She counts as harmful just about all sorts of undead except phantoms and other spectral harpists. Priests and wizards who deliberately create undead earn her hatred, and she tries to arrange misfortunes to befall such individuals.

Qilué

Qilué is the least-known of the Seven. Even many sages and heralds across the Realms cannot tell petitioners just who the seventh Sister is. This is partly due to her racial heritage and partly her location. As high priestess of Eilistraee's Promenade, she has in the past confined her attention to doings of the drow and the vicinity of her temple. In recent years, however, the growth of both adjacent Skullport and the general level of traffic through Undermountain, plus developments in drow politics, have led the Dark Sister to cast her net more widely.

Events in Waterdeep now concern Qilué, particularly those that occur among the unsavory backstreet skulkers and the wealthiest, most decadent nobles who often employ them. Qilué works tirelessly to foil the rise of slaving and the making of potions that drug those they are administered to, since many such potions are used to kidnap folk for sale into slavery in Calimshan or for work in Calishite-owned mines in Chult. (The two problems are linked).

Qilué's other major concern is to convert or destroy the increasing numbers of drow who come to the temple complex with hostile intent. In part, this is because news of the activities of one Drizzt Do'Urden and the strengthening of the



faiths of both Vhaeraun and Eilistraee have turned the attention of the drow increasingly to the surface world. To devout adherents of Lolth, Vhaeraun, and especially Ghaunadar (whose worshippers once occupied the site of Qilué's temple), the Promenade is an abomination, or at least detested competition, and must be destroyed.

Most drow traders who come to Skullport turn a blind eye to such tenets of faith because the priestesses Qilué leads promote their trade by sponsoring merchants, providing them with secure warehouse space and with drow guides. The priestesses of the temple also heal and protect injured and lost drow—and indeed adventurers of all races—who brave the perils of Undermountain. It is these grateful folk that Qilué uses as agents to spread her influence ever farther in the Underdark.

In contrast to most clergy of Eilistraee, the priestesses of the Promenade visit the moonlit surface world only seldom, concentrating their worship underground. Because of this, Qilué's influence and reputation on the surface Realms is a thing of whispers, ghosts, and shadows at best.

Many adventurers who have benefited from the aid of the Dark Lady seem to revere and champion her. Although this has led to some whispers that she uses spells to bring those she tends under the influence of her mind, such support of Qilué seems sincere. She has even been observed to flit along in bat form after a vulnerable group of adventurers trying to escape Undermountain and to then assume her own shape to defend them against a hobgoblin band they could not hope to escape or defeat. Her supporters speak of forming fast and intense personal friendships with the high priestess, of her relaxed and understanding nature, of her ability to accept other folk for who they are despite being able to easily see the secrets in their souls, and of the trustworthiness of her word. They often direct adventurers who are lost or simply directionless in life to see Qilué, who (in the words of the sage Albither of Athkatla) "sees the ways of things in Faerûn clearly, and can reveal how anyone may forge a life of importance in steering the way of the world into peace and prosperity for all races."

Qilué has other sides, however. She can be every inch the cold and merciless drow priestess when her temple is threatened. And some of the tales of Laeral's pranksome ways that are whispered at nobles' parties in Waterdeep (and were known of a supposedly different Laeral in the North, centuries ago) are the result of a playful Qilué taking her sister's shape—a favorite childhood habit.

Laeral looks on this practice with amusement now (and even prevails on her sister to impersonate her, from time to time, when she must be in two places at once), but Qilué's actions as Laeral got Laeral in real trouble in the past, and their relationship has not always been so cordial. Even now, Laeral winces at some of the uninhibited things Qilué does at parties in Waterdeep while in Laeral's shape because Qilué regards such occasions as her chance to unwind. She often lets all control escape her, dancing and frolicking with wild abandon. She even got rid of the attentions of an over-amorous noble at one such feast—one she knew to be sponsoring drow slavers—by changing shape under his hands into her true form and asking him, in the pidgin Underdark speech he was wont to use in slave dealings, if *he* wanted to be *her* slave!

Qilué is known to be looking for adventuring bands that are willing to serve her openly—that is, wear her badge and operate in her name with her magical assistance, financial support, and sanctuary up on the surface world and down into the Deep Realms alike. Several groups have taken service with her, but at least two of them were exterminated by drow war bands loyal to Lolth. Clandestine skirmishes of the stabbing-and-poisoning-by-night variety between servants of the Dark Lady and drow adherents of Vhaeraun are common.

On several occasions Qilué has rescued adventurers from certain death in Undermountain in return for their aid in a single mission or undertaking. Those who have survived and won her liking have gone on to enter her service. Rewards for mages are known to have included gifts of spell scrolls and even tutelage in magics useful in the Underdark by drow mages loyal to Qilué.



So the Dark Lady of the Promenade can serve as a patron as wealthy (and demanding) as any Waterdhavian noble. In an AD&D® game campaign set in Waterdeep, this could well occur after PCs fall afoul of the law and are exiled below, or when they are sent below to rescue a noble or other Waterdhavian citizen who has suffered this fate. (It can also occur if PCs get themselves into a situation of almost certain doom in the depths of Undermountain. The Dark Lady could then show up and rescue them—her price being service.)

In such a situation, the PCs could well be unwelcome in Waterdeep, and be forced to raid up into the city, or do business there, only by stealth and under cover of darkness, dodging watch patrols. If the PCs build themselves a high profile, they could soon face persistent attempts by the authorities to hunt them down, perhaps even by means of hired adventurers. Wily PCs must develop spies, safe houses, and ploys to ensure their survival—such as using the revels of Waterdhavian nobles as covers for meeting contacts.

PCs in this sort of campaign could soon find

themselves shadowed by agents of Vhaeraun, who want to use them as dupes, hire them for dangerous undertakings, or kill them as competitors. They might also attract the attention of guild members desiring to do shady things to fellow guild members, or even guilds acting as a whole that are trying to get around the authorities.

The only sort of work the PCs will be able to find is dangerous missions that always carry with them the strong possibility of being double-crossed or framed. The DM should hint about such things to build an atmosphere of maximum tension. The DM must also take care to hint to the players early on that their characters need magical protection, or at least cloaking from magic seeking them, to avoid being hounded to their deaths. They should also get the idea early on that earning the protection of a powerful Waterdhavian noble—or at least making that noble obligated toward them in some way—is also wise.

If Qilué is pleased by the performance of PCs in her service, she could well give them some magical means of communicating with her, telling





them that if they get into real trouble, they can always call on her. Of course, each time she must come to the rescue carries a price. The PCs could find themselves drawn ever deeper into the plots of the Dark Lady and the intrigues of both Skullport and Undermountain. If the PCs behave irresponsibly or try to work treacheries of their own, they could find themselves caught where the directives of Qilué and agents sent by Laeral come into violent conflict.

All Seven

This brings us to the only way to bring all of the Seven working in concert into play at once in a campaign, short of a concerted PC attempt to destroy every Chosen or temple of Mystra. The Seven are always watchful for any ploy or unfolding scheme that might accidentally or deliberately bring any one of them into contact with another Sister (or with Khelben or Elminster). The moment they realize what is occurring or about to happen—and they are very sensitive and perceptive in this regard—they cease whatever activities might bring them into conflict. They then turn to discovering just who or what is behind the situation. Swift and ruthless justice follows.

In all cases, Dungeon Masters employing any of the Seven Sisters in campaign play should portray them as kind, sensitive, alert individuals who are very intelligent and who use the experience their long years of life have brought them to anticipate what their own actions, and those of other beings around them (especially PCs and other adventurers) might cause in the future. An obvious trap should never capture or defeat a Sister, though one may play along to learn what it is all about. Simple spells or psionics should never bring about the downfall of any of the Chosen.

Properly used, the Seven can enrich a campaign set in the Realms for years. Or, as with all powerful beings, they can bring about the ruin of a campaign in short order if misused.

A Final Word

A final tongue of lightning cracked across the chamber, and the terrified wizard's spellbooks burst into flame. He stared at them in horror, reaching a futile hand into the rising fire that was consuming his life's work—and then, helplessly, snatched it back in pain.

He looked up at Storm Silverhand, and swallowed despite himself. Her eyes were large and very dark as they stared into the depths of his soul. He quaked under that gaze, and tried to rise and flee, but managed only to shuffle sideways on his knees, and whimper.

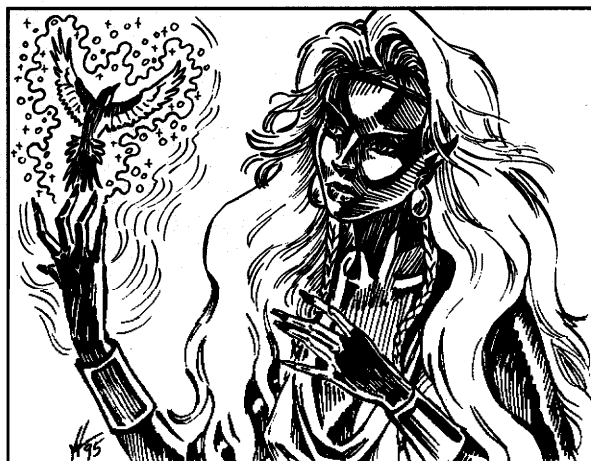
"Remember? From behind the lightning came the soft, musical voice he had learned to fear. "We are not to be trifled with."

She took a step toward him. "If you truly care about the Realms you live in, of course, you won't trifle with anyone else, either."

Storm held his eyes an eternity longer, until he managed a nod to show he had understood her. Then she said firmly, "I go," and turned away, silver hair swirling about her like a cloak. Sudden blue-white light rose out of nothing and claimed her. She took a step further into it and was—gone.

The light died with her, leaving only a single mote in front of the trembling wizard's nose. It drifted lazily to the floor and winked out.

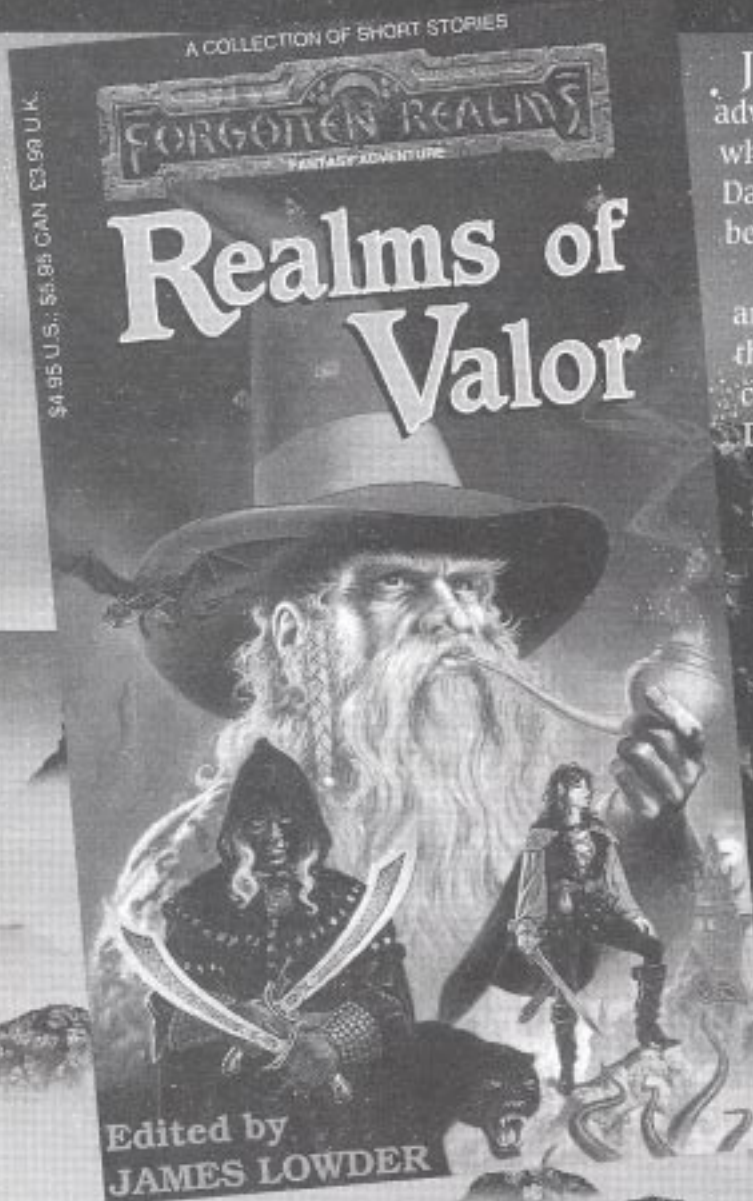
The mage let out a long, shuddering breath. He then froze in fresh, icy terror as her voice added softly from the empty air, "Yet if you misbehave, mage, I'll be back. We watch over the Realms at all times—and if the Lady grants, we always will."





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