

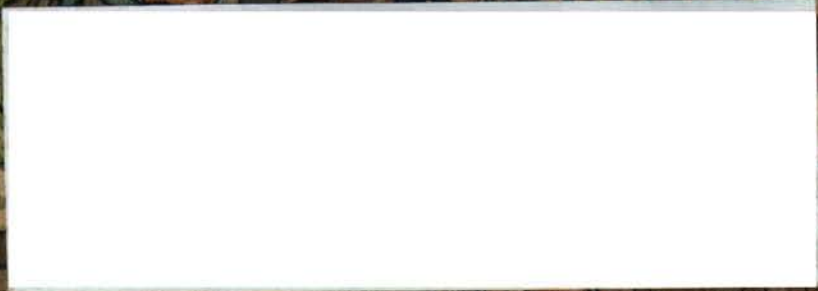
Living Greyhawk

Journal



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Living Greyhawk[®]

Journal

Features

Gem of the Flanaess: Clerkgurg 4

By Erik Mona

The winding streets of the Halls hold eager students and learned sages alike. Decadent tomes gather dust in private libraries as old as the city's walls, tempting adventurers with their tales of kingdoms lost and treasures hidden from the light of the sun.

Silent Sorcery 10

By Gary Holian

The secretive sorcerous society known as the Silent Ones of Keoland comes alive in this history by a co-author of the Living Greyhawk Gazetteer. Learn of the order's history, and perhaps chart your character along the path of the campaign-approved prestige class included here.

Departments

Campaign News 2

The results of our first contest bring several strange visitors to the campaign. Plus, even more information on the Fright at Tristor.

Enchiridion of the Fiend-Sage 22

By Sean K Reynolds

From the windswept hills of the Bright Desert come the mysterious dune stalkers, haunting spirits of elemental earth. Evil wizards throughout the Flanaess toil in darkened workshops on a rare type of ophidian golem called the necrophidius. On the Lake of Unknown Depths, Nyrrian boatcrushers add legendary danger to already treacherous waters. In the north, the quallan savagely enact the will of a bizarre, temperamental dictator. And in Rel Astra, the Fiend-Sage pens yet another missive to his undead lord.

Dispatches 28

News from around the Flanaess.

Contact List 32

Contact information for your home region and the world.

Volume 1, Number 4

Spring, 591 CY

May, 2001

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On the Cover

The Silent One known as Lotakal the Caretaker administers to her cursed charges from the balcony of the Wretchery in a painting by Linda Medley.

The World of Greyhawk created by E. Gary Gygax

Campaign News

TRISTOR ROLLS ON

Like the derro-driven stone-wheeled whirlwind of death known as the Doomgrinder, the *Fright at Tristor* just keeps chugging along, destroying everything in its path. Network HQ has been inundated with response forms, making the "optimistic" claim of a two-week response time found in the adventure more than a little impossible. Therefore, please allow 6-8 weeks for the return of your official results. We wish we didn't have to do this, but since we're so buried in Tristor-related mail that it's difficult to type, we don't have much of an option.

To speed along your results, be sure to list each player character, and what specific items from the adventure that PC "claims." This, in addition to a detailed summary of how the adventure went, is of utmost importance to us processing the information correctly.

Network HQ will accept *Fright at Tristor* response forms until December 31, 2001. After that, all responses we receive will be burned to warm us through the cold Washington January.

RETURN TO THE TEMPLE (AGAIN)

Our special *Return to the Temple of Elemental Evil* adventure at WINTER FANTASY™ was so popular we had to turn people away. Now, as a special *Origins*™ exclusive, we're giving you a chance to take the fight to Elemental Evil itself.

At WINTER FANTASY, you took your first furtive steps into the moathouse, the weakest outpost of the resurgent Horde of Elemental Evil. Now, you've tracked the Doomdreamer cult to their fantastic

lair, a bewildering dungeon loaded with challenge and treasure. This special eight-hour two-round exclusive event pits your LIVING GREYHAWK™ heroes against the legendary forces of Elemental Evil. Play starts at the door, and doesn't stop until time runs out or everyone flees or dies.

It's a tough world in the headquarters of Elemental Evil. 3rd-level or higher characters are STRONGLY recommended, but no one with a ticket will be turned away. *Raise dead* spells will be available (and most likely desperately needed) on site. There's a chance the book will hit the street prior to *Origins*. If that's the case, please don't be a weasel—put off reading it until after the event or feel the wrath of Luz unchained.

This year's *Origins* takes place July 5-8, 2001 in Columbus, Ohio. Sign up for the LIVING GREYHAWK 2-round feature (8390, 8392, 8394, 8396). See the RPGA/*Origins* Web site for more details (www.wizards.com/origins).

WE GAVE THEM THE WORLD

In our very first issue, we announced a little contest called *We Give You the World* that asked LIVING GREYHAWK players to wish for anything, anything at all, for their characters (in 500 words or less). Some people asked for weapons, some people asked for special pets, and at least one person asked to be a god (hey, serves us right for asking). Out of about a hundred entries, the Circle of Six picked out five that shone a little brighter than the rest. Here they are, listed by the name of the winner.

Bart Scott of California asked for, and received, the right to play an aasimar character. The high-strung prelates of the Theocracy of the Pale will have a lot to answer for when this paladin applies some mercy to the hard-bitten doctrine of Pholtus.

An Ironically Unknown

Member asked for a neat magic mask that protects his character from the recognition of NPCs. True to form, he didn't include his name on his request, and we tore off his return address when opening his entry. Hey, Masked Mage, send the name of the magical mask to polyhedron@wizards.com, and if it matches the one on the actual request, we'll get it out to you as soon as possible.

Readers of Paleolithic issues of *Dragon Magazine* know about the snow elves, a reclusive exclusively Greyhawk subrace that lives in the Crystalmists. Don't remember them? **Keith Palm** of Virginia remembers. And now, thanks to a brilliant entry, he'll get to play a snow elf as an official LIVING GREYHAWK character.

The Dim Forest has recently become a sanctuary for refugees fleeing Geoff's giant occupiers. Now, the woods has a new protector in the form of Kellin ap Coedwig, who has accepted a gift from the forest's spirit to become the Dim Forest Advocate, bane of giants and the enemies of the wood. Kellin is played by **Eric Lokey** of Sharptown, Maryland.

Sometimes, life stinks. Other times, it's just the young troglodyte adventurer standing near the back of the group. The latter will certainly be the case when **Larry Douglas** of California brings his new character, Skalidar the Troglodyte, to the table.

Aside from our mystery masked man, the above winners have been contacted. The Circle of Six would like to thank everyone who entered. Judging the competition was by no means easy.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED!

Member stalwart Tim Breen has cooked up something very sweet in his magical Web café. Check out the Unofficial (but cool enough to be mentioned here) LIVING GREYHAWK Character Census at <http://www.oerth.com/census.html>.

Stop by and enter your character's vitals. While you're at it, check out the fascinating results page, which at press time revealed such interesting facts as the most popular player character race (human), starting class (Fighter), alignment (Chaotic Good), and patron deity (Heironymous). Thanks to Tim for the awesome site, and to everyone who has sent him their character's information.

A WORD FROM OUR ART DIRECTOR

On our cover we have a wonderful piece from Linda Medley, author and illustrator of the fantastic comic, *Castle Waiting*. I'd like to take this opportunity to invite you to march down to your local comic shop and eagerly request a huge fixin' of *Castle Waiting* from the friendly clerk.

What is *Castle Waiting*, you ask? It's about a princess on the run. It's about a castle full of odd inhabitants. It's about monsters and sprites, thieves and fortune-tellers, and how appearances can deceive. It's about refuge, and friendship, and magic.

And it's absolutely glorious. Check it out, even if you don't normally read comics. You'll be glad you did.

NEW SCENARIOS NOW AVAILABLE!



Snake in the Grass

By Kim Winz

Bandit activity is on the rise, and a traitor may be hiding somewhere in the city. You are asked to find him discreetly before he can disappear again. An Adaptable adventure for levels 1-6.

An Afternoon Outing

By Eric Price

It seemed like just another way-stop at the tail end of the caravan trail, but when the locals began to tell tales of disappearances and phantoms haunting the hills, you changed your mind—this sleepy hamlet is more than just a wagon stop. Are the hills haunted? Are demons stealing away the farmer folk who make their living on the fringes of the settlement? It may just take an afternoon outing to get to the bottom of the strange happenings. An Adaptable adventure for characters level 1-6.

A Plea From Beyond the Grave

By Nicholas Tulach

A poor, lost soul is locked away from his final peace. His efforts to avenge his family's deaths have cost him his life, and now he must haunt his tower until he can achieve a symbolic victory over his murderers. Can you free him from his torment? An Adaptable adventure for characters level 1-6.

Fires of the Storm Tower

By Sean K Reynolds

While on a ship from the city of Greyhawk to Gryrax in the Principality of Ulek, you are blown off-course by a freak storm. Washed overboard, you awaken on the coast of the Pomarj. While the sailors do emergency repairs, you search for an important passenger abducted by a local tribe of orcs. You must enter their lair, a ruined keep called the Storm Tower, retrieve the passenger, and get him back to the ship. A Core adventure for characters level 3-9.

Ghouls are nasty. When Nerull grants them spells, they're worse. This lovely lad can be found in one of these brand new adventures.

Gem of the Flanaess

CITY OF GREYHAWK — CLERKBURG

BY ERIK MONA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATTHEW MITCHELL

MAP BY DENIS TETREAUULT

Facets of Grey, the celebrated epic by the poet Chancreon, describes the streets of Clerkburg as "teeming with young paragons of intellect, their incandescent thoughts emerging in a glorious cacophony of the frenetic, passionate pleas of idealistic political agitators mingled in triumphant, philosophical radiance with the barks of street hawkers and the bustle of a legion of youthful students rushing in herds to classes taught by the greatest minds in the Flanaess."

Though characteristic of his overwrought style and romantic oversentimentality, the passage accurately reflects daily life in Clerkburg, a quarter of the city of Greyhawk dominated by temples, parks, and the buildings of a dozen colleges and universities.

The quarter is sometimes referred to as "The Halls," after the numerous institutions of learning found here. The well-manicured grounds of these colleges, as well as the architectural style evident in their greater buildings, belies an altogether different atmosphere of "civic planning" than can be found in the tightly packed tenements of Old City or even the measured practicality of the Artisans and Foreign Quarters. Though not nearly as ostentatious as the structures and parks of New City, Clerkburg's airy gardens, fountains, ponds, and architecture based more on imagery than practicality reflect an era in which the administrators of the metropolis sought to define a distinctly "Greyhawk" style.

More than any other quarter in the city of Greyhawk, Clerkburg benefited from the dynamism of Zagig Yragerne's tenure as Lord Mayor. Zagig purchased the land that would become Clerkburg from the famous Lord Truan Iolavai in 342 CY. He bequeathed the manor house of the half-elven hero to a cadre of influential scholars, ordering the pedants to found Grey College, a school that would not only educate the young adults of Greyhawk, but that would draw students from the "shabby, petulantly overfunded" institutions of Dyvers and Rel Astra. In this manner, Zagig hoped to capture the coin of foreign nobles and the allegiances of their sons and daughters.

After a string of early successes, Zagig sent word across the Flanaess, tempting (and sometimes outright bribing) scores of scholars to come to Greyhawk and found schools of their own. Within a century, Greyhawk would rival Rel Mord as the continent's center of learning.

Zagig's improvements and innovations encompassed more than the seeding of influential institutions of learning. The forceful Lord Mayor encouraged many local nobles to combine their private libraries and scroll collections into a single concentration of knowledge that would one day become the Great Library of Greyhawk. He enlisted the finest architects and masons in the region (men whose apprentices would go on to found the Guild of Architects and Stonemasons in 405 CY) to restore and expand the partially ruined coliseum not far from Grey College, originally built during the reign of Ponjes the Bull to satiate the legendary Oeridian lust for bloodsport. He widened streets and planted trees, ensuring that the quarter would boast both man-made and natural beauty.

In the years since Zagig departed his beloved Greyhawk, Clerkburg has fared relatively well. Its buildings have largely escaped the fires and rowdiness that has plagued the River Quarter and Old City, and if anything the influx of refugees following the Greyhawk Wars has brought even more bright scholars and students to the Gem of the Flanaess.

Most residents of Clerkburg are students, teachers, administrators, or menials tasked with keeping the schools clean and running on time. Though the original purpose of the colleges was to attract the children of nobles and wealthy members of the artisan class, students of this caliber are greatly outnumbered by the sons and daughters of mid-ranking guildsmen and apprentices training one or two days out of the week in some practical craft or trade (Clerkburg, after all, provides its fair share of clerks).

Most colleges hold classes from Goodmonth 1 to Flocktime 28. Students enjoy vacation during Wealsun, Richfest, and Reaping, though most staff remain on duty throughout the summer, spending that time in research or lecturing to each other on the third week of Richfest, known colloquially as Masters' Days. During the school year, classes are held every day save Godsdays and Freeday. Many schools close entirely during Needfest, which, of course, sees furious celebration in the local taverns.

Crime in the Halls is relatively low, mostly because students and teachers rarely own anything worth stealing. The district sports a handful of structures that hold nearly untold wealth (the City Mint, certain locked chambers below the Great Library, and

especially the University of Magical Arts), but these are so well protected as to make attempts at infiltration virtually pointless.

The greatest wealth of Clerkborg is difficult to steal, but it is relatively easy to purchase. That wealth is knowledge, and between the books and scrolls of a dozen libraries and the expertise of more than a hundred sages and scholars can doubtless be found the hints and clues that lead to a thousand treasure-laden adventures.

Cl: Grey College

The nucleus of the entire quarter, Grey College was established in the newly purchased Iolavai House in 342 CY. Named for the famous scholar and Greyhawk native known as the Grey Savant, said to have played a fundamental role in the instruction of the young Zagig Yragerne, Grey College inherited the staff and sages of the moribund Academy of Art and Science, which had previously held a collection of run-down towers in what would become Old City. In short order the school established a conservative, intellectually sound curriculum that has changed but little in the intervening years. Outside the Royal University at Rel Mord, Grey College is perhaps the most distinguished institution of learning in the entire Flanaess.

The college offers courses and degrees in many fields, including alchemy, astrology and astronomy, architecture and engineering, healing, geography, economics and finance, the fine arts, accounting and mathematics, and history. In Zagig's day the school boasted an excellent series of courses on matters arcane, but the University of Magical Arts has clearly usurped its superior claim in this field of study. About 500 students fill the halls of Grey College each term, with degrees taking anywhere from two to eight years to achieve. Tuition starts at 50 gp per year, and doubles each year thereafter, limiting the student body of Grey College to the children of the privileged classes. Roughly a third of the students come from foreign lands.

Grey College is sometimes known as Greyhawk College or the University of Greyhawk. Though most of its buildings are situated east of the Processional near Garden Gate and along University Street, the college claims a half-dozen structures scattered throughout the district and an observatory outside the eastern wall (Area O9). Important buildings on the main campus are:

ClA) Hall of the Dean. Built within a decade of the college's foundation, the Hall of the Dean is the largest structure owned by the university, containing classrooms, lecture halls, laboratories, and storerooms.



A student agitator in Clerkborg.

A below-ground dining hall serves three meals a day to students, and though the food is universally reviled, it comes free with tuition and is at least tempting enough that truly desperate street folk occasionally attempt to forge identification papers in order to steal their way inside.

The Hall of the Dean teems with students during the day, and is locked at night to protect the notes and lesson plans of various professors as well as the special projects of the students which, in the case of the alchemical classes, can get rather elaborate and sometimes dangerous.

ClB) College Hall. This many-columned stone structure off the processional houses faculty offices, the university's library, and a dozen meeting rooms. The library and meeting rooms can be accessed from a special entrance off University Street. The rest of the building is strictly off limits to students and visitors unless accompanied by a member of the Grey College staff. Though most tutors and school functionaries live in boarding houses and apartments elsewhere in the quarter, about a dozen instructors actually live in College Hall. The most notable of these is a deeply studious and mysterious individual known as the **Savant-Sage** [N hm Expl0], who teaches no classes, tolerates few visitors, and is rarely seen outside his quarters abutting the library. He is said to be in the midst of compiling a vast encyclopedic work called the *Catalogue of the Land Flanaess, being the*



Location Key

Cla-d: Grey College

C2: Great Library of Greyhawk

C3: Old Mill

C4: Black Dragon Inn

C5: Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guildhall

C6: University of Magical Arts

C7: City Mint

C8: New Mill College

C9: Bardschool

C10: Bridge of Entwined Hearts

C11: Savant Tavern

C12: Free City Arena

C13: Clerkgburg City Watch Station

C14: Roc and Oliphant Tavern

C15: University of the Flanaess

C16: Nightwatchmen's Guildstation

C17: School of Clerkgship

C18: Gnarleyhouse

C19a-e: "Students' Quarter"

C20: Guildhall of Lawyers & Scribes

C21: Temple of Celestian

C22: Boardinghouse

C23: Residence—Derider Fanshen

C24: Residence—Elranic Tesmarien

C25: Temple of Boccob

Eastern Portion of the Continent Oerik, of Oerth.

Currently at work on the sixth volume of this open-ended endeavor, a treatise on legendary locales of historical and magical interest in the lands between the Barrier Peaks and the Solnor Ocean, the Savant-Sage occasionally consults with his colleagues in the college to suss out those facts he cannot verify through independent study. The sometimes crotchety old sage funds himself on his meager university salary and the outrageous fees he charges the occasional explorer who wishes to consult the well-regarded maps and histories associated with the *Catalogue's* first three volumes.

C1c) Timber Hall. Though not the largest building on the Grey College campus, Timber Hall, with its five floors, thirteen staircases, and countless hallways is by far the most confusing. The bewildering structure houses most of the college's classrooms. Many first-year classes are situated on the uppermost floor, and upperclassmen take pride in the fact that getting to their first-floor rooms involves the least amount of exploration and exercise.

C1d) Iolavai House. Though the Grey College Dean, currently **Mezakine the Exemplary** [NG hf Expl4] holds all practical power when it comes to setting university policy, the institution is nominally managed by the Chancellor of Iolavai House. This is due to a stipulation in the original contract with the crafty Truan Iolavai that ensured one of his descendants would forever keep a room in the ancestral manor and have the final word in the administration of the institution. Things have hardly gone according to the long-dead hero's plan. Over the last two and a half centuries not only has the position of Chancellor become largely meaningless, but the Iolavai line itself has died out completely, finally being subsumed by marriage of the last female heir to a middle child of the Silverfox family in 529 CY. The current Chancellor is the ineffective **Hewler Silverfox** [LG hm Ari3], who carries himself with great pretension but is barely even tolerated in the Garden Quarter home of his distant and more influential cousin (Area G24).

DM's Notes: As with any of the universities in Clerkgburg, Grey College employs instructors who possess knowledge that would be helpful to adventurers seeking to learn more about the tombs they plan to rob. The most dangerous bit of knowledge currently floating around campus, however, has nothing to do with the teachers. Two years ago, a Tenha youth called Umenych enrolled in the college's history program. To gain credibility with his fellows, Umenych showed them an oversized, aged libram he had "liberated" from a partially destroyed wizard's tower as he fled his home city of Calbut during the Stonefist invasion of 582 CY. The book, written in a phonetic transcription of a time-lost Flan tribal tongue, seemed to Umenych

and his friends to have something to do with bound spirits and ancient traditions. The budding scholars hope to translate the entire work in order to gain insight into the "quaint" traditions of the primitive Ur-Flan who once inhabited the land that became Tenh.

This is the height of folly, as the work is actually the infamous *Thrice-Damned Tome of Anashelaq*. By personal order of the Duke of Tenh, the malevolent book had been kept under constant guard by a contingent of sorcerers until those adepts were called to the futile defense of Calbut, where they were slain to a man. A month ago, one of Umenych's amateur translators vanished while at work on the volume, leaving behind the book and scraps of bloody clothing. Umenych covered up the disappearance and is now working more furiously than ever, convinced that the tome soon will reveal some all-important secret.

C2: Great Library of Greyhawk

The Great Library of Greyhawk boasts one of the finest and most complete repositories of books and scrolls in the Flanaess, rivaled only by the Royal Annals of Rel Mord and Enstad's deeply isolationist Nethalion Archive. Its impressive façade, with columns, stairs, and statuary masks the aging bulk of an old Oeridian fort which seemed the perfect spot for the collection in Zagig's day, but is now a dusty, drafty, crumbling mess thanks to the inattention of several previous curators. The library contains books, scrolls, and papers on countless subjects, loosely organized into topics corresponding to the building's six wings (History, Geography, Artistic Studies, Poetry and Literature, Science and Engineering, and everything else, optimistically titled "General").

Each wing is essentially one huge room holding thousands of books arranged in shelves from floor to ceiling. Rickety ladders are situated throughout each room to help patrons access the higher stacks. Tables and chairs stand at the center of each wing, and one or more assistant librarians are usually on hand to help decode the institution's notoriously puzzling coding system and enforce a rigorous code of silence. When not attending to the needs of patrons, these scholars work on volumes of their own, copies of which are added to the collection upon their completion.

The Great Library is open every day from dawn to dusk. Armor and weapons are strictly banned, and anyone caught defacing library property suffers a mandatory term of service in one of the city's more toilsome workgangs. Admission is free, though "Contributing Members" who donate at least 100 gp annually are allowed to take home up to three books at a time for one week. Others must conduct their research on premises.

A well-respected sage known as **Iquander** [LN hm Wiz1] currently manages the affairs of the Great Library as its chief administrator. Iquander keeps



Parties of adventurers often frequent Greyhawk's Great Library.

quarters in a warren of small rooms below the library, but most often can be found manning an impressive desk on a large raised marble platform just inside the building's main entrance. Iquander came to Greyhawk from the Duchy of Urnst a few years ago, on the trail of some elusive bit of arcane lore on behalf of the Society of Sages and Scholars of Nellix Town. He fell in love with Greyhawk's collection, and hasn't left since. Chosen for his position by the previous head librarian prior to that worthy's death, Iquander views the library as the sole living record of the city of Greyhawk (and, to a lesser extent, the Flanaess itself). He sees his role as the protector of that record, a task at which he is occasionally overzealous, redacting certain tomes and doing his best to limit their corruptive impact upon the city's intellectual "canon." Recently eliminated tomes include the entire body of work of the disreputable scholar Estarius Rose, a trilogy of tales of fictional buffoonery featuring a childlike gargoyle puppet, and an odious, notoriously reviled ostensibly humorous history of the construction of Castle Greyhawk known only as *Volume 9222*.

A secret stair behind Iquander's desk leads to the library's much-rumored vaults. Protected by a host of arcane locks and bound outsiders, these vaults contain items considered too dangerous for the wings, and access to them is limited to certain Contributing Members, staff archivists, and a number of dignitaries from the Guild of Wizardry and sundry local

universities. The three vaults feature stone walls and iron doors.

The first vault contains copies of magical tomes, librams, and manuals, access to which is limited since a careful read of these texts often results in their destruction or erasure. Nearly a hundred spellbooks line the shelves here, alongside an impressive collection of arcane and divine scrolls containing both simple and elaborate spells. A special section of this vault contains the writings of Zagig Yragerne, which are highly regarded by Iquander and his scribes. While many point at the former mayor's later writings as evidence of his mounting insanity, the library staff cherishes every word, attempting as best they are able to fit his accounts into their interpretation of the city's history. Their zeal in such endeavors often leads to contradictory, mistaken, or even intentionally misleading Yragerne material being incorporated into otherwise flawless accounts, but this is an indulgence to which most staffers freely admit.

The second vault contains folios of priceless art, including works from outside the Flanaess. Among the collection can be found a voluminous roll of silk known as the Mahling Tapestry, which features a painted account of Suel refugees fleeing west from the Rain of Colorless Fire, a priceless (but aesthetically jarring) feather-painting from southern Hepmonaland, and a bizarre sculpture of pitted metal allegedly discovered on a Ratikkan ship that had gone missing from

Gredep Bay in 543 CY, but that turned up abandoned in Soull in the summer of 578. The sculpture is warm to the touch, and seems to depict a twisted, many-horned humanoid in a position of intense suffering. Once on display at the Performing Artistes' Guildhall (Area A5), the item was considered too offensive to modern sensibilities and locked away here late last year.

Official city records fill the third vault. Ostensibly, tax records and the like are updated every year and only kept for three decades, but the process has been so haphazardly managed that it is possible to find records dating back to the middle of the Third Century. Copies of treaties, records of military strengths and weaknesses, and detailed maps of the undercity and city walls are probably the most valuable items here. Since most of these are kept in loosely organized piles, however, finding a specific item in a reasonable amount of time usually requires a fair amount of divinatory assistance. The detailed admission rosters for the city's gates are the exception to the more or less random organization of the room. Iquander himself posts these to the room's rear wall, which contains all such records dating back five years. Members of the city watch frequently request a look at these documents when attempting to solve a particularly vexing case, but anyone else is absolutely forbidden from tampering with them.

A special locked cabinet in this vault contains a collection of books deemed libelous or scandalous, including a healthy collection of pornographic woodcuts that took the city by storm during the reign of Nerof Gasgal's predecessor. The images are thought to bear certain similarities to the style of Arentol, an artistically inclined now-dead former guildmaster of thieves, though a definite connection was never established. These images are nonetheless extremely popular with the lesser members of Iquander's staff.

DM's Notes: Among the patrons of the Great Library of Greyhawk can be found no shortage of adventurers, who view the library as an excellent source of both information and cash. Those using the library for more than an hour of study may apply a +5 insight bonus to all Knowledge checks made while within the building, and at least one member of the staff has at least passing knowledge (+15) of just about any general area of study. Less studious adventurers consider Iquander's staff a group of dignified fences, as the scholars are more than willing to pay fair value for tomes of historical or cultural significance. Works related to the early days of the Great Kingdom, Nyronid, Furyondy, and Keoland are of primary interest, with the occasional appearance of a pre-cataclysm work being an instance of great celebration (and healthy pay-outs). Anything written by Zagig is considered valuable.

C3: Old Mill

One of Greyhawk's oldest structures, the Old Mill (which gives the Millstream its name) dates back to the days in which Greyhawk was little more than a small trading town. The mill provides about two-thirds of the grain-grinding needs of the city, a task which keeps teams of six millers busy throughout all hours of the day (the New Mill (Area C8) provides the rest). The building has been the site of many fires over the years, and its ancient foundations hold the ashen scars of several such catastrophes.

Though nearly everyone in the city relies upon the efforts of the mill, many deeply resent those who work there due to the unpopularity of the structure's hereditary owners. The Wheatsmill family, among the more affluent of Greyhawk's nobles, have long wielded their dominance of the Millstream as a weapon against the people of Greyhawk, holding the threat of increased prices over the heads of the general populace. It's said that the construction of the New Mill had to be masked as an institution of learning from Lord Wheatsmill, lest he hold the city ransom in opposition to its completion.

The current patriarch, Lord Hevel Wheatsmill, maintains a small but opulent estate in the Garden Quarter (Area G27). Due primarily to old age, he has little true interaction with the mill these days, instead leaving the day-to-day operations to the able **Brenja Longbaker** [LG halfling Exp2], an immigrant from Elmshire who has managed the mill for the past 20 years.

DM's Notes: The influx of refugees following the Greyhawk Wars has led to increased tensions with the mill's workforce. While most grumbling relates to the fact that a higher population demands more work and hopes that the staff and workshops will be increased to compensate, of late a more sinister worry has come to the fore. Some unknown agency has been trying to sabotage mill operations, first by introducing pests into the flour supply and more recently by sending the overnight crew an unmarked package containing an insane, deranged fire mephit. This last attack triggered an explosion that left three workers dead and the entire workforce demoralized. The aged Lord Wheatsmill has done nothing to address the issue.

Material in this article updates information originally presented in *Greyhawk: Gem of the Flanaess*, by Douglas Niles, and *Greyhawk: The Adventure Begins*, by Roger Moore.

Our tour of Clerkborg continues next issue, with looks at the Black Dragon Inn, the University of Magical Arts, and the Free City Arena! ★

Silent Sorcery

THE SILENT ONES OF KEOLAND

by Gary Holian

Illustrations by Kalman Andrasofszky

Most honored lord,

The robbed corpse carried to my study by your men-at-arms was not a spy of the Scarlet Sign. Though this news will surely give you some comfort, perhaps I can entreat you to worry still. A close examination of the body reveals that this was no Suel monk or assassin, but a magus.

You might immediately wonder how this could be....there was no spellbook, no scrolls, no reagents, and no other particulars of art found on his person. But this was no ordinary spellcaster, my lord. He is one of the Silent Ones from the valleys of the Koogh; an agent of the magi who are called "those who must not speak" from across the waters of the Azure. They practice the ancient magicks of the elders and work assiduously to secret them from all others. Were it not for the accident that killed the man outside your palace, he might have gone completely undiscovered until it was too late.

Surely he was sent by his masters this great distance for a reason, and I believe I have surmised it. Do you remember the sword you had me examine last midsummer? It was an ancient blade with a silver and aquamarine pommel. I told you it was forged before the crowning of Mikar and that the runes upon it hinted at some great hidden power [1]. Be rid of it, my lord, I entreat you. It must be the object of their attraction and for that reason so are you. This is attention you do not desire. Where there was one, there are sure to be others. I've included certain excerpts from my tomes which might be of assistance to you. However, by reputation these Silent Ones are relentless and if it is the sword they want, you will find no quarter among them if you desire to keep it.

Rid yourself of the blade and pray they trouble you no more.

*Your Servant,
Shandophal
Elaritch Lord and
Sage of Rell Down
Weabun, 590 CY*

Sorcerers in the Flanaess

While sorcerers have long played a role in the history of the Flanaess, their numbers are fewer than those of wizards, their influence less pervasive. Ancient history, however, suggests that sorcerers were probably more common in the past than they are now. Indeed, anecdotal evidence drawn from the histories of various cultures in the Flanaess implies that sorcerers were likely the dominant practitioners of magic prior to the Great Migrations of the last millennium.

These individuals benefited from innate powers that were quite unlike the rote efforts of modern mages. The Flan believe that ancient sorcerers shared blood with dragons and that this distant kinship was the source of their ability to manipulate magical power. With some variation, this view remains common among the uneducated to this very day. The Suel and Baklunish, on the other hand, were far less superstitious than their neighbors. The former recognized this ability as a fortuitous mutation, while their rivals saw it as the rare seed of a potential spiritual flowering. Both cultures appreciated this gift of sorcery as a commodity to be nurtured or manipulated if need be. Upon the backs of the demiurges who eventually arose from this power, both empires climbed to unequalled heights.

The sagacious Mordenkainen has written in his work, *On the Rise of Magecraft and Modernity*, that the evolution of written wizardry was key to the proliferation of magic among the masses. He theorizes that incantations and other magical formulae were originally developed as teaching tools by such beings as the Suel Mages of Power and Baklunish Sorcerer-Priests to advance the Art in their apprentices. These were, in essence, a mimicry of the magic of these great elders (arts now thought unrecoverable). However, the value of these formulae was quickly exploited by others, particularly after the Twin Cataclysms. Elves and dwarves had learned the power of runes and incantations before even the Suel and Bakluni, but the wandering Oeridian tribes, who lacked powerful magi of their own, were quick to adopt these methods and proliferate them. The ruthless Aerdri were particularly successful. Their nascent battlemages and the potency of their invocations eventually brought large swaths of the Flanaess under their sway. In time, sorcerers became increasingly rare and marginal figures. Even today, the Sorcerers' Nexus in Rel Astra and perhaps the Guild of Wizardry in the Free City of Greyhawk are among the few places outside the Baklunish northwest where sorcerers can be found in any significant numbers.

This article presents one order, however, where sorcerers still dominate the membership. They are the Silent Ones of the Sheldomar Valley.

Those Who Must Not Speak

The Silent Ones are a guild of mysterious spellcasters who hail from the Sheldomar Valley in the Flanaess. They are an eldritch order of ascetics dedicated to

uncovering and safe-guarding ancient secrets of magic and arcane history. The Silent Ones are often called "Those Who Must Not Speak," a phrase roughly translated from their original name in the ancient tongue of their Suel ancestors. Their more common sobriquet derives primarily from the name of their central meeting place which from ancient times has been called the Silent Tower. Their dedication to secrecy and the inscrutability of their actions has only served to give the appellation more weight. Indeed, the Silent Ones are often assumed to be mute by those unfamiliar with them, though this is by no means the case. Many whisper that they are trained mentalists as well as sorcerers, going even so far as to claim they can communicate telepathically and can read the minds of others. Such rumors remain unproven, though the Silent Ones have done little to dispel such idle talk.

The Silent Ones are nominally servants of the Keoish Throne, however no actual authority can be exercised upon them by that crown that is not explicitly given to it by age-old writs. The Silent Ones still enforce certain prohibitions against the use of powerful sorcery in the kingdom, though such interdiction have become increasingly rare. More commonly, the members of the guild act as sages and teachers to noble houses throughout the Sheldomar Valley, not unlike the role played by the Eldritch Lords of the Aerdri in centuries past [2]. The order is often sought out by the high and mighty for counsel and while rarely cryptic in their responses, the Silent Ones are very circumspect about what they reveal and will refuse knowledge they deem dangerous.

The Silent Ones are found in greatest numbers in Keoland, particularly in the north, the ancestral lands of the Neheli. They are few in number, believed to total a few hundred full-fledged members at the present time. Their numbers appear to decrease with every passing winter, though at one time, many centuries ago, it is said they totaled more than a thousand aspirants. Most Silent Ones are chosen to join the order as youths, though later supplicants are taken on rare occasions. Given the deterioration of the order in recent times, it is no longer unheard of for an established sorcerer or mage to become a candidate and be trained in their ways. These practices include some of their most closely guarded secrets.

The Silent Ones' grasp of the underpinnings of magic is considered to be without parallel in the Flanaess, though they are viewed with widespread apprehension and suspicion by friends and foes alike. Their knowledge of the secret times following the Great Migrations and the founding of the modern kingdoms of the Flanaess is also extensive, though much of it is shrouded in rumor and legend. While they are generally beheld with great awe and reverence by the peasantry of the Sheldomar Valley, this view is not universally shared. Some of the most outspoken decry them as menaces and soft-spoken vigilantes. The Shadow-Sage [3] once wryly referred to the Silent Ones in a letter to the Society of Magi in



Uhas of Neheli

Greyhawk as "those who protect a great secret, the nature of which they no longer know."

History of the Order

Most of what is widely known about the Silent Ones has been gleaned from the *Chronicle of Secret Times*. This work was penned by Uhas of Neheli, an obscure scholar who once served the Keoish royal court at Santhmor during the age widely referred to as the Slumbering. Fragments of the book have been copied numerous times and are widely distributed for their scandalous and sometimes lurid prose. The work purports to be an account of the early history of the migrating Suel Houses following the Rain of Colorless Fire. It is littered with rumor and innuendo and has often been painted as the ravings of a madman. It would perhaps not be taken so seriously were it not for the vociferousness with which it has been denounced and for the fact that Uhas of Neheli was himself once a member of the Silent Ones, if a faithless one.

The official history is well known, even though it lacks detail and is often idealized. When the Suel tribes first emerged into the Sheldomar Valley, the major noble houses settled the land quickly and peacefully under the guidance of their seers. These were ostensibly gifted individuals who were former apprentices of the Mages of Power. These sorcerers acted as sages and wise men for the migrants and soon banded together to form of a society to protect their secrets. The noble houses

proceeded to build a vast kingdom in union with their newfound allies, the Oeridians of the tribe of Keogh and the demihumans of the valley. These races combined to defeat the remnants of Vecna's Empire and drive the iniquitous Flan survivors to the fringes of the valley before settling into centuries of peaceful and noble rule.

According to the *Chronicle of Secret Times*, however, the real nobility of these events was somewhat questionable. The various Suel tribes fought amongst each other for dominance almost immediately upon entering the Flanaess. Many of the lesser tribes such as the Zelrad were driven out of the valley entirely, to settle elsewhere [4]. The Rhola and Neheli went their separate ways, settling different stretches of the Sheldomar River. The *Chronicle* speaks of a secret bargain that was struck with the

Whispered One to the north, negotiated by the seers of the Neheli, which involved mutual aid and information in exchange for a truce. Only the sudden fall of the Arch-Lich failed to bring the pact to fruition, allowing the Neheli to claim a bloodless victory over the dark lord. They proceeded to ally with the migrating Oeridians of the tribe of Keogh who had become enemies of Vecna. The Neheli kept secret the dark pact

and watched idly as the Oeridians swept south from the Fals Gap and settled large swaths of the central plains where lesser Suel tribes had staked a claim. Only when the skirmishes threatened to draw the Rhola into a large-scale conflict did the Neheli step in to propose a great compromise at the Council of Niolo Dra. The Malhel, a small though powerful noble house, refused to give quarter to the other Suel houses or to depart the Sheldomar Valley as did the other lesser houses who disagreed with the Neheli and Rhola. According to the *Chronicle*, the seers of the Malhel stood apart from their brethren, refusing to pledge themselves and join "Those Who Must Not Speak," the guild of sorcerers serving all the houses. Uhas speculates that the order was really founded on the cynical attempt to keep secret from the Oeridians aspects of Suel magic and history they didn't want them to have. So much for alliances of mutual respect. The indignant Malhel eventually struck, unleashing powerful magicks and abominations upon the land, killing thousands of settlers. They were finally driven deep into the Dreadwood by a combined host of men and demihumans where the legends say they were eventually consumed by their own vileness. In the aftermath, "Those Who Must Not Speak" were given broad authority to restrain access to sorcery in the kingdom and to stop those who would unleash death and destruction on the citizenry. A populace whose grandparents still remembered the terrors of the Rain of Colorless Fire willingly embraced the stewardship of the Silent Ones to protect them from the evils of unbridled sorcery.

And so the power of the Silent Ones waxed over the

centuries that followed, as their role evolved from advisors and wise men to teachers of magic to the nobility and wardens of sorcery. Freemages, priests, and other suspicious spellcasters in their view became witches and outlaws that needed to be contained. Agents of the Silent Ones spent the next two centuries either burying or vouchsafing the lost magic of the Sheldomar Valley. So complete was the task, that nearly all remnants of the Empire of Vecna in the north were eradicated or entombed and warded. Though subtle, their interference became pervasive in certain segments of Keoish society.

The rise of Tavish the Great in the late 3rd Century CY, finally broke the tight hold that the Silent Ones held over the magical arts in the Sheldomar Valley. The brash young Tavish envied the might of the Aerdi Empire (which was then near its apex) as much as he reviled the stagnancy of his own kingdom. Tavish attributed this primarily to the pervasive superstition which prevented Keoland from fielding the magical power of its neighbors and he vowed to bring this stupor to an end. In a sweeping series of edicts, he lifted many magical prohibitions over the objections of the Silent Ones and their allies among the nobles. An academy of wizardry was founded in Niolo Dra to produce war wizards for Tavish's armies. The king's son and successor, Tavish II (known as the Blackguard) consolidated these changes, further marginalizing the role of the Silent Ones by abolishing the advisory post traditionally held by the Wyrd of the Tower and appointing his own court wizard. A thirty year underground conflict broke out between both magical guilds which only ended with the death of Tavish II in 395 CY.

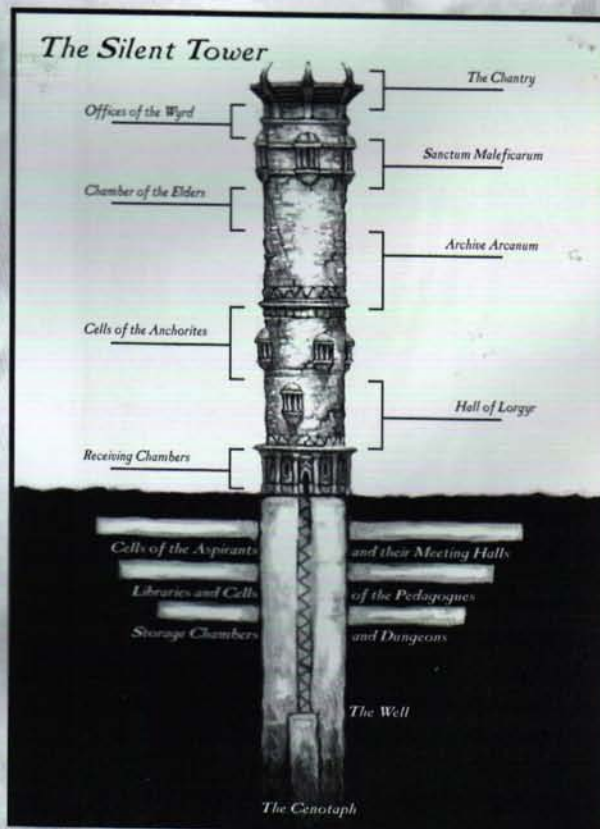
Nemonhas, the young scion of House Neheli was elected that summer in Niolo Dra to replace the hated monarch. However, the nobleman refused to appear before his peers and balked at the thought of assuming the Throne of the Lion, deciding instead to reveal his intention to join the order of the Silent Ones as an aspirant. The Court of the Land was in an uproar. No king had ever turned down the throne before in the history of the kingdom. The nobles were uncertain how to handle the chaos surrounding this apparent affront. Many accused the Silent Ones of orchestrating the whole matter to restore their influence and some of the Oeridian margraves cast the sorcerers out of their households. Still, Nemonhas was king, though he would not serve. So after much debate the Council elected Duke Luschan Sellark (a cousin of Tavish within House Rhola) to a regency to serve in his place. Nemonhas retreated to the secrecy of the Silent Tower and was seldom seen thereafter.

Very little information has escaped the order since those days. In the last two centuries, as their numbers have declined, so has the breadth of their exploits. Whether there is another Uhas ready to reveal what he knows, who is to say? Interestingly, history does not record exactly what became of the real Uhas of Neheli in the final years of his life (which reportedly culminated during the reign of Jillum the Mad). It is widely rumored in Niolo Dra society that he was spirited away from his home one night, had his tongue and fingers riven off, and then was walled up in a cell in the Silent Tower never to be heard from again. At least that is the tale most often told Keoish schoolchildren who cannot hold still their tongues.

The Silent Tower

The Silent, or Lonely Tower as it is sometimes called, is an eerie spire erupting from the ground on a flat featureless plain located less than a day's ride south of Niolo Dra. An architectural wonder, the Tower of Silence seems an alien structure, defying the laws of sensibility. Rising from the ground without any base or support, like the trunk of a great tree, the tower soars hundreds of feet, two and three times the height of the tallest spires of Niolo Dra. It completely and totally dominates the lands that surround it and is visible for many miles on approach.

The Silent Ones simply refer to it as the "Tower."



Map by Sam Wood



Mohrgyr the Old

No mage who casts eyes upon it can deny the fact that it would be nearly impossible to construct today, since great sorcery was no doubt required during its construction. Legends abound as to its origins and the blue-grey stone that composes it has no counterpart in more than a thousand miles. The *Chronicle of Secret Times* makes it quite clear that the tower was here before the Neheli and their Seers arrived in the valley, implying that it was not constructed by them [5]. Reportedly, the interior of the tower is honey-combed with scores of small cells clustered around a central shaft which descends from the top of the spire down into the depths of the earth.

The writings of Uhas of Neheli suggest a broad complex beneath the ground that is of more recent construction. It is also broken up into cells and connected by a warren of tunnels. The cells primarily house the aspirants, many of which are children of scarcely ten winters. Here they are taught the ways of the Silent Ones and obedience to the Tower. Some of these cells are also used as quarters by the lesser anchorites of the tower and the rest are said to contain collections of the rarest books and scrolls in the Flanaess, some of which have not seen the light of day since the collapse of the Great Empires. Artifacts and relics of most import to the order are reportedly hidden in the upper reaches of the tower in a windowless collection of rooms called the Sanctum Maleficarum. Only the seniormost Silent Ones may approach these rooms. Those chambers near the base of the tower are completely devoid of such items and are the only ones in which visitors are received.

The Tower has only been attacked once in its history, when the sorcerers of the Suel House of Malhel attempted to sack it during the first century of the migrations. Uhas writes that they were able to make off with a great many artifacts and ancient scrolls before they were driven off, but the true nature of these items has never been catalogued. Since those times, the Tower has never been knowingly breached and the kings of Keoland have given it a wide berth with almost no exceptions [6]. The River Road to Segor is preferred by most southerly traffic from Nirole Dra. The Tower Road, which passes within a thousand feet of this edifice at its closest, is avoided by most. It is only traveled by those seeking knowledge from the Silent Ones, those who have business with the Wyrd of the Tower, or those who don't have sense enough to know better.



Eli Tomorast, the Vermillion Queen, and Vontok, Lord of Elder Elements

The Wyrd

The Silent Ones have no known hierarchy, save for one office. The undisputed leader of the society is known as the Wyrd of the Tower, who serves as a sort of abbot for the order and ultimate caretaker of its secrets. Currently, this leader is **Mohrgyr the Old** [N hm Wiz10/Sill0], generally thought to be the most powerful wizard in the Sheldomar Valley, at least by reputation. Rumors place him as over two centuries old, perhaps more, though this is not widely believed by anyone save the most superstitious in the valley. Mohrgyr has held the office for more than five decades and he is as mysterious as any secret hidden by the order. It is well known that the officeholder of the Wyrd changes names with some regularity even when the position is held by the same man, further confusing the matter. Certain wags in Niolo Dra continue to propagate the rumor that Mohrgyr the Old (formerly Lorghin the Sagacious) is in fact none other than Nemonhas of Neheli. Whether Mohrgyr the Old is indeed the former king who spurned the crown is entirely unproven, but fear and respect is shown to him on the rarest occasions that he is spied in Niolo Dra.

Enemies of the Silent Ones

The Silent Ones have few if any allies of note. Only a few groups, such as the rangers of the Dreadwood (known as the Dreadwalkers) and certain elements of the Old Faith, share any sympathies with them. While

the Silent Ones have an ongoing distaste for the activities of Freemages and other magical guilds, this does not amount to true enmity. Agents and allies of the Circle of Eight as well as the Mage of the Valley, for example, are viewed with particular aversion and usually will be avoided at all costs. Indeed, the Vale of the Mage is considered off limits. Only the following groups have made true enemies of the Silent Ones:

The Seekers: The Seekers are a loose-knit society of adventuring scholars and explorers who hunt ancient secrets and magic, often for personal gain and profit. The Seekers have become something of a nuisance to the Silent Ones over the last two centuries, as the two societies have often butted heads contending for the same items. The Seekers have as a particular goal the desire to locate and secure ancient artifacts and relics of a unique nature. In the opinion of the Silent Ones, these are items best left undisturbed, even destroyed if need be, lest they fall into the wrong hands.

Most of the Seekers gather together only in the various clubhouses established by members of the order (often personal residences). These clubhouses are located in far flung cities such as Gradsul, Greyhawk, Irongate, and Rel Astra. They often operate as small drinking houses containing overblown libraries and maprooms, where information (both fact and rumor) is exchanged and digested. Some Seekers share sympathies with the Skeptics of Nellix Town and often share their company in the home of **Marius of Seltaren** [NG hm

Brd12], who along with the former Seer of Urnst were high ranking members of the order in that nation. The fall of longtime Seeker-turned-renegade, **Eli Tomorast** [CE hm Wiz17] and his quest for the *Tome of the Black Heart*, is still the talk of the order there and remains a cautionary tale. His murder of two agents of the Silent Ones has only deepened the order's enmity towards the Seekers.

Prominent Seekers in the Sheldomar Valley include **Lashton of Grayhill** [LN hm Wiz19] (magical councilor to the King of Keoland), who has made it a personal goal to pierce the secrets of the lost tower of Valadis in the Dreadwood over the objections of the Silent Ones. The Seekers also have patrons among the Sellarks of Gradsul. One **Tibarian Matreyus** [LN hm Ftr11] of Gradsul was sponsored by the Seekers in his recent expedition to the Amedio Jungle in the hopes of recovering lost artifacts of the Suel, though that ultimately proved a failure [7]. Rumors have it that **Baron Malweig of Dilwych** [CN hm Ftr8/Brd7] was once a member of the order in his youth, but he discovered a secret so fantastic that it drove him nearly to insanity. Some of the Seekers suggest, on the contrary, that he was driven to this condition by the Silent Ones in order to hide this very knowledge (members of the Seekers still visit him on occasion in an attempt to crack his mystery).

The Scarlet Brotherhood: The Scarlet Brotherhood (described extensively in the product *The Scarlet Brotherhood* and elsewhere) are by recent terms a new menace in the Flanaess. Though their existence was discovered only in 573 CY, their history is as ancient as that of the Silent Ones and there has been implicit enmity between these two orders for over a millennium. However, it is only until recently that the two groups have begun to actively clash. Legends in the *Chronicle of Secret Times* reveal that the forebears of the Silent Ones were instrumental in casting out the Scarlet Brotherhood from the ancient Imperium of the Suel, shortly before the Rain of Colorless Fire destroyed that civilization. This runs counter to the self-serving history the Brotherhood have concocted for themselves, which the Sheldomar Valley settlers consider a perversion of ancient Suel ideals. As the Silent Ones are the only ones who might expose them, the leaders of the Scarlet Sign have marked them for eradication.

Since the Scarlet Brotherhood first emerged from the self-imposed isolation two decades ago, they have quickly become aware of the amount of powerful magic lost in the Flanaess. This is magic that might be used to help them dominate the Flanaess and refashion a Suel Imperium in their own image. To this end, the Scarlet Brotherhood has been sending agents and spies across the Flanaess to seek out this magic and recover it by any means necessary. The Silent Ones have slowly become apprised of this plan and are moving discreetly against them, lest some great artifact or relic fall into their vile hands. Many within the order believe that Brotherhood

activity in Keoland is controlled by the **Vermillion Queen**, a person of unknown identity believed to be a secretive Suel noblewoman who is a mastermind in both politics and the assassin's art. Since their invasion of the Hold of the Sea Princes, the Scarlet Brotherhood has learned the details of the fall of House Malhel and of the potential of recovering their lost sorcery. In response, the Silent Ones have provided secret support for the retaking of Westkeep by the Keoish crown in the hopes of keeping large-scale Brotherhood activity out of the Hool Marshes and the Dreadwood. A clandestine struggle has erupted between both sides and the shrouded race to recover the lost magic of the region has begun.

Degenerate Cults and Adventuring Orders: The Scarlet Brotherhood is probably the best known group opposed to the Silent Ones, but there are others. These include the Sons of Marchanter, based out of the independent town of Melkot in the Tors. Recently, a member of the Sons (undoubtedly a spy) was uncovered trying to gain access to the Tower. He committed suicide before he could be extensively questioned, but the event was of enough concern for the Wyrd of the Tower to dispatch agents to the town of Melkot to investigate.

Elemental Cults going by names such as the Cult of the Black Flame, Cult of the Earth Dragon, Lords of the Elder Elements, and various followers of the so-called Princes of Elemental Evil also have become foes of the Silent Ones. These cults have as a collective goal the release and deification of certain ancient evil beings, abominations long thought driven from Oerth. Their efforts are viewed by the Silent Ones as perverse and dangerous. The recent events near the village of Hommllet in Verbobonc are often cited as an example of the potential threat to humanity which cannot go ignored.

The relatively new development of "colleges" of so-called Dustdiggers, state-sanctioned Yeoman plunderers of tombs and ruins (including those on the fringes of the Sea of Dust), has driven certain Silent Ones to near apoplectic fits of frustration. The diggers seek to discover lost knowledge and wealth for largely personal gains, a goal the Silent Ones view as dangerous and selfish opportunism. A cadre of Wanderers observes one of the centers of Dustdigger activity in the town of Dark Gate, near the entrance to Slerotin's Passage.

Finally, the Cult of Vecna (also known as The Hand and Eye Sect) are enemies of the Silent Ones. There is, of course, the natural disdain such a cult would have for those who claim to have brought low the Whispered One a millenium ago. However, more than a century ago it became rumored that the artifacts known as the *Hand and Eye of Vecna* were kept at the Silent Tower. Though this later proved to be untrue, followers of the cult continued attempts to penetrate the tower in order to gain knowledge of the former empire of their lord. Though they had little success, a century of conflict has made the two groups sworn foes.

Silent Ones in the Campaign

The Silent Ones make excellent foils for players in Greyhawk campaigns, particularly those of high level. When the Suel emerged into the Flanaess, they brought with them a great deal of magic salvaged from the Old Imperium. Much of this magic was lost in the first century after the migrations and was dispersed across the Flanaess and buried. This was in addition to the magic and other bibelot lost by the Ancient Flan and stomped into the earth by the march of the Aerdi and other Oeridian tribes. From time to time, this magic or knowledge of it surfaces in treasure troves, lost tombs, and other uncovered caches. Where the discovery is particularly sensitive or unique, the Silent Ones (and their enemies) might become involved. This can lead to scenarios in which PCs are directly confronted by these factions, either before or while in the process of recovering some items. This can lead to an alliance with the Silent Ones or a conflict with them. Or, the Silent Ones can gain knowledge that some particular item of interest was already recovered and seek out those who have retrieved it, either to examine the item or bargain for its possession. On rare occasions they have hired groups of adventurers to perform tasks needed by the society to accomplish some greater goal. In such cases, the Silent Ones will reveal only the information needed to accomplish the task, often leaving their agents in the dark about the greater purpose of their actions.

End Notes:

1. The blade in question is an ancient Suel weapon known as *Vilharian*. It was first wielded by the hero Sellanus of House Zelrad during the Great Migrations (who reportedly lost it in a duel with the Prince of Swords near present day Cryllor). It soon fell into the hands of the Rhola of Gradsul where it remained a prized possession of the scions of that house for centuries (many of whom are followers of Kelanen). Reportedly, *Vilharian* slipped from the hands of Tavish III into the muck surrounding Westkeep during the siege of 453 CY. It was recovered by one of the captains of the brigands, but was believed lost forever a few years later with the sinking of *The Sea Prince* during the Battle of Jetsom Island. The sword has not been seen since.

The blade is a +5 longsword with an unusual "bane-like" ability against spellcasters. Reportedly the sword can control the weather for short distances (within 1,000 feet) as well as render its bearer invulnerable to fire and ice. If the rumors prove true and the blade is also intelligent, it would have extensive knowledge about the Great Migrations as well as an insider's account of the history of the Kingdom of Keoland. The Silent Ones would care little about the blade's magic, but they could never allow *Vilharian's* knowledge to fall into the wrong hands.

2. The Eldritch Lords of the Aerdi, who were once based in Rauxes, moved their headquarters to Rel Deven with the rise of Ivid I in the last century. They completely severed their ties with the Malachite Throne by the time of the reign of Ivid V and now only maintain close ties with the celestial houses of Cranden and Garasteth. They have tentatively accepted overtures from Grand Prince Xavener to resume their role as advisors of the court, now at Kalstrand.

3. The Shadow-Sage is widely recognized in wizardly circles as something of an enigma. His letters began appearing about 25 winters ago and have since been widely circulated among the various magical guilds of the Flanaess. His (or her?) identity remains a secret as well as the place he calls home. However, his anonymity has allowed the Shadow-Sage to illuminate mysteries of magic and history as well as reveal the secrets of the high and mighty with impunity. Many suspect the sage of being the Grey Seer of Nyronnd, the Fiend-Sage of Rel Astra, or even Mordenkainen (though the last is doubted, given the skewering the Circle of Eight received in a missive two years ago). So far no one has exposed him and his missives continue to arrive in a dozen or more cities of the Flanaess with regularity.

4. After an arduous journey across the Flanaess, the Suel of House Zelrad were welcomed into the ancient and decaying Kingdom of Queen Ehliisa, which was later conquered by the Aerdi to become the South Province of the Great Kingdom. Though there are few if any pure bloods there now, the Suel strain is still strong to this day.

5. There is a portion of the Silent Tower mentioned in only a handful of the most rare and complete copies of Uhas' text. It is submerged beneath the lowest levels of the tower, below even the extensive cellars carved into the rock surrounding the base of the tower. There, according to the legends, the depths of the spire plunge into a well that the Silent Ones call the Cenotaph. Uhas writes that even the Silent Ones will not go there, though he did not say why. Perhaps the perfidious sage did not know, or there are things even he was unwilling to reveal.

6. The Silent Tower was once blockaded during the reign of Mandros the Oeridian, when the order refused his demand that they march into the Dreadwood with his armies and pacify the forest. The Dreadwalkers (officially commissioned by Lorgyr the Seer decades earlier) and elves of the forest supported the Silent Ones, but Mandros was adamant. While the tower was never attacked, The Tower Road was blocked from the north and south for almost two years before the king relented.

7. More on this tale can be found in "The Green Nightmare" by Roger Moore, a document found on

THE SILENT ONE

TABLE CLASS LEVEL	BASE ATTACK BONUS	FORT SAVE	REF SAVE	WILL SAVE	SPECIAL	SPELLS PER DAY
1	+0	+0	+0	+2	+1 save vs. magic, identify 1/day	+1 level of existing class
2	+1	+0	+0	+3	Silent Spell	+1 level of existing class
3	+1	+1	+1	+3	+2 save vs. magic, identify 2/day	+1 level of existing class
4	+2	+1	+1	+4	Still Spell	+1 level of existing class
5	+2	+1	+1	+4	+3 save vs. magic, Tap the Archive Arcanum 1/day	+1 level of existing class
6	+3	+2	+2	+5	Rune of Regulation	+1 level of existing class
7	+3	+2	+2	+5	+4 save vs. magic, Cancellation Touch 1/day	+1 level of existing class
8	+4	+2	+2	+6	Mask of Cymius	+1 level of existing class
9	+4	+3	+3	+6	+5 save vs. magic	+1 level of existing class
10	+5	+3	+3	+7	Spell Clone	+1 level of existing class

many Greyhawk-themed Web sites.

Silent Ones (Prestige Class)

Silent Ones are members of a mysterious and ancient order of spellcasters based in the Sheldomar Valley of the Flanaess. They seek out lost magical lore and forever lock it from would-be abusers. In their vaunted libraries in the Lonely Tower, the Silent Ones guard countless secrets regarding pre-Cataclysms history, the Great Migrations, and the evolution of magical theory from the dawn of time to the present day.

The order can be broken down into two distinct branches: cloistered disciples known as Anchorites of the Tower and roving adherents known as Wanderers. The former spend most of their lives steeped in study and contemplation, often guarding places of magical power or conducting research important to the order. Often sought out as sages, they will exchange knowledge for information that does not violate their trust. Some serve as advisors or seers in various noble courts, but their ultimate allegiance is always to the order. Wanderers, on the other hand, actively seek out ancient magicks and mysteries to protect from exploitation. They often travel in groups of three, or attach themselves to adventuring bands (since the abandoned tombs

and keeps that so often capture the attention of thrillseekers also happen to hold the type of magic Silent Ones work to keep from dangerous hands and minds).

The Silent Ones usually accomplish their goals through subterfuge and manipulation, but it is not unheard of for the members of the order to act swiftly, even ruthlessly. They are neither good nor evil, seeing their role as above petty morality. Their ethics tend to the lawful, though they will interpose themselves against anyone to protect their interests, taking whatever actions are deemed necessary.

The bulk of the order is made up of sorcerers, who by their very nature have internalized magical processes to the point at which they cannot be stolen or corrupted by the uninitiated. Among the ranks of the Anchorites are found several wizards, whose penchant for study and research make them the perfect archivists. Bards are increasingly popular among the Wanderers, their greatest performances being private tales told to superiors within the walls of the Tower of Silence. Loremasters rarely become Silent Ones, as their focus on discovering magic for personal improvement is seen as antithetical to the beliefs of order, which hold that some such knowledge should be buried forever from

the ken of man.

Silent Ones usually dress in drab cassocks, with grey and brown being most typical. They eschew armor and weapons save the simplest of implements, such as a staff or dagger. Outside the Tower of Silence, Silent Ones rarely carry dangerous spells (on scrolls or in spellbooks) or easily corrupted magical items, so as to better avoid their secrets falling into the hands of the uninitiated. In fact, Silent Ones believe that they do not truly "own" their magical items at all, but rather hold them in trust until they are destroyed (if evil or dangerous) or deposited in the Tower. When artifacts or other great items of magic are carried they are very well protected.

Hit Die: d4.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Silent One, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

Membership: Silent Ones are pledged to the tenets of the order and must submit to the authority of the Tower.

Race: Human (primarily of Suel descent; half-elves and Oeridians are rarely accepted)

Spellcasting: Ability to prepare arcane spells without need for a spellbook.

Gather Information: 4 ranks

Knowledge (arcana): 8 ranks

Knowledge (history): 4 ranks

Knowledge (religion): 4 ranks

Spellcraft: 10 ranks

Language: Must speak Ancient Suel

Feats: Spell Focus (Divination)

Alignment: Lawful neutral or neutral

Class Skills

The Silent Ones' class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Alchemy (Int), Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (history) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Scry (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spellcraft (Int).

Skill points at each level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Silent Ones prestige class.

Spellcasting: A Silent One continues training in magic both in the field and within the forlorn chambers of the Lonely Tower. Thus, when a new Silent One level is gained, the character gains new spells per day as if he had gained a level in an arcane spellcasting class he belonged to before he added the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefit a character of that class would have gained (such as metamagic or item

creation feats, bardic knowledge, and so on). This essentially means that he adds the level of Silent One to the level of whatever other spellcasting class the character has, then determines spells per day accordingly. For example, if Felduthar, a 12th-level sorcerer, gains a level as a Silent One, he gains new spells as if he had risen to 13th level as a sorcerer, but uses the other Silent One aspects of level progression such as base attack bonus and save bonus. If he next gains a level as a sorcerer, making him a 13th-level sorcerer/1st-level Silent One, he gains spells as if he had risen to 14th level as a sorcerer.

If a character had more than one arcane spellcasting class before he became a Silent One, he must decide to which class he adds each level of Silent One for purposes of determining spells per day when he adds the new level.

Saving Throw Bonus vs. Magic: Their knowledge of the workings of magical formulae allows Silent Ones to have a greater chance of success to avoid the effects of magical spells and spell-like effects. This is reflected by an insight bonus to all saves made against magical effects at 1st level that increases by +1 for every two levels the Silent One gains (+1 at 1st level, +2 at 3rd level, +3 at 5th level, and so on).

Identify (Sp): Initiation into the ranks of the Silent Ones involves hours of hands-on study in rooms filled with magical artificé. Silent Ones learn a secret internalized ritual that allows them to learn the single most basic function of a given magic item simply by holding it in their hands and concentrating. Only one item may be examined at a time, and there is no material component for the attempt. Identifying a magic item in this manner counts as a standard action. The ability is otherwise identical to the *identify* spell (PH p. 216).

Silent Spell: At 2nd level, a Silent One gains Silent Spell as a bonus feat.

Still Spell: At 4th level, a Silent One gains Still Spell as a bonus feat.

Tap the Archive Arcanum (Sp): A Silent One may enter a meditative state to contact the Archive Arcanum, a mysterious psychic repository of knowledge compiled since the earliest days of the order. The enigmatic archivists speak in cryptic phrasings, however, and an answer to a specific query is seldom straightforward. This effect is identical to casting *legend lore*, save that there is no material component. As with a *legend lore*, physical handling of an object related to the query makes for speedier results. Entering the trance is a standard action that may be used once per day.

Rune of Regulation (Sp): Once per day as a standard action, a Silent One may trace a rune upon a single magic item, nullifying all of that item's magical abilities until such time as the rune is removed. Such runes of regulation, as they are known, are plainly visible, and may be removed at will by any member of the order (this is usually done only in the hidden sanctums of the Lonely Tower). Like *bestow curse*, the rune of regulation cannot be dispelled, but it can be

removed with a *break enchantment*, *limited wish*, *miracle*, *remove curse*, or *wish* spell. This ability does not function on artifacts.

Cancellation Touch (Su): Once per day as a standard action, a Silent One may drain the abilities of a magical item by touch. The item touched gets a Will saving throw (DC 19). If a creature is holding it at the time, the attempt provokes an attack of opportunity and the item can use the holder's Will save bonus in place of its own if the holder's is better. This ability does not function on artifacts.

Mask of Cymius (Su): Sometimes, a Silent One must use subterfuge to enter an enemy's lair or escape undetected from some theft of magical artifice. In these cases, members of the order turn to the lessons of Cymius, a great Silent One who during the Slumbering managed to liberate the *Talons of Athuselah* from the Dire Conclave in Port Toli's fetid undercity. Beginning at 8th level, Silent Ones may *change self* at will. Silent Ones of 8th level or higher can see through the *change self* effects of other Silent Ones using this ability.

Spell Clone (Su): Only the most experienced Silent Ones can attempt a Spell Clone. By observing the completed casting of a spell in their presence, the Silent One attempts to determine the magical formulae used by another caster and approximate it. Upon observing a cast arcane spell and making a successful Spellcraft check (DC 11 + the spell's caster level), the Silent One may cast the observed spell upon his next action. The caster of the original spell must be within 30 ft. of the Silent One at the time of the original casting. If the opportunity to cast the Spell Clone is not taken upon the Silent One's next action, the opportunity is lost. In the case of a multiple-use spell (such as *monster summoning* or *Otiluke's freezing sphere*), only (the observed application of this spell can be cloned).

A Silent One may Spell Clone up to 8 levels of arcane spells per day.

Three Silent Ones

Turgin Ilhane (Sor5/Sil9), Wanderer
(Align LN; Str 12, Dex 9, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 15, Chr 19)

Turgin Ilhane's life is perhaps typical of a fully vested agent of the Silent Ones. He was born near Woodsage in Sayre to a prominent family and was taught magic as a youth under the tutelage of the Baron's high seer. There he was first brought to the attention of the Silent Ones, though none could miss his pleasing face, silvery blonde hair and frosty blue eyes. In his younger years, Turgin spent his time exploring the depths of the Dreadwood with a party of adventurers based in Daerwald. An encounter with a mysterious device constructed by the ancient Malhel to ward a cache of magical scrolls left him with the silvery scar on his right cheek that he bears to this day. Turgin officially joined the order twenty winters ago, following a

difficult quest to destroy the vile scrolls. After spending many years in arduous training in the tower, he was assigned to Wanderer Cederastor of Neheli, in whose company he later learned more about the ways the Silent Ones.

Turgin is now based out of Gradsul and spends more than nine-tenths of the year away from the Silent Tower, much of it in his hovel above a tavern in that city's dock quarter. He is a moody man, given to bouts of pronounced irritability, and though he has attracted many would-be apprentices in awe of his strong presence, he has turned all of them away, preferring the solitude. He has, however, developed a network of agents in the south, where he has been charged with uncovering plots against the interests of the Silent Ones. He has made the acquaintance of the Archmage Drawmij, who has no friendship for the Silent Ones but can be counted on in matters that threaten Keoland. Turgin is considered an expert on the environs of the Dreadwood and the recent activities of the Scarlet Brotherhood there. Of great concern to him at the moment is the large-scale logging being conducted by the duke of Gradsul in the forest's northeastern verges to supply the works for the new fleet at Sanduchar. Rumors last month of mass death at one of the logging camps has made him determined to go beyond simple inquiries and investigate the matter personally.

Lotakal the Caretaker (Brd10/Sil5), Wanderer
(Align N; Str 9, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 15, Chr 18)

To the Silent Ones, among the most despised abuses of magical lore are the creation of artificial life and the summoning of creatures from other planes of existence. While the order punishes these life-giving scientists and summoners with efficient zeal, they are more charitable toward their creations. While powerful outsiders are banished or killed immediately, weaker extra-planar entities who cannot return home under their own power and soulless, innocent homunculi are often entrusted to Lotakal the Caretaker. A kind-hearted young Wanderer, Lotakal maintains a most unusual orphanage known as the Wretchedery south of Daerwald on the border of the Barony of Raya.

As a girl of eight years, the vibrant and energetic Lotakal abandoned her troubled home in Silglin in preference for the fey creatures she often encountered when venturing into the dark glades of the Dreadwood. There she stayed for six years, finally returning to her estranged family wise beyond her years, rife with sylvan lore and flush with the enchanting songs of the faun and korred. She soon sought instruction at the Lonely Tower, but abandoned its confines shortly after her initiation, returning to the forested canopy under which she had lived most of her life.

Though Lotakal has advanced quickly in the arts of the Silent Ones, her lack of interest in achieving the discipline needed by the higher ranks may keep her where she is for some time. Indeed, that's exactly her



Turgin Ilhane, Lotakal the Caretaker, and Zenu Lorca.

plan. She loves caring for the strange creatures of the Wretchery, and treats each as a favored child. Lotakal understands that her work is controversial even among her fellow Silent Ones, and hence teaches her charges that their sanctuary is special, unique, and a secret well worth keeping. Though she occasionally confers with those who seek forest lore, she seldom allows those she does not trust to come within a mile of the Wretchery.

Zenu Lorca (Sor7/Sif10), Anchorite of the Tower (Align N; Str 6, Dex 11, Con 8, Int 15, Wis 17, Chr 20)

Though an aberration among his relatives in a minor noble family distantly related to Duke Cedrian of Dorlin, Zenu Lorca's blindness and albinism make him fit in well among the elders of the Silent Ones. Though few among his Neheli family expected the feeble Zenu to survive childhood, he persevered and showed great sorcerous aptitude in his early years. Before his tenth year, the keen child was abandoned to the Lonely Tower to study at the feet of the Silent Ones.

Zenu took to their ways instantly and has spent the last seven decades in service to the order, mostly in his apartments in the Silent Tower. A crippling disease prevented him from any travel and exploration, so he concentrated on close study of ancient texts and personal experimentation. He is now a sage and a teacher, primarily of aspirants of the order, since most nobility are noticeably uncomfortable around him. Zenu has particular expertise in the sciences of the elements and

is said to have written a tome on elemental cosmology. He is also one of the order's most learned savants on the subject of evil cults and other abominations which haunt the past of the Flanaess. He often is consulted on these matters by even the most senior members of the Silent Ones, especially since his successful identification of the Abhorrence at Ayr, which had confounded the order for months.

Contrary to the attitude of many Silent Ones, Zenu does not believe in all-or-nothing responses to queries. He often is consulted on matters of arcane import and while he rarely refuses information (the Silent Ones derive income from such services), the more dangerous the knowledge he does reveal, the more he couches it in riddle and enigma. "Knowledge must be earned and in the learning comes the obligation" is a common refrain given to the unsatisfied or confused. He still makes infrequent visits to Niolo Dra to explore the broad (though certainly inferior) collection of tomes kept at the royal library. The aspirants who accompany him say he enjoys the attention doted upon him by the handmaidens who must read aloud the contents of the latest volumes to him. Zenu also spends the two months surrounding Needfest wintering in Dorglast Castle where he keeps an apartment, his only sanctuary from the order. ✨

Enchiridion of the Friend-Sage

(FOURTH REPORT)

BY SEAN K REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAM WOOD

Coldeven, 591 CY

My ageless sponsor,

I must congratulate you on your luck. The white gem you discovered in that dragon turtle's lair is actually the Fifth Eye of Delleb, a little-known lesser artifact of that deity. Its scrying abilities are very potent and I have been able to use it to identify other items whose powers have resisted my earlier attempts. I believe it also has the ability to fire darts of force, but it seems that power can only be activated when its bearer is in true mortal danger.

The unusual short sword my agents discovered seems to be made out of sephelil, a kind of metal forged by the slaadi in the planes of Chaos. I have been able to convince it to tell me its name, Kanrok, and that it is a lawful and keen weapon, but it is otherwise reticent. I recommend not exposing it to full sunlight, for the metal reacts to that by exploding in fire and electricity.

The Dweomermasters have been trying to scry my laboratory again. Please arrange to have some of their apprentices flogged as a message to the high mages, or if you prefer I can enact a more subtle retaliation.

Your servant,

The Friend-Sage
Rel Astra

Dune Stalker

These bizarre creatures do not appear in pre-Migrations accounts. Rather, they seem to have emerged in the Flanaess about 2,000 years ago, after the fall of Sulum, last of the great Flannae kingdoms. They are found almost exclusively in the Bright Desert, but are in fact not native to Oerth (or, as some have suggested, no longer native to Oerth).

I have been able to summon these creatures with the summon monster VIII spell, and a contact at the temple of Hektor was able to call one with a lesser planar ally spell, but the stalker proved very uncooperative and demanded an outrageous price for its services. Perhaps if called by a follower of an earth deity it might prove to be more tractable.

Medium-Size Outsider (Earth)

Hit Dice: 6d8+12 (39 hp)

Initiative: +7

Speed: 40 ft.

AC: 17 (+3 Dex, +4 natural)

Attacks: Slam +9/+4 melee

Damage: Slam 1d8+4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Jump, kiss of death, shout

Special Qualities: Damage reduction 10/+1,

improved tracking, SR 20

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +7

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 16, Con 14,

Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 11

Skills: Balance +11, Hide +9, Intimidate +4, Jump +5,

Knowledge (nature) +4, Listen +8,

Move Silently +12, Search +7,

Spot +11, Tumble +12

Feats: Combat Reflexes,

Improved Initiative, Track

Climate/Terrain:

Any desert and underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 9

Treasure: None

Alignment:

Usually neutral evil

Advancement: 7-12 HD

(Medium-Size),

13-18 HD (Large)



Dune Stalker

Dune stalkers are creatures native to the Elemental Plane of Earth, cousins of the invisible stalkers but with defined forms like genies. They are summoned by evil spellcasters to stalk and kill targets.

A dune stalker is a naked, gangly seven-foot-tall humanoid creature with hard, rough skin and long, bony fingers and toes. It remains silent unless using its magical abilities, and resents its time on the Prime Plane, for it prefers the warm environment of its other-planar home. Dune Stalkers do not speak but understand Common and Terran.

Combat

A dune stalker follows its prey, then waits in ambush or for a time when it can sneak up to its unsuspecting target. It enjoys leaping into combat after disorienting opponents with its sonic powers, then grapples its assigned target and attempts to magically slay it.

Improved Tracking (Ex): Dune stalkers are consummate trackers and make Spot checks instead of the usual Wilderness Lore checks to trace a creature's passage. See the rules on the Wilderness Lore tracking in the *Player's Handbook*.

Jump (Ex): A dune stalker can jump at will as if under the influence of a *jump* spell.

Kiss of Death (Su): A dune stalker that has successfully grappled a target can use a standard action to plant its mouth on its target and establish lethal vibrations in the target's body. The target may resist with a Fortitude saving throw (DC 15), which if successful means the target is stunned for one round. This is a death and sonic effect and may be used at will.

Shout (Sp): The dune stalker may use *shout* (DC 11) three times per day as a 6th-level sorcerer.

Skills: Dune stalkers have a +4 racial bonus to Intimidate checks.

Necrophidius

The necrophidius is a stealthy construct often mistaken for an undead creature. They are created to assassinate a target or guard an object or location.

A necrophidius looks like a Medium-Size skeletal snake with a fanged humanoid skull. It normally remains in hiding and absolutely still unless its orders require it to follow a creature or patrol an area. It slithers silently and can climb reasonably well. It understands Common and obeys the orders of its creator, but cannot speak.

Necrophidius

After discovering the secret to making these constructs, I have decided I am quite fond of them. I have a large one guarding my library, and am working on a way to attach one to a large undead skeleton, giving it an advantage of surprise when confronted by clerics. I have also heard of variants that inject venom instead of inducing paralysis, similar to the justly infamous iron cobra.

Medium-Size Construct

Hit Dice: 2d10 (11 hp)

Initiative: +3

Speed: 30 ft., climb 10 ft.

AC: 18 (+3 Dex, +5 natural)

Attacks: Bite +2 melee

Damage: Bite 1d6+1 plus paralysis

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Dance of death, paralysis, sneak attack

Special Qualities: Construct traits

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +0

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 16, Con —, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 11

Skills: Climb +9, Hide +11, Move Silently +11

Climate/Terrain: Any land and underground

Organization: Solitary or swarm (2-5)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 3-5 HD (Medium-Size), 6 HD (Large)



Combat

The creature's normal method of attack is to hide, then stealthily approach and sneak attack an unwary target. If confronted by multiple foes or by a creature aware of its presence, it uses its dance of death to allow it to approach its enemies and bite.

Dance of Death (Su): A necrophidius can sway in a hypnotic manner, riveting the attention of any creature within 30 feet that can see it. Creatures that fail a Will saving throw (DC 11) are dazed for as long as the creature continues its dance. Creatures that make their saving throw may avert their eyes from the necrophidius as if they were avoiding a gaze attack (50% chance per round of not having to make a saving throw, 20% miss chance for attacks against the necrophidius). The necrophidius can move up to its normal speed as a move-equivalent action even if performing its dance of death. This is a mind-influencing effect.

Paralysis (Su): A creature bitten by a necrophidius must succeed at a Will saving throw (DC 11) or be paralyzed and unconscious for 10 minutes.

Sneak Attack (Ex): The necrophidius can sneak attack as a 3rd-level rogue for an additional +2d6 hit points of damage.

Skills: A necrophidius has a +8 racial bonus to Hide and Move Silently checks.

Construction

To construct a necrophidius, the creator needs the Craft Wondrous Item feat and must expend 5,000 gp in materials and 100 XP. The cost includes the need for a skeleton of a Medium-Size snake, the skull of a humanoid creature, and all other mundane ingredients. Assembling the body requires a successful Craft (sculpting) check (DC 13). If the creator is a sorcerer or wizard, the construction process requires *geas/quest*, *hold person*, *hypnotism*, and *Mordenkainen's faithful hound*. If a cleric, it requires *animate objects*, *command*, *geas/quest*, and *hold person*. The process takes five days.

Larger examples of this creature can be created, with each additional hit die increasing the cost by 2,500 gp and 50 XP.

Nyrrian Boatcrusher

Nyrrian boatcrushers are a type of "sea monster" found in the Nyr Dyv and other large bodies of fresh or salt water, with limited mobility on land.

The boatcrusher is an elephant-sized aggressive predator somewhat resembling a walrus with large bony spurs on its chin. Its thick skin helps to protect it from rivals in the herd, with young bulls being more likely

Nyrrian Boatcrusher

I have had a young pair of these creatures transported to an isolated cove on our coast with the intent of training them to guard a port or attack enemy ships. Should these tasks prove insurmountable or require expensive magical compulsion, I am sure that their bodies contain as many useful substances as the whales or dolphins our fishermen sometimes catch.

Huge Beast (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: 11d10+55 (115 hp)

Initiative: +1

Speed: 15 ft, swim 40 ft.

AC: 16 (-2 size, +1 Dex +7 natural)

Attacks: Bite +14 melee; gore +9 melee; tail slam +9 melee

Damage: Bite 2d6+12; gore 2d6+4; tail slam 1d6+4

Face/Reach: 10 ft. by 20 ft./10 ft.

Special Qualities: Darkvision, low-light vision, 60 ft., power dive

Saves: Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +4

Abilities: Str 27, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 11

Skills: Hide -7, Listen +16, Spot +10

Climate/Terrain: Any aquatic or marsh

Organization: Solitary or herd (4-16)

Challenge Rating: 9

Treasure: None

Alignment: Usually neutral

Advancement: 12 to 33 HD (Gargantuan)



Gullan

These mad creatures, the inhuman shock troops of the Blackmoorish despot known as the Egg of Coot, rival some of the baser sorts of demon with their rage and aggressiveness. All attempts by other warlords to control them and exploit their blade-sharpening abilities have met with failure, and a majority of the information on them was acquired by spying on lairs of those wild specimens who have escaped the Egg's control. A possibility worth investigating is creating an isolated and escape-proof refuge, transporting a tribe there, and regularly swapping their modified weapons for normal ones.

Large Humanoid

Hit Dice: 2d8+4 (13 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

AC: 10 (-1 size, +1 natural)

Attacks: Large longsword +7 melee
or short bow +0 ranged

Damage: Longsword 1d8+4 or short bow 1d6/crit x3

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Confusion aura

Special Qualities: Mental feedback,
superior sharpening

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 17, Dex 11, Con 14,

Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 11

Skills: Hide -4, Intimidate +5, Listen +3, Spot +3

Feats: Weapon Focus (longsword)

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and
warm land and underground

Organization: Gang (2-12) or Tribe (5-20)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: 1/2 standard

Alignment: Usually chaotic evil

Advancement: By character class



to attack each other and waterborne objects (such as boats). They are more comfortable in water, but can breathe air for several hours and are not averse to chasing land animals they have injured or attacking creatures sleeping on the shore.

The boatcrusher has the mentality of an animal and speaks no languages. It breathes air and water equally well.

Combat

A boatcrusher attacks with a bite, gores with its chin spurs, and slams with its tail. If it attacks a boat, it attempts to capsize the vessel and grab creatures. If wounded below half its hit points, it attempts to grab a creature with its mouth (a grapple attack) and power dive to safety with it. If the target is within the boatcrusher's heavy load limit, the monster can carry it away.

Power Dive (Ex): When in water, the boatcrusher can dive downward (at any angle up to 45° from straight down) and move up to four times its speed as a double move.

Skills: A Nyrrian boatcrusher receives a +8 racial bonus to Listen checks and a +4 racial bonus to Spot checks.

Nyrrian Boatcrusher Society

Herd of boatcrushers are led by a dominant male and female. Secondary females and all young stay close to the dominant creatures, while younger males rove nearby in search of prey for the herd and potential enemies. Males go through a competitive period in the mating season (spring), challenging each other and the alpha male for dominance. Weaker and irrepressible members are driven out to seek other herds, and it is these loners that are responsible for most encounters with sailors. They communicate with each other over long distances with deep resonant tones, similar to whalesong.

Qullan

Qullans are seemingly insane humanoids adorned with tattoos, warpaint, and ritual scarring. They wield longswords sharpened to an incredible edge.

Never wearing armor and either travelling naked or clad in animal skins, qullans are primitive beings that glorify destruction and chaos. Eight or more feet tall, they ritually scar themselves and adorn their battle scars with tattoos and warpaint. Filled with hate for other intelligent creatures, qullans never cooperate with other creatures and attack beings of all alignments. Despite their limited skills in metalworking, they have an innate talent for sharpening swords until they strike more accurately than any masterwork blade.

Combat

Qullans attack in gangs, using little or no strategy and relying on their confusion aura to disorient their foes. Only rarely do they use ranged weapons, preferring to

chop apart their foes with their augmented longswords.

Confusion Aura (Su): A qullan constantly radiates an aura equal to a *confusion* spell in a 5 ft. radius. Other qullans are immune to this effect.

Mental Feedback (Ex): A qullan's insanity makes it impossible for it to be controlled in any way, including magically. If the qullan fails its saving throw against any sort of charm effect or is physically forced to perform acts against its will, its insanity causes it excessive mental feedback, killing it instantly. (The Egg of Coot's primary tactic is to herd the qullan into warbands that are then directed toward the enemy and set loose. Often, they are killed at the end of the battle by the Egg's forces or allowed to inhabit the ruins of whatever battleground or castle they played a part in defeating.)

Superior Sharpening (Ex): Qullans can sharpen a sword to a phenomenal edge, giving it a +3 enhancement bonus to hit. Doing so takes 7 days, with eight hours of work each day. This superior edge is delicate, and each hit made with the weapon has a 20% cumulative chance of ruining it, making the weapon function as a normal weapon of its type (a masterwork weapon improved in this manner reverts to a masterwork weapon, not a normal weapon). This temporary masterwork bonus does not qualify the weapon to be made into a magical item. When a qullan enters combat, assume its sharpened weapon is intact.

Skills: Qullans have a +4 racial bonus to Intimidate checks.

Qullan Society

Qullans spend their time hunting, decorating themselves, and sharpening their swords. Qullans acquire their weapons from the creatures they kill, and each is responsible for his or her own weapon. They never have spare superior-sharpened weapons in their lair.

Qullan Characters

A qullan's favored class is barbarian. They are not known to have any organized religion, although some tribal lairs have had holy symbols of various chaotic and evil deities, or even evidence of crude demon worshiping. Most tribes treat the enigmatic Egg of Coot as a majestic, godlike figure—any attempt to attack the Egg results in life-ending mental feedback (see above).★

Dispatches

NEWS FROM AROUND THE FLANAESS



Ahlissa (Adri/Innsa)

Rumors filtering into the city of Innsa speak of a major battle that has taken place deep within the Adri Forest. A motley force of woodfolk, gnomes, elves, druids, and even some treants reportedly entered into a tenuous alliance to fight off an invading army of humans and savage humanoids. If the rumors are to be believed, the latter force was under the command of Prince Molil, finally intent to forcibly take the tribute he thinks due him from the unwilling forest population. Though reports remain clouded, travelers from Elversford claim that Molil's force numbered some 900 warriors, and that a varied band of adventurers, aided by some of the Adri's guardians, effected a coordinated ambush on Molil's forces next to a forest brook. While Molil's attack was repelled, the folk of Elversford expect problems with stragglers from his army for some time to come.



Bissel

Piracy and smuggling along the Fals River have increased beyond the control of Baron Skaglea's marines, adding to already high tensions regarding the high tariffs on the waterway that recently prompted the Guild of Fals Boatmen to send a letter of protest to Pellak. His Lofty Grace Margrave Larrangin promises to appoint a team of advisors to study the problem.

Baklunish leaders of the Barony of Dount report that farmers are being driven off their lands by homesteaders. The recently appointed Baron Checaran has created a small force of sheriff's men to travel to problem spots and protect the Baklunish where needed. His Lofty Grace Margrave Larrangin promises to appoint a team of advisors to study the problem.



Dyvers

Tensions in the Gnarley Forest have increased, with battles against savage humanoids increasing in number with each week. Now, it appears as though the unliving have entered the fray, leaving few hints as to their source. Rumors connecting this force to the enclave of Bad Deep and organized forces from the Pomarj have not been substantiated (nor, however, have they been discounted). Training of the Gnarley Protectorate by the Rangers has been stepped up to meet new deadlines for the commission of new Juniors. Worthy woodfolk have been invited to apply in the Great Forest.



Ekbir

The caliph's entourage is befuddled by a recent rumor that the *Cup and Talisman of Al'Akbar* have been seen somewhere in Glendaloch's Moors, not far from the sinister Morskmogil's Coast. Despite the official denial of this rumor from Ekbir's religious authorities, many pilgrims have traveled to the alleged location of the artifacts' revelation. A contingent of Al'Akbari priests, accompanied by many Faris and men-at-arms, have been sent to organize and protect this unexpected pilgrimage, since the area is known to hold many dangers. Ghostly beings prowl in the mists that cover the land. At night, yeth hounds hunt the moors, their hideous howls terrifying the local folk. Even these factors have failed to discourage the pilgrims.



Furyondy

As spring turns to summer, the crop blight that has beset Furyondy for much of the season seems to have slowed, leaving no sign of whatever forces, natural or unnatural, caused the problem. The outlying provinces remain clean. All is not well in Furyondy, however.

Tensions may be on the rise between Furyondy and the elven kingdom of Celene over the recent murder of the Celene ambassador in Chendl. King Belvor's call for adventurers to clean out the ruins of old Crockport has driven a number of unsavory types to the fallen city. Reports of incidents in and about Crockport (many of them involving deaths or arrests) have made their way to the capital. Even foreign adventurers reportedly have found themselves in jail, or worse, in the reclaimed city. Amidst the commotion, the king is said to be reconsidering the generous "tax-free" status he has given to booty claimed from the ruins.



Geoff

Grand Duke Owen intends to make his long-awaited return to Hochoch this summer, when he will personally assume command of the campaign to liberate Geoff. The Court in Exile is preparing for the week-long journey, and Castle Waterwatch in Hochoch is being prepared for the Grand Duke's arrival. It is unknown what the reaction of the Knights of the Watch and the Grand March will be, as it is suspected that both have designs on the sole remaining town of Geoff. Also, the Duke has periodic lapses into fever, which have plagued him since he was

poisoned during the Fall of Gorna. The bouts raise questions of his ability to lead his beleaguered nation.

The enigmatic fey of Geoff have been playing a role in recent events. A group of heroes entered the Fey Woods to rescue a lost child. While there, they discovered that the Fey Queen Lhiannon has long been in communication with Grand Duke Owen. It is unknown if the other fey lords have had a hand in the giant invasion and recent events.



Gran March

Following the defeat of the goblinoid forces besieging Fort Endurance in the Dim Forest, Commandant Magnus Vrianian recently traveled from Hookhill to personally recognize the bravery of the fort's defenders. In a special ceremony, Vrianian awarded numerous commendations and dedicated a memorial to those who gave the last full measure of devotion to the March. He had this to say concerning Gran March's foreign commitments and recent internal struggles:

"There are those who sit today in foreign capitals and plot to foment dissent within our borders, foolishly believing that this will make us turn a blind eye to those who have allied with us against the blight of evil. I say to them, do not be deceived. The word of the March is the bond of the March. We will stand, and, as our memory is long and our courage undaunted, we will one day have our revenge."



Greyhawk

The Zeifan merchant princess Salif iz-Zelaq has lodged a formal complaint with the Union of Merchant and Traders and the Directing Oligarchy following the cruel murder of her xvart slave, an unassuming manikin known as Xiq-Xiq.

The diminutive servant has been a fixture in the taverns of the Foreign Quarter since 581 CY, when his master arrived in Greyhawk with a shipment of fine Baklunish goods that soon assured her a place in the ranks of the city's mercantile cognoscenti. Xiq-Xiq had been performing a dance atop a table at the Blue Dragon Inn when a band of young adventurers burst upon the scene, attacking the creature with savage curses, arrows, and a half-dozen *magic missiles*. Xiq-Xiq finally fell when cleaved in two by a blow from a barbarian's greataxe. Few know what diabolical power drove the bloodlust of the adventurers, but none of the patrons of the inn raised a finger to stop them from leaving shortly after the murder.

No arrests were made, and thus far, iz-Zelaq's protestations have come to naught.



Highfolk

The citizens of Highfolk were shocked to discover that two evil denizens of the nether reaches recently reared their foul heads inside the town itself! One creature, a twisted skeletal horror with the tail of a scorpion, was found in the Temple District home of a reclusive man by the name of Erdel. Stalwart heroes managed to defeat the beast, which apparently had been summoned by the resident of the house.

Across town, at the Vesve's Tankard, another being revealed itself, much to the terror of the tavern's patrons. A shapechanger with powers from the underworld itself, the creature slew one of the barmaids and one of two heroes who attempted to defend her. The other patrons fled. When several adventurers returned, they found a bloody statement written upon the wall. It read: "You have betrayed us for the last time, traitor."

The creature responsible remains at large.



Kcoland

Niole Dra remains tense as the political initiatives of the king continue to expand. Despite the apparent refusal of the Grand Duke of Geoff, King Kimbertos Skotti remains determined to seek the return of the former members of the kingdom to full member status and to have them join the Court. Meanwhile, Skotti continues his domestic initiatives, this time announcing an amnesty for former agents of the Scarlet Brotherhood who come forward and offer information about their organization in exchange for pardons (provided their crimes were not too extreme). Many southern nobles who had to fight these agents are upset by the offer, some going so far as to call it treason by the king. The disorder caused by these developments did nothing to stop the parade that sent the ambassadors on their way, but brawling and dueling among the lesser nobility marred the fair that followed.



Ket

Graf Alvaro Aldeen recently sent a formal protest to Beygraf Nadaid concerning the slow depletion of his senior military officers to stations in the fortresses along the Fals River. The protest comes but days after disturbances were reported at several of the celebrations marking the 100th anniversary of the defeat of Iggwilv. The rumor from Molvar is that Aldeen is more concerned than ever about the weakness of the northern border. The beygraf responded that the troops were required as it was foolish for Ket to believe Bissel could defend something as small as a barge when they could not defend something as important as their own country in the recent wars.

Concerns have been raised over the increase in troop activity along Ket's eastern border. Ket's diplomats have stated that other nations have no reason to be concerned, as the redeployment should take more than two months and "historically, that is more time that it takes to conquer Bissel."



Nyron

Citizens of Nyron are invited to attend a grand week-long celebration of the founding of Adrean's Landing, a new community conceived as a shining example of what the kingdom will become as it rises from the ashes of the Greyhawk Wars. Located on the Duntide River two days' ride from the lush Celadon Forest and a day's travel down river from Swan

Bore, Adrean's Landing will welcome members of the nobility, adventurers, and commoners alike to take part in the festivities. The festival will feature craftsmen from all over Nyronnd, games of skill in the brand-new coliseum, and much, much more! Licensed adventurers interested in serving as part of the festival's security force are asked to inquire with their local militia officer.



Onnwal

Sornhill was this month witness to scenes of jubilation as the caravel *Sapphire Star* returned to port after braving the Scarlet Brotherhood's blockade of the Sea of Gearnat to reach the Free City of Greyhawk. It is whispered that an envoy from Szek Jian Destron to Greyhawk's Directing Oligarchy was aboard the vessel. The leaders of Free Onnwal have refused to comment on the matter. However the number of newly-arrived freeswords seen about Sornhill's keghouses spending Greyhawk coin and spreading wild tales of their exploits in the Free City have lent considerable weight to the rumour.

Meanwhile, Shining Paragon Purcennnd Kerondas of Pholtus recently departed Kildeer with a retinue of followers and bodyguards bound for Wintershiven. Before leaving, the Shining Paragon said he would return armed with the blessings of both the Blinding Light and the Theocrat for a holy crusade to convert Onnwal to the One True Path.



Pale

Trade caravans, their goods already delayed by winter storms, have been encountering further difficulty in reaching villages and farmsteads already low on supplies following the long cold season. Hordes of orcish barbarian heathens from the Troll Fens have been raiding the northern trade routes, stealing goods and supplies. Attempts to locate and destroy these godless wretches have thus far failed, as much of the Prelatal Army remains in Tenh, bringing the protection of Pholtus to those living there. Trackers and warriors from the northern Prelacies, faithful followers of the Blinding Light, have answered the call and gone to the defense of those in need. Other foul and faithless wretches, as yet unidentified, are believed to be responsible for mutilation and killing of cattle and other livestock in the remote village of Tristor, on the Yol River near the Tenha border.



Perrenland

Travel along the Krestingstrek is safe once again, thanks to the heroic efforts of Karl Hussen, who located and led the defeat and destruction of a band of marauding humanoids. Meanwhile, border guards in Clatspurgen have been forced to allow a group of the Fists of Hextor into Perrenland when the Fists claimed mercenary status and rights of sanctuary. In other news, Tielemannschlauss, in the Western Caltspur range, is pleased to announce a busier than normal Pilgrimage this year. The Temple of Jascar thanks those who attended and wishes all pilgrims a safe journey. Finally, The Peackeepers of the

Clatspur Pass would like to report the disappearance of the wondrous *Bow of Light*. Anyone with information as to its whereabouts should contact General Spiros at his encampment just south of Niederschlauss.



Ratik

Attacks against the borders of Ratik have besieged the militias of the northern and southern nobles over the past several months. Lives have been lost. Lumber production in the Timberway and Loftwood has plummeted. All the while, Archbaroness Evalcigh has done nothing. The Council of Lords pleads and demands for decisive action to no avail. The majority of the army remains entrenched at Ratikhill to support the Bone March campaign, while the Lords of Ratik sacrifice their own troops in the country's defense. Finally, some of the noble houses have begun to plot more immediate and drastic action. At the same time, the plummeting economy and lack of trade has driven the various guild leaders to take actions of their own. The throne of the Archbarony, the noble Council of Lords, and the merchant guilds appear to be deploying for an internal conflict which could devastate the country more than any invading army.



Sea Princes

At the close of the first week of Planting, Elder Sister Edevedrin arrived from Monmurg to reward Herdsman Krevaradan for his victory in the occupied town of Kusnir, on the shores of Lake Spendlowe. The town had been a haven for liberated Touv and Olman slaves, who rallied to the banner of an emancipated hero known as Utavo the Wise. After a battle last month, Utavo and a hundred spellcasters fled into the mountains, leaving some thousand inhabitants under the heel of Krevaradan. Edevedrin's arrival was seen as a personal token of appreciation from Elder Brother Hammandaturian, Shepherd of the Sea Princes.

Then, tragedy struck. On the first night after her arrival, fifty-five Olman prisoners disemboweled themselves in their pens, opening their guts to the ground. Sentries at the time reported seeing Utavo's spellcasters encircling the town, and moments later, vile humanoid nagaul demons emerged from the lifeless forms of the prisoners, savaging Brotherhood guards with their needle teeth and jagged claws. According to an eye witness who fled to Port Toli, Utavo the Wise stood at the center of the carnage, giving direction to the demons while wearing an ancient jeweled gauntlet on his left hand.



Shield Lands

In Critwall, food shortages and overcrowding have forced conditions to an all-time low as prices of basic necessities continue to rise. High-ranking members of the major churches, including those of Heironeous, St. Guthbert, and Pholtus, are meeting daily to discuss how they might help to ease suffering, but a solution continues to evade them. The problem has become so serious that they

have invited representatives from less prominent religions and even a few growing sects such as the Open Spirit to join the discussions.

After three years on the defensive, many think the armies of the Holy Realm will soon march again. In the event of a new offensive, the need for strong allies would become even greater, but aid from Furyondy and other long-time allies may not be as forthcoming as before. Though unconfirmed, reports of a mysterious visitor in Critwall suggest Lady Katarina may have found strange, new allies.



Principality of Ulek

Rumors among scouts and spies in league with the Principality of Ulek suggest that orcs may be the culprits responsible for the theft of valuables from the long-lost vault of Rudd Rockcutter, in the Lortmils. No trace of these savage humanoid grave robbers has been found.

The same sources report tales of a large number of slaves being held within the Disputed Territory. It is believed that these slaves are being forced to work land while their savage humanoid masters reap the rewards of their hard labor. Though this story has not been validated officially, it has spread to Ulek's general population. Many who lost track of relatives during the war have gained hope that their loved ones might be among the survivors, and disgust that they might be kept as chattel. What actions Prince Corond or the other dwarven nobles will take are unknown at this time.



Urnst, County

Reports from Urnst's southern baronies suggest that the influx of refugees that had been on a steady rise since the onset of the Greyhawk Wars has eased in recent months, and hopes are high that many of the largely Nyronidal folk are returning home across the Franz. Local administrators expressed relief at the news, a few going so far as to wish the departing refugees well, blessing their journey in the name of a half-dozen gods.

It is rumored that Lord Artin of Brotton was attacked and killed by bandits while on a hunting expedition near Radigast City. His brother, Erthan, has taken his seat as the new Lord Brotton. To the relief of many in the capital, Lord Erthan does not share his brother's openly rebellious views toward Countess Belissica.

Meanwhile, ready adventurers recently rescued the sorcerer Nimar, mayor of Dosselford, from certain death at the hands of subterranean denizens in the strange hinterlands known as the Crystal Springs. The mayor has been investigating the site for months, and this is not the first time others have had to rescue him from the consequences of his dangerous curiosity.



Urnst, Duchy

Two of the three leading members of the Skeptic movement were recently killed in Nellix. Molfkar Kolir and Daesnar Braden, both practiced debaters for the cause of Skepticism, were assassinated during a late-night stroll, each with an arrow piercing

his heart. The Temple of Lydia in Nellix is spreading the knowledge that a blue silken scarf was found near the crime, pointing responsibility toward a renowned assassin known only as Daerog. While the Temple itself is under question, it being a long-time opponent of the Skepticism movement, no evidence is available to incriminate them. Elbain Hothchilde, the remaining leader of the Skepticism movement, has taken to hiding, fearing for his own life and for the future of Skepticism itself. Duke Karll has instituted a 500 gold piece reward for the capture of the assassin Daerog.



Veluna

In Veluna City, Plar Eldried Sarneth has been heard muttering concern for his daughter, Jolene, Supreme Mistress of the Celestial Order of the Moons. Jolene, the head of Veluna's secular nobility, has traveled much in recent months, once again following up leads on the whereabouts of her betrothed, the long-absent Prince Thrommel of Furyondy. Jolene was last seen in Lorrish speaking with Lord Corbin about a sighting of her lost love.

The docks of Mitrik sit idle and the city's merchant stalls run short of goods. The river brings only a trickle of trade from Falsridge and points west, as has been the case for the past weeks. The city's merchant houses have sent representatives to Falsridge to discover the root of the problem, but no news has yet come of their efforts.



Yeomanry

The following text is excerpted from a letter discovered on a body by the Long Pond, 6 Planting, 591 CY:

I wish I had better news to report. The situation on the southern border is worse than we feared. Refugees are more numerous. They're fleeing something, though few of them agree on what. These immigrants bring more than just hard luck with them. Some look a little too hungry, and some do not look hungry enough. We've also encountered signs of small battles along the border. Whoever is fighting is keeping clear of my men. They are well equipped and mobile enough to evade us; I'd need a full regiment to hunt them down. We stopped in Hardwick for supplies but had little luck. Their crops are failing this year from some blight. I could use some help, my friend. I've a feeling this will get worse before it gets better...
Sergeant Orwald, Yeomanry Border Guard ✦

Living Greyhawk Contact List

The LIVING GREYHAWK™ campaign is controlled by Regional Triads, groups of three RPGA GUILD-LEVEL™ members who keep an eye on local activities. The Point of Contact for each triad has been listed below. The overall campaign is managed by the Circle of Six, who oversee international plots, handle rules disputes and issues, and guide the entire campaign. Getting involved is as easy as sending an email to your Regional Triad's Point of Contact.

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