

THE LEGEND OF
DRIZZT

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®



R.A. SALVATORE FORGOTTEN REALMS
EXILE

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R.A. SALVATORE FORGOTTEN REALMS

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CHAPTER 1

art by TYLER WALPOLE





YOU HAVE
SURVIVED!



YOU HAVE
NOT BECOME A
HEARTLESS MURDERER
LIKE THE REST OF OUR
PEOPLE. YOU STILL HAVE
COMPASSION--
INNOCENCE! YOU'VE
WON!

DRIZZT
DO'URDEN!
MY SON!



ZAKNAFEIN--
FATHER, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

BUT YOU
WILL! IN TIME YOU
WILL, AS I DID. WE
ARE SO MUCH
THE SAME...



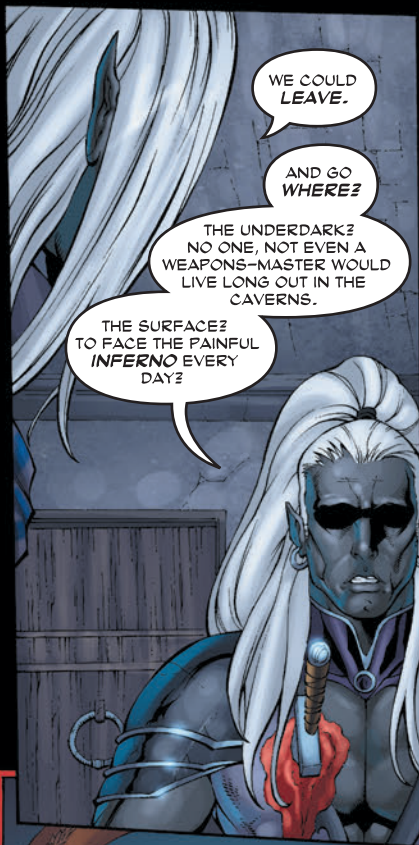
MATRON MALICE, YOUR MOTHER,
WILL FIND AN APPROPRIATE PLACE
FOR YOUR TALENTS, AND WE SHALL
FIGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE.


FIGHT OUR
PEOPLE? FIGHT
DROW?




THE IDEA SICKENS
YOU, I KNOW. BUT WHAT
OTHER CHOICE DO
WE HAVE?

IN
MENZOBERRANZAN
YOU WILL KILL OR **BE**
KILLED.






Ten years?
Had it really been
that long?




Yet Drizzt's memories
of his previous life, fractured
though they were, remained.

He remembered killing
Masoj Hun'ett and Alton
De'Vir, then vowing to never
spill drow blood again.



He remembered discovering
that Matron Malice had
murdered Zaknafein, his
father and only friend.

A sacrifice to
the dark elves' vile
goddess Lolth, the
Spider Queen.



He remembered forsaking
his family and leaving
Menzoberranzan, with the
magical panther Guenhwyvar
at his side.



*And after that, there was...
nothing, just darkness and fear.*

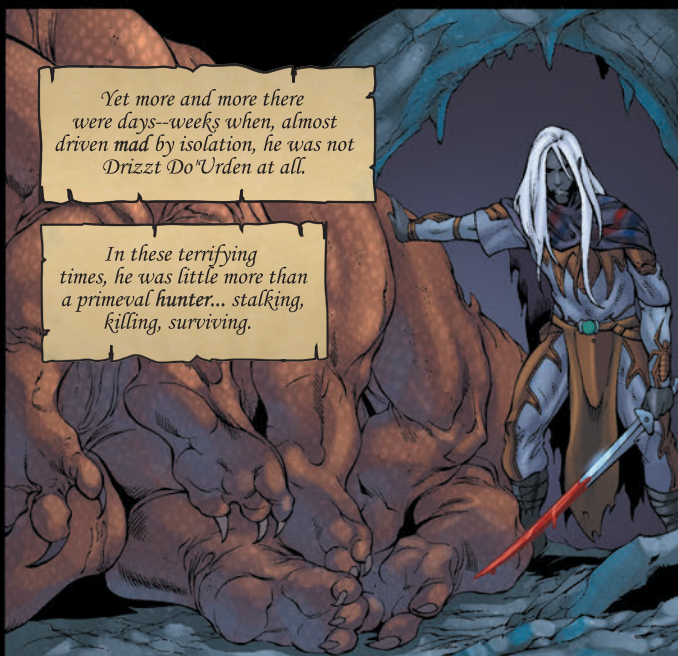


*Over time, Drizzt
had come to know the
dangers of the hushed
Underdark.*



*To become a predator,
rather than prey.*

*He had escaped
the cursed bonds of his
people as Zak never
could.*



*Yet more and more there
were days--weeks when, almost
driven mad by isolation, he was not
Drizzt Do'Urden at all.*

*In these terrifying
times, he was little more than
a primeval hunter... stalking,
killing, surviving.*



*But perhaps, Drizzt
thought, survival is
not enough.*

MENZOBERRANZAN,
CITY OF THE DROW...

IT SHOULD
BE *FINISHED*
BY NOW.

PATIENCE,
MY DAUGHTER,
JARLAXLE IS A
CAREFUL ONE.

THEY SERVE US
WELL, *BRIZA*. WITHOUT
BREGAN D'AERTHE, WE
COULD NOT TAKE ACTION
AGAINST OUR
ENEMIES.

USING
THEM ALLOWS
US TO WAGE WAR
AGAINST *HOUSE*
HUN'ETT WITHOUT
IMPLICATING OUR
HOUSE AS THE
PERPETRATOR.

WE SHOULD
HAVE *ATTACKED*
THEM OPENLY, TEN
YEARS AGO, ON THE
NIGHT *ZAKNAFEIN*
WAS SACRIFICED!

DO YOU FORGET HOW
THE ACTIONS OF YOUR *YOUNGER*
BROTHER STOLE *LOLTH'S FAVOR*
FROM US THAT NIGHT?!

NO, NOR DO
I FORGET THAT WHEN
HE KILLED TWO OF *THEIR*
WIZARDS, *DRIZZT* *TOOK* THE
SPIDER QUEEN'S FAVOR
FROM *HOUSE HUN'ETT*
AS WELL!

AND BECAUSE
NEITHER YOU NOR
MATRON SINAFAY
WILL ATTACK WITHOUT
THE GODDESS'S
BLESSING...

...WE HAVE SPENT
A DECADE DOING
NOTHING, SAVE EMPTY
OUR COFFERS TO ENRICH
A BAND OF LAWLESS
MERCENARIES!

GREETINGS,
MATRON
MOTHER.



AND BRIZA,
IT'S ALWAYS A
PLEASURE.



THE DEED
IS DONE,
JARLAXLE?

MY DEAR
MATRON MALICE,
DID YOU **DOUBT**
ME? SURELY I AM
WOUNDED TO
MY HEART.



DIPREE HUN'ETT IS DEAD!
THE FIRST **NOBLE** VICTIM
OF THE WAR!

EXCEPT MASOJ
HUN'ETT, KILLED BY
DRIZZT. AND ZAKNAFEIN
DO'URDEN, SLAIN BY
YOUR **OWN HAND**,
MOTHER.



➔AHM➔


YES, WELL,
IT'S GETTING LATE
AND THERE IS THE
MATTER OF MY
PAYMENT...




DININ
WILL SEE
TO IT.

THEN I
SHALL TAKE
MY--






MATRON SINAFAY
HAS NOT THE FAVOR
OF LOLTH! SHE WOULDN'T
DARE MOVE AGAINST
US!



PERHAPS
YOU SHOULD
TELL HER
SOLDIERS
THAT!



RIZZEN?!



WE ARE
OUTNUMBERED
AND OUT POSITIONED!
OUR DEFEAT WILL BE
SWIFT, I FEAR!

YOU MUST SUMMON
YOUR BAND, JARLAXLE!
QUICKLY!

MATRON,
BREGAN D'AERTHE
IS A **SECRETIVE**
GROUP. WE DO NOT
ENGAGE IN OPEN
WARFARE---

I WILL
PAY WHATEVER
YOU **DESIRE!** NAME
YOUR PRICE!

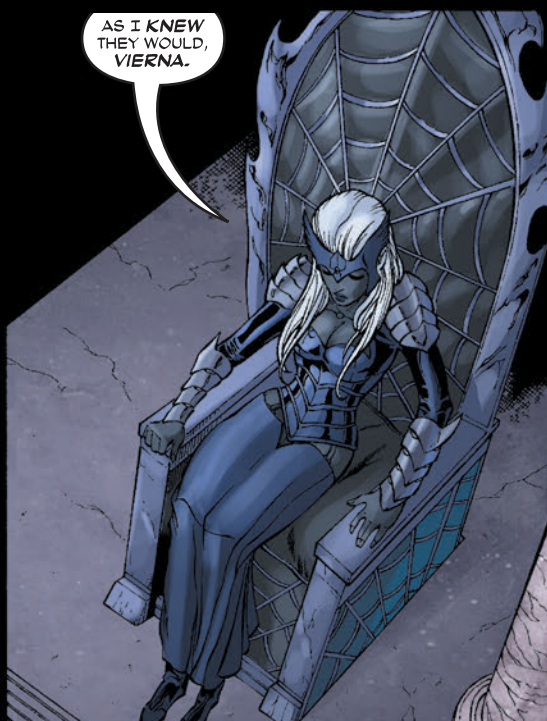








THEY'RE GONE!
HOUSE HUN'ETT'S
SOLDIERS HAVE
RETIREATED!



AS I KNEW
THEY WOULD,
VIENA.



FOOLISH IS
THE HOUSE THAT
MOVES WITHOUT
THE FAVOR OF
LOLTH!

YES, MAYA,
WE HAVE SEEN WHAT
HAPPENS TO THOSE THAT
OVERSTEP THEIR
BOUNDS.



A LESSON
SOME OF US
SOEELY NEEDED
TO LEARN.



BUT TAKE
HEART, MY
DAUGHTERS.
HOUSE HUN'ETT'S
ATTACK HAS
FAILED AND NOW
THEY WILL FACE
THE WRATH OF
THE RULING
COUNCIL.

ONCE AGAIN,
DO'URDEN IS
VICTORIOUS!

The next morning, Malice received the summons from **Matron Baenre**--head of Menzoberranzan's most powerful house--with glee.

Malice knew what was coming, and only hoped she'd be allowed to watch her rival **Matron SiNafay** die a particularly horrible death.

WHAT TREACHERY IS THIS?!

YOU DO NOT BELONG IN THIS PLACE, **SINAFAY!**

IT WAS HOUSE HUN'ETT THAT **ATTACKED** MY FAMILY IN THE LAST NIGHT! I HAVE MANY WITNESSES TO THE FACT, THERE CAN BE **NO DOUBT!**

NONE. I ACTED AS THE SPIDER QUEEN **DEMANDED** OF ME.

IF **LOTH APPROVED** OF YOUR METHODS, YOU WOULD HAVE WON THE DAY.

NOT SO.

MATRON BAENRE, I CLAIM THE **RIGHT OF ACCUSATION** AGAINST HOUSE HUN'ETT!

GRANTED. AS YOU HAVE SAID, AND AS **SINAFAY** AGREED, THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT.



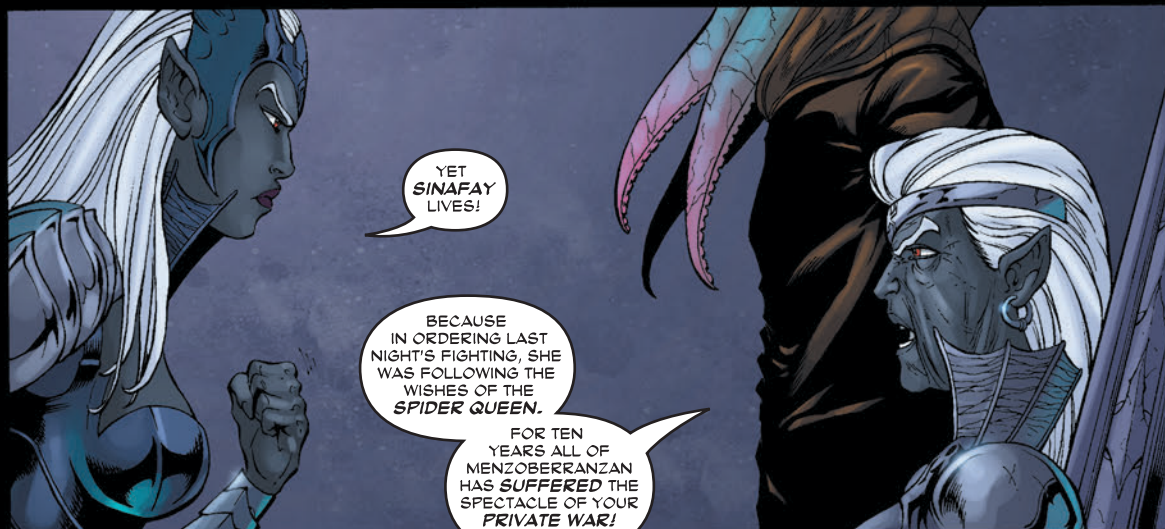
THEN SHE
SHOULD NOT
BE HERE!

BY THE LAWS OF
MENZOBERRANZAN ANY HOUSE
THAT MAKES AN UNSUCCESSFUL
ATTACK AGAINST ANOTHER HOUSE IS
TO BE **DESTROYED** BY ORDER
OF THE **RULING COUNCIL!**



IT IS
ALREADY
DONE.

ACCORDING
TO OUR LAWS, THE
NOBLES OF HOUSE
HUN'ETT HAVE BEEN
SLAUGHTERED. IT
WAS, AFTER ALL, THE
CIVILIZED THING
TO DO.



YET
SINAFAY
LIVES!

BECAUSE
IN ORDERING LAST
NIGHT'S FIGHTING, SHE
WAS FOLLOWING THE
WISHES OF THE
SPIDER QUEEN.

FOR TEN
YEARS ALL OF
MENZOBERRANZAN
HAS **SUFFERED** THE
SPECTACLE OF YOUR
PRIVATE WAR!



THE INTRIGUE AND
EXCITEMENT WORE AWAY
LONG AGO. **ACTION** HAD
TO BE TAKEN, THUS HOUSE
HUN'ETT'S ATTACK.

NEITHER HOUSE HAD
THE FAVOR OF LOLTH AND
SO SHE DID NOT INVOLVE
HERSELF IN YOUR BATTLE.
SHE ONLY DEMANDED IT BE
DECIDED ONCE AND
FOR ALL!



THEN
WHAT IS TO
BECOME OF
HER?



SIMPLE,
MALICE. SHE
WILL BE YOUR
DAUGHTER.



WHAT?!

YOUR **ELDEST DAUGHTER**, RETURNED FROM TRAVELS TO **CHED NASAD** OR SOME OTHER CITY OF OUR KIN.

MANY YEARS AGO, LOLTH MADE IT CLEAR HER DESIRES THAT YOU SIT UPON THE **RULING COUNCIL**, MALICE. AND NOW, WITH HUN'ETT GONE AND DO'URDEN THE **EIGHTH HOUSE** OF MENZOBERRANZAN, IT SHALL BE SO.

BUT UNDERSTAND YOUR **DILEMMA**: YOU HAVE LOST MORE THAN **HALF** YOUR TROOPS, AND IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT YOU STILL DO NOT HAVE THE FAVOR OF THE SPIDER QUEEN.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE UNTIL SOME **LOWER HOUSE** MOVES AGAINST YOU?



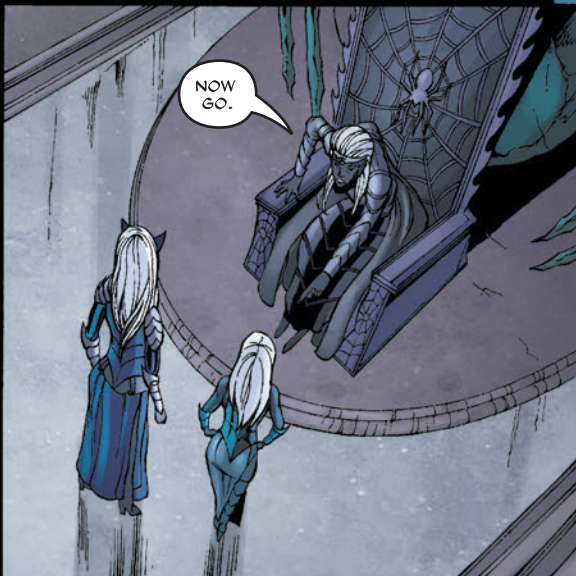
SO I GIVE YOU SINAFAY HUN'ETT... REBORN AS **SHI'NAYNE DO'URDEN**... A NEW HIGH PRIESTESS, AND THE FIFTY REMAINING SOLDIERS OF HOUSE HUN'ETT TO AID YOUR CAUSE.



I HAVE HONORED LOLTH'S WISHES, MALICE, YOU HAVE YOUR SEAT ON THE RULING COUNCIL.

BUT IF YOU WISH TO **KEEP IT**, YOU WILL GIVE THE SPIDER QUEEN WHAT SHE SO **DESIRES**.

YOU WILL FIND YOUR **WAYWARD SON**, AND YOU WILL TEAR OUT HIS HEART!



NOW GO.



COME MOTHER, I AM ANXIOUS TO GET HOME.

Drizzt's home for the last three years had been the lower level of a small cavern blessed with a stream full of fish, and a herd of Rothe which provided him a steady food supply.

Such a place was a veritable oasis in the wilds of the Underdark, and Drizzt had fought hard to protect it on numerous occasions.

Though it was not his alone.



For on the upper level lived a clan of Myconids, mute fungus-men who tended their grove of mushrooms and made it a point to ignore the dark elf living just below them.



A courtesy Drizzt returned in kind.

Yet even in this relative tranquility, Drizzt could seldom find peace.

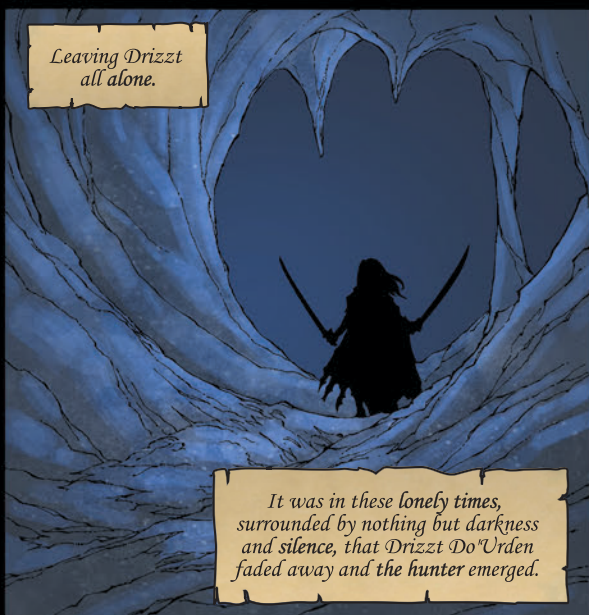


He summoned Guenhwyvar as often as possible, and in her presence Drizzt almost felt normal.



But being in the material plane sapped the panther's strength, and after a few hours she was forced to return to her astral home and rest.

Leaving Drizzt all alone.



It was in these lonely times, surrounded by nothing but darkness and silence, that Drizzt Do'Urden faded away and the hunter emerged.



The hunter was a primal creature driven by instinct and rage.



...none could defeat the hunter.

And in the Underdark, where only the strongest survived...



Nothing mattered to Drizzt when he was in this state.

Not his past, and not his future.

Day and night were one, and all the days were one, in the life of the hunter.

And so did time pass...





HOW MANY
WEEKS HAS IT BEEN,
BRIZA?

HOW MANY WEEKS
HAVE WE HUNTED THROUGH
THESE TUNNELS FOR OUR
RENEGADE BROTHER?
FIVE?



AND ALL THAT TIME
SINAF-- **SHI'NAYNE** HAS
BEEN SITTING AT MATRON
MALICE'S SIDE AS YOU
USED TO--



YOU WILL WATCH
YOUR TONGUE,
DININ.



MATRON MALICE WOULD NOT
QUESTION YOUR DEATH. HER SONS
HAVE EVER BEEN **TROUBLE**
TO HER!

I..I
APOLOGIZE.

I JUST--
SHUHH

DO NOT
TRUST THE
HUN'ETT. SHE
IS NOT LOYAL
TO US.

FOOLISH MALE!
SHI'NAYNE IS A HIGH
PRIESTESS, SHE IS LOYAL
ONLY TO **LOLTH!** AS AM I,
AS IS OUR MOTHER!





WHAT MATRON
MALICE DOES, SHE
DOES TO RETURN HOUSE
DO'URDEN TO THE FAVOR
OF THE SPIDER QUEEN
AND *GLORY!*

YES, OF
COURSE.

IN TRUTH
I AM SIMPLY
DISMAYED THAT MY
OWN SISTERS, THE *TRUE*
DO'URDENS, HAVE BEEN
MOVED *DOWN* IN THE
HIERARCHY TO MAKE
ROOM FOR THAT
ONE.



SHI'NAYNE'S
RANK IN THE FAMILY
IS OF NO CONCERN
TO YOU!

SHE
WILL SERVE
HER PURPOSE,
AS WILL WE BY
FINDING--



DRIZZT.



THE
ITEM IS
NEAR.



THEY MUST
HAVE TRACKED ME
MAGICALLY, BUT
HOW?

I AM
HARDLY THE
DROW THEY KNEW
AS A **BROTHER**, IN
APPEARANCE OR
IN THOUGHT.

WHAT COULD
THEY BE SENSING
THAT WOULD BE
FAMILIAR ENOUGH
FOR THEIR MAGICAL
SPELLS TO HOLD
ON TO?

EVEN MY
PIWAPWI HAS BEEN
TATTERED BEYOND
RECOGNITION.

WHAT DO I
POSSES THAT
MARKS ME A
DO'URDEN
EXCEPT--

--MY HOUSE
EMBLEM.

HE MOVES
FARTHER
AWAY!

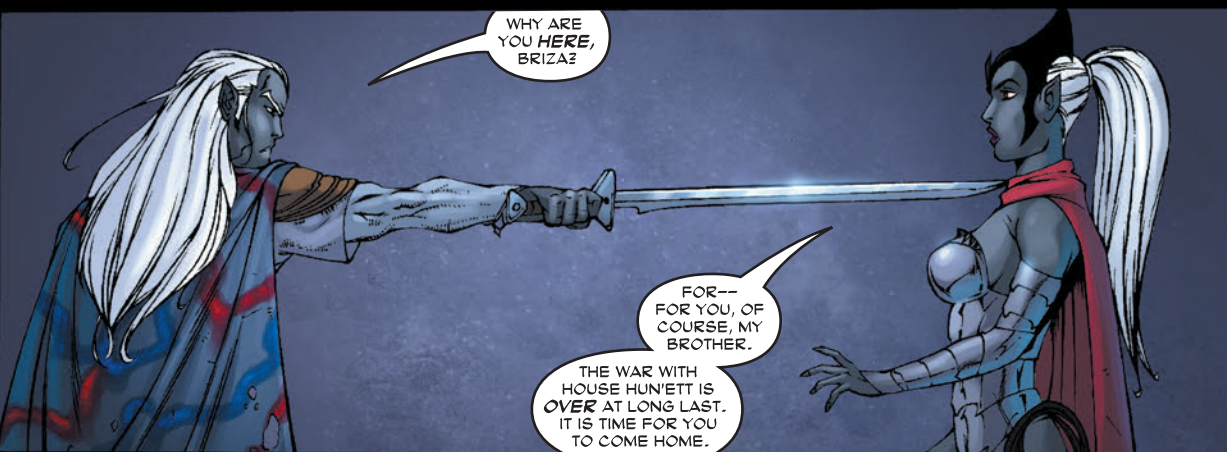
YOU THREE, GO
RIGHT! THE REST
OF YOU TAKE THE
LEFT CORRIDOR!
QUICKLY!

DININZ!

DRIZT
CANNOT RUN
FOREVER.

A FEW
MORE DAYS AND
WE WILL FIND HIM
BREATHLESS IN A
DARK HOLE!

WOMP



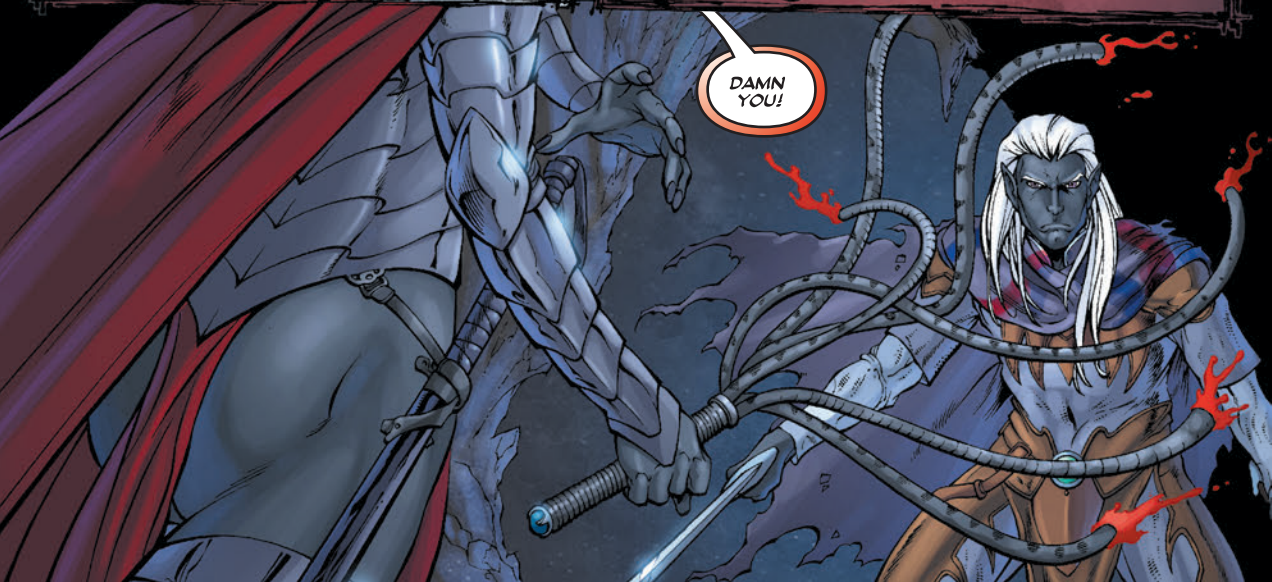


SURRENDER!

The six viper heads of Briza's snake whip whirled and twisted, searching for the best angles of attack.

They moved so fast and with such precision that Drizzt had no hope of parrying them all.

But the hunter would not be defeated.



DAMN YOU!





*Restlessness
marked Drizzt's
next days.*

*He kept on the
move, not daring to return
to the sanctuary of his
small cavern home.*

*Matron Malice was still
hunting him, of that Drizzt
was sure.*

*She would
never give up.*


*Yet he did not
fear his mother.*

*Out here in the wilds of
the Underdark, Drizzt could
fight or hide from whatever
nemesis she sent after him.*

*But still, alone
in the darkness, he
was afraid.*


*He knew that there was
a battle raging within his
very soul—a battle Drizzt
Do'Urden was losing.*

*And no matter how
far or fast he ran, he could
not hide from himself.*



*They were Svirfnebli,
deep gnomes.*


*Once, long ago, Drizzt
had led a Drow patrol against
one of their mining expeditions.
And when the battle was over,
only their leader remained.*



*Drizzt begged his fellow dark
elves not to kill the creature,
and they had agreed.*

*Instead, they
took his hands.*


*Such is what
passes for Drow
mercy.*



*Drizzt followed
them for days, staying
just out of sight.*

*The hunter whispered
in the back of his mind,
warning him of the danger,
but Drizzt did not care.*

*The deep gnomes' voices--
their laughter--was like a sweet
music; one he had forgotten but
now, having heard it again,
could not live without.*



*Then, suddenly,
the journey ended.*

*The Svirfnebli had arrived
home to Blingdenstone,
their fortress-like city.*

*And Drizzt knew
what he had to do.*



COME
TO ME.



I WANTED TO SAY
GOODBYE TO YOU,
GUENHWYAR.



I CANNOT LIVE OUT
THERE ANY LONGER.
I FEAR I AM LOSING
EVERYTHING THAT GIVES
MEANING TO THIS LIFE--
I FEAR I AM LOSING
MYSELF.

AND THAT IS
MORE **PRECIOUS** TO ME
THAN MY LIFE, CAN YOU
UNDERSTAND?



I CAN
SURVIVE IN THE
DARKNESS, BUT
I NEED **MORE**
THAN THAT.

THIS **SAVAGE**
HUNTER WHICH
STIRS INSIDE ME IS
LITTLE MORE THAN
A HEARTLESS
MURDERER.


AND IF I
BECOME THAT, I
WILL HAVE SUCCEMPTED
TO THE **VERY FATE** I LEFT
MENZOBERANZAN
TO ESCAPE.



SO I HAVE
MADE THIS CHOICE,
MY ONE **TRUE**
FRIEND.


I PRAY,
SOMEDAY,
WE WILL MEET
AGAIN.

PURRR

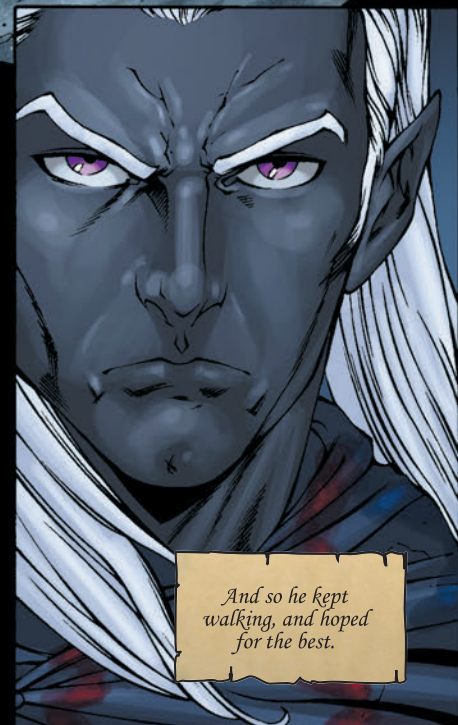


*Drizzt knew
they would most
likely kill him.*

*Drow elves were
the deep gnomes' most hated
enemies. They would be right
to attack him on sight.*



*Yet the idea of that did not
frighten Drizzt—at least not as
much as what waited for him back
in the horrible isolation of
the Underdark.*



*And so he kept
walking, and hoped
for the best.*



YOU HAVE
FAILED ME,
BRIZA!



EVEN WITH DININ
AND SIX TRAINED DROW
WARRIORS YOU COULD
NOT BRING **DRIZZT**
BACK!

I WILL
CAPTURE
HIM, MATRON
MOTHER.

HA!



HE WOULD CUT YOU
DOWN IN AN **INSTANT**,
MAYA. AS HE WOULD
ANY OF US.

IT IS
TRUE MATRON,
SINCE HE LEFT
MENZOBERRANZAN,
DRIZZT'S SKILLS
HAVE INCREASED
TENFOLD.



YOU'RE
AFRAID?

I KNOW
THAT IF I MEET
HIM AGAIN IN THE
TUNNELS, I WILL NOT
SURVIVE. AND THAT
WILL ONLY SERVE TO
WEAKEN HOUSE
DO'URDEN
FURTHER.

AND YOU
BRIZA, YOU HAVE
THE **FAVOR** OF
LOLTH!

BUT DRIZZT
IS **BEYOND** LOLTH
NOW. THE WILDS OF
THE UNDERDARK ARE
HIS DOMAIN, **WE**
CANNOT CATCH HIM
OUT THERE.



JARLAXLE AND
HIS BAND, MIGHT
THEY--?

NOT FOR
ANY PRICE.
I HAVE
ASKED.

SO
ARE YOU--
WE TO JUST
GIVE UP?



NO.
THERE IS
ANOTHER
WAY.



WHY DO YOU CALL ME, MALICE DO'URDEN?!

TO RIGHT OUR WRONGS, HANDMAIDEN OF LOLTH! TO REGAIN OUR FAVOR!



MY YOUNGEST SON HAS **WRONGED** THE SPIDER QUEEN. HE MUST **PAY** FOR HIS DEEDS.

AND WHAT DO YOU DESIRE OF ME?



I WISH THE **DEAD** TO WALK AGAIN.

I DESIRE **ZIN-CARLA!**



YOU, WHO HAVE NOT PLEASED LOLTH, DARE ASK FOR OUR HIGHEST HONOR?!

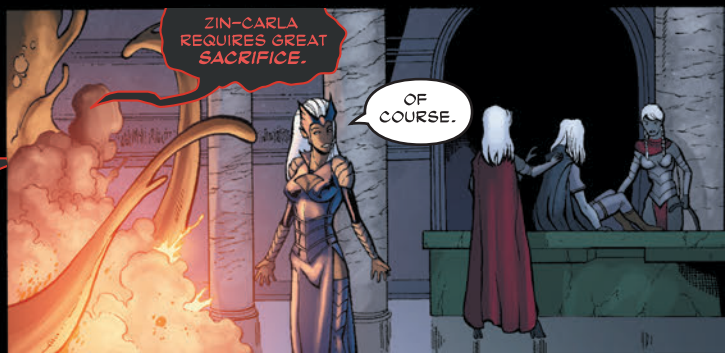
LET DRIZZT LEARN THE FOLLY OF HIS WAYS AND THE **POWER** OF THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE!

LET MY SON WITNESS THE **TERRIBLE GLORY** OF LOLTH REVEALED, SO THAT HE WILL FALL TO HIS KNEES AND BEG FORGIVENESS!

ONLY THEN SHALL THE **SPIRIT-WRAITH** DRIVE A SWORD INTO HIS HEART!

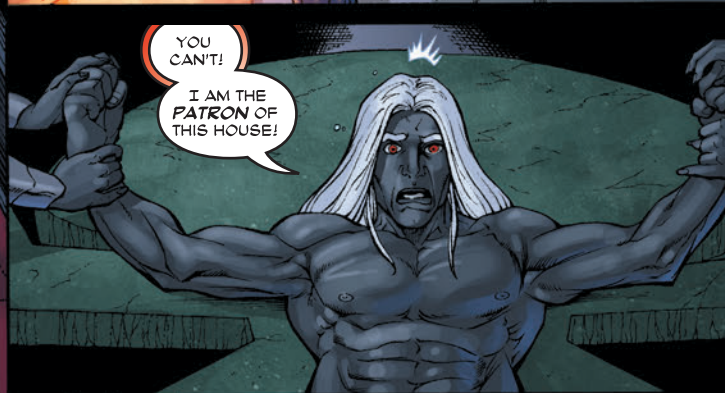


SO ZAKNAFEIN, THE WEAPONS MASTER YOU GAVE TO THE SPIDER QUEEN, MIGHT RISE AND CORRECT THE WRONGS OF YOUR YOUNGEST SON? **FITTING.**



ZIN-CARLA REQUIRES GREAT SACRIFICE.

OF COURSE.

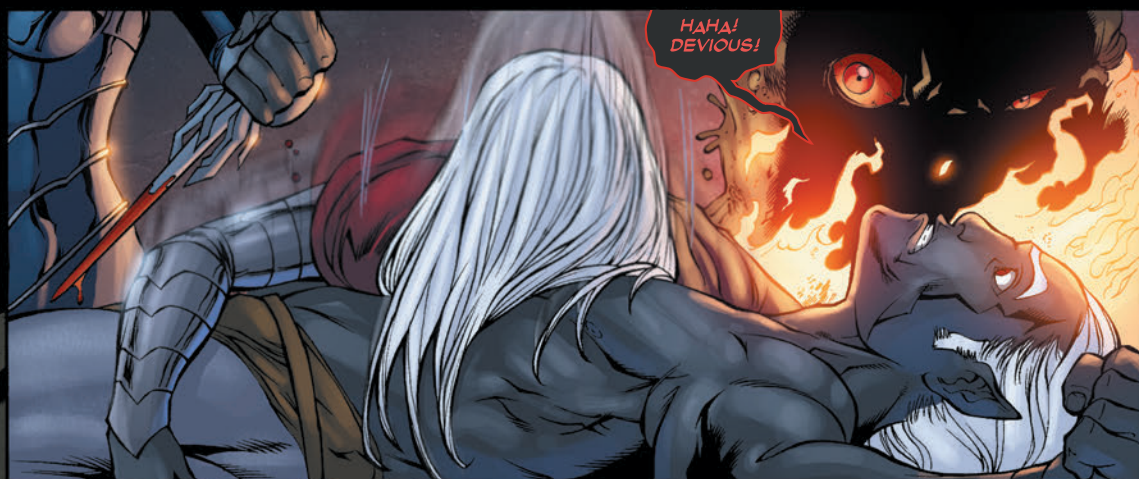


YOU CAN'T!

I AM THE **PATRON** OF THIS HOUSE!



THE CEREMONIAL DAGGER, **SHI'NAYNE.**



DEEP WITHIN THE CITY
OF BLINGDENSTONE...

WHAT IS
THIS?

The deep gnomes had
not killed him, at least not
yet, and while Drizzt took
solace in that, the hunter
raged.

ITS NAME
IS **GUENHWYVAR**.
CALL TO THE PANTHER
AND IT WILL COME AS
AN ALLY AND
FRIEND.

KEEP IT SAFE,
FOR IT IS VERY
POWERFUL.

Shackled and without
weapons, the primal beast
thrashed and screamed in the
back of Drizzt's mind,
trying to break free.

HE
SPEAKS
TRUE.

...TO GIVE UP
SUCH A MAGIC
ITEM...

...A
TRICK...

...OR A
FOOL...

...A
SPY...

But this time,
Drizzt was stronger.

BY THE
STONES, DARK
ELF, WHY ARE
YOU HERE?

BECAUSE...
BECAUSE THERE
WAS **NOWHERE**
ELSE TO GO.

YOU CAME IN TO US FROM
MENZOBERRANZAN,
YOUR HOME?

IT WAS
NEVER MY
HOME.

BUT, YES, I
LIVED FOR MANY YEARS
IN THE CITY OF THE DROW.
I AM **DRIZZT DO'URDEN**,
ONCE SECONDBOY OF
HOUSE DO'URDEN.

BY OUR INFORMATION,
HOUSE DO'URDEN
SURVIVES! YOU ARE NO
ROGUE! YOU'RE
A **SPY**!

I AM A
ROGUE **BY**
CHOICE. I HAVE
FORSAKEN THE
EVIL WAYS OF MY
PEOPLE.

HE IS NOT
LIKE OTHER DROW, AT
LEAST NONE I HAVE
EVER SEEN.

...AN
ACT...

...HE MUST BE
JUDGED...

...AGREED...

OUR **KING**
WILL RULE UPON
YOUR FATE, DARK
ELF.
AND THOUGH
I BELIEVE YOU AND
SHALL ASK FOR MERCY,
I SUSPECT YOU WILL
BE **EXECUTED**.

YES.



WAIT!
A DEEP
GNOME, FROM
YOUR CITY--

YOU KNOW ONE
OF MY PEOPLE, DARK
ELF? NAME HIM.

I DO
NOT KNOW
HIS NAME.

I WAS
A MEMBER
OF A **HUNTING
PARTY**, YEARS AGO.
WE BATTLED A GROUP
OF SVIRFNEBLI THAT
HAD COME INTO
OUR REGION.

ONLY **ONE**
SURVIVED, I THINK,
AND RETURNED TO
BLINGDENSTONE.



WHY DO YOU
TELL ME THIS?
I HAD THOUGHT
YOU **DIFFERENT**
FROM--

HE LOST
HIS **HANDS**
IN THE BATTLE! YOU
MUST KNOW
HIM!



**BELWAR
DISSENGULP?!**



HE IS ALIVE
THEN? HE MIGHT
REMEMBER--

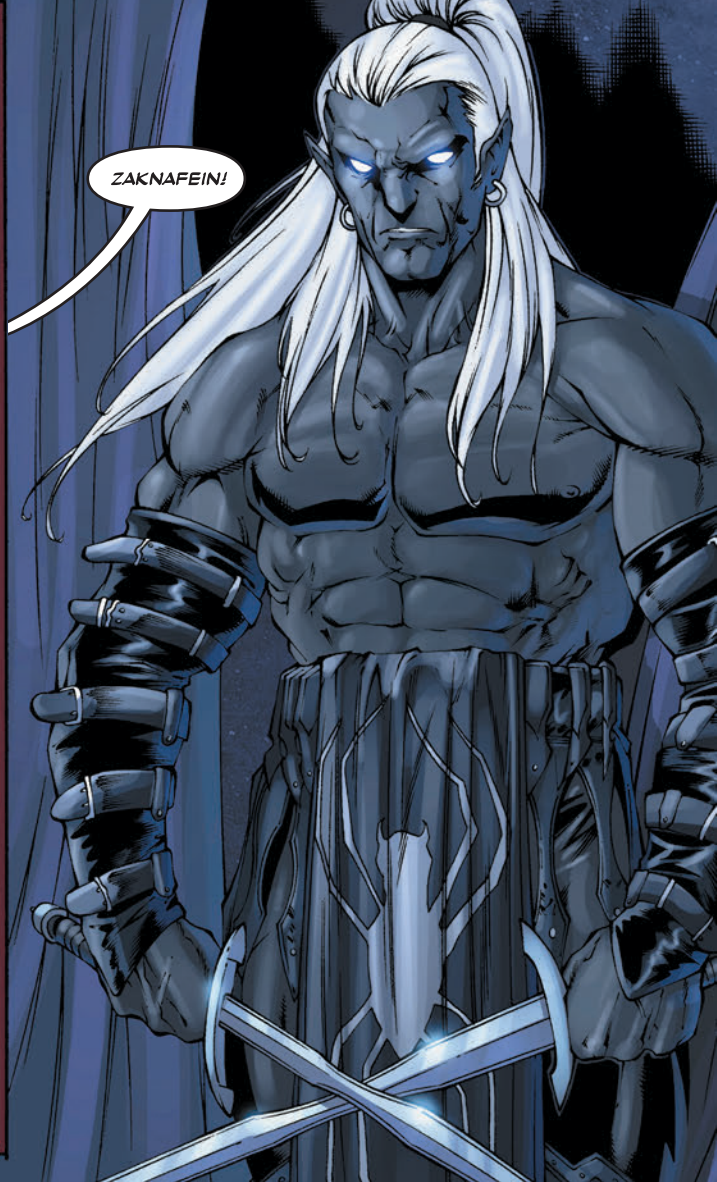
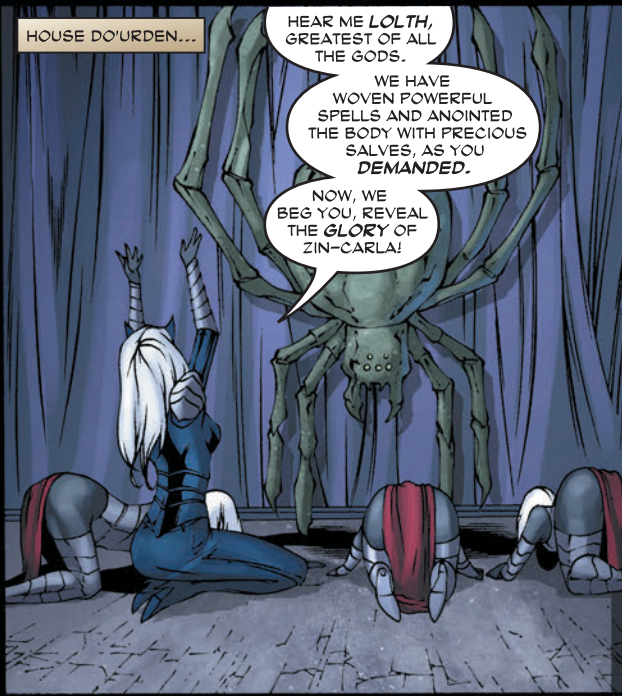
HE WILL
NEVER FORGET
THAT **EVIL DAY**,
DARK ELF!

NONE OF
US WILL EVER
FORGET.



PLEASE,
GET HIM!

**GET BELWAR
DISSENGULP!**





AS HANDSOME
AS YOU ALWAYS
WERE IN LIFE.

AND MORE
OBEDIENT, NOW
THAT HE FOLLOWS
YOUR COMMANDS
WITHOUT QUESTION,
MATRON.

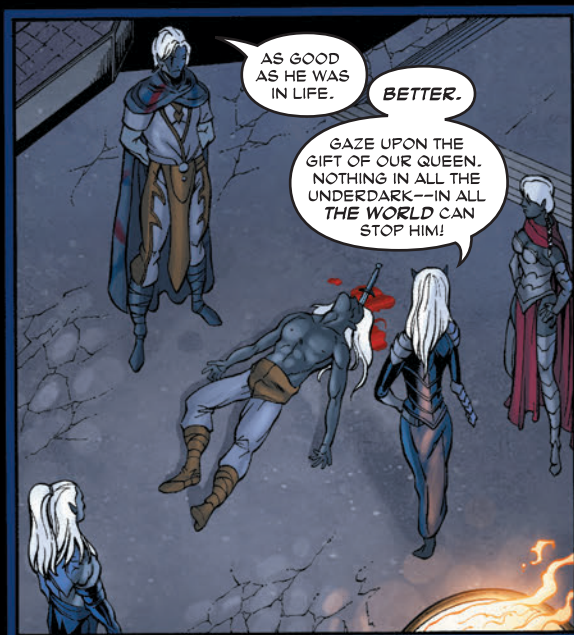
WE SHALL
SEE.



RIZZEN HAS BEEN
BY MY SIDE FOR MANY
YEARS, BUT NOW HE
BORES ME.

KILL HIM,
MY PET.

WHAT? MALICE?!



AS GOOD
AS HE WAS
IN LIFE.

BETTER.

GAZE UPON THE
GIFT OF OUR QUEEN.
NOTHING IN ALL THE
UNDERDARK--IN ALL
THE WORLD CAN
STOP HIM!



WE WILL
SET HIM LOOSE
IMMEDIATELY...

HE WILL
HUNT DRIZZT
DOWN WITHOUT MERCY,
WITHOUT COMPASSION,
AND HE WILL
DESTROY HIM!

THE FATHER
SHALL KILL THE
SON!



WELCOME
MOST **HONORED**
BURROW-WARDEN,
IT IS A PRIVILEGE
TO--

JUST
OPEN THE
CURSED DOOR
ALREADY!



MAGGA
CANNARA, IT
IS YOU!



B-BELWAR?

AYE, AND
YOU'RE THE **PURPLE-
EYED** DROW WHO BESTED
MY EARTH ELEMENTAL AND
CONVINCED YOUR FELLOWS
TO TAKE MY **HANDS**
RATHER THAN MY
HEAD.




YES, I'M
SORRY.

BAH!

YOUR WORDS
SPARED ME THAT
DAY, AND I'VE NOT
FORGOTTEN IT.



BESIDES, I
HAVE **NEW**
HANDS
NOW.



IT WAS THE DECISION OF KING SCHNICKTICK THAT YOU BE EXECUTED. HE BELIEVED YOU MEANT US NO HARM, BUT THE DANGER OF HAVING A DARK ELF IN BLINGDENSTONE WAS TOO GREAT.


I GUESSED AS MUCH. I WILL OFFER NO RESISTANCE.



NO, YOU WON'T, FOR YOU'LL NOT DIE THIS DAY.



WHAT?



TEN YEARS AGO, YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DRIZZT DO'URDEN. HONOR DEMANDS I DO THE SAME.



I'VE ACCEPTED THE RESPONSIBILITY OF KEEPING YOU.


YOU'LL BE A GUEST IN MY HOME AT FIRST, THEN WHO KNOWS?



SO... SO I'M NOT TO DIE?




NOT UNLESS YOU BRING DEATH UPON YOURSELF.



Moving through the winding streets of Blingdenstone, Drizzt could barely believe what had transpired.

That Belwar would offer his protection-- his home-- to a drow was generosity beyond imagining.

The sort no resident of Menzoberranzan would ever extend, unless there was money or power to be gained.



But the burrow-warden was not motivated by such selfish concerns. His was an act of kindness.

And knowing that shook Drizzt, so used to seeing everyone as an enemy, to his very core.



WE'RE HERE, YOU CAN GO.

BUT MOST HONORED BURROW-WARDEN, THE KING HAS ORDERED US TO STAY WITH YOU UNTIL THE TRUTH OF THIS DROW IS REVEALED.

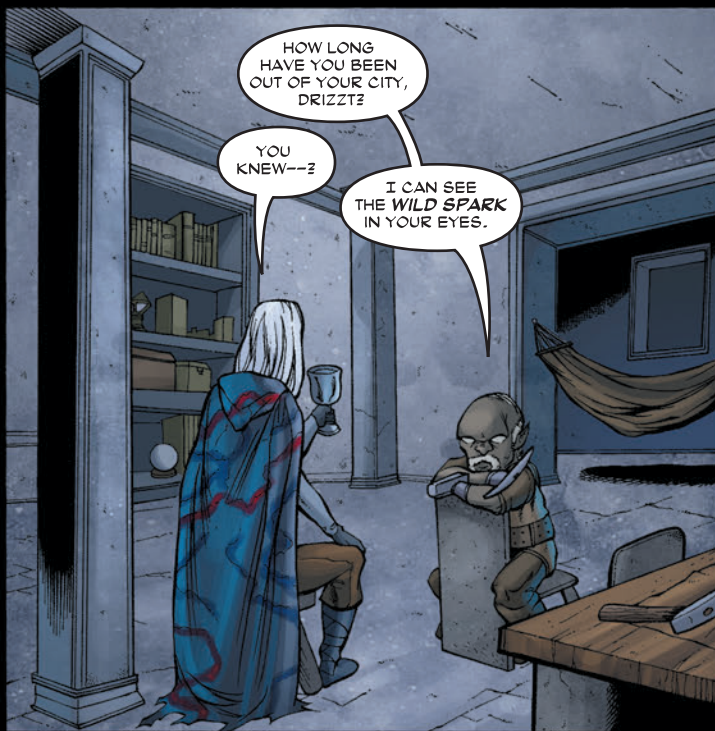


BE GONE!

THIS ONE IS IN MY CARE AND I FEAR HIM NOT AT ALL!



TOO MUCH DO
THEY WORRY ABOUT
MY SAFETY.



HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
OUT OF YOUR CITY,
DRIZZT?

YOU
KNEW--?

I CAN SEE
THE WILD SPARK
IN YOUR EYES.



YEARS -- TIME HAS
LITTLE MEANING IN THE
OPEN PASSAGES OF THE
UNDERDARK.

TELL ME.
TELL ME ALL
OF IT.

So Drizzt
did just that.

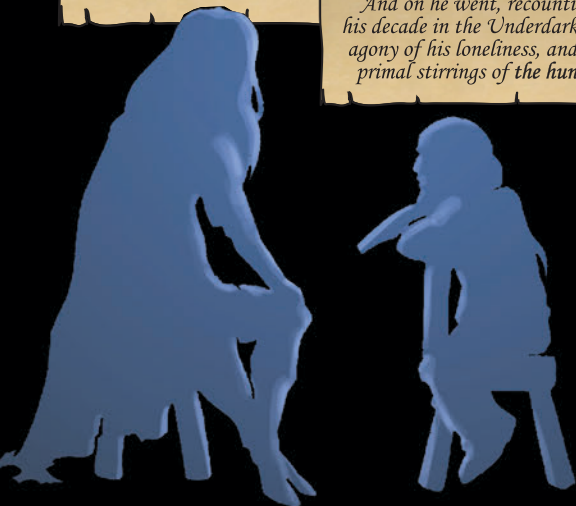
*He spoke of his youth in
Menzoberranzan, the murder
of Zaknafein, and his decision to
forsake his dark kin and their
even darker goddess.*

*And on he went, recounting
his decade in the Underdark, the
agony of his loneliness, and the
primal stirrings of the hunter.*

*Until, at last, he
came to his arrival in
Blingdenstone.*

MAGGA
CAMMARA,
BOY, BY THE
STONES.

THAT IS
A STORY.



After that first night, the burrow-warden and his charge seldom spoke.

There was no animosity... Belwar was simply a private person. And Drizzt, still learning the *svirfneblin* tongue, did not trust his own words.

Yet though they were silent, the world around them was not.

Blingdenstone was a bustling metropolis, and the sounds of life-- of civilization... surrounded the dark elf from morning until night; keeping the hunter at bay.

And as the days turned to weeks, Drizzt found himself happy for the first time in what seemed like millennia.

WE'LL ASK THE **DROW**, HE'LL KNOW!

YOU HAVE LIVED IN THE UNDERDARK, IT IS SAID. TELL THESE TWO THAT CREATURES LIKE THAT ONE ARE REAL.

BASILISKS? YES, THEY ARE.

HA! TOLD YOU!

HOW DO WE KNOW HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH?

I HAVE MET ONE.

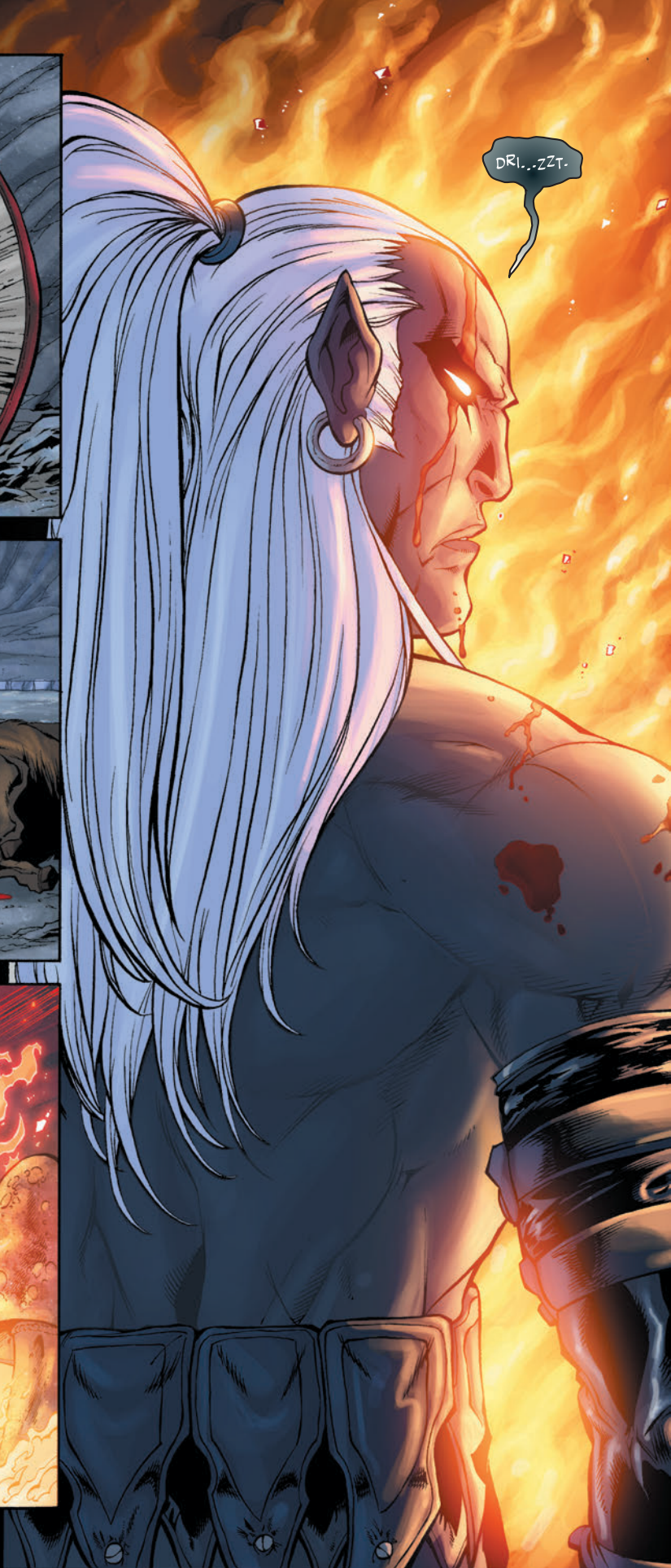
REALLY?!

AND YOU **ESCAPED** BEFORE IT COULD ATTACK?

ESCAPEZ NO, I **FOUGHT** IT.










TIM
PEPOY
05

BLOND

CHAPTER 2

art by TYLER WALPOLE





*A dark tunnel less than a day's march
from the gnomish city of Blingdenstone...*



W--WHAT
COULD DO THIS? HOOK
HORRORS, OR--

NO. THE CUTS
ARE TOO CLEAN,
TOO PRECISE.

ONLY ONE
CREATURE IN ALL THE
UNDERDARK COULD INFLICT
WOUNDS SUCH AS THESE.



DROW.

Blingdenstone...

DARK ELVES
SO CLOSE TO OUR CITY!
IT'S AN ACT OF WAR!

IF MENZOBERRANZAN
PLANNED WAR, THEY WOULD NOT
LEAVE A DOZEN DEAD GOBLINS FOR
ONE OF OUR PATROLS TO FIND,
KING SCHNICKTICK.

TRUE, TRUE.
THEN WHAT?

EXPANSION?

SLAVERS?

RENEGADE RAIDERS?



NO, NO, NO.
THEY ARE **LOOKING**
FOR SOMETHING, SOMETHING
THEY HAVE LOST.

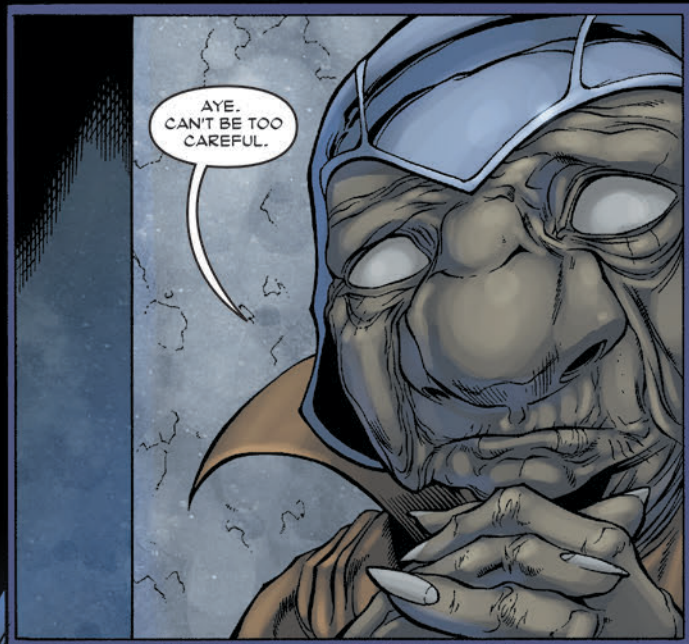
OR **SOMEONE**.



YOU THINK THEY'RE AFTER
BELWAR DISSENGULP'S
DROW?

DRIZZT DO'URDEN
HAS DONE NOTHING TO
AROUSE SUSPICION DURING
HIS TIME IN OUR CITY,
MY LORD.

BUT WE HAVE LITTLE
INFORMATION ABOUT WHAT
DRIZZT DID BEFORE HE CAME
HERE, OR THE **ENEMIES**
HE MAY HAVE MADE.



AYE.
CAN'T BE TOO
CAREFUL.



FIRBLE, MAKE INQUIRIES WITH OUR
SPY NETWORK IN **MENZOBERANZAN**.
I WANT MORE INFORMATION ON THE
MOST HONORED BURROW-
WARDEN'S GUEST.



I LIKE NOT THE PROSPECT
OF DARK ELVES WANDERING ABOUT
MY FRONT DOOR.

IT DOES SO
DIMINISH THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.



The spirit-wraith snarled as Matron Malice's psychic command echoed in his mind.

The goblins had sated his bloodlust for a time, but now it was back. He needed to hunt, needed to kill.

Zak had been wandering these tunnels for weeks, searching.

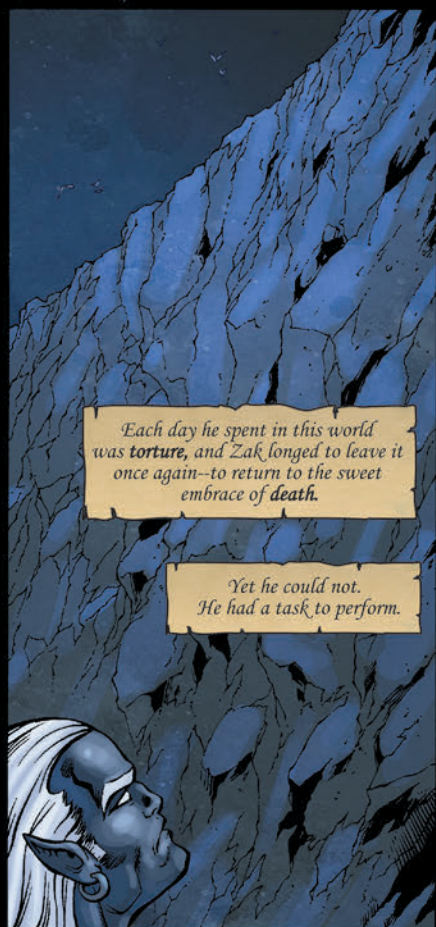


He knew Drizzt was close, but somehow the boy remained just out of reach.



Something was hiding Drizzt, protecting him.

The thought infuriated Zak.



Each day he spent in this world was torture, and Zak longed to leave it once again—to return to the sweet embrace of death.

Yet he could not. He had a task to perform.



In life, Zak would have rebelled. He had been a man of will and honor, one of the few in all the Underdark who could make that claim.

But no more. Now his body and soul belonged to Matron Malice.



And only when he drove his swords into Drizzt's heart would Zaknafein know peace once again.







YOU SHOULD GO WITH THEM, BELWAR. YOU BARELY LEAVE THIS HOUSE; A FEW DAYS OUT IN THE TUNNELS WOULD DO YOU GOOD.

OR ARE YOU BOUND TO STAY HERE AND WATCH OVER ME?

IT'S NOT YOU.



YOUR HANDS THEN? YOU FEEL THEY WOULD MAKE YOU A **DETIMENT** TO THE GROUP.

DETIMENT? HA! WITH **THESE** I CAN CUT ROCK **FASTER** THAN THE LOT OF THEM!



THEN WHY DON'T YOU GO?




BECAUSE THE LAST EXPEDITION I LED ENDED IN **BLOODSHED**.



YOU BLAME YOURSELF FOR THE LOSS OF YOUR KIN IN THAT BATTLE MORE THAN A **DECADE** AGO?

A BURROW-WARDEN MUST ACCEPT **RESPONSIBILITY**.



BUT IT WAS NOT YOUR FAULT! THE BLAME LIES ON THE SHOULDERS OF MY PEOPLE!

IT IS THE WAY OF THE DROW THAT CAUSED THE TRAGEDY. IT IS THE WICKED EXISTENCE THEY LIVE, EVERY DAY, THAT DOOMED YOUR EXPEDITION'S PEACEABLE MINERS!



ALL THOSE WHO ACCOMPANIED YOU KNEW THE RISKS. THERE IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO SIT HERE, MIERD IN GUILT.


I THOUGHT YOU POSSESSED MORE COURAGE THAN THAT.

BOLDLY DO YOU SPEAK.

BOLDLY TO A COWARD!



YOU DARE CALL ME A COWARD?!




WHAT ELSE SHOULD I CALL SOMEONE AFRAID TO STEP BEYOND HIS OWN FRONT DOOR?

BUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE TITLE, THEN CAST IT AWAY! GO WITH BURROW-WARDEN BRICKERS' EXPEDITION; SHOW THEM THE TRUTH OF BELWAR DISSENGULP, AND LEARN IT FOR YOURSELF!



MAGGA CANNARA...



PUT ON YOUR SWORDS, ELF. IF I'M TO GO, THEN SO ARE YOU!

Burrow-Warden Brickers accepted Belwar and Drizet readily, **honored** by the presence of the former, and happy to have the **blades** of the latter...

...especially if the whispers of drow activity in the tunnels around Blingdenstone proved to be true.


But, as **luck** would have it, the expedition saw no activity or carnage on their way to the region named by the **mineral scouts**.

The reports of a thick **vein of ore** were not exaggerated, and the miners went to work with unmatched eagerness.

For there is nothing a **svirfneblin** relishes more than the sound of his pick striking stone, and the sweet smell of freshly mined ore.


None were more pleased than Belwar, whose hammer and pickaxe sliced away at the stone with incredible **precision and power**.

Out here, for the first time in many years, he **belonged**. Belwar was truly a member of the expedition—an **honored member**—who filled the wagons with more ore than any of his companions.




As for Drizzt, he spent the days **patrolling** the twisting tunnels around the dig site.

It had been **months** since he'd been in the wilds of the **Underdark**; the place that had been his home for ten years--the place Drizzt nearly **lost** himself.

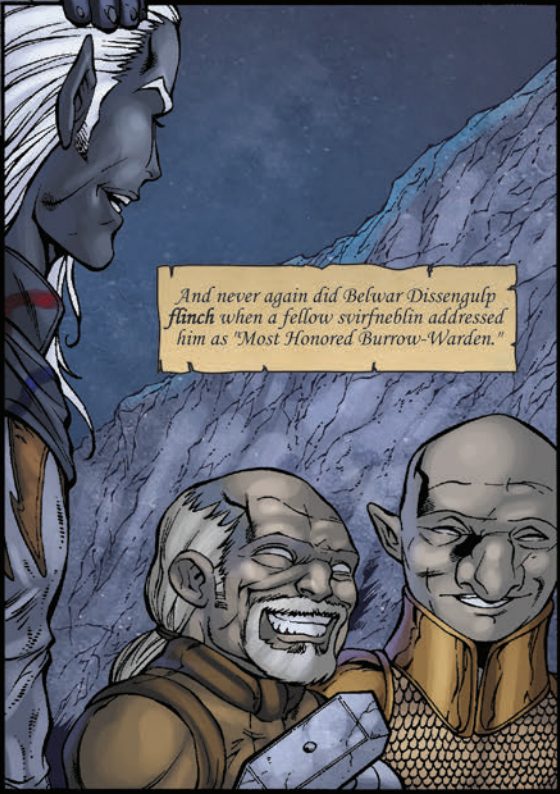


Once or twice, when he ventured too far from the expedition into the **darkness** and **silence** that had been his **prison** for so long, the **hunter** stirred inside him. But each time, Drizzt pushed the **primeval beast** back down.

He was **stronger** now.



In the end, it was an **uneventful** and **profitable** trip, just the way the deep gnomes liked it.



And never again did Belwar Dissengulp **flinch** when a fellow **svirfneblin** addressed him as "Most Honored Burrow-Warden."



Meanwhile, elsewhere
in the Underdark...

GREETINGS, LITTLE FRIEND
WITH THE BIG PURSE.



YOU *COULD*
EXERCISE SOME CAUTION,
JARLAXLE.

HAH! YOU HAVE AN
ARMY OF DEEP GNOME FIGHTERS
AND WIZARDS BEHIND YOU, AND
I--WELL, LET'S JUST SAY
THAT I TOO AM
WELL PROTECTED.



STILL, I WOULD
PREFER OUR BUSINESS
REMAIN PRIVATE.

OF COURSE, ALL OF THE
BUSINESS OF *BREGAN D'AERTHE*
IS PRIVATE, MY DEAR FIRELE.

NOW, ASK
YOUR QUESTION.



THERE HAS BEEN
AN INCREASE IN *DROW* ACTIVITY
NEAR BLINGDENSTONE, I WISH
TO KNOW WHY.

I SEE. AND
MY PAYMENT?



PAYMENT WHEN YOU
BRING ME THE INFORMATION,
THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN
OUR ARRANGEMENT!

AND IT
JUST SO HAPPENS
THAT I CAN ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION NOW, IF YOU
HAVE THE GEMS.



FIFTY AGATES,
FINELY CUT.



REST EASY,
LITTLE FRIEND, FOR
THE POWERS WHO RULE
MENZOBERRANZAN PLAN
NO ACTIONS AGAINST
YOUR CITY.

ONLY A SINGLE DROW
HOUSE HAS AN INTEREST
IN THE REGION. IT SEARCHES
FOR ONE OF ITS OWN--
A RENEGADE.



NAME THE HOUSE
AND THE RENEGADE.

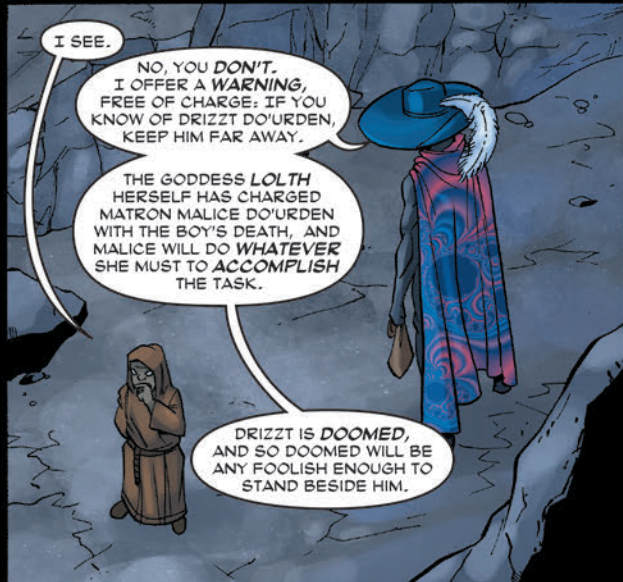
TWO MORE BITS OF
HIGH PRICED INFORMATION,
THIS IS PROVING QUITE AN
EXPENSIVE OUTING
FOR YOU--

NO MORE
WILL I PAY YOU
THIS DAY, JARLAXLE!
NAME THEM!



HOUSE
DO'URDEN, EIGHTH HOUSE
OF MENZOBERRANZAN, SEARCHES
FOR ITS SECONDBOY.

DRIZZT
IS HIS NAME.



I SEE.

NO, YOU DON'T.
I OFFER A WARNING,
FREE OF CHARGE: IF YOU
KNOW OF DRIZZT DO'URDEN,
KEEP HIM FAR AWAY.

THE GODDESS LOLTH
HERSELF HAS CHARGED
MATRON MALICE DO'URDEN
WITH THE BOY'S DEATH, AND
MALICE WILL DO **WHATEVER**
SHE MUST TO ACCOMPLISH
THE TASK.

DRIZZT IS DOOMED,
AND SO DOOMED WILL BE
ANY FOOLISH ENOUGH TO
STAND BESIDE HIM.



A--AN UNNECESSARY WARNING,
FOR NONE IN BLINDENSTONE KNOW
OR CARE FOR THIS RENEGADE
DARK ELF.

NOW, I HAVE MY
ANSWERS AND YOU HAVE
YOUR GEMS. OUR BUSINESS
IS AT AN END.



OF COURSE, FIRBLE.
IT WAS MY PLEASURE,
AS ALWAYS.

For Drizzt, the days after the expedition's return were filled with friendship and fun.

He was something of a hero with the *svirfnebl* who had gone out into the tunnels beside him, and already Belwar was planning another mining expedition.

It was indeed one of the happiest times the young elf had ever experienced.

And so when the urgent summons from King Schnicktick came that morning, he was hardly surprised.

After all, Drizzt's life had been filled with crashing ends to promising beginnings.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

MOST HONORED BURROW-WARDEN, IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE TO **INTERRUPT**. IF YOU DO SO AGAIN, I WILL BE FORCED TO HAVE YOU **REMOVED** FROM THIS CHAMBER.

B--BUT YOU MEAN TO PUT HIM OUT!

YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE SUSPECTED DROW ACTIVITY IN THE TUNNELS NEAR OUR EASTERN BORDERS?

YES.

YOU, DRIZZT DO'URDEN, ARE THE **CAUSE** OF THAT ACTIVITY.



MY MOTHER
SEARCHES FOR ME.

BUT SHE
WILL NOT FIND YOU!



MAGGA CAMMARA!
WE ARE SVIRFNEBLI! WE DON'T
PUT OUT OUR FRIENDS IN
THE FACE OF DANGER!

ENOUGH, BELWAR!



OUR DECISION DID
NOT COME EASILY TO US,
BUT IT IS FINAL.

TO KEEP DRIZZT
HERE WOULD INVITE WAR WITH
MENZOBERRANZAN, AND I WILL NOT
PUT BLINGDENSTONE IN JEOPARDY
FOR THE SAKE OF A DARK ELF,
EVEN IF HE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF
TO BE A FRIEND.



I AM SORRY.

DON'T BE. YOU DO
AS YOU MUST. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO
INVOKES THE WRATH OF MY KIN AGAINST
THE PEOPLE OF YOUR CITY, WHO HAVE
BEEN SO KIND TO ME.

I WOULD NEVER
FORGIVE MYSELF IF I PLAYED
ANY PART IN THAT TRAGEDY.



I WILL BE GONE
WITHIN THE HOUR, AND IN
PARTING I OFFER ONLY
GRATITUDE.

A hundred deep gnomes came to say their farewells to the drow as he walked out of Blingdenstone's huge doors.



Their kind words comforted him and gave him the strength he knew he would need in the trials of the coming years.



Still, when Drizzt heard the enormous gates slam shut behind him, he trembled.



How, he wondered, could he survive his remaining centuries of life in the Underdark when a mere decade had nearly driven him mad?

How could he keep the hunter at bay?





SO, GUENHWYVAR,
ONCE AGAIN IT'S JUST
THE TWO OF US.

THREE.



BELWAR!
YOU CAME TO SAY
GOODBYE.

NOPE,
I DIDN'T.



I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR SOME EXCITEMENT IN MY LIFE.
THOUGHT I MIGHT VENTURE OUT AND
SEE WHAT THE WIDE WORLD
HAS TO OFFER.

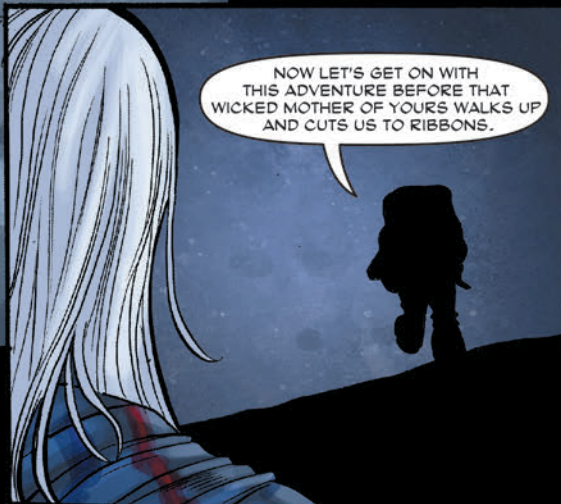
YOU--NO, I
CAN'T ALLOW--

I DON'T
REMEMBER ASKING
YOUR PERMISSION.



STAY, BELWAR!
YOU HAVE YOUR PEOPLE, THEY
ACCEPT YOU AND CARE FOR YOU.
THAT IS A GREATER GIFT THAN
ANYTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE.

AGREED, AND YOU, DRIZZT
DO'URDEN, HAVE YOUR FRIEND WHO
ACCEPTS YOU, CARES FOR YOU, AND
STANDS BESIDE YOU EVEN WHEN
NO ONE ELSE WILL.



NOW LET'S GET ON WITH
THIS ADVENTURE BEFORE THAT
WICKED MOTHER OF YOURS WALKS UP
AND CUTS US TO RIBBONS.



Drizzt and Belwar's first order of business was to create a false camp in a small cave half a day's march from Blingdenstone.

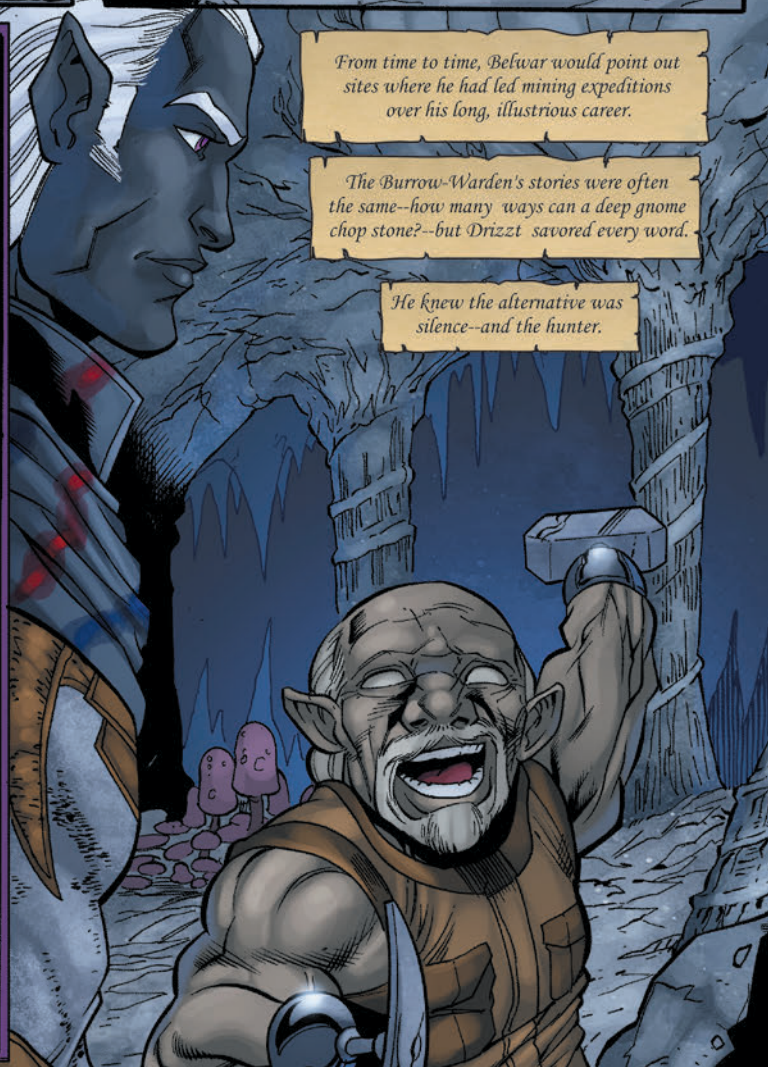
It was a simple diversion, but one that would buy them time to make their escape.



Then they set off west, away from Menzoberranzan and whoever, or whatever, was hunting Drizzt.



The companions traveled quickly, stopping only when weariness or hunger forced a break in the march.



From time to time, Belwar would point out sites where he had led mining expeditions over his long, illustrious career.

The Burrow-Warden's stories were often the same--how many ways can a deep gnome chop stone?--but Drizzt savored every word.

He knew the alternative was silence--and the hunter.

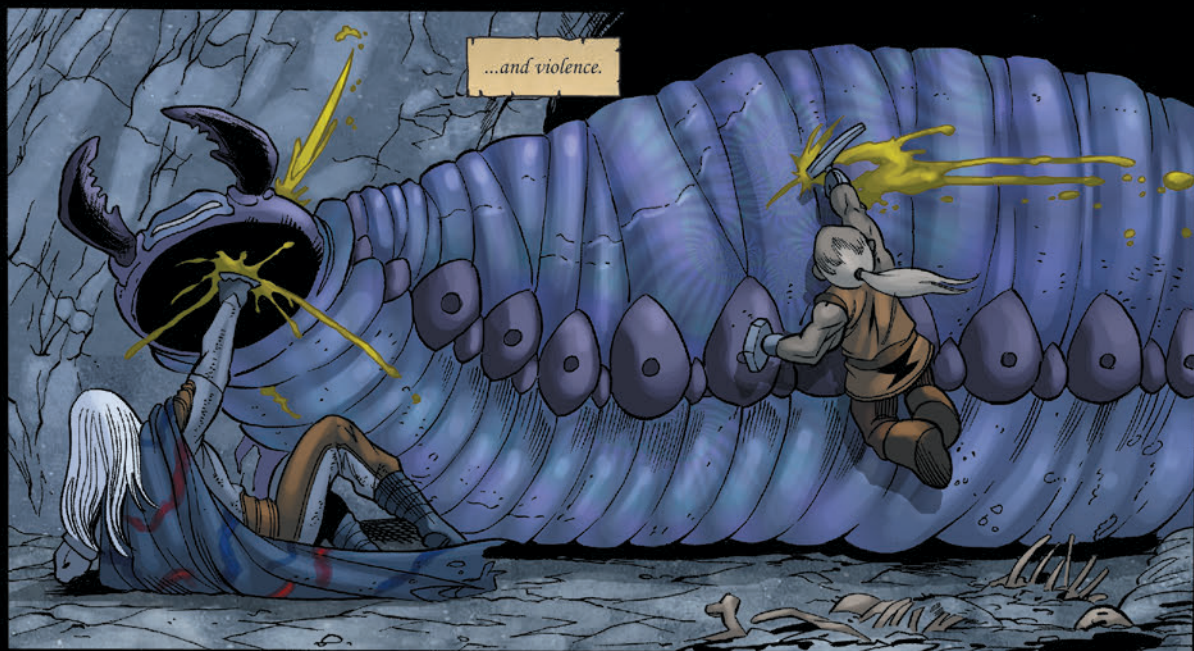


Still, the Underdark had not changed during Drizzt's short absence.

It was still a place of monsters...



...hardship...



...and violence.



And though Drizzt may have asked Belwar not to come, deep down he knew he needed the stubborn gnome.



For Drizzt, the Burrow-Warden was an anchor to reality—an antidote to the savagery of this dark place.





Days passed, then weeks, as the trio continued their journey out into tunnels even Belwar didn't know.

Tunnels that seemed darker and stranger than those that had come before.

THAT LIGHT, WHAT IS IT?

SHALL WE FIND OUT?



MAGGA CAMMARA!



THE STONE, IT'S BEEN MELTED AWAY.

AYE, THOSE POOLS ARE FILLED WITH ACID.

I DO NOT LIKE THIS PLACE.

DOOM!



DOOM!

DOOM!

DOOM!



DOOM!

RELATIVES
OF YOURS?

DOOM!

HARDLY. IN ALL
MY LIFE, I HAVE NEVER
HEARD OF SUCH
CREATURES.



WELL, WHATEVER
THEY ARE, THEY AREN'T
PLEASED TO SEE US.

YOU'RE WRONG.
I BELIEVE THEY ARE
QUITE HAPPY TO HAVE THEIR
DINNER DELIVERED
TO THEM.

DOOM!

DOOM!



I'M NO
MONSTER'S
DINNER!

BIVRIP!



COME NOW, DARK ELF,
DID YOU REALLY THINK MY
PEOPLE WOULD GO TO THE TROUBLE
OF MAKING ME SUCH FINE HANDS
WITHOUT PUTTING A BIT OF
MAGIC INTO THEM?



NOW,
I BELIEVE THE EXIT'S
THAT WAY.

DOOM!

DOOM!

DOOM!

DOOM!

SCHLIKT

SCHLIKT

KACHINK!

DOOM!

DOOM!

DOOM!

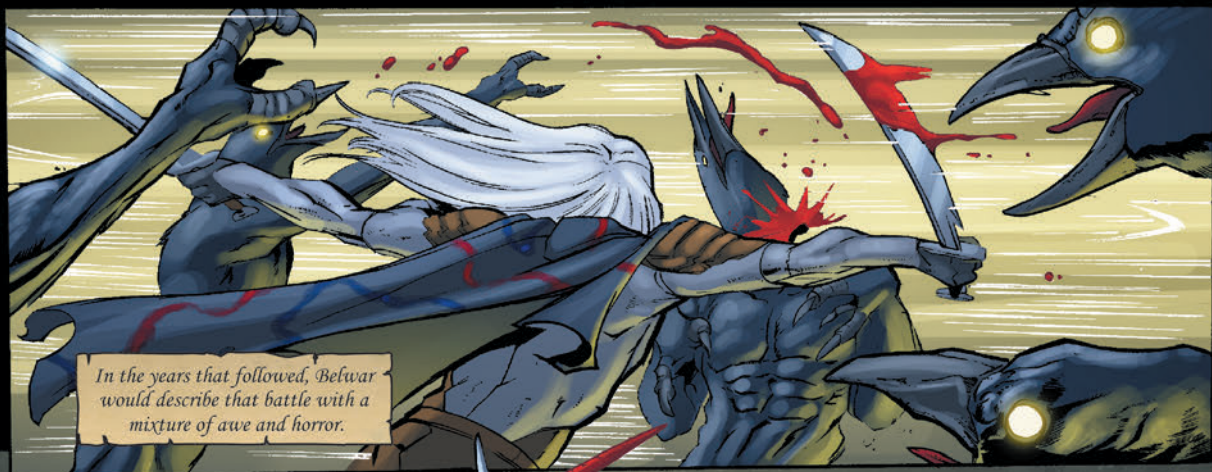




Drizzt knew Guenhwyvar was not dead... she had survived worse. A few days on her own plane, and the panther would be whole again.

But that did not change the fact he had just watched his oldest and best friend suffer excruciating pain.

Drizzt welcomed the hunter.



In the years that followed, Belwar would describe that battle with a mixture of awe and horror.

The Burrow-Warden had seen his share of great warriors, both gnome and dwarf.



But what Drizzt became was beyond Belwar's comprehension. Too fast, precise, and deadly to be real.



As the bird-men fell before the dark elf's spinning scimitars, the old gnome actually found himself feeling sorry for them.

They'd expected to trap a few wayward travelers...



...and instead come face to face with death incarnate.



STOP,
BOY! STOP!

WE'VE LEFT
THOSE THINGS
FAR BEHIND!



I'M SORRY--
THE FIGHT--IT CAME
BACK TO ME.

YOU DID FINE,
DARK ELF. HAD IT NOT
BEEN FOR YOU, WE'D HAVE
SURELY FALLEN.



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND! THE DARKER
PART OF ME, THE RAGE,
IT RETURNED!

THAT SAVAGE
BEAST **POSSESSED** ME! ALL
I WANTED TO DO WAS KILL
THEM-- HACK THEM DOWN!



IF THAT WERE TRUE,
WE WOULD BE THERE STILL...
BUT BY YOUR ACTIONS
WE ESCAPED.

RAGE? PERHAPS, BUT
SURELY NOT **UNTHINKING** RAGE.
YOU DID AS YOU HAD TO DO, AND
YOU DID IT WELL. BETTER THAN
ANYONE I HAVE EVER SEEN.



YOU SAVED US THIS
DAY, DRIZZT DO'URDEN. DO NOT
APOLOGIZE TO ME, OR
TO YOURSELF.

The two friends continued on into the darkness, side by side.

Her fur was still singed, but otherwise, the great cat was fine, and happy to see her master.

Three days after the battle, Drizzt summoned Guenhwyvar from her astral home.

Then, quite by accident, they found it.

BEAUTIFUL!

SMALL ENOUGH TO DEFEND, BUT LARGE ENOUGH TO LIVE IN, WITH MUSHROOMS TO KEEP OUR BELLIES FULL. AND A LAKE FULL OF FISH—MAYBE EVEN CRABS!

BELWAR, DO YOU MEAN—

MAGGA CAMMARA, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, ELF! WE'VE RUN LONG ENOUGH, AND THIS PLACE IS PERFECT!

IT'S HOME!



House Do'Urden...

FIND HIM!

MATRON MALICE,
WE HEARD YOUR CRIES.

ALL IS
WELL, VIENNA.

YOUR WAYWARD
BROTHER HAS MANAGED TO
ESCAPE US ONCE AGAIN, BUT NO
MORE. ZAKNAFEIN HAS
HIS SCENT NOW.

DRIZZT MAY HAVE A
WEEK OR MORE'S LEAD, BUT HE
ALSO MUST SLEEP, REST, AND EAT.
THE SPIRIT-WRAITH HAS **NONE** OF
THOSE WEAKNESSES.

THE HUNT
WILL BE OVER SOON
ENOUGH.

AND WHAT OF YOU,
MOTHER? YOU BARELY EAT,
AND HAVE NOT SLEPT IN SO
LONG. I WORRY.

I'M SURE YOU DO,
BRIZA. AFTER ALL,
WERE I TO PERISH, YOU
WOULD BECOME
MATRON.

I-- I DID
NOT MEAN--

OF COURSE
YOU DID. IT'S ONLY
NATURAL.

BUT KNOW **THIS**, MY
DAUGHTERS... I AM STILL
STRONG ENOUGH TO RULE
THIS HOUSE.

AND THOUGH **ZIN-CARLA**
TAKES A GREAT TOLL, THE REWARDS
WE'LL BE GRANTED WHEN I PRESENT
DRIZZT'S HEART TO LOLTH SHALL
OUTWEIGH IT A HUNDREDFOLD!

HOUSE DO'URDEN
WILL RETURN TO THE
SPIDER QUEEN'S FAVOR,
AND A PLACE OF HONOR
IN MENZOBERRANZAN!

NO MATTER
WHAT THE COST, WE
WILL TRIUMPH!



As the days passed, Drizzt was forced to admit that Belwar had been right.

It felt good not to have to run anymore.



This place, one he could call his own, rich in food and friends, was a greater gift than Drizzt had ever imagined.



Indeed, the more time they spent there, the more the cozy little cavern began to feel like home.

KRAK! KRAK KRAK! KRAK



DARK ELF?
WHAT--?



THAT SOUND,
I KNOW IT.

HOOK
HORROR!





NOT... AS
I... APPEAR.
I AM... PECH.



PECH?

ROCK CHILDREN.
STRANGE LITTLE CREATURES.
HARD AS STONE AND LIVING FOR
NO OTHER REASON THAN
TO WORK IT.

BUT THERE ARE NOT
MANY OF THEM ABOUT, AND
FEWER STILL THAT LOOK
LIKE THAT!



PECH...
N-N-NO MORE.
W-WI-WIZARD.
EVIL WI-ZARD.
SPELL.



HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
THIS WAY?

WEEKS,
M-MONTHS, TIME IS
LOST TO ME.

TIME.
MY NAME.
THE STONE,
ALL LOST.



The unusual trio left the next day,
traveling east; away from
Drizzt's beloved cavern.

Clacker led the way, re-tracing
his path back to the wizard
who had cursed him.

It was not a pleasant journey... the enchanted pechi
became confused easily and led them down
a number of false trails.

But then, as exhaustion was setting in...



THERE!



A--A TOWER OF
PURE ADAMANTITE! I'VE
NEVER--HOW DID HE BUILD
SUCH A THING?

MAGIC.



WE'LL HIDE OURSELVES
AND WAIT, THE WIZARD WILL
EMERGE EVENTUALLY,
AND THEN--



WIZARD!
EVIL WIZARD!



ADAMANTITE IS THE
HARDEST METAL IN ALL
THE WORLD, EVEN A HOOK
HORROR WON'T BE ABLE
TO SCRATCH IT!



GET DOWN!



ZZAK



DAMNATION!

YOU IST GOING TO PAY
DEARLY FOR THAT ONE! I
VILL KEELE YOU ALL!



MAGGA CAMIARA,
DRIZZT, HE'LL
HAVE MORE SPELLS!
WE HAVE TO RUN!

GUENHWYVAR,
I NEED YOU...



OPEN THE DOOR!
ON YOUR LIFE, FOUL WIZARD!

I VILL NEVER--

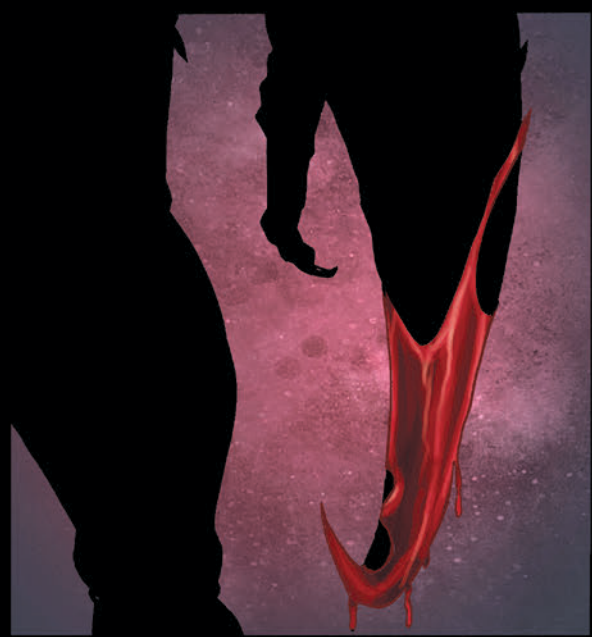
RRRAWR

AIEEEE!



DO COME EEN!





House Baenre, first
House of Menzoberranzan...



ANY INFORMATION I
MIGHT HAVE WOULD BE USELESS
TO YOU, MATRON BAENRE.

AFTER ALL,
MENZOBERRANZAN
IS YOUR CITY.



I AM.

SOMEONE MUST SEE
TO HER HOUSE'S SECURITY
WHILE THE MATRON GIVES
HERSELF OVER NIGHT AND DAY
TO ZIN-CARLA. A TASK FOR
WHICH YOU ARE WELL
COMPENSATED,
I'M SURE.





AND WHAT OF **MALICE**? HER HEALTH?

POOR. THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN THE MATRON SAY THAT THE RITUAL IS DRAINING HER LIFE AWAY.



HM. ONLY ONCE BEFORE HAS ZIN-CARLA LASTED SO LONG, AND THEN I--IT DID NOT END WELL.

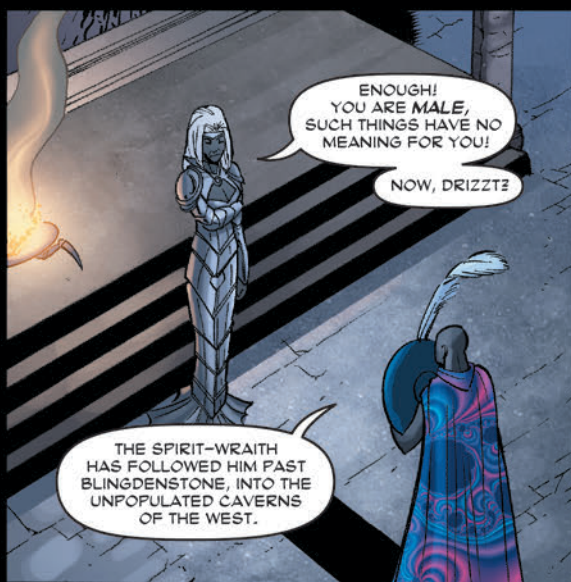
WITH EACH PASSING DAY, THE SPIRIT-WRAITH GROWS **STRONGER**.

STRONGER? IT IS UNDEAD.



THE SPIRIT-WRAITH'S **FLESH** IS DEAD, BUT ITS **SOUL** IS ALIVE. THAT IS THE POWER OF ZIN-CARLA: IT GRANTS THE ANIMATED CORPSE ALL THE SKILLS IT POSSESSED IN LIFE. BUT ALONG WITH THOSE SKILLS COME MEMORIES AND A **WILL**.

ONLY A **POWERFUL** HIGH PRIESTESS CAN HOPE TO KEEP THE CREATURE UNDER HER CONTROL, AND IF MATRON MALICE IS WEAKENING...



ENOUGH! YOU ARE **MALE**, SUCH THINGS HAVE NO MEANING FOR YOU!

NOW, DRIZZT?

THE SPIRIT-WRAITH HAS FOLLOWED HIM PAST BLINGDENSTONE, INTO THE UNPOPULATED CAVERNS OF THE WEST.



UNPOPULATED? HARDLY. THERE **ARE** THINGS LIVING IN THOSE TUNNELS, JARLAXLE.



DANGEROUS THINGS.



The journey from the adamantite tower was one of somber silence.



What Clacker had done to the human wizard made no sense. With one blow from his great claws, the pech had doomed himself to life as a hook horror.



No rational being would have done such a thing, but an animal...



Perhaps Belwar had spoken true. Perhaps Clacker was more monster than pech.

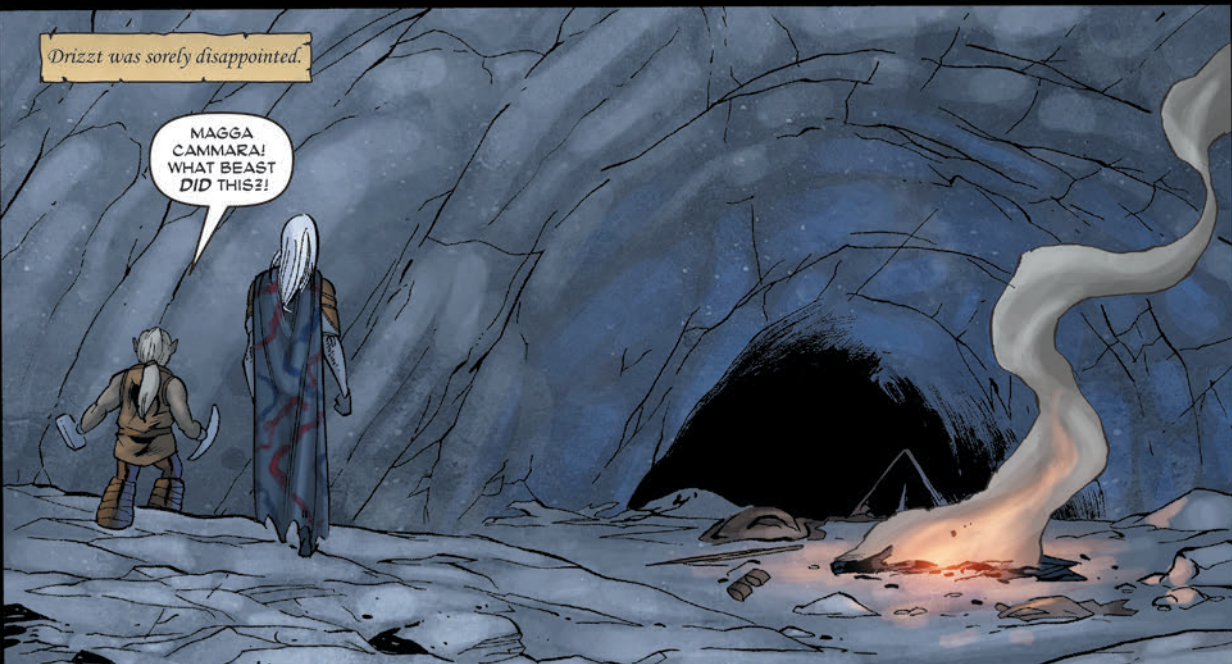
The thought sickened Drizzt to his very core.



His only hope was that, once back in the comfort of their new home, he and Belwar could think of some other way to help their poor friend.

Drizzt was sorely disappointed.

MAGGA
CAMMARA!
WHAT BEAST
DID THIS?!



COULD THOSE
BIRD-MEN HAVE
FOUND US?

NO, THE
BLADES THAT MADE
THESE CUTS WERE
FINELY CRAFTED,
AS ONLY--



DROW WEAPONS!

MY MOTHER'S
ASSASSINS HAVE
FOUND US!



WHAT? HOW?!

DO NOT
UNDERESTIMATE MATRON
MALICE. WHOEVER SHE'S SENT
MUST HAVE FOLLOWED OUR TRAIL
TO THE WIZARD'S TOWER, BUT
THEY'LL BE BACK IN HOURS,
MAYBE LESS.



COME, CLACKER!
WE HAVE TO GO, NOW!



*And thus did Drizzt Do'Urden
lose the only true home he had ever known.*

The companions ran all day and all night, not daring to stop.

Drizzt knew he had to put more distance between himself and his evil kin.

He could *never* stop running.

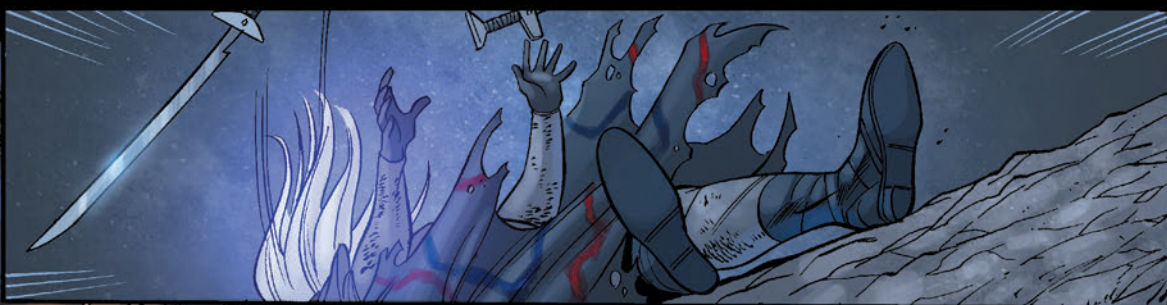
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT. IT'S
TOO QUIET.

FWOOP

WHIP

FWOOP

UHH...





CHAPTER 3

art by TYLER WALPOLE





Clacker knew something was wrong.

Ever since the evil wizard's spell had turned him from a peaceful **Pech** into a bloodthirsty **Hook Horror**, his mind had been a tangle of conflicting emotions.

Yet now, there was **nothing**.



Clacker didn't know how he had come to this island, and had no idea why he was here, yet he couldn't bring himself to try and escape.

WANT ROTHE.

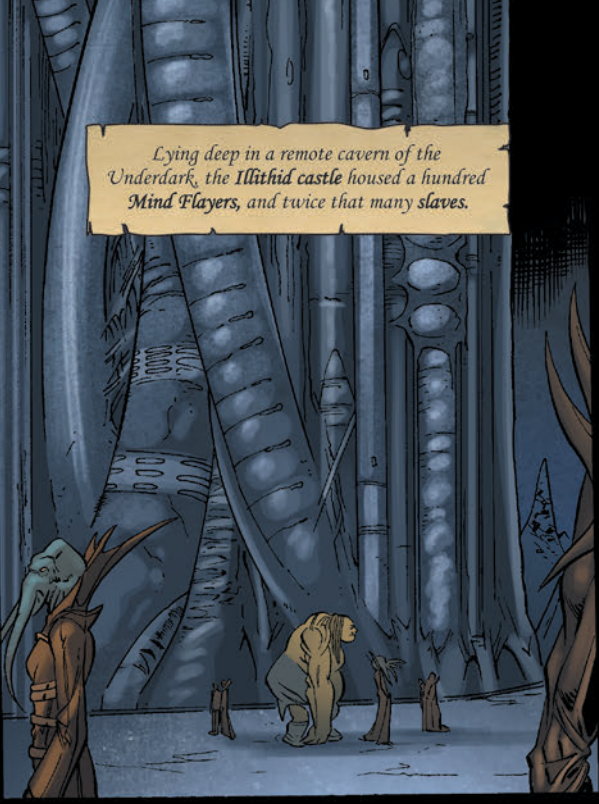
His memories, his desires, had been wiped away.

He'd had friends once, hadn't he? Friends and a home?


Clacker couldn't remember.

GOOD.

All he could do was obey the malevolent voice in his head.




Lying deep in a remote cavern of the Underdark, the Illithid castle housed a hundred Mind Flayers, and twice that many slaves.




Using their telepathic powers, Mind Flayers could twist the thoughts and desires of any creature to their own needs...


...turning even the most violent monster into a docile slave willing to follow any command.



Those with some skill were put to work in the mines, digging precious metal from the unforgiving stone...



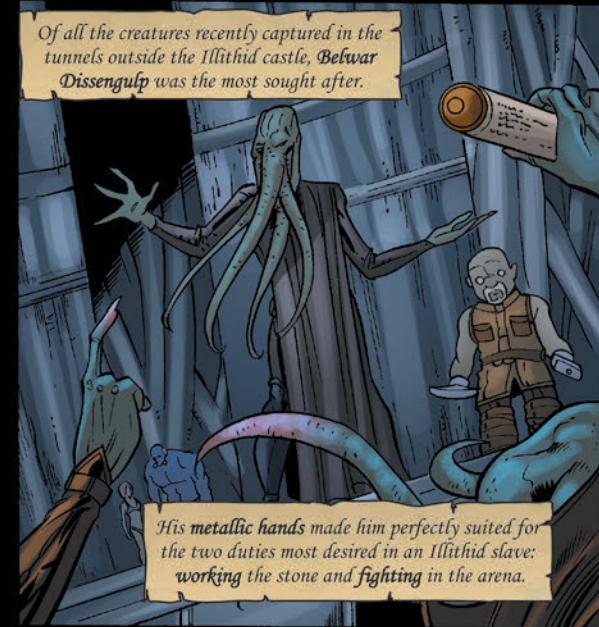
...while the more bestial were sent to the arena, where they fought and died for the Illithids' amusement.



There was no escape from a Mind Flayer's psionic grasp—no freedom granted for a job well done.


And in the end, after they'd become too old to work, or had their minds warped beyond repair, every slave went to the same destination:

His master's dinner table.




Of all the creatures recently captured in the tunnels outside the Illithid castle, **Belwar Dissengulp** was the most sought after.

His **metallic hands** made him perfectly suited for the two duties most desired in an Illithid slave: **working the stone** and **fighting in the arena**.




Indeed, Belwar brought the **highest price** ever paid for a slave; a combination of gold, magical potions, and tomes of forbidden knowledge.

And even at that, he was considered a bargain.




Of course, Belwar understood none of this. He only knew that he had a **new master** now.

One he would do anything to please.



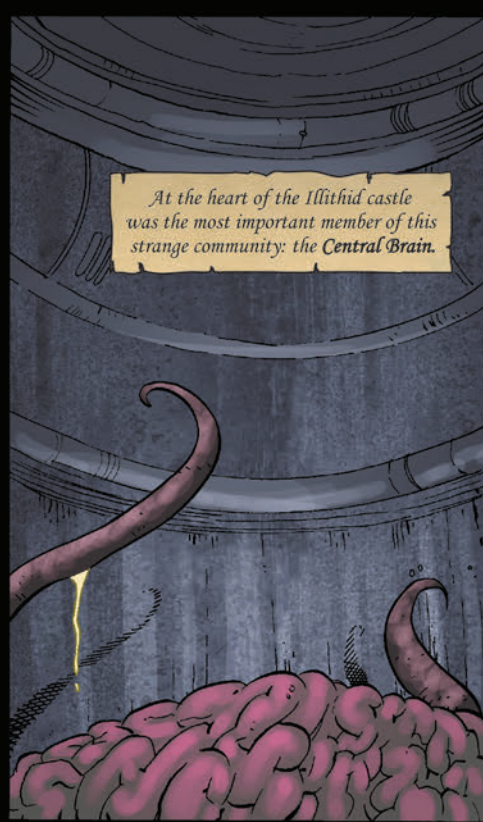
As the gnome was led away, the six **Mind Flayers** who'd captured him, the **Hook Horror**, and the **dark elf** congratulated themselves.

They'd made a **vast profit**... so much in fact, that they were able to hold one **magic item** back from the auction block.

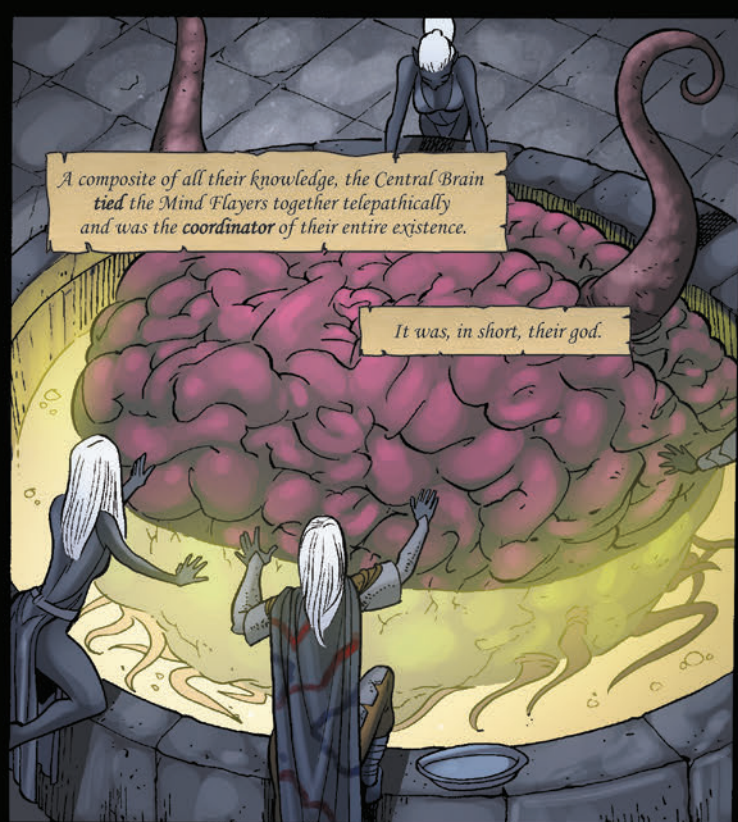


Secrets they would soon uncover.

A small **onyx figurine** which pulsed with arcane power, and no doubt held many secrets.




At the heart of the Illithid castle was the most important member of this strange community: the **Central Brain**.




A composite of all their knowledge, the **Central Brain** tied the Mind Flayers together telepathically and was the **coordinator** of their entire existence.

It was, in short, their **god**.




Only the most **skilled slaves** were allowed to tend the central brain, those with delicate fingers who could **massage** the Illithid god-thing and soothe it with tender brushes and warm fluids.

Among them was **Drizzt Do'Urd**.



The Drow stood beside the amorphous mass, feeling its pleasures and displeasures.

When the brain became **upset**, Drizzt would massage more forcefully, easing his beloved master back to **serenity**.



Nothing else in the world mattered; the renegade dark elf had found his **purpose** in life.

Drizzt had come **home**.

The gladiatorial arena...

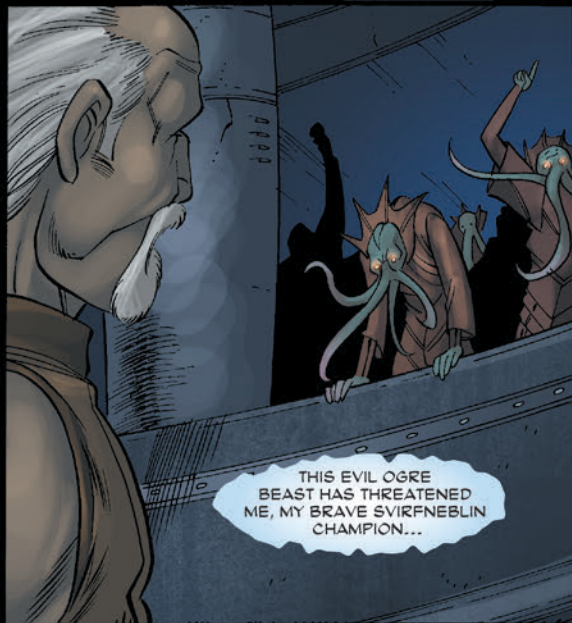


A HUNDRED
GOLD PIECES ON
THE OGRE!

TWO HUNDRED ON
THE SVIRFNEBLIN!

THE GNOME HASN'T
A CHANCE, THREE
VIALS OF SICKSTONE
UNGUENT SAY THE
MONSTER WILL WIN!

ONE OF
ELMINSTER'S
OWN SPELLBOOKS
SAYS IT WON'T!



THIS EVIL OGRE
BEAST HAS THREATENED
ME, MY BRAVE SVIRFNEBLIN
CHAMPION...



...DO DESTROY
IT FOR ME!



RAAAAH!



GET UP!
I COMMAND YOU
TO GET UP!

Frantic, the Mind Player scoured his slave's mind, searching for any possible advantage--

Belwar's master had bet heavily on the gnome and could not afford to lose this match.

BIVKIP!



Belwar's jaw was bruised and three of his ribs were broken, but he felt no pain.

He had pleased his master, that was all that mattered to the burrow-warden—all that would ever matter.

The thought made him smile.

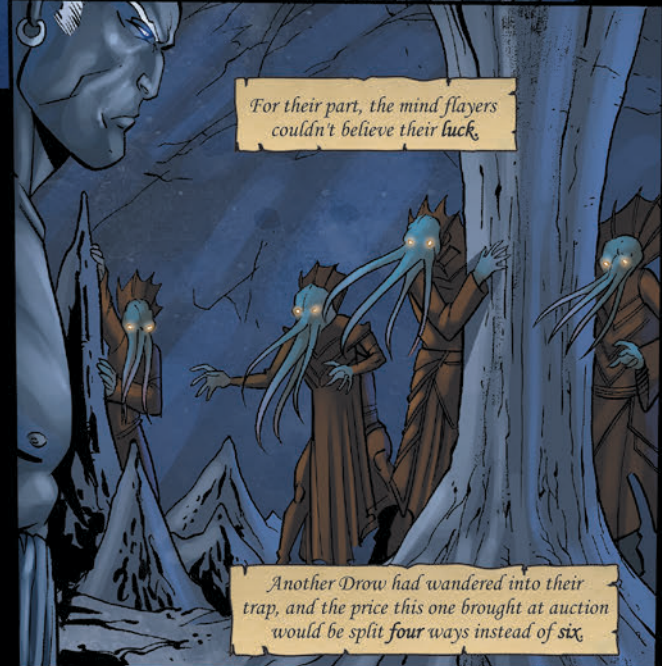


A large, muscular elf with long white hair and blue eyes is shown in a cave. He is wearing a dark tunic with a checkered pattern on the sleeves and has a sword at his waist. He is looking towards the right with a determined expression.

Elsewhere.

Zaknafein picked his way through the stalagmite field, moving quickly and quietly.

He had been following Drizzt's trail for days, and he sensed his wayward son was close—that the mission for which he'd been resurrected was almost over.

A group of four mind slayers, which are blue-skinned creatures with long, thin, tentacle-like heads and glowing yellow eyes, are standing in a cave. They are wearing brown robes. One of them is holding a long, thin object, possibly a staff or a weapon.


For their part, the mind slayers couldn't believe their luck.

Another Drow had wandered into their trap, and the price this one brought at auction would be split four ways instead of six.

A close-up of Zaknafein's face. He has a serious, almost angry expression. His long white hair is visible. The background is a swirling, ethereal blue and purple light.

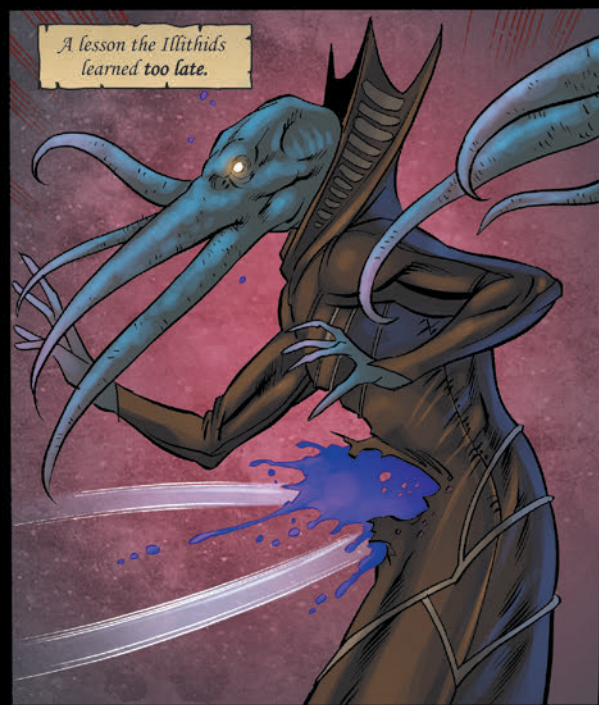
FWOOP

Giddy with the thought of further profit, the mind slayers blasted Zak with bolts of stunning energy.

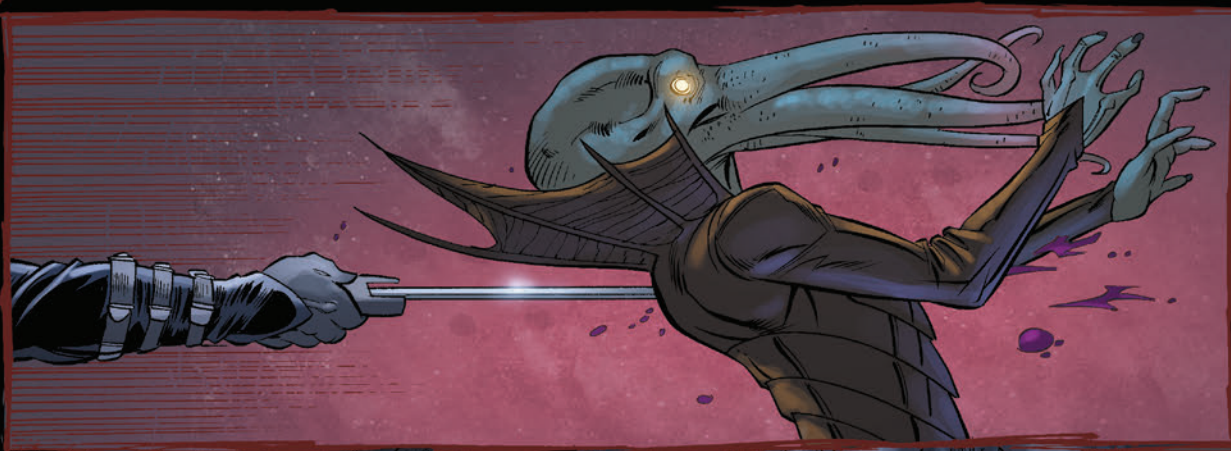
Zaknafein is shown in a cave, looking down at a skull on the ground. He is wearing a dark tunic with a checkered pattern on the sleeves. The cave is filled with stalagmites and stalactites.

Nothing happened.

The spirit-wraith was an undead thing, a being not of this world. He was impervious to such mental attacks.

A mind slayer is shown in a cave, attacking Zaknafein. The mind slayer is a blue-skinned creature with a long, thin, tentacle-like head and glowing yellow eyes. It is wearing a brown robe and is holding a long, thin object, possibly a staff or a weapon. It is attacking Zaknafein with a bolt of stunning energy, which is shown as a bright blue and white light. The background is a swirling, ethereal blue and purple light.


A lesson the Illithids learned too late.



Zak barely paused after dispatching the Mind Flayers, not even bothering to wipe the blood from his swords.

He knew that very soon there would be more killing.





Meanwhile, on another plane of existence...


Guenhwyvar romped through her astral home in pursuit of the entity of the Elk, continuing an endless cycle.

The two ethereal creatures had played out this scenario a million times...

...only now they were being watched.

A POWERFUL BEAST, IT WILL PROVE USEFUL IN THE ARENA.

OR IN FINDING US NEW SLAVES TO SELL, THE CAT IS A HUNTER AFTER ALL.



In the astral plane, where smell and taste had no meaning, Guenhwyvar used other, subtle senses.

Senses which allowed her to see the Mind Flayers...

RRRRRR

NO! OUR
SPELLS -- IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!

RWARRR!


P- PLEASE...

KRATCH

FUMPH









There was no **subtlety** to Zaknafein's entrance as he strode into the Illithid castle.


The first two Mind Flayers he encountered had blasted him with their **useless** mental attacks—and died screaming.




Then came the slaves, eager to protect their frightened masters.



It didn't matter. The spirit-wraith sensed that his son was **near**, and a dozen enemies would not stop him, nor a **hundred**, nor a **thousand**.



He could almost feel his swords plunging into Drizzt's chest; cutting out his **heart**...

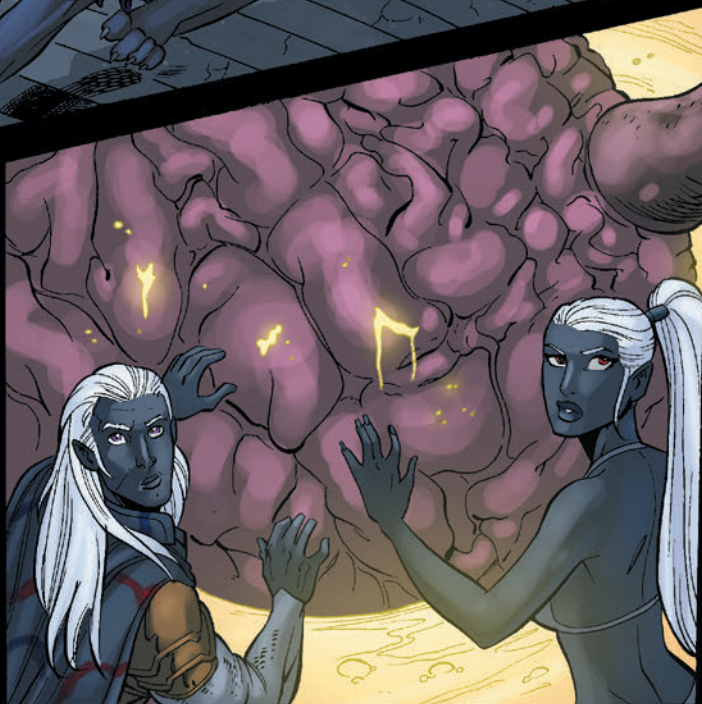



...freeing Zak at last from this horrible **half-life** with which **Matron Malice** had cursed him.

Guenhwyvar had Drizzt's scent
now, he was far below her.

She had to get to him--

...and so the great cat
took the quickest route.






The Central Brain's psychic scream burned like lightning in the Illithids' minds.


They had already been thrown into a state of confusion by Zaknafein's arrival, but this was worse than any could imagine.

Their god was dead.




...and chaos began.

BIVRIP!



In an instant, the mental bond which had held the Mind Flayer community together was destroyed...



DRIZZT?! DRIZZT?!

ZZAK




A blue dragon is kneeling on a stone floor, and Drizzt Do Urden is hugging it from behind. Drizzt is wearing his signature white and gold elven armor. The background shows a dark, stone-walled interior.

YOU SAVED
ME, OLD FRIEND!
ONCE AGAIN, YOU
SAVED ME!

Drizzt is in a dynamic pose, fighting a large, blue, tentacled Mind Flayer. He is holding a sword and a scimitar. The Mind Flayer has glowing yellow eyes and is reaching out with its tentacles. The background is a dark, reddish-pink color.

EEEE!

A close-up of the Mind Flayer's face, showing its glowing yellow eyes and tentacles. It is attacking Drizzt, who is lying on the ground. The Mind Flayer's tentacles are burrowing into Drizzt's head.

Explosions of burning pain racked
Drizzt as the Mind Flayer's tentacles
burrowed into his skull, searching for
the soft, savory flesh of his brain.

But the hunter would not surrender.

A silhouette of Drizzt Do Urden is shown in the foreground, looking towards the right. In the background, a small black cat with glowing yellow eyes is visible. The background is a dark, stone-walled interior.

WE--WE
MUST GO.

A close-up of the Mind Flayer's face, showing its glowing yellow eyes and tentacles. It is attacking Drizzt, who is lying on the ground. The Mind Flayer's tentacles are burrowing into Drizzt's head. The word "SHUK!" is written in large, pink, stylized letters.

SHUK!



CLACKER!

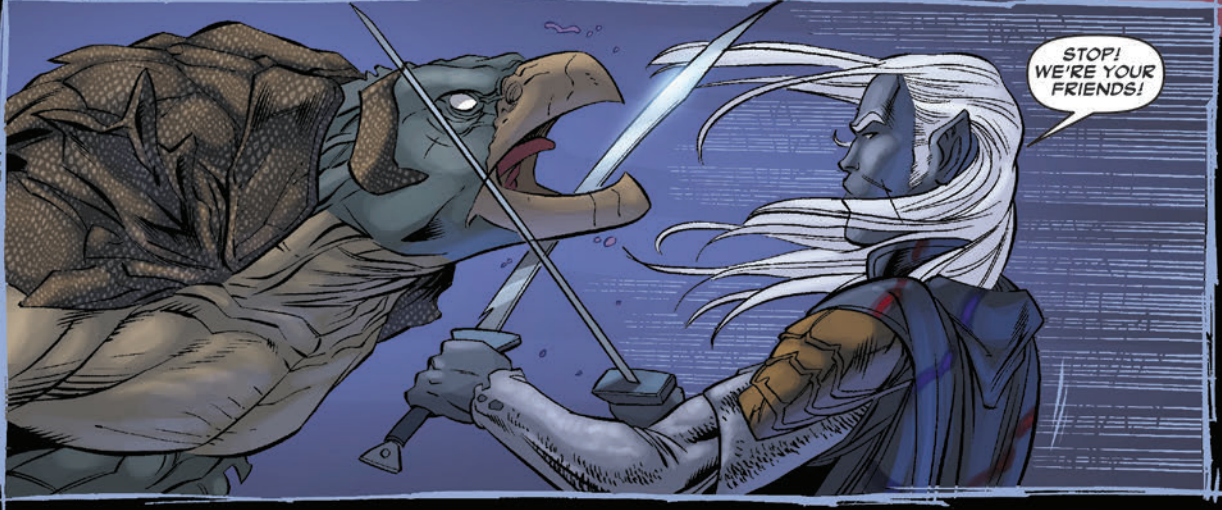




CLACKER!
HURRY, WE--



SKREE!



STOP!
WE'RE YOUR
FRIENDS!



I--SORRY--
THE BEAST--
SORRY.

I KNOW.



B-B-BACK OF...
THE... CAVERN.
B-B-BEST EXIT.
COME.







WHAT
ARE YOU?!



SCHLICK



HEH.

BY THE
GODS?!!



YES!
END IT!

A month ago, Zaknafein would
have struck without thinking....

...but as time had passed and
he'd traveled further away from
Menzoberranzan, Matron Malice's hold
over the spirit-wraith had weakened.



THAK

Now, looking into his son's eyes, Zak felt a strange new emotion stir inside him—fighting against the anger and rage that had consumed the Spirit-Wraith these many weeks.

He hesitated just an instant.

It was enough.

DRIZZT!
FRIEND!

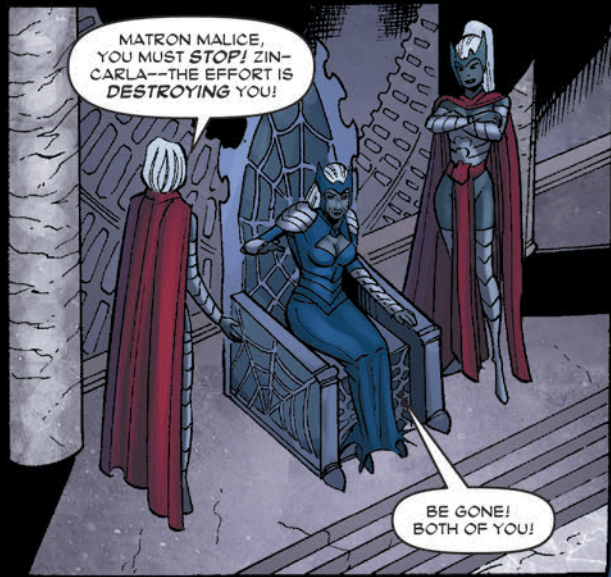
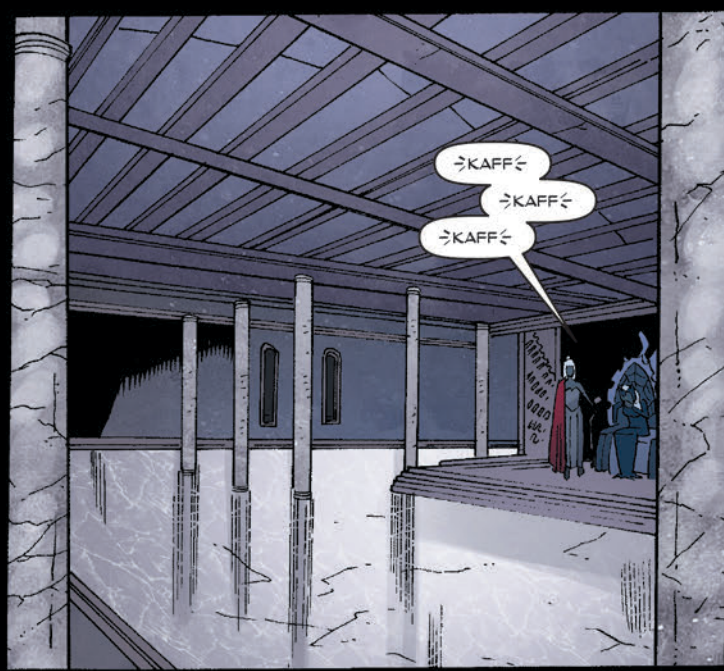
WAVE GOOD-BYE

KLANG

WHAT
THE--?!

I'VE
GOT HIM!
RUN!

NO! NO!





The companions had fled the Illithid castle, running blindly through miles of the Underdark's twisting tunnels.

Until sheer exhaustion forced them to stop.

WHO WAS THAT DROW?



ZAKNAFEIN DO'URDEN.

IT WAS HE WHO TRAINED ME. ZAK WAS MY ONLY FRIEND IN MENZOBERRANZAN-- MY CLOSEST COMPANION FOR MORE THAN TWO DECADES.



YET HE MEANT TO KILL YOU.

THAT WAS NOT MY FATHER, HE... HE IS DEAD. SACRIFICED BY MY MOTHER TO THE SPIDER QUEEN.



I DO NOT YET KNOW WHAT MONSTER MATRON MALICE HAS PUT IN ZAKNAFEIN'S GUISE.

BUT WE ESCAPED, THANKS TO YOUR WALL.



MY WALL? NO, DARK ELF, SUCH MAGIC IS BEYOND ME.

THEN WHO--

I-I MADE IT.



TH-THE PECH
ARE A PEACEFUL
RACE, WE DESIRE ONLY
TO WORK THE STONE.
IT IS OUR CALLING,
OUR LOVE.

AND THE
STONE TALKS TO
US; AIDS US IN
OUR TOILS.



YOU SPEAK OF
THE EARTH AS IF IT
WERE A SENTIENT
BEING.

IT IS,
FOR THOSE
WHO CAN
HEAR IT.

YES, PECH
KNOW THE STONE
BEST OF ALL. BETTER
THAN EVEN DWARVES
OR GNOMES.



FOR AN INSTANT I WAS
NOT THIS MONSTER,
I WAS PECH--MORE
PECH THAN EVER
BEFORE.

TO CREATE
SUCH A WALL SHOULD
TAKE A G-G-GROUP OF
ELDERS, BUT I DID IT
ALONE. I WAS
THE EARTH.



BUT NOW
I AM FALLING,
I--

YOU'RE
BECOMING THE
HOOK HORROR
AGAIN.



YES.

Y-YOU MUST
PROMISE...M-MY
FRIENDS.



W-WHEN THE
P-PECH IS NO MORE,
YOU MUST... YOU MUST
KILL ME.

Drizzt returned Guenhwyvar to her astral home that night. The cat had exerted herself greatly; she needed rest.

And the next morning, the odd trio... Drow, gnome, and hook horror... set off.

THIS PATH
YOU'RE LEADING US ON,
DARK ELF, IT BEARS EAST,
TOWARD--

MENZOBERRANZAN,
I KNOW.

YOU HEARD
CLACKER, HE'S LOSING
HIMSELF. WE NEED SOMEONE
TO REVERSE THE **POLYMORPH**
SPELL, AND THERE ARE MANY
WIZARDS AMONG
MY PEOPLE.

BUT TO GO BACK THERE WITH
YOUR MOTHER HUNTING YOU
--MAGGA CAMMARA, YOU'LL
GET US ALL KILLED!

MENZOBERRANZAN
IS A LARGE PLACE, I
HAVE NO INTENTION OF
ENCOUNTERING
MY FAMILY.

HRMPH

AND ASSUMING
WE CAN FIND A WIZARD
BEFORE WE'RE **MURDERED**
BY YOUR RELATIVES, WHAT
EXACTLY ARE WE TO OFFER
HIM FOR **DISPELLING**
CLACKER'S CURSE?

THE WIZARD'S
LIFE.

House Baenre...

ZIN-CARLA IS A TRIAL, MALICE. ONE THAT EXACTS A HEAVY PRICE ON BOTH THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

BUT WHEN IT IS COMPLETE--WHEN YOUR WAYWARD SON IS DEAD--THE GODDESS LOTH WILL GRANT YOU HER FAVOR AND MORE!

HOUSE DO'URDEN WILL RECEIVE GLORY AND POWER BEYOND IMAGINING!

A--AND IF IT FAILS, MATRON BAENRE?

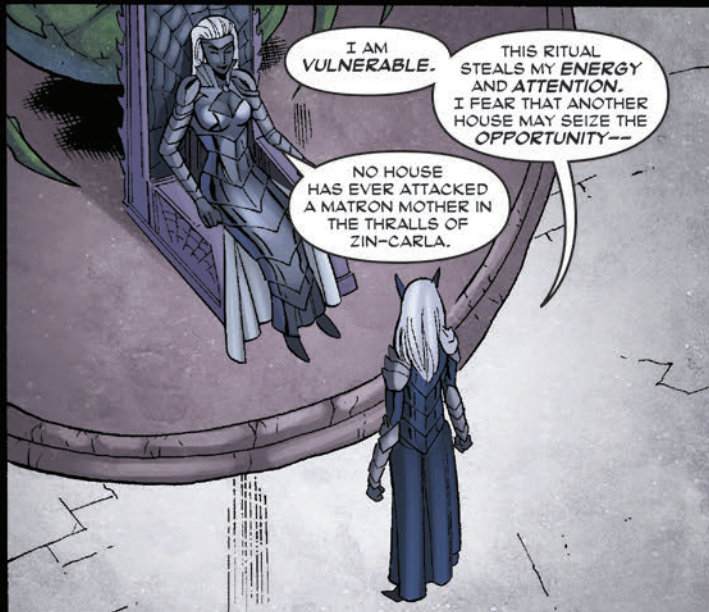
SPEAK NOT THE WORDS! DO NOT GROW DISTRACTED BY DOUBT!

THE SPIRIT-WRAITH IS AN EXTENSION OF YOUR FAITH--YOUR STRENGTH! IF YOU FALTER, IT WILL FALTER AS WELL!

AND IF THAT HAPPENS, YOU WILL HAVE BROUGHT DOOM UPON YOUR HOUSE AND YOURSELF!

I--I WILL NOT FAIL! I SHALL DELIVER DRIZZT TO LOTH, NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

GOOD. NOW, THIS OTHER MATTER?



I AM
VULNERABLE.

THIS RITUAL
STEALS MY ENERGY
AND ATTENTION.
I FEAR THAT ANOTHER
HOUSE MAY SEIZE THE
OPPORTUNITY--

NO HOUSE
HAS EVER ATTACKED
A MATRON MOTHER IN
THE THRALLS OF
ZIN-CARLA.



BECAUSE
THE GIFT IS USUALLY
GRANTED TO MATRONS
WITH POWERFUL HOUSES,
FULLY IN THE FAVOR OF
LOLTH. HOUSE DO'URDEN
IS DIFFERENT.

WE HAVE
JUST SUFFERED THE
CONSEQUENCES OF WAR,
AND MY... FAILINGS IN THE
SPIDER QUEEN'S EYES
ARE WELL KNOWN.



YOUR FEARS
ARE MISPLACED,
BUT I SHALL
END THEM.

GO BACK TO YOUR
HOME WITH THE KNOWLEDGE
THAT ANY WHO MOVES AGAINST
HOUSE DO'URDEN WILL INCITE THE
WRATH OF HOUSE BAENRE. NONE
WOULD BE SO FOOLISH.

THANK YOU,
MATRON.



PITIFUL.
SHE'S AFRAID.

YES,
JARLAXLE,
SHE IS.



BUT THERE IS STILL **STRENGTH**
LEFT IN HER. IT WOULD BE
UNWISE TO COUNT MALICE
DO'URDEN AMONG THE
DEAD JUST YET.



Drizzt set a brutal pace over the next few days, determined to keep ahead of the thing pursuing them...

...and reach Menzoberranzan before Clacker lost himself to the monster completely.



Soon the trio came to a familiar green-glowing cave; home to the wicked bird men Drizzt and Belwar had fought what seemed like a lifetime ago.

To go around would add weeks to their journey, and so the companions entered with weapons drawn. Ready for--



NOTHING?! IMPOSSIBLE!

CLACKER, GO AHEAD. I'LL SCOUT THE WALKWAYS ABOVE.



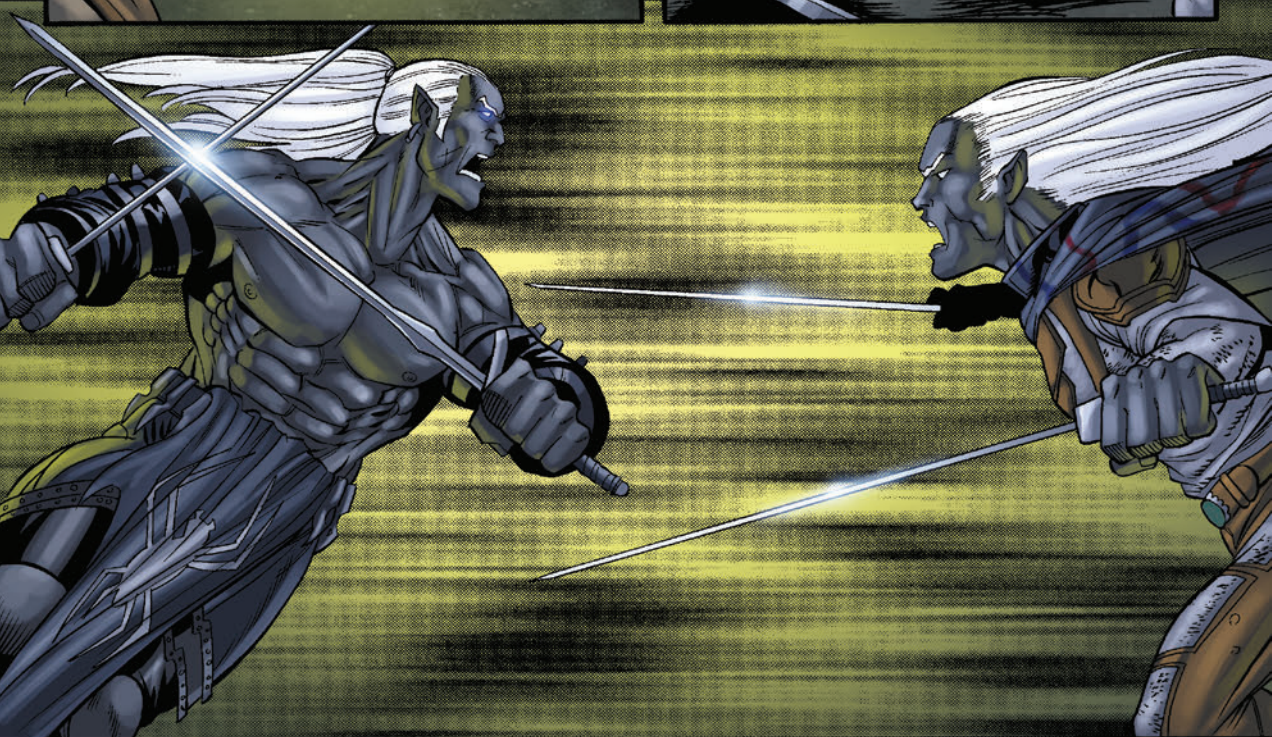
THE BIRD MEN CAN'T HAVE JUST VANISHED, UNLESS-- UNLESS WE CHASED THEM OUT.

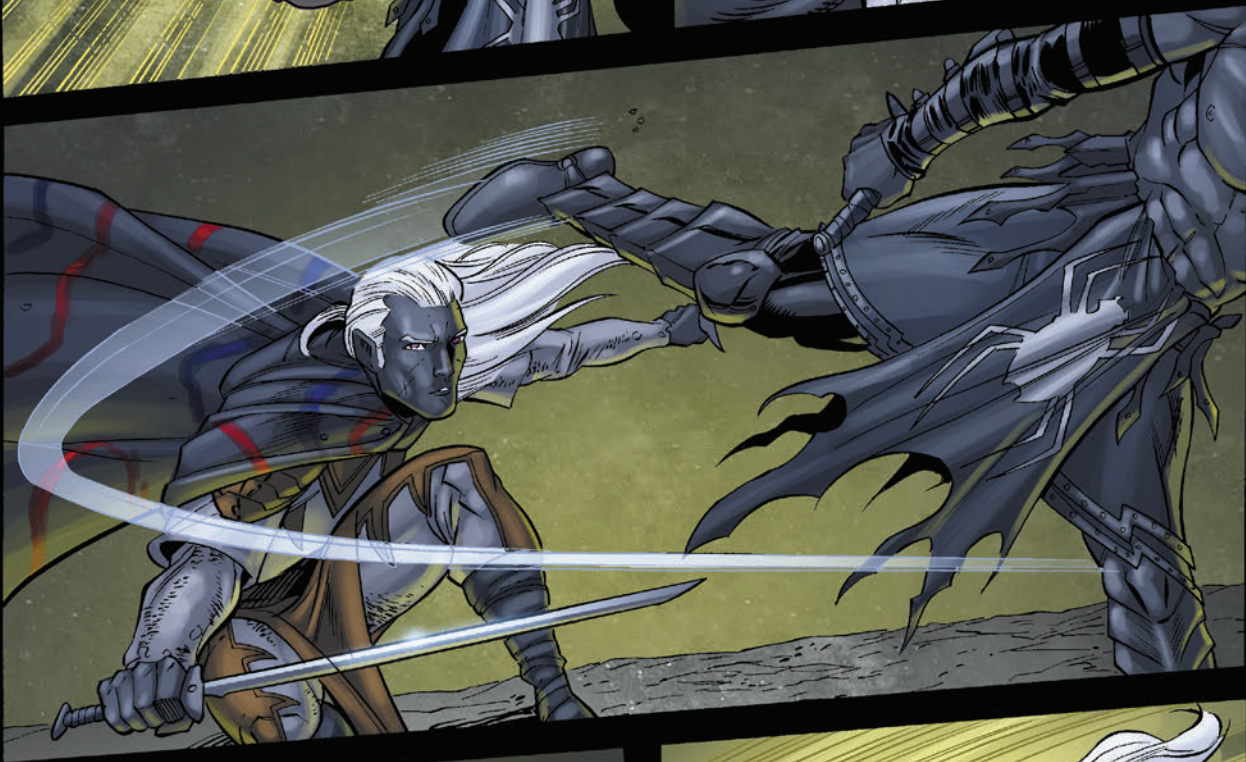
OR SOMETHING ELSE DID.



SKREEEEEEEE!









Drizzt could feel the hot blood running down his cheek as, somewhere deep inside him, the hunter roared.



The two warriors clashed, blade against blade.



Drizzt attacked from every angle.



Searching for a *weakness* in his enemy --some flaw he could exploit.



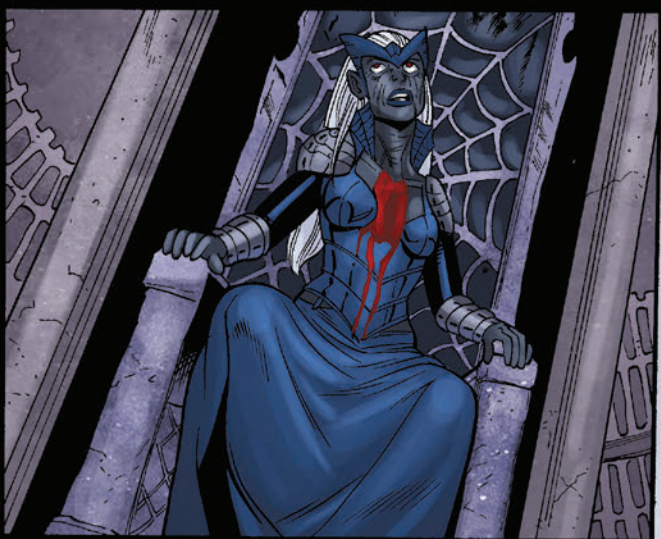
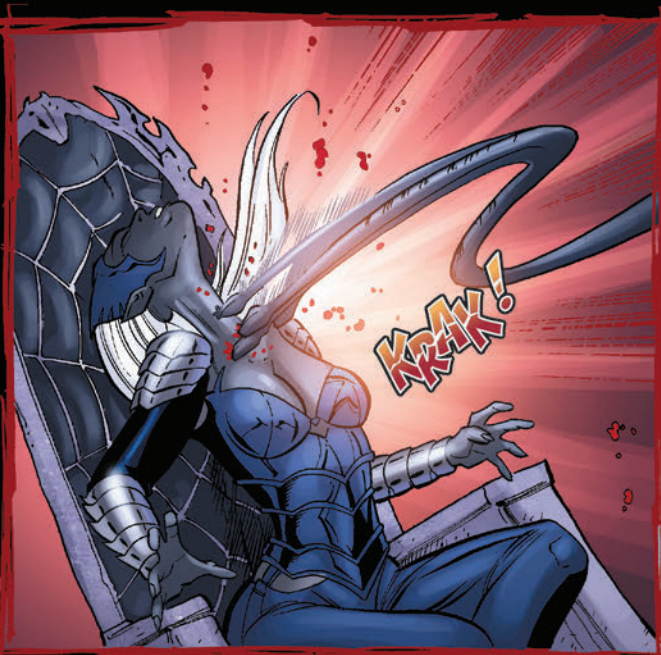
But there was none.



And then he knew...









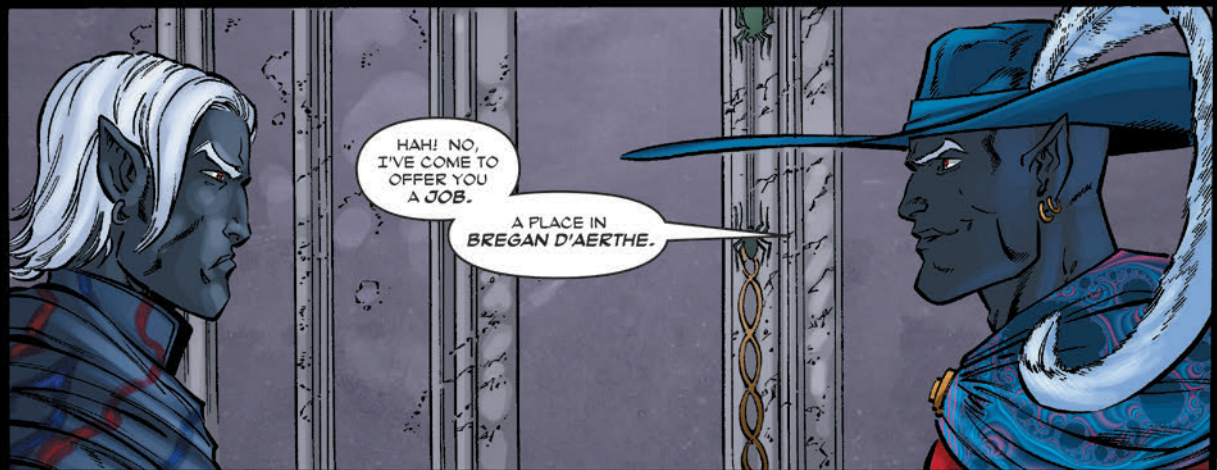




I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, BRIZA.



JARLAXLE, YOU'VE... YOU'VE COME TO KILL ME?



HAH! NO, I'VE COME TO OFFER YOU A JOB.

A PLACE IN BREGAN D'AERTHE.



YOU'RE A SKILLED WARRIOR, DININ DO'URDEN, AND SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK. YOU'LL MAKE A FINE MERCENARY, IF YOU ACCEPT MY GENEROUS OFFER.

DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

OF COURSE, THERE ARE ALWAYS CHOICES. YOURS JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO BE VERY GOOD AT THE MOMENT.



LET'S GO.

And thus did House Do'Urden fall.

They erected Clacker's burial mound in a small, remote cave—one no creature would ever disturb.



And built another for Zaknafein, because even though his body had been lost in the acid, Drizzt thought his father deserved a proper grave.

Belwar said a prayer to the gnomish gods, returning Clacker to the earth he so loved.



While Drizzt simply wished silently that, at long last, Zak had found peace.

Then the two friends, who had been through so much, turned and headed north...



...to Blingdenstone.



YOU CAN'T
BE **SERIOUS!**



I AM.

I-IT'S
MADNESS!

IT IS.



WELL, I'M COMING
WITH YOU!

NO, BELWAR,
YOU'VE ALREADY
DONE MORE FOR ME
THAN I EVER COULD HAVE
HOPED OR IMAGINED—
YOU GAVE ME BACK
MY LIFE.

THERE ARE
PEOPLE HERE WHO
LOVE YOU, STAY
WITH THEM. **BE
HAPPY.**

THIS JOURNEY
I MAKE **ALONE.**



SNIFF

YOU'RE AN
IDIOT, DRIZZT DO'URDEN!
A DAMN FOOL!

I KNOW.

FAREWELL,
MOST HONORED
BURROW-WARDEN, AND
THANK YOU.

Belwar was right, what Drizzt planned had never been attempted.



But with Zak's parting words echoing in his mind, and Guenhwyvar by his side, Drizzt knew he would succeed.



To stay in the Underdark was death, either quickly at the hands of one of Lolth's foul servants, or slowly into madness and the hunter.



And so, there was only one place left to go...





THE END.

THE LEGEND OF DRIZZT
CONTINUES IN FORGOTTEN REALMS.

SOJOURN

Seelye
ATKINS



Seeley 05
GALLI
BLOND



Glossary



BASILISK: A reptilian monster that petrifies creatures with a mere gaze, then consumes the helpless victim.

BELWAR DISSENGULP: A gnome (Svirfneblin) whose life was saved by Drizzt ten years before the events of Exile. Belwar was the sole survivor of a Svirfnebli mining expedition attacked by a Drow raiding party. Drizzt convinced his comrades to spare Belwar's life. In an act of cruel Drow "mercy," they took "only" Belwar's hands. Belwar now has mithral prostheses infused with magical energy.



BLINGDENSTONE: The fortress-like city of the deep gnomes (Svirfneblin). Hewn from the living rock itself, this vast metropolis is home to thousands of gnomes.



BREGAN D'AERTHE: A Drow mercenary cadre comprised of rogue males and led by the infamous Jarlaxle. Bregan D'Aerthe is rightfully feared and respected throughout Menzoberranzan.



BRISTER FENDLESTICK: A human wizard who makes his home in the Underdark. He lives in a tower made of adamantite and rarely ventures from it.

BRIZA DO'URDEN: The eldest daughter of Matrón Malice Do'Urden, Briza is a High Priestess of Lolth. As such, she is extremely powerful, but hungers for her mother's seat of power. She is the archetypal Drow female: arrogant, selfish, beautiful, and distrustful of everyone.



CENTRAL BRAIN: The brain-like mass that comprises all the combined knowledge of the Mind Flayer (Illithid) society; telepathically connects every individual Mind Flayer, and coordinates their entire existence.



CLACKER: An innocent Pech trapped in the monstrous body of a Hook Horror, because of the spells of the human wizard Brister Fendlestick. He loses a little more of his Pech personality with every passing day.





DININ DO'URDEN: Elderboy of House Do'Urden, and older brother of Drizzt.

DIRE CORBY: A predatory race of avian creatures who inhabit a cavernous lair filled with pools of glowing green acid.



DRIZZT DO'URDEN: A Drow warrior of exceptional ability, possessed of rare purple eyes and a noble heart—a trait almost unknown among the Drow. Son of Matron Mother Malice. Rejecting the violence and debauchery of Drow society, Drizzt underwent self-imposed exile in order to escape the bloody machinations of his mother.



DROW: An ebony-skinned race of elves, also known as "dark elves," who make their home in the subterranean world of the Underdark. Their violent society is ordered along matriarchal lines and is dominated by its Matron Mothers. The Drow are motivated by a hunger for individual power and wealth, and will employ any means, no matter how sadistic or treacherous, in pursuit of these goals.



FIRBLE: Chief of security for the Swirfneblin city of Blingdenstone.

GUENHWYVAR: A black panther conjured through an onyx figurine, and the constant companion of Drizzt.



HANDMAIDEN OF LOLTH: A Yochlol, the tentacled, otherworldly entity who speaks for the evil goddess Lolth.

HOOK HORRORS: Predators of the Underdark, these huge, armor-plated beasts utilize razor-sharp, hooklike appendages to attack their prey.



HOUSE DO'URDEN: The eighth house, or family, in the Drow city of Menzoberranzan. Ruled by the conniving Matron Malice, their quest for power has been hampered by the actions of the house's rogue son Drizzt.



HOUSE SYSTEM: The system of government employed by the Drow of Menzoberranzan. The city's eight most powerful families (or Houses) are represented on the Ruling Council. Every House is constantly plotting against its rivals, either in an effort to maintain position, or to ascend to the ruling eight. Warfare is the most common result of this race for ascendancy.



ILLITHIDS: Telepathic creatures (also known as Mind Flayers) who mentally enslave unsuspecting pilgrims in the Underdark, forcing them to compete as gladiators in their arena of sport. When their usefulness is finished, slaves are generally consumed by their Illithid captors.



JARLAXLE: Leader of Bregan D'Aerthe, a drow mercenary company. With his unique combination of charm and cleverness, this houseless rogue has managed to carve out a position of independence for himself and his elves.



KING SCHNICKTICK:
The Svirfneblin king
of Blingdenstone.

LOLTH: The queen of the Demonweb Pits,
and the principle deity of the dark elves.

MATRON BAENRE: Matriarch of the House Baenre. So long as her House remains at the top of the House System, she is the most powerful figure in Menzoberranzan.



MATRON MOTHER MALICE: Matriarch of the House Do'Urden, and the mother of Drizzt. Considered one of the most fearsome leaders in all of Menzoberranzan.



MAYA: Youngest daughter of Matron Malice, also a high priestess of Lolth.



MENZOBERRANZAN: The largest and most powerful Drow city in the Underdark.





PECH: Small, peaceful creatures who desire only to commune with the living rock of the Underdark.



RIZZEN: Current Patriarch of House Do'Urden, and one in a long line of Matron Mother Malice's companions.



SHI'NAYNE DO'URDEN (SINAFAY HUN'ETT): Former Matriarch of House Hun'Ett, later adopted into House Do'Urden following the defeat of her House. Upon her adoption, to disguise her identity, her name was changed from Sinafay to Shi'Nayne.

SVIRFNEBLI: Also known as Deep Gnomes. Neither kind nor evil, the Svirfnebli are content to live peacefully while mining the rich ore of the Underdark.



UNDERDARK: An extremely dangerous and expansive subterranean wilderness. Populated by races of many varieties, including the Drow, Illithids, Dire Corbys, Svirfnebli, Hook Horrors, and untold others. Central Cities include Menzoberranzan and Blingdenston.

VIERNA: Second daughter of Matron Mother Malice. Responsible for the rearing of her younger brother, Drizzt, in his earliest years.



ZAKNAFEIN: Father and confidante of Drizzt. Former Weapons-Master of House Do'Urden, once considered the most fearsome Drow warrior in all the Underdark. Allowed Malice to sacrifice him to Lolth in order to save his son. Resurrected as a mindless slave by Matron Mother Malice through the arcane Zin-Carla ritual in order to hunt down and destroy Drizzt.

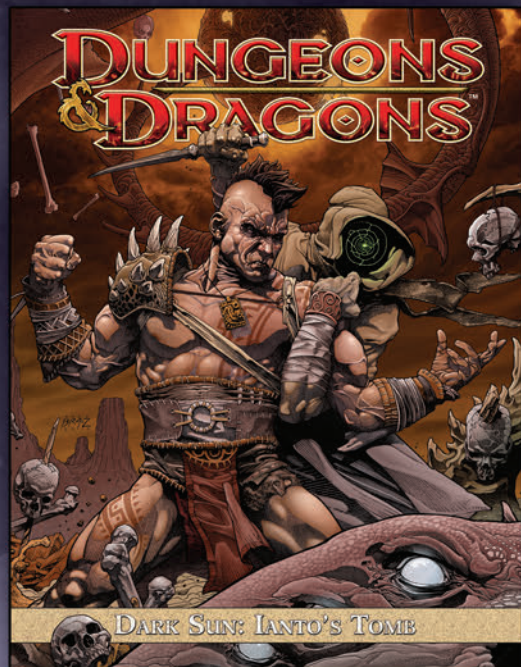


ZIN-CARLA: An arcane ritual in which the goddess Lolth grants the power to raise the dead as slaves. The power of the spell derives from the power of the priestess who casts it, slowly draining her life force away. Very powerful and very dangerous, Zin-Carla occurs very rarely, even in fractious Menzoberranzan.

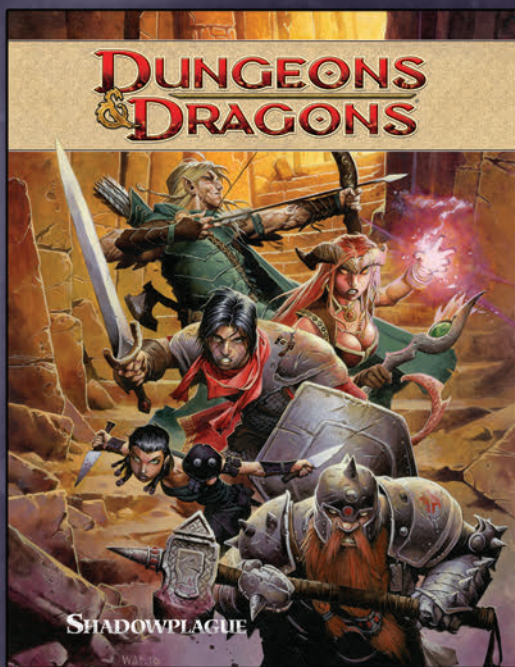


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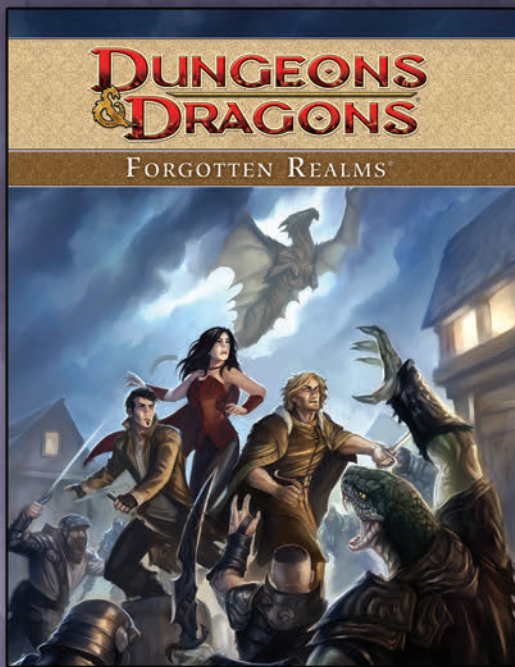
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THE LEGEND OF

DRIZZT

R.A. SALVATORE FORGOTTEN REALMS

EXILE



Andrew Dabb and Tim Seeley adapt the second volume of R.A. Salvatore's *The Legend of Drizzt*! The Dark Elf known as Drizzt has abandoned the twisted society of his people to seek honor and justice. But his family will not let him go so easily, and even greater dangers await Drizzt and his new ally, Belwar, in the caverns of the Underdark!



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