

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

DLR3
ACCESSORY

9383

DragonLance

Official Game
Accessory

Unsung Heroes



for use with all levels of play



UNsung HEROES

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Credits:

Design: Tim Beach with Jim Atkiss (Nystallina, Tatanya), Rich Baker (Cymbelene, Valdemari), Wolfgang Baur (Amberstar, Dwyam), Anne Brown (Calandria, Poresche), Tim Brown (Boinias, Tranea), Dale Donovan (Estheria, Hakan), Jeff Grubb (Teekli, Blaze), Slade Henson (Liliornin, Morrandar), Harold Johnson (Vattaaan, Skie), Rob King (Kiiri, Pheragas), Julia Martin (Lafallot), Colin McComb (The Red Minotaur, Santis), Roger Moore (Dargent, Khisanth), Bruce Nesmith (Pal, Shonorr), John Rateliff (Grindlethorpe, Jessie), Thomas Reid (Alyssa, Grogan), Norm Ritchie (Cyan, Glitarald), David Wise (Hilmar, Aurum), and Barbara Young (Glitterback, Vallo)

Design Coordination: David "Zeb" Cook, Karen Boomgarden, and Tim Beach

Development: Tim Beach
Editing: Karen Boomgarden
Cover Art: Robh Ruppel

Production: Dawn Murin
Typography: Gaye O'Keefe

TSR, Inc.
POB 756
Lake Geneva, WI 53147
U.S.A.



TSR Ltd.
120 Church End, Cherry Hinton
Cambridge CB1 3LB
United Kingdom

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INTRODUCTION

Unsung Heroes is a sourcebook for the DRAGONLANCE® Campaign Setting. It offers full descriptions of 48 characters and 10 dragons which have played minor parts in novels or modules, or were briefly described on AD&D™ Trading Cards.

Some of the NPCs were heroes of the War of the Lance, while others became heroes afterwards. There are also villains within, and not everyone who fought on the side of Good during the war will be friendly.

Unsung Heroes builds on the Tales of the Lance boxed set. Unfortunately, Tales of the Lance was so packed with material that a few items were left out. Also, much of the previously published material on Krynn was written for the first edition AD&D® game. When information in this accessory disagrees with previously published game material, the information in *Unsung Heroes* takes precedence.

CHARACTER CLASSES AND KITS

This is a complete list of character classes of Krynn: fighter, Knight of Solamnia, paladin, ranger (Warrior Group); High Sorcerer, renegade (Wizard Group); Holy Order Priest, heathen (Priest Group); thief, bard (Rogue Group); tinker, commoner (Normal Group). The Normal Group is described in Tales of the Lance.

There are no psionicists native to Krynn; what few exist there are visitors from other planets or planes, and if they stay on Krynn more than one month per level, their psionic abilities disappear permanently.

"Knight of Solamnia" is a generic term used when a Knight's order is unknown, or to describe a group of Knights of multiple orders. A Knight generally refers to himself by his specific order, like "Knight of the Crown" or "Knight of the Rose." Such terms as "Crown Knight" and "Sword Knight" are acceptable, but less common.

The barbarian, cavalier, and mariner are kits for the warrior classes. Paladins, rangers, and fighters can be barbarians. Only paladins and fighters can be cavaliers and mariners. Other fighter kits can be used as well, but are rare. Knights of Solamnia never use kits.

"High Sorcerer" is a generic term, as is the far less common "robed wizard." A High Sorcerer can be a specialist of any school allowed to the appropriate robe color, and is normally referred to by area of specialty, such as "Mage of the White

Robes" or "Enchanter of the Red Robes." Titles such as "Black Robe Mage" or "White Robe Diviner" are acceptable, as are the very rare titles like "White Mage" or "Red Illusionist." High Sorcerers may not use wizard kits.

A renegade may be a mage or specialist as well, and is referred to by school if it is known, such as "renegade mage" or "renegade transmuter;" "renegade wizard" is used if specifics are unknown.

Those priests who belong to the Holy Orders of the Stars are usually referred to by their order, as in "Priest of the Good Order." Some refer to their deity in their title, as in "Priest of Mishakal" or "Paladine's Priest." Priests of the Holy Orders do not use priest kits.

Heathens can be clerics or specialty priests. Some few receive spells if they worship true gods (such as druids of Habbakuk), though the Holy Orders and most others do not acknowledge their abilities. Those who worship false deities (including those imported from other worlds) either convert or lose the ability to cast spells above second level in power.

Handler and con artist/prestidigitator are kits for use with the thief class. Only kender may be handlers, and this requires a completely different philosophy for the character. Kender may also be thieves with other kits, or with no kit, but this is a rare occurrence.

Tinkers and commoners can become proficient in any weapon, but generally use basic weapons like clubs or swords. If a commoner character wants to start with proficiency in something odd, like a minotaur gladiator's weapon, there needs to be a reasonable explanation. Tinkers and commoners can use any armor, but never start with better protection than leather or padded armor.

There are no kits for tinkers or commoners, but it may be possible to adapt a very few, such as the peasant hero fighter's kit or the academician wizard kit. In general, a kit implies a level of specialization beyond characters who are part of the normal group.

CHARACTER RACES

A wide variety of races are available for player characters on Krynn. Details can be found in the DRAGONLANCE® Monstrous Compendium; the *Tales of the Lance* and *Time of the Dragon* boxed sets; DLR1, *Otherlands*; and here in *Unsung Heroes*.

Kender receive the halfling racial adjustments to thieving skills. The natural thieving skills possessed

by all kender have already been adjusted for this. Apply Dexterity adjustments normally to their natural skills.

Irda receive the following adjustments to thieving skills: OL + 10%; F/RT + 10%; MS + 5%; HS + 10%; RL + 5%. Because of prejudices against them, Irda are seldom professional thieves. They must choose a kit. Irda are generally investigators, troubleshooters, or scouts, while some are adventurers, swashbucklers, or acrobats, and a few are spies, smugglers, or burglars.

LANGUAGES

Most of the intelligent races of Krynn have their own spoken language. Many of these have regional or subspecies dialects. Player characters on Krynn receive Common and their local racial dialect automatically, without spending proficiency slots.

There are two dwarven languages, Mountain Dwarf and Hill Dwarf. Each clan has its own dialect of Hill or Mountain Dwarf, and Aghar speak a slang-filled language, Gully Talk. Hammertalk is tapped out in caverns to communicate over long distances.

There are four elven languages: Silvanesti, Qualinesti, Kagonesti, and Dargoi. The latter is spoken by both types of sea elf, as well as mermen, sirines, tritons, and many other sea-dwellers.

There are many regional human tongues, including Abanasinian (or Plainsman; Seeker is a more formal version), Ergot (or Ergothian), Estwilde (or Mountain Barbarian), Ice Barbarian, Kalinese (or Sea Barbarian), Kharolian (used in Tarsis and the Kharolis Mountains), Khur (or Desert Barbarian), Lemish, Nerakese (spoken in Taman Busuk and surrounding areas), Nordmaarian, Saifhum, and Solamnic.

There are three special languages. Hand Talk (or Sign Language) is a silent language used primarily in Abanasinia. Thieves' Cant is a collection of idiom and slang known by all thieves (without the expenditure of a proficiency slot). Magius is an ancient language in which magical research notes are often written; its spoken form no longer exists, but literacy in it is necessary for a wizard who wishes to advance very far.

WEAPON PROFICIENCIES

The Tales of the Lance campaign set introduces many new weapons, some of which have multiple uses. When a weapon can be used in several ways (such as a hoopak, which may be used as staff, sling, or spear), proficiencies must be taken in each weapon type for effective use. In *Unsung He-*

roes, if an individual has proficiency in a multiple-use weapon, individual skills are listed, such as "bollik (as bolas)" or "hoopak (as quarterstaff and sling)."

POSSESSIONS

All characters in *Unsung Heroes* have a list of possessions; please note that these are the items most often carried, but not an exhaustive list. Characters might have other items, and all are assumed to have at least a little money; though none is listed.

DRAGONS ON KRYNN

Dragons have several attack forms available to them. Those dragons described in this sourcebook have only their commonly used attack forms listed. Krynnish dragons are also able to alter their size to become half normal size or up to 50% larger. This allows them to squeeze into small spaces or to appear even more impressive than normal; it also leads to wildly varying reports of their size.

There has never been a reliable report of a sighting of a baby dragon on Krynn. Sages speculate that baby dragons do not look at all like dragons. Hatchling black dragons might look like tadpoles, while young green dragons might appear to be worms of some sort. Some change gradually, growing wings and other distinguishing features, while others enter a pupal stage and metamorphose into dragons. These theories are unconfirmed, and occasional magical mutations (see the entry on Poresche) add to the confusion.

THANK YOU

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ALYSSA GLANOWIN

3rd-level Priest of the Good Order

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 9
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 14

Strength: 11 **Intelligence:** 18
Dexterity: 14 **Wisdom:** 16
Constitution: 9 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Staff, sling; etiquette, healing (2 extra slots), herbalism, musical instrument (mandolin), reading/writing (Common), religion, singing, spellcraft

Armor: *Ring of protection +1*

Weapons: Staff, sling

Equipment: *Mishakal's medallion of faith, pearl of wisdom, bag of healing herbs*

Description: Alyssa is a diminutive young woman, and is often mistaken for a child because of her extremely youthful features. She has curly brown hair that falls to just below her ears and fair skin. She wears a simple dress that is white with blue in it, and a pendant inscribed with the many names of her patron deity, Mishakal.

Attitudes: Alyssa is a devout priestess of Mishakal and finds wonder and beauty in everything that she discovers about the world. This sometimes is her bane, because she tends to be too trusting of those she meets. However, true to her deity's teachings, Alyssa is always more than willing to aid those who are ailing or in need. Despite her child-like wonder, Alyssa is a studious and devoted disciple, and there is a prominent future ahead of her within Mishakal's orders.

Background: Alyssa's village was nearly destroyed by a skirmish between draconians and a party of wandering heroes. After the combat, which the heroes won, one of their members, a priestess of Mishakal named Erima, began tending to the sick and hurt of the village. Alyssa was so moved by this display of caring that she wished to take up the life of a priestess of Mishakal herself.



Because the village had been nearly destroyed, the survivors travelled with the heroes to a nearby town, where Alyssa visited the temple of Mishakal with Erima to learn more about the return of the true gods. Alyssa's enthusiasm did not go unnoticed by the members of the temple, and she was invited to stay and learn. With her parents' permission, Alyssa was soon an acolyte devoutly studying Mishakal's teachings.

Now a prominent priestess within the hierarchy of the temple, Alyssa has begun to journey forth into the surrounding land to spread the word of her faith, and help rebuild the world after the War of the Lance. However, her sheltered life as a child and during her first years as an acolyte have made her a bit naive and too trusting.

Alyssa now occasionally travels with a pair of squires, named Merek and Suthor, who aspire to become Knights of Solamnia. As part of their training, Merek and Suthor escort her to various villages and towns where she teaches her faith and heals the people. Along the way, they have had an adventure or two.

AMBERSTAR

5th-level Fighter

Race: Kender
Alignment: Chaotic neutral
Move: 6
AC: 9
THAC0: 16
Hit Points: 30

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 13
Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 11
Constitution: 9 **Charisma:** 16

Proficiencies: Hoopak (as quarterstaff and sling), knife, bollik (as bolas), whippik (as whip); fire- building, hunting, swimming

Armor: None

Weapons: Hoopak, knife, bollik

Equipment: Ring of feather falling

Description: Named for her rich yellow hair and the twinkle in her eyes, Amberstar has wandered from the kender homelands. She wears warm furs and a golden necklace that her mother gave her. She goes through even the rainiest days without looking bedraggled. Her dark eyes can stare unflinchingly and unnervingly when something interests her.

Amberstar prefers to travel light, so never carries more than fits in her small pack. Amberstar has a fondness for gold earrings and toy figurines of any kind and has small collections of both.

Attitudes: Amberstar is carefree and fearless. She often takes care of objects for people who "misplace" them and carries a pouch filled with numerous trinkets. She is very loyal to her friends and will never desert them in time of need. Amberstar loves adventuring but plans to settle down one day in her home village near Hylo.

She is curious about everything and quick to poke her nose in anywhere with gleeful shouts of abandon. She listens to advice from friends but ignores it when she knows she is right. Usually her friends are just too timid. Amberstar hopes to see a good dragon one day.

Background: Amberstar first felt kender wanderlust during peacetime. She traveled from Kendermore through Silvanost and on to Solamnia, hoping to see Palanthus. She never made it. When the War of the



Lance began, Amberstar wanted to help the kender suffering under the eastern Dragonarmies. She hurried east, skirting south to avoid the Dragonarmies. She hoped to see the elves of Silvanost again, but she found that their city had already been sacked and the forest perverted. Her hatred of the Dragonarmies began that day and has only grown stronger since.

She hurried on to Kendermore, found her friends, and convinced them to go take a look at the draconians. The kender became camp followers, and they kept finding interesting maps, keys, orders, signal flags, and quartermasters' lists, much to the consternation of draconians who kept losing things. Their greatest find, however, was a copy of the order of battle for the Black Dragonarmy.

Amberstar liked the bright blazons and markings in the troop list, but she had no idea of its military value until she showed it to a human soldier. Amberstar enjoyed watching him jump up and down. Ever since then, Amberstar and company have spied on the Black Dragonarmy, keeping the armies of good informed on its movements, supplies, troop strength, and morale. She likes to see draconians befuddled.

Amberstar has typical kender "thieving" skills.

BOINIAS

7th-level Gladiator Fighter

Race: Gnome
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 6
AC: 7
THACO: 14
Hit Points: 54

Strength: 14 **Intelligence:** 12
Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 11 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Cestus (specialized), two-weapon style specialization, punching specialization, bolas, dagger, short sword; gaming, blind-fighting, charioteering, tumbling, endurance

Armor: Gallic armor

Weapon: Short sword +3, 2 cesti, bolas, dagger

Equipment: Gauntlets of dexterity

Description: Boinias is powerfully built for a gnome, bearing the scars of dozens of arena battles. He wears revealing clothing, letting his build speak volumes among the outlaws with whom he now associates. Boinias is most often found in a belted toga, with shin guards and sandals.

Boinias carries a magical short sword. The sword is of ancient but uncertain origins. One property is apparent-it glows brightly when held by a gnome. Boinias is most often preceded by his own aura.

Attitudes: Boinias spent his youth as a slave in the pits of the League of Minotaurs on Taladas. He worked stone and made mud bricks, toiling for years in the blistering sun. The whips of the minotaurs curbed his rage, but they also hardened his body and his resolve.

Boinias detests the notion of slavery. Having escaped the arena, he has devoted his life to putting an end to the institution. When in the presence of slaves, Boinias seeks ways to free them or to instill within them a sense of self worth and confidence. When in the presence of slave owners, Boinias seeks to rationally convince them that their actions are wrong. If he is unsuccessful, he generally resorts to violence.

Secondarily, Boinias has come to appreciate nature in all its splendor. Having grown up in the lifeless mud of the slave pits, his newfound home in the wil-



derness is one he finds both beautiful and worth protecting. Much in the same way as he abhors slavery, Boinias finds no room in his heart for those who wantonly destroy natural wonders such as forests and animals. More than one hunter has found an angry gnome between himself and his prey when Boinias finds his hunting "excessive."

Background: Boinias was purchased at a young age by an elderly minotaur-his new master died soon after the purchase. As such, Boinias has no idea where he is originally from, though he suspects he is the offspring of the curious inventor folk of Sancrist island. Boinias never had the luxury of seeking out his tinkering, inventive side, but was instead forced to labor from his earliest days.

In the arena, Boinias won many matches, beyond the expectations of both himself and his owners. His success won him latitude of movement, which he quickly took advantage of to escape.

Now Boinias moves through the wilderness with other escaped slaves, exacting revenge on minotaurs and seeking freedom for all. He hopes his friend Tra-nea will join him one day soon.

CALANDRIA

14th-level Mage of the Red Robes

Race: Human
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 12
AC: 5
THACO: 16
Hit Points: 32

Strength: 11 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 13
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Quarterstaff, dagger, dart; dancing, herbalism, religion, singing, spellcraft, weather sense, weaving, reading/writing (Common, Magius, Solamnic), modern languages (Ergot, Plainsman)

Armor: *Cloak of protection +4*

Weapons: Quarterstaff, *dagger +3*, 12 darts

Equipment: Clothing, bedroll, wand of conjuration, staff of command, wand of lightning, amulet of proof against detection and location

Description: Calandria is a pretty woman with curly red hair, large brown eyes, and a sad expression.

Attitudes: Calandria loves meeting new people, but has a difficult time forging lasting friendships and stays in one place only as long as she feels comfortable with the people around her. The death of her parents and mentor hurt her deeply, and she is reluctant to become close to anyone for fear of losing them. She shares a strong bond of friendship with her dragon, Poresche, and she protects him fiercely. Calandria knows that Poresche will be her friend until her death.

This wizard would like to make a home in a quiet village, but the turmoil in Ansalon will probably prevent her from doing so for a number of years.

Background: At the age of 32, Calandria's difficult life is finally turning around. Her parents were killed by draconians when she was 10, and she still tries to avoid attracting the attention of draconians. She moved in with her mentor, a wizard of the red robes, and for the next four years, studied hard and developed her talent. Her mentor was killed by an assassin after selling a faulty magical item he had created.

At the age of 12, Calandria packed her meager pos-



sessions and as many of her mentor's magical items as she could carry and left for the Tower of Wayreth. She had attained 4th level as a wizard, and sought to take the Test of High Sorcery and gain a new mentor.

Calandria traveled with a caravan of bards for a time, cooking and cleaning in exchange for the safety of their wagons and for a place to sleep. She learned to sing, dance, and repair musical instruments. When she parted their company, she sang and danced for her supper until she reached Wayreth.

She was nearly turned away by the wizards at Wayreth. Calandria's former mentor claimed to have been approved by the Conclave of Wizards, but his status was shaky at best. Calandria begged the conclave to accept her, and for one year, she stayed at the tower under their watchful eyes, proving herself to be studious, loyal, and talented during this probation. The conclave allowed her to take the Test, and she survived with barely a scratch.

Calandria stayed at the tower for a number of years but never became close to anyone there. The cold attitudes of the other wizards warmed after her probation, but she could not bring herself to become friendly with any of them.

CYMBELENE

5th-level Amazon Ranger

Race: Human
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 12
AC: 5
THACO: 16
Hit Points: 35

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 13
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 11
Constitution: 12 **Charisma:** 15

Proficiencies: Long bow (specialized), battle axe, dagger; land-based riding (horse), animal training (horse), bowyer/fletcher, artistic ability (woodcarving)

Armor: Studded leather

Weapons: Long bow +1, 20 arrows +1, 12 silver-headed arrows, 12 flight arrows, battle axe, boot dagger

Equipment: Quivers, *potion of flying*, *potion of healing*, *ring of warmth*, fletching feathers and tools

Description: A small but strong woman of about twenty-five, Cymbelene is graceful and athletic. Her hair is a light brown, and her eyes are blue and bright. The elves gave her the name "Laughing Eyes" and it is well-deserved. Even in grave danger, she is a determined fighter who never shows her fear on her face. Cymbelene is an accomplished archer and is almost always found with her bow nearby.

Attitudes: A carefree raider and freebooter, Cymbelene fights a never-ending war against evil marauders who threaten the helpless of Krynn. She wanders the world looking for people in need of her bow or axe. Many would let such a mission make them grim and silent, but Cymbelene remains friendly and approachable. She makes a point of living among the people she defends and understanding who they are and why they need her help. As a result, she makes many friends and can count on help when she needs it.

Background: Cymbelene was born in a small matriarchal village near the town of Goodbay in Abanasinia. Her mother was a ranger and woodcarver, and she came to love the woods as she grew up. When she was about ten years old, a group of minotaur raiders



attacked her village and laid waste to her home. Her parents were killed repelling the attack. Cymbelene was devastated by the loss of her family and retreated deeper and deeper into the forests, living alone and using the skills her mother had taught her.

In time, she wandered into the forests of the Qualinesti elves. Normally suspicious of strangers, Cymbelene's forest-wise ways and grief touched the elves, and they took her in. Time passed swiftly, and Cymbelene learned to laugh again, and also learned much about elves. In time, she was skilled enough to take the fight back to the raiders who had destroyed her home. During the War of the Lance, she fought alone or with a few companions against the violent bands of marauders who plagued the lands beyond the conquests of the Dragonarmies.

Cymbelene has spent the time since the end of the war hunting evil wherever it lurks. The brigands and bandits who prey on the helpless and innocent are her sworn enemies, and she battles them continuously in her wanderings. Travellers who encounter Cymbelene will find her to be a pleasant, witty person who is always looking for assistance in her fights against marauders and raiders.

DAVITER THE WISE

8th-level Knight of the Rose

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 1
THAC0: 13
Hit Points: 71

Strength: 18/78 **Intelligence:** 13
Dexterity: 12 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 17 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Heavy lance, two-handed sword, battle axe, dagger, javelin, horseman's mace; land-based riding (horse), animal handling, healing, reading/writing (Common), modern languages (Kharolian, Estwilde, Ergot, Ice Barbarian)

Armor: Banded mail, *medium shield +2*

Weapons: *Battle axe +3, heavy lance +1, two-handed sword, dagger, javelin*

Equipment: Healing herbs, bandages, ring of invisibility

Description: Daviter stands 6'1" tall and weighs about 250 pounds. His dark hair and beard frame a calm face with few wrinkles. The 32-year-old Daviter carries himself with a proud gait. Though a Knight of Solamnia, he seldom acts the part, instead wearing his simple banded mail, wielding a battle axe, and foregoing the standard drooping mustache in favor of a full beard.

Attitudes: As his nickname suggests, Daviter is quite thoughtful, and he is able to tell much about a person from a short meeting. He uses his insight to guide his dealings with people and has been very successful. Because his chosen quest demands secrecy and subtlety, Daviter often adopts the brusque and boisterous exterior of a veteran mercenary, hiding his acute mental faculties, as well as his pride in being a Knight of Solamnia.

Background: Originally from Solamnia, Daviter joined the Knighthood before the War of the Lance, and he rose quickly through the ranks during and after the war. He has distinguished himself in several battles, but not to the extent that he is an often-recognized hero.

Daviter has taken on a special duty since the war,



trying to rebuild the ranks of the Knights and to better their tarnished reputation. Realizing that Knights of Solamnia are disliked by many (and not without reason), he maintains a low profile. He travels to isolated secret cells of Knights, maintaining communications with them, and he has established several small groups of Knights in various towns.

Until such time as these Knights can change the opinions of locals regarding the Solamnic Knights, they operate largely in secret. Following Daviter's lead, they perform good deeds and act with honor in all dealings, revealing their allegiance with the Knights only after they have gained strong personal reputations which will remove some of the stigma attached to the Knighthood. Though this policy has already met with some success, Daviter realizes it will take a long time to rebuild the Knighthood to its former glory, and he will act in secrecy as long as necessary.

Daviter himself performs many good deeds on his travels, fighting monsters and agents of the Dragonarmies, or just offering a helping hand and a bit of his healing skills. He travels about Ansalon on his heavy warhorse, Happy, accompanied by two close friends from the war, Steveck and Kimmil.

DWYAM MARZ

9th-level Wilderness Fighter

Race: Human
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 7
THACO: 12
Hit Points: 70

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 8
Dexterity: 17 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Footman's mace, heavy crossbow, dagger, pellet bow, crook blade, warpipe, bear claws; hunting, mountaineering, survival (mountains), endurance, tracking

Armor: *Leather armor +1*

Weapons: Footman's mace, heavy crossbow, 3 daggers

Equipment: *Girdle of strength (19), gauntlets of swimming and climbing*

Description: Dwyam Marz is a hardened woman with golden skin, blonde hair so pale it is almost white, a narrow, mannish face, and lean arms toughened by a life of combat. Her magical leather armor is often festooned with gems and bangles, and she enjoys the dramatic effect of a colorful cloak. She prefers having too much gear rather than coming up short with too little, so that she can survive alone in the wild.

Attitudes: Dwyam prefers to adventure alone rather than with a group. She has trouble taking orders and prefers to make her own decisions. She has always had faith in the strength of her sword arm and the speed of her trained reflexes. For years she was true neutral, but recently she has converted to the cause of Good.

Background: A mountain barbarian, Dwyam grew up proud and independent. She abandoned her people after an ice bear killed her mate; she could not bear the memories that haunted her.

She lived alone for years, adopting city ways and working for merchants, militias, and bounty hunters when she needed money. Dwyam avoided risks and helped only those who could help her, befriending other warriors to gain allies in battle. She acquired a reputation as an iron leader, driving others hard,



close to no one. Then came the War of the Lance.

Dwyam was leading a squad of guards escorting the payroll to Tarsis when the Blue Dragonarmy found them. Dwyam escaped and was soon working for the Highlords-the pay was good, and she saw no action while the Blue Dragonarmy marched north to besiege Palanthus. Her platoon never made it.

They were hunting gnomes in the hills when a talking badger surprised them, asking them what they were looking for. Dwyam wanted to talk to the odd beast, but her human and ogrish troops rebelled. They baited the animal cruelly, and the enraged beast bled from snapping at their weapons. Dwyam wanted no part of it and walked off. When she left, there was a brief roar. Curious, Dwyam returned to stare in amazement at the badger's true form-a good dragon. Nothing remained of her troops. Balagast the Bronze looked at her and asked her who she fought for; she swore her allegiance to him on the spot.

Dwyam deserted the Blue Dragonarmy. Together with Balagast she has harried the draconians, and they have won the Blue Lady's special hatred. Dwyam has a price on her head, but she is slowly learning to trust the dragon, a friend she can expect not to outlive.

ERASTIN RIVENGUARD

3rd-level Knight of the Crown

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 9
AC: 0
THAC0: 18
Hit Points: 26

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 14
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Heavy horse lance, two-handed sword, long sword, dagger, javelin; land-based riding (horse), heraldry, animal handling, reading/writing (Common), endurance, religion

Armor: Plate mail, shield

Weapons: Long sword, heavy lance

Equipment: Journal, ink, pen, whetstone

Description: Erastin is 6' tall and weighs nearly 200 pounds. He is well-proportioned and handsome, with long dark hair and a drooping mustache worn in the style of the Knights of Solamnia.

Attitudes: Erastin is very serious about his duties to the Knights of Solamnia, and one day he plans to become a Knight of the Rose. His devotion to the Knighthood causes some to see him as stodgy, others to see him as haughty, but his good heart, quick wit, and relaxed manner earn him many friends.

Background: Erastin Rivenguard grew up in Witdel in a family with a long tradition of providing soldiers to the Knights of Solamnia. At last, the Knighthood agreed to honor the family's contribution by allowing one of their children to try for the Order. From the moment Erastin could speak, they groomed him for the Knighthood. Ever since he learned to read, he studied the Measure; they made him recite the Oath every night before he slept. His knowledge of the Measure is greater than that of even far more experienced Knights.

To insure that Erastin was fit in more than just mind, his family hired Targin Steelaxe to see to his training. Targin made sure that Erastin learned common "dirty" fighting as well as chivalric forms of combat.

To prove his worth before seeking entrance to the Knighthood, Erastin began adventuring. He, Targin,



and Galenye Faelern (Erastin's childhood sweetheart) took up arms. In time, they gathered more companions, including Karathos, Jilani, and Siriath Leafwine. All these friends helped Erastin achieve Knighthood, and he values them all dearly. Some of Erastin's other friends and adventuring companions include Obsidian Fireforge, Pentrian the Rabbit, and Selowen. Mounted on his heavy warhorse and accompanied by friends, Erastin travels throughout Ansalon.

Though he has already performed many outstanding deeds, Erastin is currently trying to find a quest for the cause of order, one which will meet the requirements of the Order of the Sword and allow him entry into their ranks. He has recently helped return the *Brightblade* to the Knights of Solamnia (detailed in Knight's Sword) and find Flint's legendary battle axe (detailed in Flint's Axe). He learned that these items may be part of a prophecy regarding Kiri-Jolith's symbolic return to Krynn, and he is researching to find out what else needs to be done to complete the prophecy. The wizard Rikar believes retrieval of Huma's shield to be important, and Erastin is considering this for his quest.

ESTHERIA

7th-level Fighter

Race: Dargonesti Elf
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 9, Sw 15 (30 as dolphin)
AC: 5
THACO: 14
Hit Points: 54

Strength: 14 **Intelligence:** 11
Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 13
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Trident (specialized), two-weapon style specialization (trident and net), blow gun, net, short sword; set snares, direction sense, animal lore (dolphins), agriculture (aquatic), animal handling (dolphins), fishing, swimming

Armor: Sea elf scale mail

Weapons: *Trident* +2, blow gun, 36 needles, net

Equipment: Knife, needle and thread, rations (1 week), *potion of air-breathing* (3 doses)

Description: Estheria's rubbery blue skin, wide purple eyes with narrow pupils, webbed fingers and toes, and long seaweed-green hair mark her as a sea elf. She is young for an elf, only 122 years old. Estheria is also large for a member of the dargonesti at 5'9" and 94 pounds. Her size has served her well in her life as a warrior.

Attitudes: Open-minded and an extrovert by elven standards, Estheria is one of the few of her race who has actively sought contact with other, nonaquatic races. She believes that all elves, especially the aquatic dargonesti and their cousins the dimernesti, need exposure to other races if the elves are to be successful in making Krynn the garden it could become. To this end, she is fascinated by peoples and items from the surface world. Estheria lacks much of the typical elven pride and sense of superiority. Her life as a warrior has shown her that the other races of Krynn can make important contributions and that elves, despite being "chosen," are still mortal.

Background: During the War of the Lance, Estheria acted as an escort and guide for the ships of Silvanesti elves who were retreating from the dragonarmies advancing toward Silvanost. She visited both Qualinesti and Solamnia as a result, and learned much from the



surface-world races. Since the war, Estheria has traveled Krynn extensively, primarily via the world's waterways. Estheria does prefer the company of other elves, but has adventured with humans, half-elves, kender and dwarves. She is most comfortable near large bodies of water, but does enjoy exploring surface cities.

As an elf, Estheria has all the special abilities listed for elves in the AD&D® 2nd Edition game *flayer's Handbook*. In addition, three times per day Estheria can *shapechange* in one round to a dolphin. As a result, Estheria gains the movement rate and all special abilities of this creature (see the *Monstrous Compendium*, volume 1).

FESTER

2nd-level Thief

Race: Aghar (Gully) Dwarf
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 6
AC: 7
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 13

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 5
Dexterity: 17 **Wisdom:** 6
Constitution: 9 **Charisma:** 7

Proficiencies: Club, thrown rock; cooking, local history, ventriloquism

Armor: None

Weapons: *Club +1*, sludge bomb (all within 10' must make a saving throw vs. spells or suffer the effects of a *stinking cloud* spell)

Equipment: Pottery crown, sacks, scepter (see below)

Description: Fester is the epitome of gully dwarven beauty, with a bulbous nose, ratty brown hair, a dumpy figure, few teeth, mud-brown eyes, and a rounded, dirt-smearred face. She wears relatively nice clothes, usually including a blue robe which indicates her position as Queen of the Gully Dwarves.

Fester's scepter is actually a wand of wonder. She does not realize it is magical, but sometimes special things happen when she waves her scepter around and issues commands or requests to her subjects.

Attitudes: Fester has an air of leadership which is rare among gully dwarves. She is usually kind and quiet, but is very proud of her gully dwarf followers. She becomes angry only when gully dwarves are harmed.

Background: Before the War of the Lance, the Aghar of Thorbardin lived in relative peace, scraping out a living stealing garbage from the other dwarves. Fester was the consort of the local gully dwarf shaman, Nomscul.

When those known later as the Heroes of the Lance split up to check on rumors of war, Flint Fireforge went to Hillhome, where he had grown up. Captured by Theiwar dwarves, he was thrown into a pit with Perian, a female Theiwar. The two fought the beast in the pit and emerged in Mudhole, home of the gully dwarves.



Because of a prophecy, the shaman Nomscul named Flint and Perian king and queen. Fester became Perian's lady-in-waiting, or "weighty lady." After Perian died in the Battle of Hillhome, in which the gully dwarves fought, the Aghar needed a new queen. Nomscul named Fester queen and himself king. The two ruled together for more than two years before Nomscul quit being king to take a new title.

During the War of the Lance, Fester did her best to help the forces of good, since Flint Fireforge did so. She asked the Highbulp to help, but he slept through all the important meetings. Fester also sent out spies, raiders, and skirmish parties to harass any nearby forces of evil, helping the war effort in many small ways. Their activities were seldom acknowledged, but probably helped end the war a little sooner.

Fester has been Queen of the Gully Dwarves of Mudhole longer than anyone else. There are about 300 gully dwarves in Mudhole, and all love and respect their queen. In return, she rules them with love and kindness, taking much advice from her First Husband, who is more familiar with ruling the Aghar.

Fester currently has the following thieving skills: PP 45%; OL 30%; F/RT 35%; MS 50%; HS 45%; DN 15%; CW 60%; RL - 5%.

GALENYE FAELERN

4th-level Thief

Race: Human
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 3
THAC0: 19
Hit Points: 18

Strength: 13 **Intelligence:** 15
Dexterity: 17 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 12 **Charisma:** 16

Proficiencies: Wrestling specialization, short sword, short bow; juggling, tumbling, disguise, lip-reading, modern languages (Ergot), set snares

Armor: *Leather armor +2*

Weapons: *Short sword +1*, short bow, 20 arrows

Equipment: Thieves' tools, numerous hidden pouches, three doses of contact sleep poison (save vs. poison or fall asleep for 1 turn), *rope of climbing*

Description: The lovely Galenye stands 5'7" tall and weighs 120 pounds. She has dark eyes and hair. She prefers to dress in gray and black, but has recently begun experimenting with a few brighter colors, particularly red.

Attitudes: More often than not, Galenye uses her good looks and charming manner to get by. Although she is somewhat lazy, she is developing a strong sense of honor because of her friendship with Erastin Rivengard. She is a bit headstrong and she has a tendency to lose her temper too easily.

Background: Galenye grew up in Witdel, the same Solamnic village as Erastin Rivengard. They were childhood sweethearts, and she has never forgotten the childish love she once felt for him.

For a few years, she traveled away to Gwynnedd in Ergoth. Here she learned the skills that enabled her to survive in the city, as well as the illegal trade by which she made her living for a time. It was also here that she was captured and thrown in jail. The Ergothians planned to execute her, but she managed to escape before they did so.

Galenye left Ergoth not long after her escape from jail, returning to Solamnia. There, she again encountered Erastin, who was preparing to apply for entrance into the Knights of Solamnia. He asked



Galenye to join him in adventuring, and the two had many long talks about the past and the future.

Galenye came to admire Erastin's sense of honor. Realizing the fundamental selfishness of her previous life, she has made steps to change, now using her thief's skills to combat crime rather than commit it.

Galenye helped Erastin through his trials in becoming a Solamnic Knight and accompanied him in the quest to find Flint Fireforge's legendary battle axe. She finally feels she is beginning to repay him for helping her find the right path, and she is ready to follow him on almost any quest.

Along with their other adventuring companions-Targin Steelaxe, Karathos, Jilani, Siriath Leafwine, Obsidian Fireforge, Pentrian the Rabbit, and Selowen-Galenye and Erastin have traveled far and encountered much. They stand ready to fight the forces of evil which plague the lands of Krynn.

Galenye currently has the following thieving skills: PP 30%; OL 50%; F/RT 40%; MS 40%; HS 40%; DN 15%; CW 80%; RL 0%.

GILIDARIUS

15th-level Necromancer of the Black

Robes

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful evil
Move: 9
AC: 0
THACO: 16
Hit Points: 40

Strength: 10 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 12 **Charisma:** 6

Proficiencies: Staff, dagger, sling; ancient history, reading/writing (Common, Magius), spellcraft, religion, herbalism, astrology, modern languages (Qualinesti, Ergot, Solamnic), animal training (rats), agriculture

Armor: *Bracers of defense AC 4, cloak of protection +3*

Weapons: *Dagger +2, staff, sling, 20 bullets*

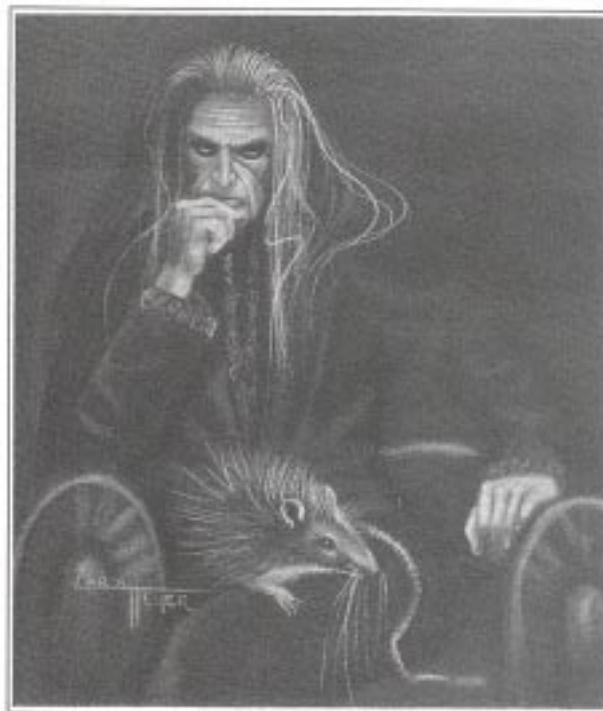
Equipment: *Medallion of ESP, ring of regeneration, ring of wizardry (see below)*

Description: Gilidarius is an old man with long, white hair. He has unearthly eyes which seem to glow with unearthly light. His wrinkled skin is gray and splotched. He is tall and gaunt, and he typically wears the black robes of his wizardly order.

The mage's *ring of wizardry* has been altered through arcane means. While his mentor, Raistlin, was away, Gilidarius placed the ring upon a rune of magical absorption on the great stone table in Raistlin's laboratory. He left it there for a full cycle of the moon Nuitari. As a result, the ring not only doubles the number of Gilidarius' 4th-level spells, but also allows him to memorize one extra necromantic spell of each level while Nuitari is in its full phase.

Attitudes: Gilidarius is an ambitious and bitter man who will let nothing stand in the way of his plans. A former pupil of Raistlin, Gilidarius picked up many of his master's traits. He is often cold and aloof, and he always seems to have a hidden agenda.

Gilidarius seldom shares his plans with anyone and will use whatever means are required to reach his ends. He will attempt to hide his purposes from anyone he meets, while at the same time trying to manipulate them into helping him.



Background: Gilidarius was old well before the War of the Lance. His early life was harsh, and he faced many hardships in his younger days. Though none seem to know for sure, he was supposedly a farmer. He had shown an aptitude for magic, and had even trained as a wizard, but gave it up for a settled life-style.

As the stories go, his family was slain by roving bandits who nearly killed Gilidarius as well. Changed into a bitter man by these events, Gilidarius chose to continue his study of magic so that he might one day exact revenge against those who destroyed his life, and so that he might perhaps even find a way to bring his wife and children back from the grave.

Gilidarius met Raistlin and quickly apprenticed himself to the younger, but more powerful, mage. He learned much from his master in the short time they were together, then continued learning on his own. Though he has personal goals to work toward, Gilidarius also seeks his lost master, Raistlin. So far, he has not had any luck opening a portal to the Abyss.

Despite his disdain for others, Gilidarius defended certain areas during the War of the Lance, mainly to prevent the Dragonarmies' interfering with his plans.

Gilidarius has a rat familiar, and he owns several other rats which he has trained for various tasks.

GLITTERBACK

6th-level Fighter

Race: Hylar Dwarf
Alignment: Lawful neutral
Move: 6
AC: 0
THAC0: 15
Hit Points: 51

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 11
Dexterity: 12 **Wisdom:** 9
Constitution: 17 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Warhammer (specialized), light crossbow, dagger, hand axe, battle axe; armorer, mining, blacksmithing

Armor: Gold plate mail +1, gold shield +1

Weapons: Gold warhammer +1, +2 vs. trolls, light crossbow, dagger

Equipment: Tinder box, 30' rope, iron rations (2 weeks), large piece of chalk, flask of oil, potion of heroism, scroll of protection from fire, rough polished agate pendant on a gold chain (stone of good luck)

Description: Glitterback acquired his nickname years before the mining triumph that brought him to prominence in his clan. Even as a teenager, the young dwarf was a bit of a fop. While his fellows disdained all ornamentation except for the occasional family heirloom or medal for meritorious service, Glitterback believed in ostentation. Now he is a wealthy dwarf of middle years, sober and serious-looking with graying hair and beard. But he still believes in flaunting his triumph with portable wealth: the shiny golden armor he wears whenever he is called to protect his home and clan.

Attitudes: Glitterback believes that his dogged hard work makes him worthy of a display of riches. He's spent the last 80 years working in the clan's mines when not defending his homeland. A dwarf of few hobbies, Glitterback believes that work is what brings joy to life, and if hard work brings great wealth, so much the better. Other than his ostentatious armor and weapons, however, he finds little to actually do with the treasure he has amassed. Nevertheless, he continues to prospect for precious metal, hoping to make another strike to rival his youthful triumph. Glitterback's greatest sorrow is that he has no wife or children to share his life and his success.



Background: Glitterback was born Egan Montanaro, of the most ancient of the mountain dwarven races. In a culture in which children learn the virtue of hard work at a young age, Egan was a quick and willing student. He seemed to have a natural talent for mining, and each small find drove him to work even harder. As a boy, he unearthed the large agate he wears on a chain around his neck as a symbol of his first success. As a young miner in the central Khalkist Mountains, he located one of the richest veins of gold in his clan's history. Egan had his share fashioned into gold armor and weapons which were blessed by the clan priest in the name of the dwarven god Reorx. It would shatter Glitterback's confidence to learn that his greatest triumph is due more to the *luckstone* he wears than to hard work and determination.

GRINDLETHORPE

15th-level Renegade Illusionist

Race: Gnome
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 6
AC: 5
THAC0: 16
Hit Points: 42

Strength: 10 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 9 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Dagger, Gnomish grenade; artistic ability (sculpture), engineering, blacksmithing, carpentry, ancient history (Gnomish), local history (Mount Nevermind), spellcraft, reading/writing (Magius, Gnomish, Common), modern languages (Solamnic)

Armor: *Cloak of protection +3*

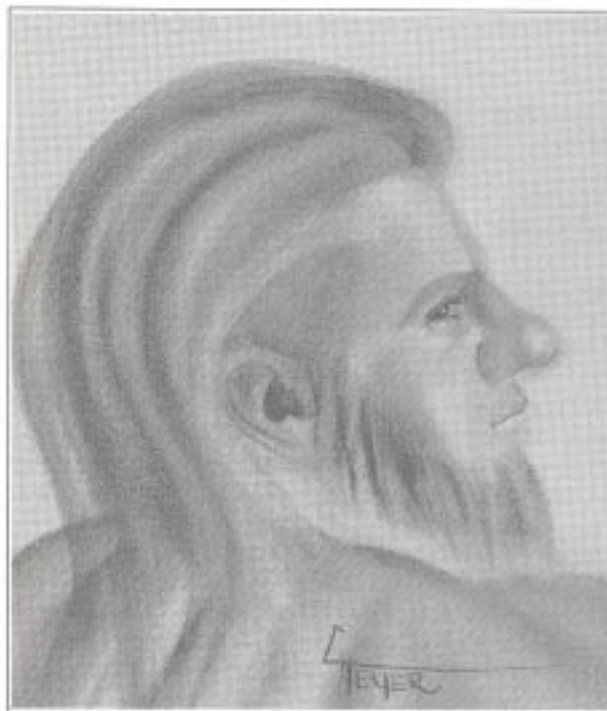
Weapons: Dagger, Gnomish grenades (3 of each type)

Equipment: *Dust of disappearance, cane (wand) of frost, award medallion (see below)*

Description: Grindlethorpe is a portly, elderly gnome with an unusually large nose. He has a full beard and long hair. He likes to dress all in one color-blue and red are his favorites-and will sometimes dye his hair and beard to match. He enjoys the attention his unusual attire often attracts and is easily offended by unappreciative comments.

Since he is getting on in years, these days Grindlethorpe gets around with the help of a cane which, should he need them, has the same powers as a *wand of frost*. He is very proud of his medallion and never appears in public without it.

Attitudes: Grindlethorpe is a gnomes' gnome: he loves nothing so much as tinkering with gadgets to see if he can improve (or even just change) the way they work. He has the reputation of being the only gnome whose inventions always work-at least once, anyway. He secretly uses illusions to make it appear that his devices work; a deception he rationalizes as necessary for inspiring younger inventors. An ardent advocate of gnomish culture, he is the person most responsible for the current gnomish enthusiasm for spelljamming and the spread of tinker gnomes to other worlds.



Background: As a young gnome, Grindlethorpe was a renegade wizard specializing in illusionist magic. He was unusually clever at hiding all signs of his spellcasting, reducing the verbal and somatic components of his spells to the smallest, most easily overlooked mutters and gestures.

About the time of the Cataclysm, Grindlethorpe publicly abandoned sorcery for technology, a decision which had a tremendous impact on his fellow gnomes, many of whom followed his lead. He quickly became a legend in his own time (among gnomes, at least) as the first gnome in Krynnish history to complete *three* Lifequests. For this outstanding achievement, he was given a special medallion making him an honorary member of every gnomish guild. In fact, he secretly continued to practice his craft; most of his accomplishments were the result of well-planned illusions.

Grindlethorpe is a fraud, but a well-meaning one. Most of his illusions are designed to boost his own reputation or encourage other gnomes in their efforts. In his old age he has taken to making outrageous boasts, such as one that he once owned the *Staff of Magius* but gave it away to "that young Raistlin fellow," who needed it, not having been born a gnome.

GROGAN STONETHEWS

8th-level Priest of the Neutral Order

Race: Hylar Dwarf
Alignment: Lawful neutral (good)
Move: 9
AC: 5
THAC0: 16
Hit Points: 40

Strength: 14 **Intelligence:** 18
Dexterity: 10 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Warhammer, hand axe, battle axe; brewing, ancient history, blacksmithing, carpentry, engineering, healing, leatherworking, reading/writing (Common, Mountain Dwarf), religion, spellcraft, stonemasonry

Armor: Chain mail

Weapons: Dwarven *warhammer* +2, hand axe

Equipment: *Reorx's medallion of faith*, *phylactery of long years*, *staff of curing*, *tun of purity* (see below), ornamental field plate (gold inlay)

Description: Grogan dresses in chain mail, choosing to save his ornamental field plate for only the most special of occasions and ceremonies. Grogan recently gave up his worn suit of leather armor and a cloak of protection to conform with the requirements for priests of Reorx. He wears a matching set of thick boots, gloves, and a lined coat with a small emblem of Reorx on the breast. Grogan has light brown skin and graying hair. His most notable facial features, however, are his coal-black eyes, which twinkle in either great joy or flashing anger, depending upon his overall mood.

Attitudes: Grogan is a constant source of enthusiasm and positive thinking. No matter what the situation, he seems to come up with some course of action to rectify it. This is not to say that he does not display typical dwarven grumpiness; on the contrary, he has been known to soundly berate those who have lost hope in their situation and have thus given up on their faith in the gods. Grogan is also frequently known to spout clever and very useful proverbs when he wishes for individuals to stop and think more carefully about intended actions.



Background: Grogan is a highly respected priest of Reorx who came down from his home in Pax Tharkas when he heard of the rebirth in the beliefs in the gods. He brought with him the knowledge of generations of his clan's faith and study of Reorx's teaching, and a passion for learning the truths of the other gods. This wisdom helped him lead the way in restoring faith among the peoples of the surrounding region.

Soon, though, he felt the desire to travel further afield in order to learn more of the myriad ways of the gods. He both taught and learned as he traveled, picking up much concerning the ways of Paladine in particular. His travels brought him into contact with many peoples and places, something which he cherishes greatly.

He at last returned to his home in Pax Tharkas, where he was received with great appreciation. He spent his days there teaching the faith to his own people, as well as crafting that special artifact that each priest of Reorx must fabricate at the appropriate time.

Grogan's special creation is a *tun of purity*, with which can be brewed the smoothest and most wonderfully flavored ale imaginable. He saves the ale made from this tun for special of occasions.

HAKAN FLOWERHAIR

9th-level Handler Thief

Race: Kender
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 6
AC: 6
THACO: 16
Hit Points: 38

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 10
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 11
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Hoopak (as quarterstaff and sling), dagger, dart; set snares, survival (mountains), tracking, fire-building, fishing, rope use, weaving

Armor: Furs

Weapons: *Hoopak +1, dagger +1, 5 darts*

Equipment: Thieves' tools, marbles, glass cutter, cat-stink, string, charcoal sticks, buttons, handkerchiefs, tinderbox, dried fruit, small animal bones, coins, candles, whistles, whittling knife, and an assortment of whittling in various stages of completion

Description: Hakan Flowerhair is short, even for a kender. She is 2'11", although Hakan insists she's well over 3' tall. At 37 years of age, her deeply tanned face is not yet showing the network of lines and crow's feet around her eyes. Her eyes are blue and her sandy brown hair-always adorned with some sort of flower-is tied into a topknot.

Attitudes: Hakan has been branded as a thief by members of the other races, making it difficult for her to get along in society. As a result, she has adopted the thieving arts to keep herself going. Despite this, she does not consider herself a thief, but a "handler." She is not cynical (if such is even possible for a kender), and is still reveling in the midst of her wanderlust. Hakan does have a particular fascination with gems and jewels. This does lead to her "handling" more than her share of these items.

Background: Hakan Flowerhair found herself in trouble in Solace before the war-that ring must have fallen from the Seeker's finger. She just thought she would hold onto it for him so no one else would steal it. She then promptly forgot she had it. Branded a thief by the Seekers (imagine that, calling an honest kender a thief), Hakan fled Solace before the dragon-



armies struck from the north. Hakan made her way to Tarsis, only to be followed by the war and the dragon-armies. Hakan escaped the city and the draconians who seemed to be searching for one kender in particular-as if one kender automatically knows every other member of her race! She eventually "handled" her way across Ansalon for the duration of the war, her "reputation" preceding her wherever she went. She is now quite proficient in her "handling" skills.

Hakan currently has the following thieving skills: PP 70%; OL 67%; F/RT 60%; MS 70%; HS 56%; DN 30%; CW 98%; RL 45%. As a kender, Hakan also has infravision, a +1 bonus on saving throws vs. rod/staff/wand, and a +4 bonus on saving throws vs. poison. She has a +1 attack bonus when using her sling (or hoopak as a sling). Hakan also has a -4 bonus on any surprise rolls, and she is immune to both mundane and magical fear. This rogue is quite talented in the use of the kender taunting ability as well.

HETHEREN

7th-level Barbarian Ranger

Race: Kagonesti Elf
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 12
AC: 2
THACO: 14
Hit Points: 45

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 14
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 15

Proficiencies: Long bow, sling, warhammer, quarter-staff, throwing stick, net, spiked bracers; endurance, animal training (wolf), hunting, weather sense, direction sense, blind-fighting, set snares

Armor: *Ring of protection +4, +2 on saving throws*

Weapons: *Long bow +1, 2 spiked bracers (treat as cesti), 2 warhammers, 2 throwing sticks, net*

Equipment: Atrakha (animal whistle), soris, green-mask, knife, fur clothing, choker with silver spikes and turquoise studs

Description: Hetheren is tall for a Kagonesti, standing just over 5' tall. She is good-looking and quite well-muscled. Her dark brown hair has a reddish cast to it because of the amount of time she spends in the sun. She wears the revealing furs common to her people and has a pair of fine tattoos. She decorates her body with paint when hunting or preparing for battle, leaving her face bare except for stripes on either cheek.

Attitudes: Hetheren is tough and honest. Though she may seem a little cold at first, she is always ready to trust someone who proves to be worthy. She has a ready smile among friends. Her dancing eyes reveal her good nature, but just as readily illustrate her anger when it is aroused. Though slow to anger, she is dangerous when provoked.

Background: Hetheren grew up in the forests of Southern Ergoth, but has traveled widely since her youth. She was trained to be a scout and warrior for her tribe and has excelled in most of her endeavors.

While still a youth in her 50s, Hetheren discovered a wolf cub in the woods. She befriended it and raised it, and the she-wolf became her closest companion. She realized the wolf would eventually die, for that is



the way of nature, so she took care to insure that it would have offspring. Hetheren has raised several generations of cubs since that time, and most of the wolves of her homeland know and trust her. Hetheren's current wolf companion is Walgvar, a huge male with a deep gray coat.

Hetheren and Walgvar left their forest home to travel not long before the War of the Lance. Though she did not see major action during the war, Hetheren saw enough of the Draconians' depredations to choose them as her sworn enemies. Though normally peaceful and reserved, Hetheren will leap immediately into battle against draconians, using her spiked bracers and warhammers to wreak havoc in every direction. Walgvar also helps, and Hetheren has trained him in the best methods to attack different types of Draconians. Both Hetheren and Walgvar wear spiked collars to protect their throats in battle.

Hetheren has not returned to Southern Ergoth since the war, but plans to move in that direction to see for herself what changes have occurred. She hopes to have many adventures along the way, and looks forward to slaying Draconians and their minions and allies.

HILMAR

6th-level Fighter

Race: Human
Alignment: Chaotic neutral
Move: 12
AC: 2
THACO: 15
Hit Points: 40

Strength: 16 Intelligence: 8
Dexterity: 15 Wisdom: 7
Constitution: 11 Charisma: 9

Proficiencies: Long sword (specialized), dagger, knife, club, spear; blind-fighting, endurance, set snares

Armor: *Leather armor +1, shield +3, small helm, leather gauntlets, ring of protection +2* (adds only a saving throw bonus unless worn without Hilmar's magical armor)

Weapon: *Long sword +2, 2 daggers*

Equipment: Wineskin (filled in the morning, emptied by night), boots of levitation

Description: Hilmar is six feet tall and weighs 210 pounds. His padded armor with steel shoulder plates is his only clothing. He wears a long, drooping mustache, and his tangled red-brown hair is about collar length. Hilmar is frequently remembered for his perpetual scowl, which he considers to be a smile.

Attitudes: Hilmar appears insane to most people he meets. He laughs over-loudly and constantly, yet his fixed frown belies his apparent mood. He is always spoiling for a fight and he frequents the rougher pubs of Sanction, specifically hoping that a brawl will break out.

in battle he is ferocious if not formidable, often winning the fight through sheer intimidation. When wounded, he laughs boisterously and begs for another such attack, seeming to cast caution and strategy aside in favor of a more berserk offense. His long, shrill battle cry can be heard clearly through the din of a major battle, serving all the more to demoralize his opponents.

Given the opportunity, Hilmar will employ his boots of levitation to "get the jump" on an adversary, as he puts it (and means it). He will levitate up and above an unwary enemy, wait until that victim moves below his position, and then negate the powers of his



boots with a screeching battle whoop-the foe usually looks up just in time to receive Hilmar's full weight upon his face. Hilmar has practiced a technique of kicking his feet in opposite directions as he lands upon his target, attempting to snap its neck.

Background: Born in Neraka near the end of the War of the Lance, Hilmar is a son of an abusive father who believed that Hilmar would grow up strong if he had to fight all the way. The father employed corporal punishment frequently and aggressively, needing no transgression to prompt it, and even his approbation took the form of too-rough slaps on the back and "playful punches" that left bruises.

When he was twelve years of age, Hilmar discovered that his father's boots were magical *boots of levitation*. One day, while he was trying them on and playing with them, his father came home unexpectedly, caught him floating in the air, accused him of thievery, and promised to kill him on the spot. Hilmar leaped out the window, levitated out of his father's murderous reach, and decided that it was time to strike out on his own.

IAN CHANDLER

3rd-level Priest of the Good Order

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 8
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 18

Strength: 10 **Intelligence:** 14
Dexterity: 14 **Wisdom:** 16
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Footman's mace, staff; candlemaking, pottery, healing, religion, astrology, modern languages (Hill Dwarf, Qualinesti)

Armor: Leather armor

Weapons: Footman's mace

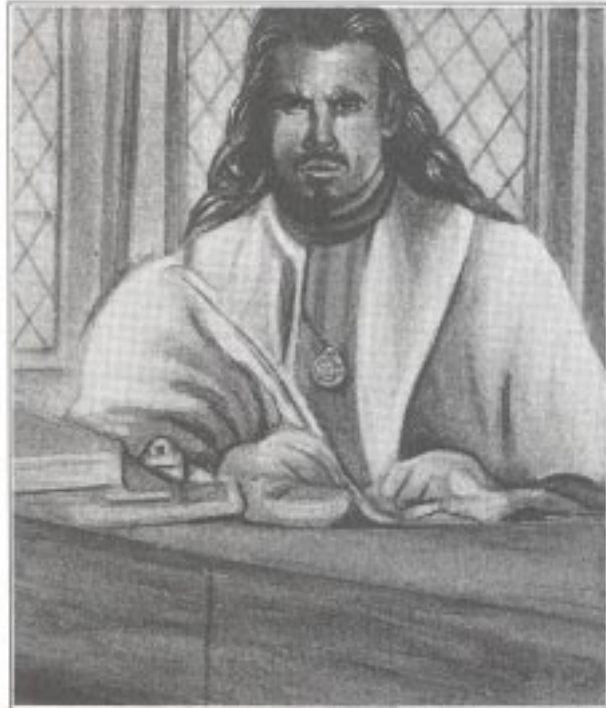
Equipment: Candles, wax, wicks, healing herbs, mortar and pestle, *Mishakal's medallion of faith*, white robes

Description: Ian is a tall human with a medium build. He wears his dark hair long and has grown a short beard to better fit in with the dwarves of his chosen place of residence. He looks serious most of the time, because he is usually concentrating on the task at hand, but he smiles easily when with friends. He almost always dresses in a set of white robes, which he takes pains to keep clean.

Attitudes: Ian is a kind and jovial young man, one of the few humans who lives in the dwarven village of Hillhome. He admires the dwarven lifestyle of hard work and good fun and seeks to emulate it. He has a quick and sharp wit, but listens well and is always ready to aid someone in need. He usually carries a full complement of healing and defensive spells in case his help is needed.

Background: Raised in the heart of Solamnia, Ian decided early that he would travel. He sought to see as much of the world as possible, and he arrived in the dwarven village of Hillhome not long after a great battle had been fought between its residents and evil Zakhar dwarves. Ian briefly met the great Flint Fireforge before that dwarf went on to become one of the Heroes of the Lance.

Ian stayed in Hillhome and helped rebuild the town, using his healing skills to aid the survivors of



the battle. Though many dwarves distrusted him at first, they developed a deep respect for him and eventually accepted him as one of their own.

When the gods returned to the world, Ian became a priest devoted to Mishakal. Augmenting his healing skills with spells from Mishakal, Ian became invaluable to the people of Hillhome.

Ian recently became acquainted with a group of adventurers, aiding them in their quest to find Flint Fireforge's legendary battle axe. He quickly became friends with Erastin Rivenguard, Galenye Faelern, and Karathos. He has known Obsidian Fireforge and Selowen for several years and considers them close friends. In addition, Ian has developed a scholarly relationship with the wizard Rikar and his own colleague, Pentrian the Rabbit.

Ian longs to go on an adventure with some of his companions, but feels his duties in Hillhome are too demanding. Perhaps, if he can find someone worthy to take his place for just a short time, he will allow himself to travel. In the meantime, he stays in Hillhome, improving his small church and eagerly devouring all news of the outside world.

JESSIE

8th-level Mage of the White Robes

Race: Half-elf
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 10
THAC0: 18
Hit Points: 19

Strength: 11 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 13 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 10

Proficiencies: Quarterstaff, sling; animal handling, animal training, direction sense, herbalism, weather sense, reading/writing (Common, Magius)

Armor: None

Weapons: Quarterstaff

Equipment: *Cloak of blending, boots of varied tracks*

Description: Jessie is a petite woman with long brown hair. She pays very little attention to her appearance and has the habit of just throwing on whatever clothes are handy when she wakes up. Consequentially, she often wears mis-matched outfits. By contrast, she takes great pains to keep each of her many pets neatly groomed, brushing their fur daily, whereas she often forgets to comb her own hair for weeks at a time.

Attitudes: Jessie is one of the most gentle people on all Ansalon. A devoted pacifist, she will not kill another person even in self-defense and therefore prefers spells like *web* and *hold person* to damage-inflicting *dweomers* (i.e., magic missile, flame arrow, or fireball). She is very fond of animals and children and spends most of her time in the company of one or the other. She will not hesitate to come to the aid of any creature who appears to be injured or in trouble, no matter what its race or alignment—an attitude that has in the past gotten her in trouble with both the Knights of Solamnia and her fellow White Wizards. She is one of the few people on Krynn who judges each person she meets on the basis of his or her actions, not race.

Background: Jessie grew up on a farm not far from Palanthus, in an area protected from the chaos preceding the War of the Lance by the presence of the nearby Knights of Solamnia. Her idyllic youth ended



when invading draconian armies overran her home during the Blue Lady's War. She was horrified by the violence and brutality of the invaders, who killed most of her friends and family, and even more appalled by the cruelty it inspired in the victors once the tide turned and they began hunting down the scattered survivors of the Blue Lady's army.

During the invasion, Jessie had used her magic to help many of her neighbors escape the marauders, hiding them in the woods north of Palanthus until the danger passed. Then at the war's conclusion she helped injured and desperate draconians escape their vengeful pursuers in the same way. Tried by the Solamnic Knights for high treason, she was pardoned when dozens of people came forward to testify that she had earlier saved their lives at the risk of her own.

Free once more, Jessie left Palanthus for good and settled in the woods to live the quiet life of a hermit. She has tamed most of the animals who live in her immediate area and is often sought out by farm-folk in need of help for themselves or their animals. She has also won the trust of the Irda, who consider her a human after their own heart; these wandering exiles occasionally visit her in various disguises.

JILANI

2nd-level Mage

Race: Half-elf
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 12
AC: 7
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 7

Strength: 10 **Intelligence:** 18
Dexterity: 11 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 9 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Quarterstaff; astrology, reading/writing (Common), dancing, spellcraft, disguise

Armor: *Ring of protection +3*

Weapons: Quarterstaff

Equipment: Cream-colored robes, spellbook (holds *detect magic*, *magic missile*, *read magic*, *shield*, *wall of fog*)

Description: Jilani is an average-looking woman in her mid-20s. She has long blond hair and light blue eyes, as well as a clear, if somewhat pale, complexion. She tends to dress in an imitation of the Abanasian Plainsmen, with fringed buckskin, soft boots, and a headband. She does, however, have a set of off-white robes ready for the time when she will apply to take the Test of High Sorcery.

Attitudes: A serious young woman, Jilani nevertheless knows that fun is occasionally necessary for a healthy mind. Before she takes the Test of High Sorcery, she wants to squeeze in as much living as possible, because she feels the Test will probably change her a great deal. For the present, she is very independent, wearing what she wants, acting however she wants, and going on many adventures.

Background: Jilani grew up in the small Solamnic village of Witdel, which was also the home of Erastin Rivenguard and Galenye Faelern. Though acquainted with both and on good terms with them, her interest in magic kept her away from the other youths while she was growing up. Oddly enough, she became close friends with Erastin's mentor, the mountain dwarf Targin Steelaxe.

Jilani has always been fascinated with magic. Although she has not been at it for too long, she has found that she has a natural aptitude for spellcasting.



Her lifelong friend Targin dislikes her sorcery, yet seems to accept it as a necessary evil.

For a time, Jilani and Targin went their separate ways, choosing to gain more experience in their fields. A few years passed, during which Jilani traveled a great deal and learned magic from a variety of wizards. As she traveled back to her home to meet again with Targin, she stopped in a tiny hamlet for the night.

That night, the incredibly superstitious townspeople crept into her room and carried her bound and gagged to a stake in the center of town where she was to be burned as a witch. As they prepared to torch the pile of wood, a great horned figure burst from the forest. The townspeople, having never seen a minotaur before, believed this to be a fiend from the Abyss, and soon the whole town was empty.

Jilani became close friends with the minotaur, Karathos. When they reached Witdel, they discovered Targin was about to escort Erastin to the High Clerist's Tower for initiation into the Knighthood. They happily joined the group, and they have had several adventures together since then.

KARATHOS

3rd-level Fighter

Race: Minotaur
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 3
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 32

Strength: 19 **Intelligence:** 10
Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 8
Constitution: 17 **Charisma:** 9

Proficiencies: Battle axe (specialized), two-weapon style specialization, wrestling specialization, katar sword; blind-fighting, rope use, ancient history, seamanship

Armor: Chain mail +1

Weapons: Battle axe +2 ("Heartcleaver"), battle axe +1 ("Bonebiter"; see below), katar sword

Equipment: Knife, 50' silk rope, grappling hook

Description: Karathos is an imposing figure, heavily muscled and just over 7' tall. Though certainly not a fop, Karathos cares about how he looks and always tries to appear confident and ready. He brushes his coat daily and takes good care of his horns, which are always polished. He wears gold bands around the base of each horn, as well as a gold earring in each ear.

Attitudes: Despite his brusque exterior, Karathos cares deeply about his companions. He has a profound sense of honor and justice and hates oppression and wrongdoing in any form. Indeed, he will go to great lengths to correct any injustice he witnesses.

Background: Karathos speaks rarely about his past, saying only that he comes from lands northeast of Ansalon. Only his closest friends know the real truth.

Karathos trained briefly for the gladiatorial arenas of Taladas, where the great paladin and arena champion Austan Gavynus taught him of honor. Karathos decided to escape the League of Minotaurs rather than participate in the brutality of the arenas. He and two friends took a small ship and headed southwest.

Storms and ill-luck ruined their expedition off the shores of Ansalon, and Karathos washed up alone on the shores of Mithas. Setting off to find his companions, he slew several minotaurs who tried to capture him because they were suspicious of his foreign ap-



pearance. He is no longer welcome in Mithas and has encountered more than one minotaur hunting party seeking revenge. Though concerned with his minotaur friends' welfare, he has journeyed far away from Mithas. He still hopes to be reunited with his friends Thakadil and Caelus one day.

While in Southlund, he found a group of villagers who were about to burn a young girl they suspected of being a witch. Karathos rescued the girl, Jilani, and became close friends with her. She introduced him to others, and he now trusts Erastin, Galenye, and Targin.

While adventuring with some of his friends, he met a minotaur wizard named Rikar, also an exile from Mithas. Rikar has taught Karathos about Ansalon's history, and the fighter hopes to learn more.

During the same adventure, Karathos found a magical battle axe which he named Bonebiter. This axe produces a continual light on command, and stays in place when released in midair. Karathos uses both this axe and his family axe, Heartcleaver, at the same time. A savage fighter when enraged, Karathos always maintains his code of honor.

KIIRI OF THE SIRINES

10th-level Fighter

Race: Sirine
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 3
THAC0: 11
Hit Points: 65

Strength: 16 **Intelligence:** 14
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 16

Proficiencies: Dagger, net, harpoon, javelin, short sword, sling, whip; musical instrument (reed pipes), singing, swimming, tracking, weather sense

Armor: Scale mail bustenhalt and loin guard, bracers, plate mail knee guards (all minimal AC reduction; Kiiri's AC is due to her Dexterity and magical nature)

Weapons: Dagger, javelin of lightning, short sword

Equipment: Decanter of endless water, reed pipes (like pan pipes)

Description: Kiiri is very beautiful, with quicksilver hair, an elegant face, and an athletic figure. The charm she enacts by singing or playing can little be resisted.

Attitudes: Although originally lighthearted and fun-loving, Kiiri has always suffered occasional bouts of melancholy. Now that she fights in the minotaur blood games, she has learned a fierceness and determination previously unknown to her.

Background: Like most sirines, Kiiri lived a solitary life in the deeps of Ansalon's great seas. Unlike most of her kind, however, Kiiri had chosen the choppy waters just beyond the whirling maelstrom of the Blood Sea. She spent many days just below the surface of the water, swimming with dolphins or, sometimes, with swarms of sharks. She also enjoyed drafting the galleons that sailed the periphery of the Blood Sea.

Occasionally, however, a peculiar melancholy would lay hold of her, and she would descend to the frigid, sunless depths of the Sea. Chilled to the bone and unable to see, Kiiri would allow herself to drop until her feet struck stone. There, amongst pillars of rock on the sea floor, she would sit, musing sullenly about the past, fantasizing about her namesake ancestor who had lived in Istar before the Cataclysm.



During one such reverie, Kiiri heard the whirring rush of something massive descending through the inky waters overhead. She listened for a moment, then swam frantically out of the way. With a turbulent roar, the enormous object dropped onto the stones where she had been sitting. It struck the sea floor like a mallet on a war drum: the sound carried for miles. Fighting her way through the swirling, silty water, Kiiri found the wreck of a sunken galleon, *The Peregrine*.

She swam to the surface, and there saw the departing pirate ship that had sunk *The Peregrine*. When she swam up to the ship, one of the crewmen spotted her and snagged her with a net. Onboard the pirate ship, Kiiri met another captive: Pheragas. Kiiri knew the tale of how her namesake ancestor had met a human of the same name not long before the Cataclysm, and she resigned herself to the fate which seemed predestined for her. Now both she and Pheragas fight as gladiators in the so-called "Games of Old Istar," held by the minotaurs of Mithas in their capital Nethosak. Together, Pheragas and Kiiri seek a chance to escape.

Kiiri has spell-like powers usable once each per day: *charm person, fog cloud, invisibility, polymorph self*.

KIMMIL

9th-level Barbarian Paladin

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 2
THACO: 12
Hit Points: 61

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 13
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 14
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 17

Proficiencies: Bastard sword (specialized), battle axe, light crossbow, ambidexterity, weapon and shield style specialization (two slots); endurance, survival (arctic), blind-fighting, weather sense, tracking, hunting, set snares, land-based riding (horse), modern languages (Solamnic)

Armor: *Ring of protection +3*, shield

Weapons: *Bastard sword +3* (frost brand), battle axe, light crossbow

Equipment: *Boots of the south*, scale mail bustenhalt (minimal protective value), loin cloth, knife

Description: Kimmil is a lovely young woman in her mid-20s. She has long blond hair and is slender and well-built. Because she is from the far south, Kimmil has a high resistance to cold, so tends to wear very little clothing in the warmer northern regions.

Attitudes: Kimmil is proud to call herself an Ice Barbarian. Though willing and able to enter combat, she usually tries talking first. Once she has detected evil in an opponent, however, she grants no further debate. Kimmil is firm in her worship for Paladine and does her best to spread the faith of the Great Dragon.

Kimmil is also a romantic, and she hopes to find love one day on her travels, just as her father did.

Background: Kimmil is the daughter of Garad, an Ice Barbarian. When he was young, Garad traveled north to Solamnia, where he met and fell in love with a warrior-woman named Deela. Deela loved Garad as well, and he brought her back to Icereach. Kimmil was raised in her father's tribe, which accepted both her and her mother without prejudice.

Deela influenced her daughter in several significant ways, encouraging her to worship Paladine, teaching her to speak Solamnic, and instructing her



in the finer points of wielding a bastard sword. Deela also spoke at length about her family back in Solamnia.

By the time Kimmil was in her late teens, her mother had died, and Kimmil decided to travel to her mother's former home in Solamnia to find the rest of her family. With her father's blessings and directions, she set out for Solanthus. Unfortunately, Kimmil left Icereach at about the time the War of the Lance was starting. She reached Solanthus after the Blue Dragonarmy had taken over. She aided in efforts to oust the Blue Dragonarmy, earning the enmity of those forces. During battles in the area, she met Daviter the Wise, as well as her cousin Steveck.

Besides her cousin, Kimmil has no living relatives, because all those in Solanthus were slain by the Dragonarmy. She and Steveck have agreed to travel together, doing what they can to combat evil.

They often travel with Daviter the Wise on his visits to groups of Solamnic Knights, Kimmil often scouting ahead on her light warhorse, Snowfall. Kimmil secretly loves the kind Daviter, but so far has not had the courage to give him any indication of her true feelings.

KLANK

3rd-level Barbarian Fighter

Race: Minotaur
Alignment: Chaotic neutral
Move: 12
AC: 6
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 39

Strength: 19 **Intelligence:** 9
Dexterity: 12 **Wisdom:** 9
Constitution: 19 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Tessto, battle axe, mandoll, ambidexterity, two-weapon style specialization; endurance, survival (arctic), tumbling, seamanship, modern languages (Ogre, Ansalonian Minotaur)

Armor: Leather armor, *shield +1*

Weapons: *Battle axe +1*, tessto, lajang, 2 mandolls

Equipment: Knife, 50' rope, grappling hook

Description: Klank is a huge minotaur, almost 7'6" tall. His scarred, medium brown fur covers rippling muscles which tend to intimidate his foes. Klank wears gold rings around the base of each horn, but otherwise pays little attention to his appearance.

Attitudes: Klank has always been unruly, even for a minotaur, but he has a soft spot for children and pretty women (of any race). He is ambitious and loves to have fun. He considers himself neutral "with a touch of happiness," and enjoys a carefree lifestyle of adventure.

Background: Klank's father, Vargus, was a trader for the Minotaur League of Taladas. Vargus had a special trade arrangement with a tribe of ogres in the Ring Mountains of Taladas. He took his son, then called Caelus, on many of his trips, and both became acquainted with the Abaqua ogres. On one trip, Vargus was slain, and the Black Peak tribe adopted Caelus, raising him as one of their own.

Years later, Caelus was discovered by a small group of minotaurs who convinced him to join them for a while. The minotaurs taught Caelus how to use a battle axe, but the young minotaur left their company when they chose to work with a medusa, helping guard her lair in return for food.

Not long afterward, Caelus was captured by League minotaurs who planned to feature him as an



arena combatant, the gladiator "raised by ogres." They even gave him the arena name "Klank," which sounded more ogreish. Klank learned more about fighting.

While being trained as a gladiator, Caelus met Karathos, another trainee who longed to be free. A third friend, Thakadil, was from Kothas, and taught the Ansalonian dialect to Caelus. Together, these three planned an escape, eventually stealing a small boat and sailing for Ansalon.

The boat crashed off Mithas, and the three friends were separated. Despite a slight accent, Caelus knew the local dialect, and he chose to introduce himself by his arena name. He became Klank of Kothas to his new acquaintances.

Through sheer chance, Klank heard rumors of a foreign minotaur washed ashore by the same storm. This one slew several minotaurs and then escaped. Klank is positive this was Karathos, and he joined the crew of a ship called the Constitution, hoping to have the chance to sail in search of Karathos. He is rising in rank and hopes to be first mate some day.

Klank has made subtle inquiries, but has heard nothing about Thakadil, so assumes him to be dead.

LAFALLOT REYELHART

14th-level Renegade Mage

Race: Qualinesti Elf
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 12
AC: +2
THAC0: 16
Hit Points: 40

Strength: 10 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 10
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Land-based riding (horse), artistic ability (painting), ancient history, astrology, herbalism, religion, spellcraft, swimming, rope use, tumbling, ventriloquism, reading/writing (Common, Qualinesti), modern languages (Gnomish, Qualinesti)

Armor: *Bracers of defense AC 2, ring of protection +2*

Weapons: Two *daggers +1, quarterstaff +4, sling, 40 sling bullets*

Equipment: *Ring of shocking grasp, hat of disguise, dust of illusion, boots of varied tracks, philter of glibness, oil of slipperiness, sovereign glue, Branchala's paints, wand of wonder, firebane cloak, paint brush, spell book with most conjuration/summoning, illusion/phantasm, and invocation/evocation spells.*

Description: To a human, Lafallot looks to be in his late twenties, but he is actually 275. He has long, brown hair which has a tendency to fall into his eyes when he forgets to tie it back. Lafallot normally wears a midnight blue tunic speckled with stars, gray suede leggings, and black boots. He also wears soft, black leather gloves over his hands and bracers of defense. Lafallot owns a set of white robes which he wears sometimes to hide the fact that he is a renegade.

Lafallot's eyes are deep emerald and have smile crinkles around them. An impish grin always seems to curl one side of his mouth when he talks.

Attitudes: Lafallot is fair to all, but cannot abide pompousness or self-importance. He plays practical jokes on everyone, using his magical items and spells to good effect. The more serious and self-important someone is, the more likely Lafallot is to do something to make him look foolish. Dwarves and Silvanesti elves are often the butt of his jokes. As Lafallot has gotten older, his jokes have gotten more elaborate.



Background: Some people dispute whether Lafallot is really Lafallot's given name, or a descriptive nickname that he took as his own. The elf just grins if asked.

Lafallot was expelled from his apprenticeship for switching his master's dust of disappearance with itching powder. He wandered Ansalon for several decades as an acrobat, carnival performer, and renegade mage. He eventually returned and apologized to his old master by presenting him with a "lost" spell the aged wizard had long sought, explaining that he traded a kender a truly brilliant limerick for it.

Lafallot passed his Test of High Sorcery at the Tower of Wayreth after further study and chose white robes. Mention of the test is one of the few things which causes Lafallot's smile to fade, and he changes the subject quickly when it is mentioned. Lafallot will not discuss his test, but he has shown a hatred for undead. Soon after the test, Lafallot grew weary of his fellow wizards and declared himself a renegade once again.

Lafallot served proudly under Laurana in the War of the Lance as a messenger, scout, and battle mage.

LILIORNIN

8th-level Mage of the White Robes

Race: Silvanesti Elf
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 6
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 25

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 14 **Charisma:** 15

Proficiencies: Dagger, quarterstaff; brewing, cooking, fire building, fishing, herbalism, spellcraft, swimming, modern languages (Satyr, Treant), reading/writing (Common, Silvanesti)

Armor: None

Weapons: Dagger +2, quarterstaff

Equipment: Boots of varied tracks, gem of brightness, ring of water walking

Description: Liliornin is a highly attractive young woman of 85. Her blonde hair is kept long in the back, yet hewn in front to keep it out of her eyes. She wears distressed-leather clothing with fur sewn at the hems for a comfortable and snug fit. Her piercing grey eyes are her most striking attribute, but her most commanding quality is her excellence in spell casting.

Attitudes: Liliornin is a talented and cautious wizard dedicated to eliminating evil on Krynn. She has no patience for those who cannot abide by the simple rules and laws instituted by the gods. Together with Morrandar, she strives for peace and law at all times.

Background: Liliornin was born south of Palanthus in Varus. Her parents were Lalena and Hawkwood, rare Silvanesti who felt an urge to wander in their youth. When they returned to Silvanost after several years of adventures, they met with disdain from the other elves, who regarded them as uncouth barbarians. The couple relocated to Varus, where they had several friends.

The ranger Hawkwood helped protect the town, while his wife, a White Robe Mage, advised the town council. Both were highly respected, and Liliornin was given the privileges of nobility.

Both of Liliornin's parents were in the council chambers when a black dragon and a legion of dra-



conians attacked Varus. The evil horde was after the wealth of a merchant band who made their annual stop at Varus on their way to winter housing in Palanthus. The city just got in the way. The massacre that occurred that day was unknown for weeks until the merchant band was reported missing and a search party from Palanthus found their decaying bodies in the burned-out remains of Varus.

Not everyone was killed that day. Several of those living on the outskirts of town escaped into the mountains to the west. Liliornin was one such person, and she vowed to remove the evil infesting Krynn. She hid in the mountains for several weeks, drinking from the springs and eating whatever food was available.

After her time in hiding, she walked to Palanthus and presented herself to the Wizards of the White Robes, demonstrating the skills her mother had taught her and asking to learn more in order to destroy evil.

During her first adventures-fighting against a death knight and a circle of Black Robe Wizards-she met a ranger named Morrandar who soon became her best friend. The two are now inseparable and they have been adventuring together for nearly five years.

MORRANDAR

9th-level Ranger

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 6
THACO: 12
Hit Points: 76

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Long sword, short sword, long bow, short bow, light crossbow, dagger, quarterstaff; agriculture, fishing, blacksmithing, fire building, bowyer/fletcher, heraldry, hunting, running, set snares, survival (woodlands)

Armor: None

Weapons: Long bow +1, short sword of quickness, 20 flight arrows, 30 sheaf arrows

Equipment: Quiver, several belt pouches

Description: Morrandar is a man in his late thirties. His brown hair is well kept, and cut above his brow. His love for loose-fitting clothes hides his well-defined and muscular body. Morrandar prefers to dress in browns, tans, and other natural colors, allowing him to better camouflage himself in the terrain he loves.

Attitudes: Morrandar seeks to destroy the evil pervading Krynn. He is consumed with bringing peace to the world and especially to the forests and their creatures. When confronted with evil he attempts to extinguish it with kindness and example; however, if provoked, Morrandar assails evil with incredible ferocity. He always puts the safety of his companions and the innocent ahead of his own. He is a loyal companion and friend to both humans and animals.

Background: Morrandar was born to druidic parents in the forest south of Xak Tsaroth. His parents and their companions, also worshippers of Habbakuk, instilled a deep love for the wilderness and the outdoors in Morrandar, but they could not convince him to adopt their "neutrality" toward right and wrong. He felt he had to take a stand.

After years of trying, his parents finally gave up, and sent Morrandar to an aged Qualinesti, Massinion the



Tracer, for apprenticeship. Morrandar stayed with Massinion for 15 years before the old elf considered him well-trained enough to walk in the forest alone. After being released from his tutelage, Morrandar hired himself out for tracking and scouting throughout Abanasinia for more than a decade.

Throughout his life, Morrandar heard stories of Palanthus, and the great wars fought against evil. Many of the stories spoke of the victories of Good, but most addressed the success of Evil. To aid the forces of Good, Morrandar set out on a long pilgrimage—over 400 miles of walking through the roughest terrain.

During this sojourn Morrandar met an elven woman named Liliornin. She was new to adventuring and was fighting an evil enclave. After the two (and Liliornin's companions) routed the draconians and their minions, the two became close, inseparable friends. The two now have been adventuring together for nearly five years, and Morrandar is secretly in love with Liliornin.

Despite Morrandar's discovery of the refined worship of Habbakuk after the return of the true gods, he still cannot view his parents as heathens, though he does hope to speak to them again about Good and Evil.

NERRINTH YD

5th-level Investigator Thief

Race: Irda
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 6
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 21

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 14
Constitution: 12 **Charisma:** 17

Proficiencies: Sabre, bolas, powder bomb, dagger; information gathering, observation, alertness, trailing, modern languages (Qualinesti, Hill Dwarf, Solamnic), reading/writing (Common, Irda), singing, ancient history

Armor: None

Weapons: *Sabre +1*, bolas, powder bombs (two each of sleep, paralysis, and blind), dagger

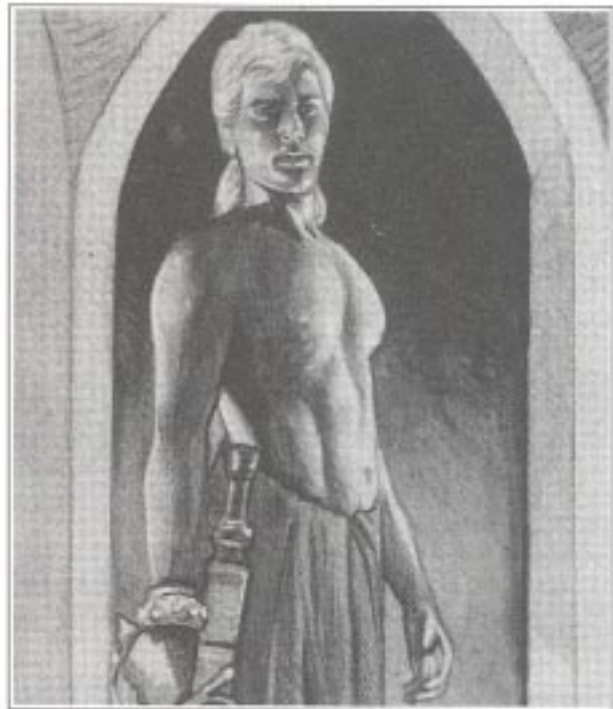
Equipment: *Medallion of ESP*, wrist sheath

Description: In his natural form, Nerrinth has midnight blue skin, silver hair, and silver eyes. He is tall and slender, always ready with a smile and a laugh.

Nerrinth has practiced for several years to achieve the irda shapechanging skill. He has perfected three forms and identities: Halinath, a Qualinesti scholar; Voda, a Neidar rogue; and Timmik, a Solamnic human fighter. Halinath is exceptionally handsome, with blue eyes and long blonde hair. Voda is a bit on the ugly side for a dwarf, his graying brown hair and beard framing brown eyes and a scarred face. Timmik is average in looks, with light brown hair and green eyes.

Though he has practiced these three forms the most, Nerrinth is quite skilled and has practiced several other forms to a lesser extent, including a minotaur. He changes as needed, but tends to have light colored hair and eyes when it fits the race he is emulating.

Attitudes: Nerrinth is usually very quiet, cautious, and reserved, but he does enjoy good humor. Each of his main identities also has a personality: Halinath is quiet and serious, Voda is a relaxed joker, and Timmik is almost surly. Nerrinth reveals his true race only to those he has come to know and trust, and he relaxes quickly around those few. He uses his thieving skills and shapechanging ability to thwart evildoers



and to recover irda artifacts; he considers both tasks very important, and pursues them with great determination.

Background: Nerrinth grew up in an irda community far from human (and other) civilization. He was trained as a retriever of knowledge, one who would go out into the world and return with information and lost items of historical importance. He is very curious about the world and wishes to see as much of it as possible. About once a year, he meets a courier who transports his information and material goods back to his home.

Nerrinth makes a living as a bounty hunter from time to time, allowing others to hire him to find thieves or stolen goods. He also acts sometimes as a vigilante, using his skills to help battle corruption and thievery as he sees fit. He seldom fights and rarely kills, instead using his skills and his many guises to find information and turn it over to the proper authorities. It is only when officials do not exist (or refuse to act) that he takes matters into his own hands.

Nerrinth has the following thieving skills while not wearing armor: PP 25%; OL 35%; F/RT 25%; MS 70%; HS 70%; DN 30%; CW 85%; RL 50%.

NOMSCUL

3rd-level Priest of the Neutral Order

Race:	Aghar (Gully) Dwarf		
Alignment:	Neutral		
Move:	6		
AC:	8		
THAC0:	20		
Hit Points:	13		
Strength:	11	Intelligence:	6
Dexterity:	14	Wisdom:	8
Constitution:	11	Charisma:	9

Proficiencies: Warhammer, thrown rock; cooking, healing, herbalism, rope use

Armor: *Ring of protection +2*

Weapons: Warhammer, rusted dagger (“Happy-dance”)

Equipment: Ratty wool vest with many pockets, moldy pendant, wooden whistle, red bag of “magic” dust, *Reorx’s medallion of faith*

Description: Nomscul is a dirt-encrusted, potbellied Aghar. He has a wispy mustache and a scruffy chin, as well as stringy hair, large ears, and bags under his eyes. He still has several of his teeth. All in all, he is considered quite virile among the other gully dwarves.

Attitudes: Nomscul has been a leader in the Aghar community of Mudhole for many years, and he is used to having his orders followed. He is a brave leader who takes care of his people. Nomscul is crafty and probably knows more than he shows.

Background: Before the War of the Lance, Nomscul was the shaman, healer, wise man, best cook, and leader for the gully dwarves of Mudhole in Thorbardin.

When Flint Fireforge and Perian Cyprum arrived in Mudhole, Nomscul remembered an ancient prophecy which proclaimed that a king and queen would “descend from mud.” Since Flint and Perian fulfilled the prophecy, Nomscul and the other gully dwarves crowned them “King Flunk and Queen Furryend” Flint, in turn, named Nomscul “Mudhole’s Best Cook and Chief Shaman.” Since this was the longest title, Nomscul was very important.

Nomscul helped Flint lead the Aghar into the Battle of Hillhome, in which they and the Neidar of Hillhome defeated Theiwar, who were supplying weap-



ons to the growing Dragonarmies. Nomscul led “Agharpulters” who hurled themselves into the Theiwar ranks with damaging effects.

Perian was killed in the battle. Since Flint could not be king without a queen, Nomscul took the job himself, naming Fester (his long-time consort) his new queen. He also took back a dagger he had given Flint, and which that dwarf had called “Happstance.”

Fester and Nomscul ruled together for more than two years before Nomscul took a new title, “Best Cook, Chief Shaman, and Queen’s First Husband” (a much more impressive title than the much shorter “King”).

During the War of the Lance, Nomscul took part in some of the fighting, leading small skirmish parties to harass the forces of Evil. This made Nomscul even more beloved to his Aghar followers, and he helps Fester to lead the Aghar of Mudhole. Some say he may even be in line to become Highbulp.

After the war, a priest of Reorx initiated Nomscul into the Holy Order of Stars. Though this means that Nomscul can now cast real spells, he still relies primarily on his bag of dust, which he waves in the air or hits to cause “magical effects,” like getting the other Aghar to stay still and listen.

NYSTALLINA DALENDRA

3rd-level Bandit Thief

Race: Silvanesti Elf
Alignment: Neutral (good)
Move: 12
AC: 4
THACO: 19
Hit Points: 13

Strength: 14 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 19 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 16

Proficiencies: Long sword, long bow; survival (forest), animal handling, animal noise, alertness, set snares

Armor: Leather armor

Weapons: Long sword, long bow, dagger

Equipment: *Cloak of elvenkind, boots of elvenkind*

Description: Nystallina is 5' tall and is lithe and quick on her feet. She keeps her long blond hair in a ponytail. Because of her tragic past and several years of solitude, she rarely speaks. Nystallina is frequently with a large mountain lion, Kai-She.

Attitudes: Unlike most of her people, Nystallina accepts and even admires other races. She has developed a close relationship with the kender because of their openness and curiosity, attributes her own people lack. She is known as a friend in Kenderhome, though she watches her property closely while visiting.

Nystallina has not come to terms with the fragmentation of her homeland and will not set foot in any Silvanesti settlement or in the lands of Silvanesti. Nystallina still retains the pride of her race and would rather remember her people as they were.

While Nystallina blames her peoples' isolationism and arrogance for their unfortunate circumstances, she has not forgotten the role of the Dragonarmies. She takes every opportunity to make them pay for the death and destruction they caused in Silvanesti lands.

Background: Nystallina was born in 265 AC to a wildrunner in the House Protector, Bannor Dalendra, and his wife Thalisha. Because Bannor lobbied for opening trade and communication with "inferior" races, he was never promoted beyond unit commander.



Nystallina was trained to fight by Bannor, and she developed the same views as her father regarding the Silvanesti isolationism. She joined the House Protector in 345. Four years later, during the War of the Lance, her entire village was destroyed, including her parents. Nystallina was among the few to escape.

Seeing the size of the Dragonarmy, she fled Silvanesti, but formed other fleeing elves into a band of freedom fighters which raided Dragonarmy supply caravans, hoping to save their homeland. When it became known that Silvanesti was a nightmare realm, her band retreated into the mountains. They continued to harry the Dragonarmy for the rest of the war.

When the war was over her band split up, most returning to Silvanesti settlements to try to rebuild their culture. Nystallina, angered at the Silvanesti for not opening to the other races until it was too late, turned her back on her people and continued to rob, spy, and guide adventurers in the lands controlled by draconians and ogres. She travels extensively but spends most of her time on the Goodlund Peninsula protecting the kender with her mountain lion Kai-She.

Nystallina currently has the following thieving skills: PP 35%; OL 40%; F/RT 60%; MS 50%; HS 50%; DN 25%; CW 90%; RL -5%.

OBSIDIAN FIREFORGE

3rd-level Fighter

Race: Neidar Dwarf
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 6
AC: 3
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 20

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 12
Dexterity: 14 **Wisdom:** 13
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Club, light crossbow, javelin, hand axe, thrown hand axe; blind-fighting, hunting, artistic ability (woodworking), reading/writing (Ancient Dwarven Runes, Common), modern languages (Qualinesti)

Armor: Chain mail, *shield* +1

Weapons: Javelin, 3 hand axes, light crossbow, 20 quarrels

Equipment: Ring of swimming, wooden carving of Perian Cyprium (made by Flint Fireforge), woodcarving tools, several carvings in progress

Description: Obsidian is a nice-looking, dark-haired frawl (female dwarf). Her face would be squarish and somewhat pudgy by human standards, but is quite lovely by dwarven standards. She has light fuzz on her cheeks, and her hair is pulled back into braids on either side. Her large, dark eyes usually twinkle mischievously, and she often wears a slight smirk.

Attitudes: Obsidian idolized her uncle, Flint Fireforge, and has always craved a more adventuresome life than that lived by a typical hill dwarf. She is gregarious and has a good sense of humor. Her personality and looks make her one of the most sought-after frawls in Hillhome, but she has turned down all serious suitors, wanting to have a lot of fun and adventure before settling down.

Background: Obsidian is the younger daughter of Bernhard Fireforge, deceased younger brother of Flint. She lives in Hillhome with her sister Garnet, in the woodworking shop started by their father several years ago. Garnet is a carpenter specializing in furniture, which Obsidian decorates with intricate carvings.

With her cousin Basalt, Obsidian has gone on sev-



eral adventures over the past few years. Basalt and his wife Hildy recently became parents, however, and he is less willing to take chances now. Fortunately for Obsidian, she has a number of other friends who share her wanderlust.

Recently, a rumor circulated through Hillhome that Flint's axe had been seen. Since the axe had been in the family off and on for a long time (it originally belonged to her great-grandfather Reghar just before the Dwarfgate War), she volunteered to help search. When her family reluctantly agreed to let her search for the axe, she sent a message to an old friend, Targin Steelaxe. Targin sent his trusted friends, Erastin, Galenye, and Karathos, and Obsidian recruited local friends, Selowen and Pentrian. The group found the remnants of the famous axe and became acquainted with the minotaur wizard, Rikar.

The search for the axe served to whet Obsidian's appetite for excitement, and she hopes to travel far and wide, perhaps to fulfill the quest which might involve her family's axe. Obsidian longs to be a hero, just like her uncle Flint and several other family members have been. With her several adventuresome friends, perhaps she can do so.

PALINTHUSIAN ("PAL") CHAINE

5th-level Ranger

Race: Half-elf
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 4
THACO: 16
Hit Points: 34

Strength: 16 **Intelligence:** 9
Dexterity: 14 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 16 **Charisma:** 9

Proficiencies: Broad sword, dagger, long bow, spear, hand axe; set snares, blind-fighting, bowyer/fletcher, leatherworking

Armor: *Leather armor +3*

Weapons: Broad sword, dagger, hand axe, long bow, 20 flight arrows, 20 sheaf arrows

Equipment: Gauntlets of ogre power

Description: The first thing one sees when Pal comes into view are his shoulders. Extremely broad, they fill doorways and burst the seams on normal clothing. He is in general a big man, standing 6'1". He prefers simple clothing, usually a tunic with minimal frills. He always travels well armed.

His skin is darker than that of a full-blooded Silvanesti elf. He has grown a conspicuous mustache to defiantly emphasize his human heritage. He has a 'horrible singing voice at best, but is quite skillful with a harp. Pal can sometimes be found sitting by a lonely brook, strumming a beautiful tune, and ruining everything by singing along.

Attitudes: Pal is a simple man. He views the world in black and white. Either "ye are with him or ye are agin him." In his eyes his friends are all completely loyal and trustworthy and his enemies are all black-hearted scoundrels to be watched at every moment. Pal learned this attitude from his father, who has a soldier's view of the world.

Although he does not avoid the company of men, Pal has a tendency to wander into the forest when things get dull in town. Once out there, he might not be seen again for a year or more. Pal completely loses track of time when among the trees and animals he so loves. The only sorrow in his life is that he was not born a full-blooded Silvanesti elf so that he could have a closer rapport with nature.



Background: He was born to Curathas and Elinaeri Chaîne in the city of Silvanost. His mother, a full-blooded Silvanesti, was a wealthy member of the House of Gardener guild. His father, in name if not by blood, was an officer in the Silvanesti army. Years ago, Pal's mother was kidnapped by highwaymen. Curathas led a bold assault upon their crude hide-away and rescued her, and won her heart. Sadly, the ruffians had treated her badly and she bore a son, Palinthusian, as a result. The noble Curathas married Elinaeri despite this stain upon her honor.

To be of mixed blood is to be inferior, at least in the eyes of the Silvanesti. Pal did not have an easy childhood. Fortunately, his parents always loved him and never blamed him for his heritage. He spent much of his time among the trees and animals. Nature never judged him as harshly as his fellow elves did. Finally, Pal left to find adventure on the road, away from the scorn and ridicule of the Silvanesti. Some day he hopes to find a swarthy, broad-shouldered highwayman and repay the villain for what he did to his mother.

PENTRIAN THE RABBIT

4th-level Priest of the Good Order

Race: Kender
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 6
AC: 1
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 23

Strength: 11 **Intelligence:** 11
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 16
Constitution: 14 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Hoopak (as quarterstaff and sling), bollik (as bolas); healing, herbalism, reading/writing (Common)

Armor: Chain mail

Weapons: Hoopak, bollik

Equipment: Bag of holding, *Mishakal's medallion of faith*, bag of healing herbs, mortar and pestle, numerous souvenirs and keepsakes

Description: Pentrian is an older kender in his mid-40s. He pulls his graying black hair back into a ponytail. He can almost always be found wearing white robes, and his somewhat wrinkled face often bears a serious expression. His brown eyes show his inner sadness when he lets his guard down.

Attitudes: Pentrian has allowed the tragic events of his life to erase much of his childlike innocence, and he is very serious-for a kender. This means he is about as serious as an adult human with a good sense of humor, a bit of wanderlust, and a craving for excitement.

As one of the few members of his race to belong to the Holy Order of the Stars, Pentrian takes his clerical duties very seriously. He always aids injured companions, even at the risk of his own safety.

Pentrian is not as curious as most kender, but likes to collect reminders of the people he has met and the places he has been, so sometimes still takes items. As he will explain to anyone he accidentally offends, he borrows things only to get a closer look or to keep them safe. In a way, he considers it his right to look at the items owned by his companions, because he is willing to risk his life to save theirs.

Background: Pentrian's nickname comes from his speed when being chased, something that happened



regularly when he was young. When he was in his early teens, he was on a ship with his parents when it was attacked and looted by minotaurs.

Pentrian managed to elude the minotaurs, but his parents were killed. The ship sank, and Pentrian wound up on a small island where he had to fend for himself and hide from various predators for more than three years before he was rescued.

These experiences made Pentrian shy and serious. He still fears minotaurs, but is willing to give them a chance if they seem worthy, and he now has two minotaur friends, Karathos and Rikar.

Pentrian became a priest of Mishakal after the War of the Lance. After traveling extensively, he settled for a time in Hillhome, where he became friends with Ian Chandler, the Fireforge family, Selowen, and many others. Though happy in Hillhome-the happiest he has ever been-Pentrian again feels the urge to travel.

Pentrian has the typical kender "thieving" abilities, but seldom uses them because he prefers the protection of his chain mail, which interferes with those skills. He generally uses them as necessary to help his companions and rarely to pick their pockets.

PHERAGAS OF NORTHERN ERGOTH

10th-level Fighter

Race: Human
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 3
THACO: 11
Hit Points: 79

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 10
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Trident, net, short sword, long sword, club, javelin, quarterstaff; charioteering, navigation, seamanship, tumbling, survival (sea and sea coast)

Armor: Breast plate (always worn; -3 bonus to AC), loin guard, large shield (sometimes used; additional -3 to AC when used), helmet (worn occasionally)

Weapons: Club, short sword, long sword, weighted net

Equipment: Long black robe, bracers, cleated sandals, scarves, whetstone, 50' rope

Description: Pheragas is a large, black-skinned human with rippling muscles, a shaved head, a black mustache, goatee, and a braided tail of hair. He is handsome and daunting, with gleaming eyes.

Attitudes: A hearty soul, Pheragas has endured much hardship, but retains his confidence, wit, and honor. Through skill, determination, and cunning, he has risen to champion status in the circus at Nethosak, Mithas. But he longs for the sea, hoping to escape the arena and steal a pirate ship to avenge his father's death.

Background: Some say that history repeats itself. On Krynn, this certainly seems to be true, for Pheragas is the namesake and descendant of a famed gladiator who fought by Caramon's side before the Cataclysm.

Son of Noragas, a mariner from Saifhum, Pheragas accompanied his father on many voyages around the Blood Sea of Istar and to the far points of Ansalon. Noragas owned a great galleon called *The Peregrine* and used it in trade with Ergoth, where he bought copper, brass, and steel tools, relics, and cut stones. He took these to Port Balifor and traded with Khurian roughnecks for horses, harnesses, diamonds, and glass.

On one trip to Northern Ergoth, Pheragas came of age, reaching his twelfth birthday. During the grand



celebration his father arranged for him aboard ship, a band of ogres set upon Gulfport where *The Peregrine* was docked. Noticing the attack, Pheragas ordered the crew to gather the fireworks his father had stockpiled for the celebration. Rushing into town, Pheragas and the crew set off rockets in the face of the ogres, routing them, and sending them to the hills. From that day, the townsfolk dubbed him "Pheragas of Northern Ergoth."

When Pheragas was eighteen, his father's ship was attacked in the Blood Sea by two minotaur pirate ships. Noragas led the brigands into the heart of the storm, taking them to the lip of the maelstrom. There, he allowed the first ship to draw close enough to grapple *The Peregrine*, then turned his ship hard to starboard, dipping out of the tightening ring. *The Peregrine* cut back through the waves, slinging the pirate ship about into the maelstrom. Pheragas then cut the grapples and watched the ship swirl into the whirlpool.

The other pirate ship, however, sank *The Peregrine* and captured Pheragas. Since that time, he has fought in the so-called "Games of Old Istar," in the circus at Nethosak, capital of Mithas. Along with his gladiatorial partner, Kiiri of the Sirines, Pheragas seeks escape.

THE RED MINOTAUR

13th-level Gladiator Fighter

Race: Minotaur
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 4
THACO: 8
Hit Points: 102

Strength: 19 **Intelligence:** 14
Dexterity: 17 **Wisdom:** 13
Constitution: 17 **Charisma:** 16

Proficiencies: Trident (specialized), short sword, net, ambidexterity, mandoll, katar, lajang, sanguine; seamanship, navigation, swimming, rope use, blind-fighting, endurance, ancient history, herbalism

Armor: Breastplate, metal greaves, leather jerkin

Weapons: *Forpann* +2, 2 mandolls, 2 katars, sanguine

Equipment: Net, a wide assortment of poisons, a small private sailboat (used occasionally to escape from the rigors of life on the Minotaur Isles)

Description: The position of Red Minotaur is a coveted one among the minotaurs of the Blood Sea, and a tradition dating back to the time of Istar's reign. Only the most powerful, cunning, and intelligent of minotaurs can even enter the tryouts. They compete against one another to determine who will gain the honor of fighting the current Red Minotaur. This final fight is always to the death, for the Red Minotaur cannot retire. The winning minotaur takes the position and loses any personal name and family affiliation.

The Red Minotaur is, as his name implies, a deep red color. This is accomplished through a non-washable red dye that is toxic (save vs. poison or suffer 10 points of damage) to any without significant body hair, such as that of a minotaur.

The Red Minotaur is about 7'6" tall, and is powerfully muscled.

Attitudes: This Red Minotaur fancies himself somewhat of an amateur historian. As such, he realizes that evil will always turn in on itself, and he wishes to save his race from destroying itself. His mission in life, as he sees it, is to redeem his people, and to help them to unite with the other races of Krynn.

To this end, he has decided that he is indispensable. He will go to any end to ensure that he continues



as the Red Minotaur. He has therefore taught himself to identify and create many different poisons, which he invariably applies to his weapons before any bout in which he must fight. He does not regard this as evil, but merely expedient. After all, how can his goals be achieved if he is dead?

Background: The current Red Minotaur has held his position for over 20 years. During this time he has cultivated his friendships with those on the mainland, while striving to demonstrate to his countrymen that friendship with these other races is a sign of strength, rather than weakness.

He is also partially responsible for the minimal minotaur involvement in the War of the Lance. Since his countrymen look up to him, he is very nearly as influential as his king in that land. His exhortations and demands that his folk remain, for the most part, neutral were no doubt responsible for the continued lives of many on the side of good.

RIKAR

6th-level Mage of the Red Robes

Race: Minotaur
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 12
AC: 3
THACO: 19
Hit Points: 18

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 14 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 9 **Charisma:** 10

Proficiencies: Dagger, quarterstaff; ancient history, local history (Kharolis Mountains), reading/writing (Common, Minotaur, Irda, Magius, Ancient Dwarven Runes, Qualinesti), modern languages (Qualinesti, Hill Dwarf, Kharolian)

Armor: *Bracers of defense* AC 3

Weapons: Silver dagger, quarterstaff

Equipment: Ring of fire resistance, wand of paralyzation (9 charges), spellbook, numerous books and scrolls (most are histories), red robes

Description: Rikar stands almost 8' tall and is muscular, if a bit skinny. He often decorates his horns and sometimes wears a large pair of spectacles which allow him to see fine details. He takes care of his dark brown fur, but his red robe is often dirty and shabby.

Attitudes: Rikar is a scholar of the first order, enjoying nothing so much as solving a mystery or reading a book. Around others, he is very rough and blustery, quite pleased with his ability to intimidate others with his physique. Though generally peaceful, he fights back viciously if attacked. He is very tolerant of others.

Background: Rikar was born in Mithas. Somewhat sickly as a child, he was rescued from certain death by an old wizard who taught him spells. Rikar showed an amazing aptitude for magic. After he studied for a few years, he struck off on his own and traveled to the Tower of High Sorcery in Wayreth to take his test. He passed easily, one of the few minotaurs to do so.

Rather than return to Mithas, where he was alternately feared and reviled, Rikar chose to remain in the area around the Kharolis Mountains. He still gains little acceptance from others, but he feels he at least



has a chance among dwarves, elves, and humans.

He has traveled and adventured extensively in the Kharolis range, collecting knowledge. He settled for a time near Hillhome to find the legendary *Tharkan* Axe owned by various members of the Fireforge family. He eventually found it, and with the help of the Fireforges, is now writing its history.

He was aided in negotiations concerning the axe by a group of adventurers: Karathos, Erastin, Galenye, Selowen, Pentrian, and Obsidian. He is now on friendly terms with several of them, as well as with many Hillhome residents, such as Ian Chandler. He hopes that some of them will take part in the quest to fulfill a prophecy regarding Kiri-Jolith's symbolic return. To this end, he has begun teaching history to Karathos and helping him search for his friend Caelus. He has also taken Selowen as an apprentice and entered into a scholarly relationship with Pentrian and Ian.

Rikar has been unusually nice to Obsidian, Erastin, and Galenye as well, teaching them much and answering hour of tedious questions. He has another potential quest for these folks: gathering components and materials needed to restore the *Tharkan* Axe of Flint Fireforge to its former glory.

SANTIS

3rd-level Mage

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 10
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 9

Strength: 8 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 13 **Wisdom:** 14
Constitution: 11 **Charisma:** 15

Proficiencies: Dagger; ancient history, spellcraft, navigation, astrology, reading/writing (Common, Magius), herbalism

Armor: None

Weapons: Dagger

Equipment: *Boots of elvenkind, ring of warmth, spellbook containing the following spells: detect magic, read magic, magic missile, jump, cantrip, wall of fog, taunt; alter self, web, misdirection*

Description: Santis is a rather short young man, barely clearing 5' in height. He is slim, with dark brown hair and large green eyes. He is just past his 18th year, but his attitude indicates that he has knowledge and power beyond his meager years.

Attitudes: Despite his relative youth, Santis has discovered that vengeance and punishment for evil-doers are the two driving forces in his life. He believes firmly in stern justice for those who transgress the boundaries of the law.

Santis seems not to believe in humor. His life is devoted to study, and he looks down on those who waste their time on fun and games. Life, he feels, is too short to waste on such frivolity.

Along with this attitude comes the belief that friends are, for the most part, a waste of time. He has a few close companions, but does not devote as much time to them as he might. He knows they will understand.

Santis seeks power only so he can further the cause of good. Although most people search for magic for their own aggrandizement, Santis is one of the few who truly has an altruistic motive in his quest for might.



Background: Santis was born as the only child of peasant parents. As seems to be the case with most powerful wizards, Santis exhibited magical talent at a very early age, and his parents apprenticed him to a Wizard of the White Robes.

His time with the elderly wizard was one of the best in his life. Alas, it was all too brief, for the old man was brutally murdered by a rival wizard. Santis, away drawing water, returned in time to see the murderer escape with the spellbooks of his mentor.

Vowing revenge, Santis now travels across Krynn, accumulating the magic necessary to destroy the murderer of his teacher. He is delaying the confrontation until he has enough power to be certain of winning.

He is not yet robed, and is not certain that he will seek the Towers of High Sorcery once he has achieved the requisite power. He does not approve of those allied with the side of Good working so closely with the side of evil. On the other hand, neither does he wish to be considered a renegade.

His familiar is a small flying lizard named Zeke (AC 7, AL LG, MV FI 18 (B), HD 1 + 1, 6 hp, 1 att/round, Dmg 1-4, SA bite, save vs poison at +4 or be paralyzed for 1-8 rounds).

SELOWEN

2nd-level Mage

Race: Qualinesti Elf
Alignment: Neutral good
Move: 12
AC: 5
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 7

Strength: 9 **Intelligence:** 18
Dexterity: 11 **Wisdom:** 13
Constitution: 16 **Charisma:** 16

Proficiencies: Quarterstaff; astrology, spellcraft, reading/writing (Common, Qualinesti, Magius), modern languages (Hill Dwarf, Kharolian), local history (Dwarven)

Armor: *Bracers of defense* AC 5

Weapons: Quarterstaff

Equipment: Spellbook, pen and ink, leather headband with wooden deer carved by Obsidian Fireforge

Description: Selowen is a beautiful young elven maiden with shoulder length brown hair, bright green eyes, and an almost shy smile. She is slender and graceful and tends to dress in fine clothing. She enjoys wearing green and peach in particular.

Attitudes: Selowen is a good-natured elf who has learned to fit in relatively well among the dwarves of Hillhome. Her somewhat cool elven manner belies her underlying warmth and generosity. Though usually quiet and reserved, she has a bubbling laugh and is a fine conversationalist.

Background: Selowen was raised in Qualinost, where she became acquainted with Flint Fireforge, who would hand out toys he had made to all the elven children. When the War of the Lance came, Selowen and her family moved to Hillhome so they might work more closely with the hill dwarves and gather information to send back to Qualinost. In Hillhome, Selowen and her family became fast friends with the rest of the Fireforge family.

Selowen's parents left one day on a scouting expedition, accompanied by several dwarves. The party did not return, and searchers eventually found their bodies, all bearing the marks of an encounter with draconians. Selowen mourns the loss of her parents,



but knows they died for a noble cause and that her life must continue.

Not long ago, Selowen's friend Obsidian asked her to come along on a search for Flint Fireforge's legendary battle axe. Selowen remembered well the story of how "Uncle Flint" saved the town in the Battle of Hillhome, and she jumped at the chance to help recover a bit of history. Selowen made several new friends on the adventure, and she met an amazing minotaur wizard named Rikar.

Selowen had studied magic for several years, learning her first spells from her father. She knows the dwarves of Hillhome do not like magic, so tries to stay out of their way with it. She hopes to travel to Wayreth one day soon to take the Test of High Sorcery. Rikar has taken over her training, giving her the first formal instruction she has had for many years, and he says she is almost ready to take the Test.

Before she goes to claim her white robes, Selowen hopes to see a few more adventures with her friends. She also hopes they will accompany her to the Tower at Wayreth, but has not yet said anything, knowing that magic makes most of them uneasy.

SIRIATH LEAFWINE

3rd-level Priest of the Good Order

Race: Silvanesti Elf
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 1 2
AC: 2
THACO: 20
Hit Points: 21

Strength: 14 **Intelligence:** 13
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 17
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Morning star, sling; healing, herbalism, reading/writing (Silvanesti, Common), ancient history, religion

Armor: Chain mail, shield

Weapons: Morning star, sling, 30 sling bullets

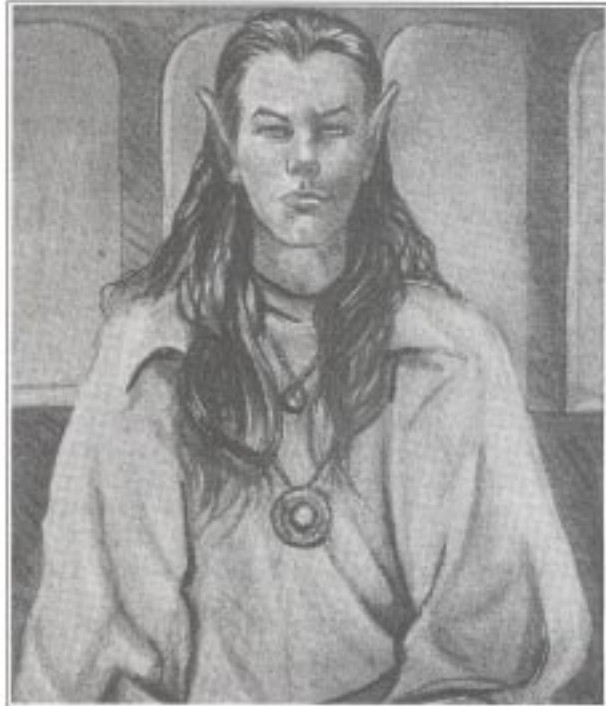
Equipment: *Paladine's medallion of faith*, healing herbs, mortar and pestle, bandages

Description: The graceful Siriath is of average height and build for an elf. He has long, light brown hair which he wears in a ponytail which is usually tossed over one shoulder. His hazel eyes seem to stare off in the distance most of the time, and he usually bears an expression of calm superiority. He dresses in tan colored robes with dark green hood, cuffs, and hem.

Attitudes: Siriath is a proud Silvanesti with little tolerance for members of other races. Since his hubris was noticed recently, he has become a little more open-minded. Though he remains haughty, he has become impressed with his traveling companions. Their short lives are incredibly rich and full, and they have developed an appreciation for beauty rivalling that of the elves. Much to his chagrin, he has discovered that even minotaurs can be civilized.

Background: Siriath is a descendant of Silvanos, the founder of Silvanesti. Though Siriath's lineage is not quite direct, he still enjoys mentioning his ancestor to others.

With the outbreak of the War of the Lance, Siriath perceived that the "cursed humans" were bringing the Queen of Darkness back to Krynn, and he longed for a way to combat this. During the war, he commanded a troop of elven warriors, leading them in raids along the Dragonarmies' flanks. He and his troop did rather well for themselves, and this served



to increase Siriath's pride even more.

Soon after the war, he encountered a true priest of E'li (or Paladine, as some call him). He converted, becoming a priest himself, but did not lose his racial intolerance. His stiff-necked pride alienated many priests of other races whom he encountered.

Siriath began having dreams of a huge gold dragon. It would turn its head sorrowfully toward him and gaze at him with reproach in its eyes. The dream became ever more realistic, until one night when the dragon spoke. "Go," it said. "Leave this land and journey with those you would brand impure. Do not return until you have learned the true value of humanity." When Siriath awoke, he found himself in a strange place and heard a group approach. This is how he met Erastin, Galenye, Targin, Jilani, and Karathos.

After helping Erastin join the Knights of Solamnia, Siriath developed respect and even fondness for his companions. While he still has occasional lapses of arrogance, these occur less as time passes, and his associates are beginning to think of him as a pleasant traveling companion.

STEVECK UTH DRASTIN

7th-level Cavalier Fighter

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 0
THACO: 14
Hit Points: 63

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 12
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 13
Constitution: 18 **Charisma:** 11

Proficiencies: Long sword, medium lance, javelin, dagger, horseman's mace, horseman's flail; etiquette, land-based riding (horse), animal handling, animal training (horses), heraldry, dancing

Armor: Gold-plated *scale mail* +3 (a family heirloom), medium shield

Weapons: *Long sword* +2, medium *lance* +2, dagger, horseman's mace

Equipment: *Periapt of health*, *pearl of the sirines* (worn as an earring in left ear)

Description: Steveck is 6' tall and weighs almost 200 pounds. He has a medium build but is well-muscled. His short blond hair frames a handsome face, and he wears a mustache. Steveck usually appears very serious, seldom smiling.

Attitudes: Steveck is from a noble family, and he seldom lets anyone forget it. Like many cavaliers, he tends toward arrogance, but is chivalrous and honorable in the extreme. He follows the cavalier's code of behavior rigorously, helping the deserving and expecting obedience from those of low station.

Background: Before the Cataclysm, Steveck's ancestors regularly joined the Knights of Solamnia. One ancestor, Drastin, grew dissatisfied with the Knighthood and quit, vowing to do a better job of training knights than the Knighthood had. He raised his children and grandchildren with a slightly modified version of the Oath and the Measure, training the women of the family as well as the men. The other Knights of Solamnia let Drastin be for several reasons: because he was still a force for good and right, because he could raise a strong force which would lead to heavy casualties on both sides, and, most of all, because they saw his efforts as a harmless aberration which would



have no lasting effects.

The other Knights were mistaken, however, and Drastin's Order of the Gold Lance grew. All family members were raised as part of the Order, which accepted a few other members as well. The Order of the Gold Lance never grew to more than a dozen cavaliers, however, and eventually shrank to just a few members of the family.

Steveck is the last Gold Lancer. The rest of his family was slain at Solanthus, except for a cousin he met during the fighting. His cousin, Kimmil, had been raised by Ice Barbarians, but was able to give proof of her heritage. She and Steveck agreed to travel together to combat evil wherever they found it.

They often travel with Daviter the Wise, a Knight of the Rose who is trying to rebuild his Knighthood and improve its reputation. Steveck has a grudging respect for Daviter and has come to be a supporter of the Knights of Solamnia. He is known as an opponent of the Knights, however, which sometimes provides Daviter with a better cover when recruiting in an area where the Knighthood is held in low regard.

TARGIN STEELAXE

4th-level Fighter

Race: Daewar Dwarf
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 6
AC: 1
THACO: 17
Hit Points: 37

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 10
Dexterity: 17 **Wisdom:** 9
Constitution: 16 **Charisma:** 15

Proficiencies: Battle axe (specialized), short bow, dagger, footman's mace; endurance, mountaineering, stonemasonry, blacksmithing, land-based riding (pony)

Armor: *Chain mail* +1

Weapons: Battle axe, short bow, dagger, 18 *arrows* +1

Equipment: Pitons, harness, 100' rope

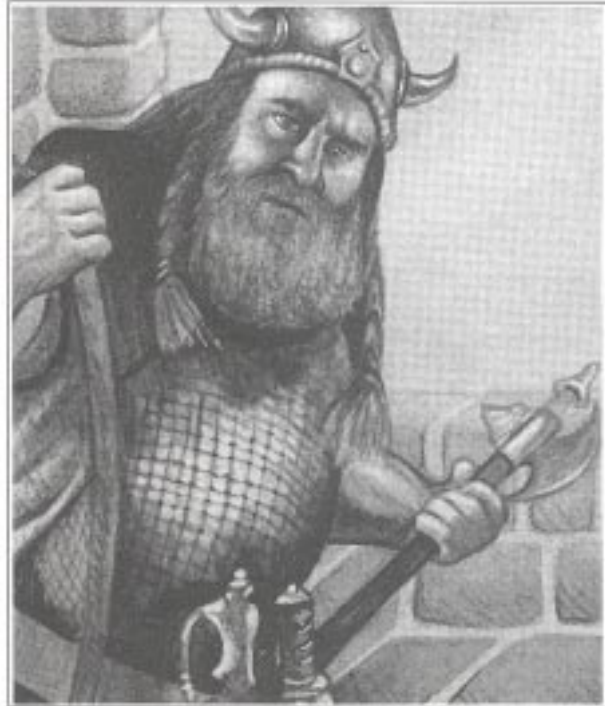
Description: Targin has light brown skin with a few premature wrinkles. His straight, black hair hangs to his shoulders, and his beard (also straight and black) reaches his belt. He has a hook nose and tends to squint as if irritated or dissatisfied.

Attitudes: Targin has an image of being grumpy, dour, and stern. This is an image he enjoys and protects, so he rarely shows his deep, underlying love for all that is good. He will attempt to destroy anything that taints Good, and he has a special hatred of draconians.

Targin is claustrophobic and avoids going underground or entering tight spaces.

Background: Targin Steelaxe has always been something of a loner. His childhood in Thorbardin affected him strangely, somehow driving him into the open air which frightens so many dwarves. He left Thorbardin when he was a youth of only 53.

Targin spent some time among the hill dwarves of the Kharolis Mountains, learning the use of many of their favored weapons. Targin became especially well acquainted with the Fireforge family of Hillhome and developed a crush on the lovely and vivacious Obsidian Fireforge. She treated Targin as a dear friend, but seemed to have no romantic interest in him, so he eventually left Hillhome.



Targin traveled next to Garnet in Kaolyn, to try to re-enter mountain dwarven society. Though he failed again, he did meet a Solamnic Knight, Grendelor. He accompanied the knight for a time and learned much of the ways of true honor.

Grendelor recommended Targin for a job teaching young Erastin Rivenguard about honor and arms. Targin readily accepted and became good friends with Erastin, as well as with a neighbor girl named Jilani. Targin's efforts came to fruition recently, when he escorted Erastin to the High Clerist's Tower and saw him accepted into the Knighthood. Targin invited Jilani on the trip, and she brought a minotaur friend, Karathos. The minotaur understands and practices honor, so he has become a good friend to Targin.

Not long after the trip to the Tower, Targin received messages from Obsidian and Grendelor; both requested his assistance. Though he longed to see Obsidian and perhaps rekindle an old flame, he owed much to Grendelor, so went to him instead. Targin sent Erastin, Galenye, and Karathos in his stead.

Targin and Grendelor defeated a nest of draconians. Now, he hopes to be reunited with his friends, both new and old, to see what they have accomplished and to plan new adventures with them.

TATANYA ELNOHAR

6th-level Bounty Hunter Thief

Race: Human
Alignment: Chaotic evil
Move: 12
AC: 4
THAC0: 18
Hit Points: 26

Strength: 15 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 18 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 14 **Charisma:** 17

Proficiencies: Long sword, khopesh sword, thrown dagger, whip; tracking, trailing, information gathering, intimidation, set snares

Armor: Leather armor

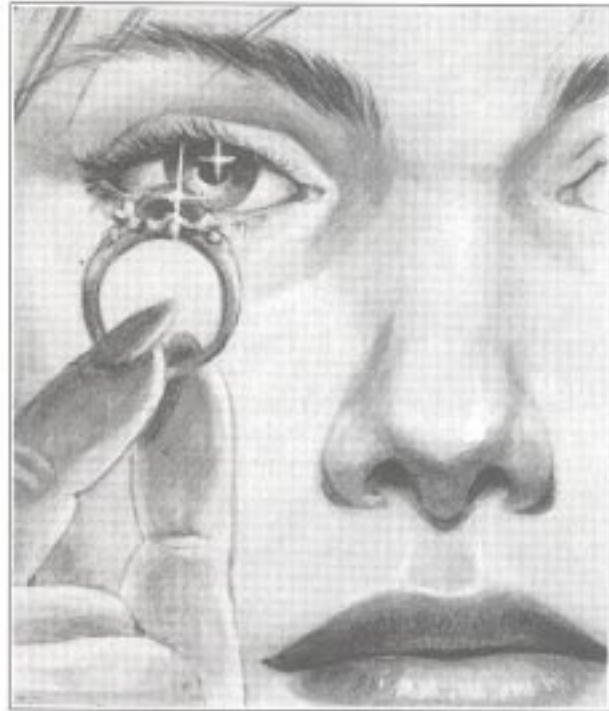
Weapons: *Long sword +2, throwing dagger +2, whip, khopesh sword, caltrops*

Equipment: Lockpicks, dark suit, dog pepper, blinding powder, wrist sheath, blade boots, *potion of sleep breathing, rope of entanglement, ring of human control*

Description: Tatanya is extremely beautiful, with long brown hair and violet eyes. She is 6' tall and weighs 129 pounds. Despite her height, Tatanya is nimble and graceful. In fact, she frequently travels with entertainers under the guise of a dancer. Tatanya is captivating and rarely has problems manipulating the "weaker" sex.

Attitudes: On the surface Tatanya appears friendly, open, and helpful. She seems happy and often flirtatious. Underneath this facade, however, Tatanya is cold, calculating and manipulative. She uses her looks and false attitudes to take others off guard. This ability to fool others is extremely useful when Tatanya is working as a bounty hunter. She has often enticed her prey to secluded places and turned them over or extracted information, frequently without her victims' knowledge. Tatanya is greedy and selfish; she cares for no one but herself and her long lost brother.

Background: Tatanya was born in Sanction in 322 AC to Ivor and Shandrah Elnohar. Shandrah developed complications during labor and died, a loss for which Ivor blamed Tatanya. Ivor spent his days and nights in a drunken stupor, leaving Tatanya and her older brother, Stephen, to fend for themselves on the



streets of Sanction.

In 337, when the Dragonarmies blockaded Sanction, Stephen and Tatanya tried to escape the city. As they fled, they ran into a patrol of draconians and were captured. A group of ogres came along, and fighting between the two patrols ensued. During the confusion, Tatanya slipped away, but Stephen was caught.

Tatanya spent the next year trying to infiltrate the ranks of the Dragonarmy by selling her skills as a guide and bounty hunter. She discreetly questioned many soldiers regarding her brother's whereabouts, but every lead turned into a dead end. Eventually Tatanya gave up her futile efforts and faced the reality that her brother was lost. From that day forward, Tatanya did nothing that didn't benefit Tatanya. To this day she sells her skills to any who can afford them, including agents of the Dragonarmy. Many groups of fugitives attempting to find safety have hired Tatanya only to be turned over to those they were trying to escape. Tatanya misses her brother Stephen and would do nearly anything to find him.

Tatanya currently has the following thieving skills: PP 35%; OL 55%; F/RT 45%; MS 50%; HS 45%; DN 45%; CW 85%; RL 20%.

TEEKLI QUICKSTEP

5th-level Swashbuckler Thief

Race: Kender
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 12
AC: 6
THACO: 18 (16 with rapier)
Hit Points: 31

Strength: 15 **Intelligence:** 13
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 15
Constitution: 17 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Rapier, stiletto, sabre, bollik (as bolas); etiquette, tumbling, blind-fighting, disguise, jumping

Armor: Leather armor

Weapons: Rapier +1, 3 stilettoes (one of which is silvered)

Equipment: Kite, 4 map cases, 4 maps, string, drawing equipment, locket (with Telsa's picture), spyglass, *periapt of stamina* (see below)

Description: Teekli is a stylish young kender, who prefers the latest human styles to traditional kender garments. His coat and trousers are usually of ribbed red velvet, with a matching maroon hat topped by a white plume. In adopting such foppish urban tastes, he is similar to the great dwarven hero Flint Fireforge, who is a personal hero to the kender.

Teekli's nickname is a result of his habit of moving very fast, at what would be a jogging pace for other kender. This is allowed by his *periapt of stamina*, which doubles Teekli's base movement rate and grants him a Constitution and Strength of 20 with regards to jogging and running checks. The *periapt* is an engraved turquoise. Teekli wears it on a silver chain, almost always keeping the gem tucked safely under his shirt.

Attitudes: Teekli was raised by a human since he was four, and as a result his personality is a mixture of kender and human traits. He has the curiosity of the kender, marked by a civilized veneer of a city gentry. His taunting is as a result particularly cultured and effective against humans, and Teekli has become an expert swordskender to defend himself. Yet the kender retains a strong longing to again be among his people, in particular to reunite with his lost sister, Telsa.

Background: Teekli was originally a native of the



Goodlund area, but his clan and family were wiped out in a draconian raid when he was but 4 years old. Both Teekli and his sister Telsa survived the raid, but were separated, and Teekli has no idea as to his sister's location. Teekli was rescued from the wilderness and adopted by a human swashbuckler named d'Avenell. He spent his formative years under that individual's tutelage in the city of Balifor. Under d'Avenell, Teekli has seen the best and the worst that humanity has to offer, and he has picked up a number of human traits over the years. He still desires to find his sister and has mounted several expeditions through the kender and goblin territories to locate her.

In addition to searching for his sister, Teekli uses these opportunities to map out new areas, as well as conduct research in wind patterns. He has picked up a scientific curiosity regarding air movement from the scholars in Balifor, and carries a kite with him to gauge the strength and direction of the wind. He has a theory that air movements have an effect on the ground features on his map.

Teekli currently has the following thieving skills: PP 55%; OL 25%; F/RT 25%; MS 60%; HS 60%; DN 35%; CW 75%; RL 25%.

TRANEA

7th-level Gladiator Fighter

Race: Human
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 12, Fl 18 (MC: B)
AC: 3
THACO: 14
Hit Points: 40

Strength: 16 **Intelligence:** 12
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 8
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Mancatcher (specialized), lasso, drusus, trident, net, sanguine; charioteering, tumbling, endurance, set snares, blind-fighting

Armor: Samnite

Weapons: Drusus, lasso, mancatcher

Equipment: *Rope of entanglement, winged boots*

Description: Tranea displays the rugged features of her hard-working ancestors. While quite beautiful for a human female of her years, Tranea's face is deeply etched, the callouses of her hands are thick, and her skin is the brown skin of a laborer.

Pride shines in her steel-blue eyes, a pride that comes from within, but one that must also be nurtured through years of hard work without complaint. Tranea's profession keeps her in top physical condition. The ripples of her muscled limbs are never covered. In training, she wears a simple tunic and restrains her hair with a headband or ponytail. When in the arena, Tranea wears leather shoes with leg-gings, a knee-length bodysuit, and a Samnite breast-plate.

Attitudes: Tranea was raised in Taladas by her wicked grandmother, who never gave her the attention and encouragement she needed as a child. As a result, Tranea developed a low opinion of herself and her abilities. To prove herself, she willingly entered the arena in Kristophan to exercise the one talent she knew she possessed-combat. Tranea refuses to accept failure and can become violent when confronted with someone whom she perceives as "giving up" easily.

Tranea appreciates devotion to duty and the devotion between friends. Though not willing to give her friendship easily, once she does she never breaks that friendship if it can be avoided. Tranea is convinced



that she would willingly lay down her own life to save a friend, but this notion has never actually been put to the test. In all her time in the arena, she has never been called upon to sacrifice herself in favor of Boinias, her greatest friend.

Background: A native of Taladas, Tranea is the product of minotaur brutality, forcing her parents to have offspring to increase their stable of human slaves. Tranea knew her parents by sight, but never knew the love of a regular household. Until her coming of age she was raised by her competent but unloving grandmother.

After coming to the arenas, Tranea quickly became a favorite of the minotaur mob. There she met the gnome Boinias, with whom she developed a deep friendship. Those who know Tranea know that she is fiercely devoted to Boinias.

Recently, Boinias escaped, and he leads a band of rebel slaves in the wilderness. Tranea is torn between her obligations to Boinias and her love of the arena and the popularity she has there. She is slowly coming to the realization that with the escaped slaves, perhaps she can find a true home.

VALLO DOWNYHEELS

6th-Level Scout Thief

Race: Kender
Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 6
AC: 6
THACO: 18
Hit Points: 27

Strength: 9 **Intelligence:** 10

Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 8
Constitution: 15 **Charisma:** 11

Proficiencies: Dagger, hoopak (as quarterstaff and sling); tracking, alertness, direction sense, observation, modern languages (Goblin)

Armor: Leather armor

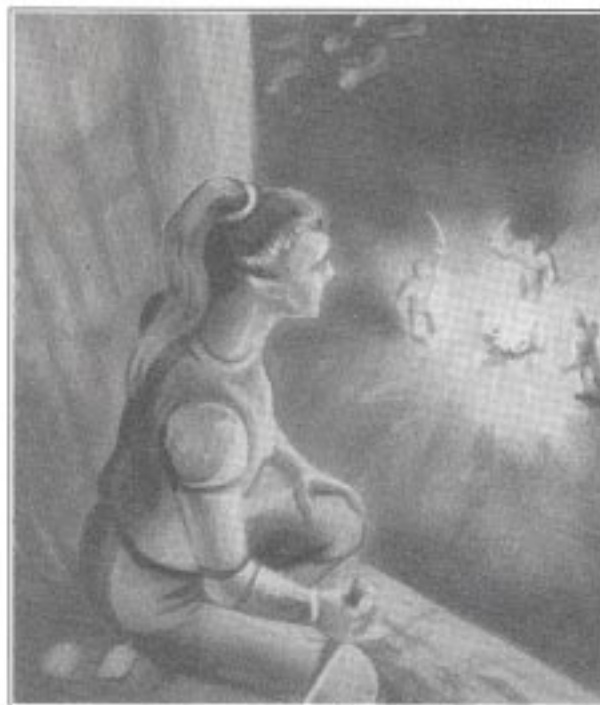
Weapons: Hoopak, *dagger +2*

Equipment: Thieves' tools, lump of beeswax wrapped in a bright red bandanna, pouch containing a jumble of wires and files, 3 rusty keys, flint and steel, 20' rope, small wooden drum painted with nymphs and satyrs, small silk bag containing *dust of tracelessness* (15 pinches), *ring of swimming*

Description: Vallo is tall for a kender, standing 4'3" tall. His dark brown hair is tied into an topknot that adds another 4" to his stature. He prefers soft woven clothing in woodland colors that help him avoid detection on scouting missions (and complement his hazel eyes and tanned skin).

Attitudes: Vallo is absolutely fascinated by goblins. He finds their ugliness beautiful, and he has developed a habit of singing goblin war songs accompanied by the thumping rhythm of his wooden drum (much to the distress of any companions in his presence). Given any chance at all, Vallo will wander off to poke around in the wilderness, looking for a new tribe of goblins on which to eavesdrop.

Vallo hates the idea of steady employment, as he is still in the grip of the wanderlust that affects kender upon reaching adulthood. He can, however, put his curiosity to good use as a freelance scout, although he needs to be constantly reminded of his information-gathering missions or he will find something even more interesting to distract his attention.



Background: After two days in a military stockade, Vallo Downyheels was ready to die of boredom. The charge was 312 counts of theft, but honestly, Vallo had just been poking around through all the interesting tents and provision stores. There was nothing to do in jail, so Vallo sang the songs he loved: rousing goblin war songs-in several dialects.

After listening to Vallo's "concert" for three straight hours, the jailer marched into the kender's cell, grabbed him by one pointy ear, and marched him out the door and into the custody of a group of adventurers bound for draconian territory. "Here's your scout," the jailer said as he hustled back into the stockade and slammed and barred the gate behind him. Now Vallo can poke around as much as he likes, as long as he does so outside of camp and brings the information he gathers back to his companions.

Vallo does not know that the small bag of dust he carries is magical. He got it from a wizard "by accident" and is very likely to acquire other such items from anyone he meets.

Vallo currently has the following thieving skills: PP 30%; OL 40%; F/RT 50%; MS 75%; HS 75%; DN 45%; CW 50%; RL -5%.

VARGALASTINESSERVALDERKATZMINOVILBERGAPOLNIKKOFFEL

5th-level Tinker

Race: Gnome
Alignment: Neutral
Move: 6
AC: 7 or 5
THACO: 19
Hit Points: 21

Strength: 9 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 13 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 11

Proficiencies: Quarterstaff; weaponsmithing, armor-er, blacksmithing, engineering, carpentry, reading/writing (Common, Gnomish)

Armor: Gnomish workman's leather or goblin-beater (see below; protects as chain mail)

Weapons: Quarterstaff, goblin beater

Equipment: Longgrabber (see below), a wide variety of tools, bits of metal, various fasteners

Description: Varga (as he is known to the impatient) is a typical gnome, with a large nose, blue eyes, white hair, and a white beard and mustache. He alternately squints and smiles, depending on whether he is thinking about a problem or believes he has solved it.

Attitudes: Varga is intensely curious and is devoted to the idea that technology can solve all problems. He himself is working on the "goblin problem," not because of any personal animosity, but purely from scientific interest in the conundrum.

Varga is a likable fellow, but seems a bit dense. He tends to talk very fast about things that nobody else finds remotely interesting.

Background: Born in Mount Nevermind, Varga is the youngest of a long line of mechanical engineers specializing in weaponry. Varga has chosen non-explosive weapons as a sub-specialty.

Varga has two prize inventions, the goblin-beater and the longgrabber. The longgrabber is a fairly simple device which can grip something from up to 10' away, as long as there is clearance (at least 2') for the device, and the item to be gripped is not too small (less than 6" in diameter).

The goblin-beater is a more complicated device which resembles an egg beater in some ways. It consists of four small clubs attached to a central hub



which is turned by a chain driven by a pair of hand cranks. The device is strapped to one's chest so that the hand cranks protrude to the left and right, where they can be gripped. When the cranks are rotated, the clubs rotate. The device takes a full round to start up, but allows four attacks in each subsequent round until Varga is too tired to turn the cranks anymore. While the device is in operation, it produces sparks and a shrill whistle (which one of Varga's friends promised was at just the right frequency to frighten goblins-and animals, small children, elves, and numerous others).

After spending years working on his inventions in the lab, Varga has taken them outside for "field testing." He has joined several groups of intrepid adventurers and left all of them a little less concerned about getting enough excitement in their lives.

Varga is always very helpful to his companions, offering to "improve" their maces or swords, try a new "protective" varnish on their backpacks, or build them a "labor saving" device of some kind. He is currently working on an invention with the ominous name "high-speed dagger dispenser."

VATTAAN OF THE LIGHT (ALSO CALLED "THE HEALER")

15th-level Priest of the Good Order

Race: Human
Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
Armor Class: 2
THACO: 12
Hit Points: 63

Strength: 12 **Intelligence:** 15
Dexterity: 9 **Wisdom:** 16
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 15

Proficiencies: Club, footman's mace, sling, quarter-staff, rod; astrology, healing, herbalism, reading/writing (Common, Solamnic), religion, spellcraft, modern languages (Mountain Dwarf)

Armor: *Bracers of defense AC 2*

Weapons: Rod of smiting, sling, quarterstaff

Equipment: *Paladine's medallion of faith, staff of curing, gem of brightness, robe of scintillating colors*

Description: Vattaan is 6' tall with silver hair, bronze skin, and a commanding but gentle presence. He has dark brown eyes and always wears a slight smile. A magical glowing light always surrounds him, growing brighter in the presence of evil or when Vattaan heals.

Attitudes: Vattaan is said to be truly god-touched, and always seems vaguely distant. He is always calm and kind, somehow knowing when to heal or offer a comforting word. Vattaan speaks rarely, letting lesser priests interpret his actions and speak for him. When he does speak, his messages are simple, yet profound.

Despite his caring nature, Vattaan will not stand idly by when lives are threatened. The smile never leaving his lips, he will set upon the foe, inflicting enough damage to drive back or defeat the foe, but no more.

Background: Vattaan was born in 347 AC in Heartlund in Solamnia, the youngest son of Lord Heltann and Lady Erisa Auchuran, of a family of Solamnic Knights.

When Vattaan was 5, as the War of the Lance was beginning, a befuddled old wizard visited Auchuran Keep and told tales of the days before the Cataclysm, tales of bravery and of the old gods. Vattaan learned especially of Paladine. The old gods became real to



him, unlike the pale new gods the castle cleric taught him to worship. Vattaan took the sage to his parents, but Heltann rejected the tales and turned the old fool out. The departing sage told the heartbroken Vattaan that one day his faith would be rewarded.

Two years later, the War of the Lance came to Auchuran Keep. Brave Vattaan helped feed the defenders and care for the injured until one day when a goblin broke dealt the boy's head a severe blow. Vattaan lay close to death for weeks. At last, his desperate parents abandoned the new gods and prayed for Paladine's help. The child soon awakened, a simple medallion with a silver triangle around his neck.

Since that day, Vattaan has never been quite right, for his injuries damaged his mind. Vattaan cannot see things as bad or without value, and simple dangers fascinate him with their beauty. While he cannot comprehend danger, he is a very gifted healer. His own ailment is not known, for his reactions meet the expectations the common folk have for healing clerics.

Vattaan soon met the priest Elistan and became an official follower of Paladine, and now, at age 35, he is a top-ranking priest. The Great Dragon has possessed Vattaan from time to time, since Vattaan's altered mind can cope better with the grandeur of a god.

AURUM

Venerable Gold Dragon (935 years old)

Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12, Fl 40(C), Jp 3, Sw 12
AC: -10
THACO: -6
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1-10/1-10/6-36
Hit Points: 125(22 HD)

Breath Weapon: Cone of fire or cloud of chlorine gas (20d12 + 10).

Spells: 2/2/2/2/2 (wizard); 2/2 (priest).

Save Modifier: -2 **Magic Resistance:** 60%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Ability to detect invisible or hidden objects and creatures in a 100-foot radius. Natural *clairaudience*, 200-foot radius. *Fear* aura, 40-yard radius. Natural water breathing and speak with *animals* abilities, immunity to fire and gas, ability to *polymorph self*, *bless*, *detect lie*, and *detect gems*, each three times per day. Able to use *animal summoning*, *luck bonus*, and *quest*, each once per day.

Description: At his age, Aurum prefers to sleep more than anything else, so he is rarely found outside his lair, and then usually in the shape of a powerful white horse. In dragon form his body length is 121 feet and his tail is 110 feet long. His scales are small and smooth fitting, making him appear glossy and scaleless. He has grown numerous tiny horns on his head, along with the larger, more conspicuous ones, but all of Aurum's horns are rubbery and velvety to the touch.

Attitudes: Aurum has little or no interest in the affairs of men or other humanoids—he finds the politics of nature much more honest and interesting. Hence, he never takes the form of any humanoid, but frequently assumes those of various animals: the horse, eagle, shark, or the badger, among many others. In his youth, he often held court among the beasts of the forest, but he has largely abandoned such practices now, preferring solitude and sleep.

Aurum is extremely slow to anger. A direct provocation of almost any sort will result in pity rather than anger. This infuriates his adversaries, particularly the chromatic dragons, who fail to learn anything about his strengths and weaknesses until they attack him, always to their woe. Even after being attacked, Au-



rum will often heal his enemies and censure them to rehabilitate themselves. This humiliates and infuriates his adversaries more than anything else.

Background: As the events that led to the War of the Lance occurred, Aurum steadfastly argued for non-intervention on the part of the good dragons. His concern for the missing dragon eggs was as great as any, yet Aurum remained faithful in the absolute power and inevitable triumph of Good. No matter how terrible the world grew, Aurum continued to perceive evil as nothing more than an agent of change that would eventually turn upon and devour itself, leaving a new and better world in which creatures of light would flourish.

Later, when it was discovered exactly what had become of the dragon eggs, Aurum grieved and then reluctantly agreed to take part in the wars, but only until the eggs were recovered. After that, no matter what the state of Krynn, Aurum would return to his lair and sleep away the Age. Though he has not yet begun his long sleep, Aurum has prepared a lair and is ready to enter the realm of dreams.

BLAZE

Wyrm Red Dragon (1135 years old)

Alignment: Chaotic evil
Move: 9, Fl 30, (C), Jp 3
AC: -10
THACO: -4
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d10+11/1d10+11/3d10+11
Hit Points: 120 (20 HD)

Breath Weapon: Cone of fire, 90' long, 5' wide at Blaze's mouth and 30' at the base; 22d10 + 11 damage.

Spells: Blaze can memorize wizard spells, two each of first, second, third, and fourth level, as well as two first level priest spells.

Save Modifier: -3 **Magic Resistance:** 60%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Dragon fear, 45 yard radius; snatch, wing buffet; immune to normal missiles; *detect invisible*, 110' radius; speaks Common, Red Dragon, and Evil Dragon Common and can communicate telepathically with any intelligent creature; immune to fire; *affect normal fires*, *pyrotechnics*, and *detect gems, kind and number*, each three times per day; *heat metal*, *suggestion*, and *hypnotism* each once per day.

Description: A gigantic creature over three hundred feet from nose to tail (172' body length, 160' tail), Blaze is a fearsome opponent on any battlefield. He keeps his flesh immaculate, and his scales shine like burning blood.

Attitudes: Blaze's number one priority is to live through the current unpleasantness and settle down, preferably in a large, warm cave lined with gems and with a nearby population of worshipful humans who raise fat cattle. In the meantime, he is a (mostly) loyal follower of the dragon Highlords, and will enter the fray in order to aid their armies. However, Blaze hates acting under any master, particularly one who will put him (and his beautiful scales) at risk.

Background: As with many other evil dragons, Blaze spent a significant portion of his life in the nether realms with Takhisis. Now that he has come to Krynn, he plans to stay, and he will do all within his power to stay alive and find a lasting home.



Blaze is a rarity within the Dragonarmies: a powerful, ancient wyrm who currently lacks a rider. Previous riders have been assigned to the dragon, but tend to have "mishaps" which, while not always critical, do tend to keep the humans away and allow Blaze to have his own way.

Blaze sees himself as a loyal member of the Dragonarmies, but prefers to operate as a freelance heavy support unit, flying onto the battlefield to unload a cargo of flaming death twice, then withdrawing in case the forces of Evil cannot carry the day with his help. He will not fight another dragonrider unless he has no choice, and sees dragon-to-dragon combat as a fruitless situation which other, more loyal and foolish dragons may engage in.

Because of his attitudes, Blaze is often shifted from one theater to another within the war, as no highlord wishes to hold onto the powerful and strong-willed dragon for long.

CYAN BLOODBANE

Very Old Green Dragon (657 years old)

Alignment: Lawful evil
Move: 9, Fl 30 (C), Sw 9
AC: -5
THACO: -2
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d8+9/1d8+9/2d10+9
Hit Points: 97 (18 HD)

Breath Weapon: A cloud of chlorine gas 50' long, 40' wide, and 30' wide. This inflicts 18d6+9 points of damage (save for half).

Spells: Four first level and two second level wizard spells. These are cast at the 15th level of ability.

Save Modifier: -1 **Magic Resistance:** 40%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Cyan is immune to all gases, and can use the following special abilities: *water breathing*, *suggestion*, *plant growth*, *entangle*, each once per day; *warp wood* three times per day.

Description: While only average size for his species, Cyan Bloodbane projects a dark, sinister presence that makes him seem larger than he is. His blood red eyes and evil features make him truly frightening to behold. He is fairly old for a green dragon, and this shows in the dullness of the scales and the looseness of the flesh around his face and jaws.

Attitudes: Cyan Bloodbane is a thoroughly evil creature. He loves nothing in creation, even himself. He is arrogant, manipulative, and devious. Cyan is also a coward, he will never willingly face direct combat. He prefers to let others do his fighting for him or to destroy his enemies by turning their own fears against them. During his long life, he has become an expert at discovering the fears and weaknesses of others and turning those weaknesses against them. The only other creature he has any respect for is Takhisis. He obeys her out of fear and because her orders almost always allow him to indulge in the emotional manipulation and torture that he craves.

Background: Cyan was the runt of a large clutch of eggs. He survived, and even prospered, by playing his clutchmates against each other. He learned, very quickly, just how deadly physical combat can be for victor and vanquished alike. He decided his scales were too precious to risk in combat when there were



those of weaker will to fight for him. He also learned that when you have to fight, a demoralized opponent is less of a threat. Honing his skills on all who opposed him, he quickly rose in power among his kind.

When Takhisis rose again in the world, Cyan was reluctant to serve her at first. He saw all too much danger in her service. Soon, however, he realized the opportunity for even greater power in her plans of conquest. She, in turn, recognized Cyan's talents for subversion and made plans to utilize them to the utmost.

When King Lorac, in his arrogance and desperation, tried to use the Dragon Orb, Takhisis sent Cyan to whisper to him of his fears. Soon, all of Lorac's nightmares had come to pass, and the terrors that lived in the dark places of his heart had blanketed the lands of the Silvanesti. The lands were transformed into a place of evil where your own nightmares could rise up against you. The Silvanesti were forced to flee their homeland, and the loss which Lorac had attempted to prevent were brought about by his own actions.

Cyan has never revealed his true name.

DARGENT (SILVARA, SILVART)

Old Silver Dragon (525 years old)

Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 9, Fl 30 (C), Jp 3
AC: -7
THACO: -3
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d8+8/1d8+8/5d6+8
Hit Points: 113 (19 HD)

Breath Weapon: Cone of cold 80' long, 5' wide at mouth and 30' wide at terminus, or paralysis gas cloud 50' long, 40' wide, and 20' high (paralysis lasts 8 + 1d8 rounds); each usable for a total of 3x/day, 1x/three rounds.

Spells: Wizard- *read magic, sleep; invisibility, wizard lock; dispel magic, protection from normal missiles; minor globe of invulnerability.* Priest- *detect magic, protection from evil.* All spells cast at 14th level of ability.

Save Modifier: +1 **Magic Resistance:** 40%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Use claws or bite (not both) while flying; stall (bite and four claw attacks, plus blindness from dust for one round); +2 to hit while diving; snatch (can grab two victims, size L or smaller, with 50% chance that arms are pinned; victim can be dropped, squeezed automatically, or bitten); kick (one leg to rear; victim takes 1d8 + 8 hp damage, plus dexterity check on 1d20 or knocked back 1d8+8 feet; if knocked back, victim saves vs. petrification or falls flat); wing buffet (two wings for 1d8 +8 hp damage each; victims make dexterity check on 1d20 or fall flat); tail slap (roll attack vs. up to eight victims within range (40') for 2d8 + 16 hp damage each; each saves vs. petrification or is stunned for 1d4 + 1 rounds); plummet and crush up to eight victims (5d6+8 hp damage each, save vs. petrification at -8 or be pinned for 5d6+8 hp more damage; victims save vs. petrification at -8 to get free); saves as 18th-level fighter; dragon *fear* aura (25 yards); *detect invisibility* 80' radius; *clairaudience* 160' in lair; immune to cold and normal missiles; *cloud walk* and speak with any intelligent creature at will; innate powers at 14th level of ability: *polymorph self* and *control winds* each 3x/day, *feather fall* 2x/day, *wall of fog*, *control weather*, and *reverse gravity* each 1x/day.



Description: Dargent is an enormous dragon with an 87' body and a 40' tail. Her tiny scales are bright silver, so fine that her skin seems foil-smooth. Her horns, claws, and eyes are pale gold.

Dargent's "Silvara" form is that of a beautiful 5'4" female elf with silvery hair, pale skin, and a dirty barbaric outfit using facial paint, hair feathers, boots, and leather armor. She has a medicine bag with curative herbs (she has a reputation among the Kagonesti as being a "wise woman") and travels with a white cooshee (elven dog) named Dargo. She did not assume her draconic form before the quest in Sanction was completed (see "Background").

Attitudes: A particularly courageous being, Dargent (like most of Krynn's silver dragons) is devoted to preserving life, justice, and goodness, and is willing to risk her life to combat evil. She enjoys taking on her elven form (see "Background") and particularly loves being with elves and humans. She will serve as a mount for a particularly powerful hero in wartime.

In combat, Dargent does everything possible to pretend to be an elf (Silvara), using her spells and wits to manipulate groups of adventurers to fulfill her

good-aligned plots. She is not above spying, lying, and other acts of mild duplicity, which she learned in the assumed form of Silvara (spying on the Silvanesti elves for the wild Kagonesti), and is extremely intelligent and wise (I 16, W 18) as well as charismatic. She knows much about forest lore, pathfinding, and herbalism.

Background: When the good dragons took the Oath to leave the affairs of humans in the War of the Lance, Dargent was placed in charge of Foghaven Vale, in which lay Huma's Tomb. She drove away all comers until the War of the Lance, when her concern over the victories of the Dark Queen's forces led her to assume the *polymorphed* guise of a Kagonesti elven woman, Silvart (also known as Silvara), then rescue and lead some adventurers to the Vale, where the Dragonlances were discovered. Warned by Paladine

because she came so close to violating the Oath of noninterference, she nonetheless then led the heroes to the evil city of Sanction, where it was discovered that the evil dragons had been hatching draconians from the eggs of the good dragons. This caused the good dragons of Krynn to join the War of the Lance. Dargent, better known as Silvara to humans and elves regardless of her form, served as the mount of the elven general Laurana during the latter part of the war.

Having fallen in love with the Qualinesti elf lord Gilthanas, who could not accept her true draconic form, Dargent vanished with her lover after the war and has not been seen since. She once claimed that it was her sister who loved the hero Huma. Nonetheless, as Silvara she is now the most famous of all silver dragons of Krynn.

GLITARALD

Very Old Gold Dragon (724 Years old)

Alignment: Lawful Good
Move: 12, Fl 30 (C), Jp 3, Sw 12
AC: -9
THACO: -4
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d10+9/1d10+9,/6d6+9
Hit Points: 137(21 HD)

Breath Weapon: A cloud of chlorine gas 50' long, 40' wide, and 30' wide, and a cone of fire 90' long, 5' wide to start and 30' wide at the end. These each inflict 18d12 +9 points of damage (save for half).

Spells: Wizard spells: 2/2/2/2. Priest spells: 2 first level. All spells are cast at the 20th level of ability.

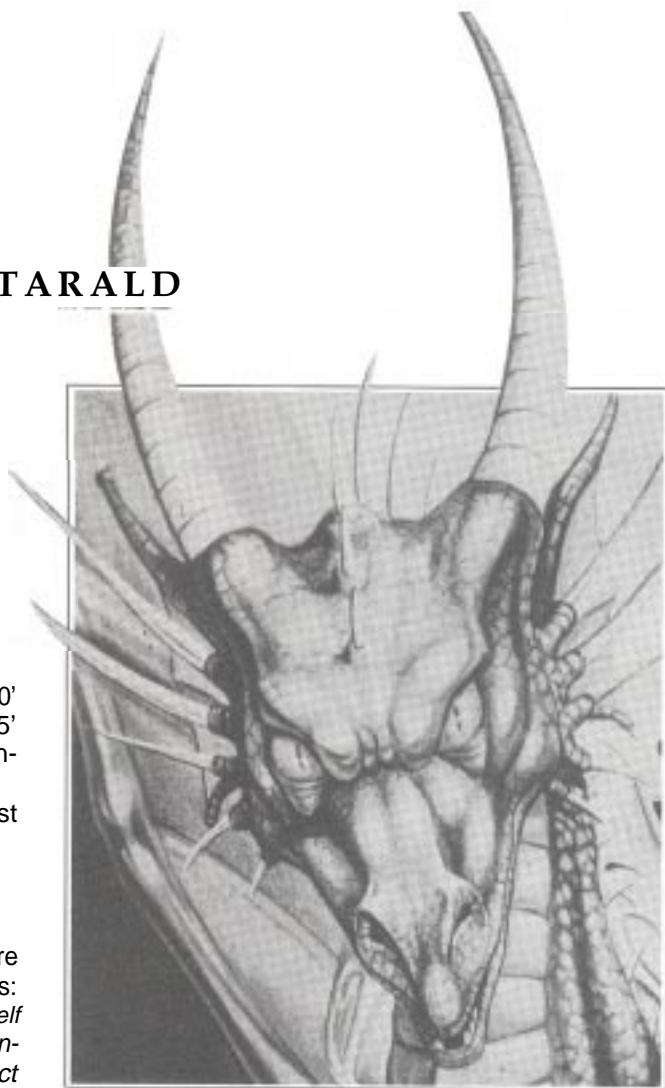
Save Modifier: -1 **Magic Resistance:** 55%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Glitarald is immune to fire and gasses and can use the following special abilities: water breathing, *Speak with animals*, *Polymorph self* 3/day, *Bless* 3/day, *Detect Lie* 3/day, *Animal Summoning* 1/day, *Luck Bonus* 1/day, *Quest* 1/day, and *Detect Gems* 3/day.

Description: In dragon form, Glitarald is a rich golden color and projects an aura of calmness and wisdom (unless faced with evil, which causes him to project a palpable rage which all around him can feel). Glitarald's other forms are usually rather unobtrusive and unremarkable in appearance. Though rather old, even for a Gold Dragon, Glitarald in no way shows his age. He is as fit and strong as ever and appears in the prime of life.

Attitudes: Normally, Glitarald shows a serene and gentle nature. However, this quickly goes by the wayside when evil forces threaten. Glitarald bears a true hatred for all things evil and will allow nothing to stand in the way of its destruction. This dedication is matched only by his undying loyalty to Lord Gunther Uth Wistan. He has chosen to be Lord Gunther's mount in combat against the forces of the Dark Queen.

Background: Glitarald was content with his life under the exile of the dragons from the land of Krynn. He agreed that it was best to leave Krynn to the gods' children and felt that the exile of the good dragons



was a small price to pay for the exile of the evil dragons. He was content to study his magic, converse with his peers, and grow old in a graceful fashion. He was completely unprepared for the anger which stirred in him when the evil dragons were awakened by Takhisis. He yearned to fight on the side of good but was restrained by his fear for the eggs which Takhisis had stolen. When the corruption of the eggs was revealed, he was one of the first to enter into the battle against the forces of evil. From the day they met, he found a kindred spirit in Lord Gunther Uth Wistan and chose to be his mount in battle. Together, they helped to blast the evil dragons from the skies of Krynn.

Glitarald was a bit surprised to find such a strong joy for battle in himself, but he serves as more than just a mount and warrior. Polymorphed into human form, he goes out among the populace of Krynn to root out evil plots before they can become a threat. With his magical abilities, he is usually able to pass unnoticed among plotters, and if he is found out, he can use his innate abilities to easily escape. All things considered, Glitarald finds his new life quite amusing.

KHELLENDROS (SKIE)

Mature Adult Blue Dragon (278 years old)

Alignment: Lawful Evil
Move: 9, Flight 30 (C), Burrow 4
AC: - 3
THACO: 5
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d8+7/1d8+7/3d8+7
Hit Points: 89 (17 Hit Dice)

Str 21 (12); Dex 10; Con 19; Int 13; Wis 15; Chr 14.
LANGUAGES: Common, Draconian, Dragon, Silvanesti, Solamnic

Breath Weapon: Lightning, 100' line for 14d8 + 7 damage.

Spells: Three first level wizard spells, one second level wizard spell; Skie prefers illusion/phantasm spells.

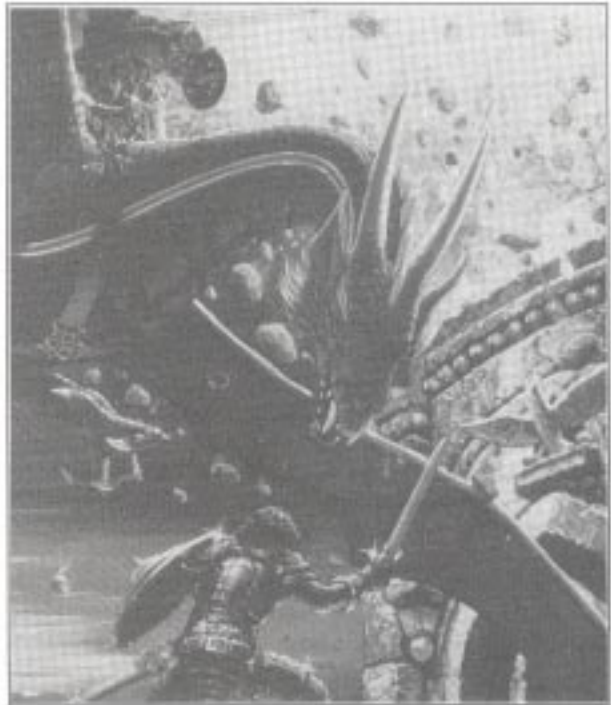
Save Modifier: +1 **Magic Resistance:** 30%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Snatch, kick, wing buffet, tail slap; detect hidden and invisible at 140'; dragon fear; sound imitation; create/destroy water three times per day; dust devil once per day.

Description: Khellendros-called "Skie" in the man tongue-is a sleek; powerful champion of his kind. At full natural size he measures 150' from nose to tail tip, his wingspan stretching 92' fully extended. Skie's hide is comprised of scales a handspan wide, ranging from a dark indigo on his back to a pale azure on his belly. This coloration provides camouflage from below, fading into the sky. A mane and long cheek whiskers, nearly blue black, frame his terrifying head. Wickedly slanted eyes combined with the perpetual toothy grin gives him a look of calculating evil.

Attitudes: Skie is a mature adult dragon, having gone to sleep over a thousand years ago at the end of the Third Dragon War as a result of Takhisis' pact with the Knight Huma. He awakened shortly after the Cataclysm in 147 AC and is thought to be about 350 years old.

Skie is lawful evil in alignment, loyal and fair to his allies, but conniving and cruel when the need arises to impose his order on the disorganized forces of Evil and Good alike. He is known among his kind for his loyalty to his Dragon Highlord partner.



Originally, Skie rose to the ranks of mount of the General of the second Blue Wing with his rider Kartilann of Khur. Many attribute Kartilann's advancement to the machinations of Skie to eliminate opposition. Skie would hotly deny this himself, because his pledged loyalty is without question until he himself is betrayed by an ally.

During the Invasion of the New Sea region and Schallsea, when Kartilann was slain by a lucky arrow from ground snipers, Skie quickly shifted his alliance to Kartilann's first lieutenant, Kitiara, who was paired with Skie's own daughter, Zephyr. When Zephyr suffered a mortal wound protecting her sire, Kitiara and Skie renewed their dragon/human pact with each other and led their forces to victory.

Kitiara and Skie have struck a pact to mutually assist and protect each other. Through well planned victories, and careful manipulations turning rival against rival, these two rose through the ranks until they gained the enviable post of General of the entire Blue Dragonarmy, Blue Dragon Highlord, second only to lord Ariakus of the Reds. Skie is a dragon of his word and is not only loyal to Kitiara, but views her as the daughter he lost, and will do whatever it takes to protect her and keep her safe.

Ruthless in battle, Skie is a skilled and clever fighter, knowing when to make a calculated retreat and when to charge. Skie is very cunning and considers a problem from all angles before making a decision. He can be diabolical in his plans and knows how to play on his foe's strengths and weaknesses.

Background: Historians are in dispute, but prisoners from the Blue Dragonarmy are very proud of their Highlord and her mount and have related many grand tales of the great and feared dragon, Skie.

Tales tell that Skie's grand-dam was the legendary Tempest, who figured prominently in the Khur folk-tale of one of their greatest warrior kings. Together with Tempest, this peasant rose to overthrow the bandit kingdoms and to unite all of Khur into a glorious age of battle and conquest. In the end, the sultan was betrayed by a conniving elven princess and her despicable wizard and slain. Tempest returned to avenge her master and lay waste to the bountiful kingdom before retreating into the desert wastes.

Skie was different from other blue dragons from the start. It is said that he declined tradition and instead of gathering a harem of mates, was true to but one other, the female, Nadir. His love died during the Third Dragon War, but not before laying her only clutch of eggs. Skie retired from battle in order to protect them, hiding the eggs away deep beneath the sands.

After the Cataclysm, several of the eggs survived the reawakening and grew into young dragons in the isolated wastes of Khur. The eldest was a daughter whose man-name was Zephyr. She matured into a bright young dragon and joined her father in service to the Dark Queen. However, growing up in hiding, she never quite developed the survival instincts and wit of her sire. Zephyr proved too impractical and awkward in her plottings, despite her father's council.

Then Skie noticed a young human female rising through the ranks of the Blue Dragonarmy. This Kitiara exhibited all the traits a blue dragon needed to know. Skie arranged for his daughter to be paired with this warrior woman, going against his queen's tradition that dragons pair with humans of the opposite sex. Under Kitiara's guidance, Zephyr learned loyalty, cunning, and finesse in manipulating the lesser creatures, and they rose to become first lieutenants to Skie and his mate, the woman warrior Kartilann of Khur.

After the Dragonarmies had annexed the eastern countries and defeated the insidious elves to the south, they turned westward to Solamnia and the New Sea area. The invasion did not go well. The farmers and hunters did not fight like a decent army, but hid from the invaders, sniping from cover or luring unwary dragons and riders into ambush. Too, the humans had allied with the treacherous female half-irda, half-human shaman, Shirlinn, who could summon the very elements to defend hers with destructive fury.

During the final sweep of Schallsea, Skie and Kartilann led a charge, and a lucky sniper's arrow killed Kartilann. The ogress Shirlinn then summoned a creature of wind to batter the disoriented Skie, and only Zephyr's quick action saved her sire. Sadly, Zephyr was then struck a fatal blow by the ogress. When a dragon loses his rider or a Highlord his mount, the remaining partner is dishonored and falls out of favor with the Dark Queen and her minions. However, Skie quickly made a pact with Kitiara, and rose to replace his general and lead the Blue Army to their victory. They have been a pair ever since.

Skie and his Blue Lady's exploits during the war are told and retold: the invasion of Tarsis, Kharolis, and the Plains of Ash; the invasion of Solamnia and their many victories over Hinterlund and Gaardlund. They were stymied by the Golden General, Laurana of the forces of Whitestone, in a lucky ploy at the Tower of the High Clerist. When at last the Dark Queen fell in defeat, Skie and his lady led the only dragon force to retain its sovereignty, due to quick thinking, the loyalty of their troops and an unspoken agreement with one of the warriors of Whitestone and his comrades.

Years later, Skie returned with his Blue Lady and the death knight, Lord Soth, to stop the dark mage Raistlin from challenging the Dark Queen's reign. In the resulting defeat, the Highlord is said to have fallen in battle, but no body was found. Some reports say that Kitiara's body was claimed by the fell Lord Soth, but when these reports led Skie to Soth's castle, he found only a hollow haunted hall abandoned by the death knight-and no sign of Kitiara.

Skie has pledged not to rest until he finds his mate and restores her. Even if he must journey beyond death and into the realms of the gods, he will do even that to protect one who is more dear to him than his own daughter, so that he may fulfill his pact to protect her.

KHISANTH (ONYX)

Mature Adult Black Dragon (322 Years Old)

Alignment: Chaotic evil
Move: 12, Fl 30 (C), Sw 12
AC: -2
THACO: 0
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d6+7/1d6+7/3d6+7
Hit Points: 82(15 HD)

Breath Weapon: Stream of acid 5' wide and 60' long, usable 3x/day, 1x/three rounds

Spells: Wizard: *magic missile* (x2), *sleep* (x2). All spells cast at the 12th level of ability

Save Modifier: +2 **Magic Resistance:** 20%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Use claws or bite (not both) while flying; stall (bite and four claw attacks, plus blindness from dust for one round); +2 to hit while diving; snatch (can grab one victim, size L or smaller, with 50% chance that arms are pinned; victim can be dropped, squeezed automatically, or bitten); kick (one leg to rear; victim takes 1d6 + 7 hp damage, plus dexterity check on 1d20 or knocked back 1d6 + 7 feet; if knocked back, victim saves vs. petrification or falls flat); wing buffet (two wings for 1d6 + 7 hp damage each; victims make dexterity check on 1d20 or fall flat); tail slap (roll attack vs. up to seven victims within range (45') for 2d6 + 14 hp damage each; each saves vs. petrification or is stunned for 1d4 + 1 rounds); plummet and crush up to seven victims (3d6 + 7 hp damage each, save vs. petrification at -7 or be pinned for 3d6 + 7 hp more damage; victims save vs. petrification at -7 to get free); saves as 15th-level fighter; dragon *fear* aura (20 yards) at +1 on saves; wears ring of *darkness* (projects *darkness* in a sphere of variable diameter, up to 100' in radius, at will); can maneuver in total darkness with ease in her lair; *detect invisibility* 70' radius; *clairaudience* 140' in lair; breathes water or air naturally; immune to all acids; cast *darkness* 70' radius 3x/day at 12th level of ability; *corrupt water* (70 cubic feet) 1x/day.

Description: Onyx is a huge dragon with a 54' body and a 45' tail. Thin and snakelike, with great leathery wings, she is gloss black except for her white horns and claws, red eyes, and mud-yellow belly.



Attitudes: Onyx is quite talkative, though arrogant. A temperamental and impulsive dragon, Onyx is also ruthless and selfish, like others of her kind. Highly independent, Onyx works with others only on her terms. She is of average intelligence (9), though very cunning in matters of personal combat. She attacks using magical darkness and her fear aura first, then her spells and breath weapon (while gliding), then her teeth and claws. She bargains to delay combat, but never keeps her word to enemies.

Background: Onyx was the common name of a black dragon named Khisanth, who established a lair deep in the underground ruins of Xak Tsaroth before the War of the Lance. There, she amassed a fortune in gems (26,000 stl worth), platinum (1,000 coins), steel weapons, and magical items, including the sought-after *disks of Mishakal*, a *cloak of invisibility*, and the spell book of the ancient mage Fistandantilus. Her servants consisted of numerous low-grade draconians and uncountable gully dwarves, which Onyx despised though her draconians made use of them as slaves. Onyx took orders (reluctantly) only from the cleric Verminaard. She was slain by Goldmoon and other adventurers during the war.

PORESCHE

Very Young Red Dragon Sport (3 years old)

Alignment: Neutral
Move: 9, Fl 36 (B), Jp 3
AC: 0
JHACO: 8
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d10+2/1d10+2/3d10+2
Hit Points: 49 (9 HD)

Breath Weapon: Cone of fire (4d10 + 2 damage).

Spells: None.

Save Modifier: None **Magic Resistance:** None

Special Attacks/Defenses: Immune to fire.

Description: Poresche is fierce-looking despite his small size. His teeth and claws are razor sharp. Anyone who considers attacking his mistress thinks twice once they see this tough little dragonet.

Attitudes: At the tender age of 3 years old, Poresche has not had time to develop the fierce evil tendencies of true red dragons. The lust for battle runs in his veins, however, and he is unstoppable in combat (morale 18). When defending his mistress, his morale is 19.

This creature will undoubtedly grow up to be unlike true dragons. His mistress is caring and thoughtful, and is raising Poresche with love and affection.

Background: While still in the egg, Poresche was stolen from his parents' lair by a human wizard. The Black Mage, one Fortalia, sought to use spells similar to those used to create draconians, creating a draconian-like being totally loyal to herself. Fortalia died horribly when the red dragon parents caught up to her, but the egg was not recovered.

Eventually, Fortalia's secondary lair was thoroughly ransacked by a group of adventurers. The egg was given to Calandria as her split of the treasure following the adventure. What her double-crossing companions thought to be a worthless leather sphere turned out to be a valuable companion. Altered by powerful magic, the sphere hatched into a fully-formed miniature dragon, and Calandria and Poresche have become inseparable friends.



Calandria plans to search for a good dragon who will be willing to teach Poresche more about the habits of dragons and the language of dragons. Poresche was a natural flyer and needed no instruction. Because of his altered genetic pattern, he is, in fact, faster and more agile in flight than most dragons.

Calandria is currently teaching Poresche how to control his breath weapon to achieve specific effects. He is practicing short flame bursts and narrow streams of fire.

Even at his young age, Poresche has well developed senses. He can detect invisible objects and creatures within a ten-foot radius, and has superior sight, hearing, and sense of smell. This guarantees that he and Calandria are almost never ambushed.

Poresche faces some difficult decisions in his future. As he grows larger, he will be forced to decide whether to wander with his mistress or to try to take on the more conventional life of a dragon. He will need to learn more about the typical lifestyle of dragons if he is to survive among his own kind.

Poresche is aging faster than normal, though he has reached his full size; determine age categories as if Poresche were twice as old. His powers will never increase beyond those of an adult red dragon.

SHONORR

Mature Adult Bronze Dragon (340 years old)

Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 9, Fl 30 (C), Sw 12
AC: -5
THAC0: 1
of Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d8/1d8/4d4
Hit Points: 72(17 HD)

Breath Weapon: Lightning (14d8 + 7) or cloud of repulsion gas 20' long, 30' wide, and 30' high (save vs. breath weapon or move away from Shonorr for 1d6+14 minutes).

Spells: Two first level wizard spells and two second level wizard spells. His spells include *phantasmal force*, *message*, *unseen servant*, *affect normal fires*, *whispering wind*, *misdirection*, *fool's gold*.

Save Modifier: +1 **Magic Resistance:** 30%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Dragon fear; immune to electricity; water breathing, speak with animals; create food and *water*, *polymorph self*, *ESP*, *airy water*, each three times per day; *wall of fog* once per day.

Description: Shonorr is a fairly typical bronze dragon by appearance. He is slightly small for his age, but well within the norm. During a battle with a blue dragon of considerable age, he was marked with a wizard *mark* spell. On his chest is the personal sigil of that dragon, and the word "fool." All of the spines on the left side of his head were clawed off in the same fight. He has a nervous tick in his left eye from that near mortal blow.

Attitudes: Shonorr is a highly moral and ethical dragon. He always keeps his word. He has a passionate hatred of blue dragons, having nearly died under the claws of one. At the time, his pride drove him to make a foolish attack and he nearly paid for it with his life. Shonorr has gone to great lengths to reinforce the *wizard mark* on his chest. It reminds him to be humble and always recognize his limits. No matter how powerful a dragon is, there is always someone or something more powerful out there.

Shonorr avoids contact with most humans and demihumans. However, he has a great love of sea tales. He usually gets these from the animals of the



sea, such as dolphins or seals. However, he has been known to rescue sailors and request their best tales before putting them ashore.

Background: Shonorr is a veteran of the War of the Lance. Although he never saw any of the events of spoken of by bards and recounted in the histories, he contributed none-the-less.

Shonorr makes his home in a cave by the straits off of Cape Caergoth, in the west. The only entrance is many fathoms underwater, but the bulk of the cave itself is dry. During the war, the bronze dragon raided and harassed enemy ships and smaller dragons in that region.

In one particular battle with a blue dragon that was older and larger, Shonorr was defeated. Rather than kill his hated enemy, the blue dragon marked him both physically and magically and left. Fortunately for Shonorr the blue dragon was in rather a hurry. At a later time, Shonorr ambushed the very same dragon, and killed him. The bronze dragon now keeps the blue dragon's skull in his cave as a trophy. The trophy is not a source of vanity, but rather a reminder that even the mighty can be brought low.

VALDEMARI

Young Adult Bronze Dragon (57 years old)

Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 9, Fl 30 (C), Sw 12
AC: -3
THACO: 3
of Attacks: 3 (claws/claw/bite)
Damage: 1d8+5/1d8+5/4d6+5
Hit Points: 83(15 HD)

Breath Weapon: Lightning (10d8 + 5) or cloud of repulsion gas 20' long, 30' wide, and 30' high (save vs. breath weapon or move away from Valdemari for 1d6+10 minutes).

Spells: One first level wizard spell and one second level wizard spell

Save Modifier: +4 **Magic Resistance:** 20%

Special Attacks/Defenses: Dragon fear; snatch and carry off size L target, kick for 1d8 + 5 damage and knock back 1d6 + 5 feet, wing buffet for 1d8 +5 damage and knock prone; immune to electricity; *water breathing, speak with animals; create food and water, polymorph self*, each three times per day; *wall of fog* once per day.

Description: Valdemari is a lean, sinuous dragon 43' in length. Her scales are fine and small, and she possesses an exceptional serpentine grace. Valdemari bears the scar of an old injury across her back and the upper surfaces of her wings where she was badly burned by a red dragon's fiery breath. The scales in this area are blackened. In animal form, Valdemari prefers the shape of a powerful golden eagle.

Attitudes: A curious and inquisitive dragon, Valdemari has a very blunt and direct manner to her. She is absolutely fascinated by human behavior and only the most disrespectful of humans could manage to get her angry. Valdemari is fond of taking on an animal form to observe humans more closely.

Valdemari is considered somewhat rash and impulsive by dragon standards. Her curiosity and emotional attitudes have often gotten her into serious trouble. She is learning to temper her words and actions with a reason as she grows older.

Background: Valdemari hatched 57 years ago from one of the few eggs that escaped the attention of



Takhisis' servants. As a young dragon, she eagerly took up the fight against evil in the War of the Lance, and nearly lost her life as a result. Valdemari fought at the siege of Estwilde and later in the valley of Neraka, the stronghold of Takhisis' might. It was during the battle at Neraka that Valdemari was burned by an older and stronger red dragon.

Since the War of the Lance, Valdemari has retired to her lair by a cool mountain lake in a remote area of Solamnia. She is considering whether she wants to answer the call to arms again, and in the meantime she defends the lands around her home against any evil intrusion. Valdemari is very active and aggressive in her crusade, feeling that it is her duty and responsibility to protect those who cannot protect themselves.

Travellers who are respectful of the land and animals around them will probably never even know they are in a dragon's domain. Valdemari will watch them as an animal to satisfy her own curiosity and to ensure that they are not up to any evil within her lands.

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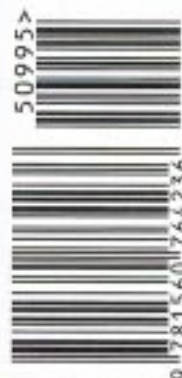
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