

AGE 12+



LEGACY OF THE CRYSTAL SHARD™
CAMPAIGN GUIDE

FORGOTTEN REALMS®



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INTRODUCTION

The end of the Era of Upheaval is nigh!

The world of the **FORGOTTEN REALMS**® setting has endured one catastrophe after another for the past century, from the Time of Troubles through the Spellplague. Again and again, upheaval has reshaped the pantheon, overthrown nations and rulers, and altered the landscape. Now, the world is being shaken and reshaped again—for the last time.

The gods are thrown into chaos at the promise of a new reckoning of the pantheon, and they scramble and grasp at power in hopes of cementing their positions of authority. Their mortal agents in the world, the Chosen, are charged with carrying out their will in every aspect of life.

The Spellplague, the magical catastrophe that dramatically reshaped the world, has come to an end. The Weave of magic is rewoven, and many lingering effects of twisted magic fade. The intermingling of worlds brought about by the Spellplague comes to an end, leaving Toril looking much as it did before.

Partly driven by the activity of the gods' Chosen and partly arising from the turbulent political situation at the end of the Era of Upheaval, the nations and factions of Faerûn engage in their own maneuvers, manipulations, and acts of aggression. In particular, the empire of Netheril attempts to conquer the Dalelands, Cormyr, and Myth Drannor, setting off a war that engulfs the eastern Heartlands.

Nations, geography, magic, and the gods are changing forever in the birth pangs that herald a new creation. The world needs heroes to ensure that the new age dawns bright and full of hope, with good still shining as a beacon against the darkness.

This adventure is set during the Sundering, near the beginning of its cataclysmic events. The year is 1485 DR, making it roughly concurrent with the Sundering novel *The Adversary*, by Erin M. Evans. Because Icewind Dale is remote and has changed little since the time of Akar Kessell more than a century ago, you can adapt the adventure to any period in the history of Faerûn.

Using This Adventure: This booklet, the *Campaign Guide*, provides a wealth of information about Icewind Dale and the surrounding region. The other booklet in this package is the adventure. The material in the *Campaign Guide* is background that will help you and your players become more immersed in the setting. Some of it is used directly in the adventure, including descriptions of important nonplayer characters (NPCs) and maps of key locations.

After you have run the adventure, the *Campaign Guide* should remain a useful resource about Icewind Dale, one of the most famous locations in the world of the Forgotten Realms.

THE CRYSTAL SHARD

As its title suggests, this adventure deals with the legacy of events told in the novels of R. A. Salvatore, including *The Crystal Shard*, *Passage to Dawn*, *The Silent Blade*, *Servant of the Shard*, and *The Ghost King*, among others. You need not have read any of these books to run and enjoy this adventure, but understanding the role that Akar Kessell and the Crystal Shard play in the history of the region will help the pieces of the adventure fit together.

As related in *The Crystal Shard*, Akar Kessell was a young apprentice of the Arcane Brotherhood. After murdering his mentor, he was abandoned in Icewind Dale by his fellow wizards, who had manipulated him into committing the crime. On the brink of freezing to death on the ice-covered slopes of the Spine of the World, Kessell stumbled upon Crenshinibon, the Crystal Shard—an evil artifact that took control of the wizard and gave him incredible power. Wielding the shard, Kessell created a magical tower, Cryshal-Tirith, in its likeness. He raised an army of savage humanoids from the Spine of the World and threatened to conquer Ten-Towns before he was stopped by an alliance of the Ten-Towners and the Reghed tribes. Of course, the aid of Drizzt Do'Urden and his companions—Bruenor Battlehammer; Wulfgar, son of Beornegar, of the Elk Tribe; the halfling Regis; and Catti-brie—was invaluable in stopping Akar Kessell.

Thwarting Akar Kessell did not put an end to the threat of the Crystal Shard. It was eventually destroyed, but not before leaving a permanent mark on Icewind Dale. In various places where crystal towers stood, the dust of the destroyed towers has fused with the ice to form a new substance. Called black ice, this dusky gray material is cold and rock-hard, but it can be worked like metal in a forge. Now a dwarf smith crafts trinkets, weapons, and armor from this strange black ice—and Auril's Chosen has erected a tower made of the same substance. But though Crenshinibon's malign intelligence is gone, the black ice retains traces of its deep evil, which slowly corrupts all who come into contact with it.

One Crystal Shard was enough to cause mayhem throughout Icewind Dale for many years. How much harm will countless items formed of black ice cause?




ICEWIND DALE

Freezing wind sweeps across the tundra, ceaselessly battering anything that dares to grow or breathe in its domain. Even in summer, when the days stretch interminably long, the sun blazing low in the midnight sky brings no respite from the chill. Without fail, the wind finds its way through every chink and crack, every opening in the warmest furs, every tent flap, every roof and board of the strongest homes. It drains away any hint of warmth wherever it finds purchase.

The threat of winter's fury is never far away. The wind sweeping down from the Reghed Glacier howls its wrath and sometimes carries stinging sprays of ice in its grasp. The sun never rises far above the horizon

even at the height of summer—and the height of summer is fleeting. During the rest of the year, sudden storms bring driving hail or sleet that leaves everything coated in a sheath of ice, or they bring snow that piles in deep drifts.

All this cold and fury is caged into one small region. The ice cliffs of the Reghed Glacier—the source of the never-ending wind—rise up in the east like prison walls, home to white dragons and enormous remorhazes. In the south loom the snow-capped peaks of the Spine of the World, crawling with orcs, goblins, and other monsters. North and west, the Sea of Moving Ice churns bergs and floes



in an endless tumult, like winter grinding its teeth in anticipation of its next freezing assault.

And yet, such is the nature of life that even in this hostile place, it manages to lift its head in defiance of the biting cold. Lichens cling to weathered rock despite the battering of the winds, providing sustenance to herds of reindeer through the winter. Fish swim in the lakes and rivers that dot the tundra.

When summer comes to the tundra, life shakes off the torpor of winter and comes forth in full flower. Grasses grow two or three feet high in the span of weeks. Birds flock to the marshes formed in the thawing soil. Reindeer calves fill out the herds that have been diminished through the winter.

Of course, no region of the Forgotten Realms is without its people. Human tribes follow the reindeer herds through their annual migrations. Other humans dare the treacherous waters of the Sea of

Moving Ice in search of fish, seals, and whales to sustain them. Dwarves dig into the earth to find shelter from the biting wind, mining for iron and forging weapons and armor.

Most improbably of all, civilized folk descended from foolhardy and treasure-mad immigrants from the south manage to survive and sometimes thrive in ten small towns. The wooden buildings of these towns provide only a little shelter from the cold and wind, and no protection at all from the attacks of orcs, barbarians, or the fierce tundra yeti. Though the towns are clustered around three icy lakes teeming with knucklehead trout, resources are scarce, and competition between neighboring communities can be fierce and occasionally deadly. But for all the dangers, people still live in the region known as Ten-Towns, and new arrivals—outcasts, fugitives, wanderers, and adventurers—still come to test themselves against the harshest environment known to the world.

This is Icewind Dale.



ICE PEAK

The frozen Ice Peak is a desolate island named for the crags on its northern side, home to the white dragon called Iceclaws. The town of Aurilssbarg, small as it is, dwarfs the smaller settlements of Bjorn's Hold and Icewolf. See page 58.

THE SEA OF MOVING ICE

The Sea of Moving Ice, frigid ocean waters littered with enormous icebergs in constant motion and collision, borders Icewind Dale on the west and north. Farther north, the icebergs solidify into the polar ice cap called the Endless Ice Sea. See page 58.

If I could choose what life would be mine, it would be this life that I now have, at this time. I am at peace, and yet, the world around me swirls with turmoil, with the ever-present threat of barbarian raids and goblin wars, with tundra yetis and gigantic polar worms. The reality of existence here in Icewind Dale is harsh indeed, an environment unforgiving, where one mistake will cost you your life.

*—Drizzt Do'Urden
from The Crystal Shard*

THE TRACKLESS SEA

The Trackless Sea extends from this, the western coast of Faerûn, across thousands of miles to distant and mysterious lands. Here in the north, the sea is dominated by pirates from Luskan. Northlanders from the Ice Peak to the west, and Gundarlun and Ruathym to the southwest, challenge the Luskan ships for control over these waters.



KELVIN'S CAIRN

The solitary mountain called Kelvin's Cairn stands among three lakes—Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinneshere, and Redwaters—that support Ten-Towns, the closest thing to civilization that Icewind Dale can offer. Beyond this small region is tundra—nothing but tundra. See page 50.

REGHED GLACIER

The edge of the great Reghed Glacier rises like a wall to form the eastern boundary of Icewind Dale. The fierce, howling winds that blow off the glacier give the dale its name. See page 41.

THE SPINE OF THE WORLD

The high peaks of the Spine of the World shelter southern lands from the harsh cold of Icewind Dale. Crawling with orcs, goblins, and other monsters, the mountains are a dangerous barrier. See page 59.

THE NORTHERN MEANS

The Northern Means is a very practical description of a practical road—the only real connection between Luskan (and the rest of the Sword Coast to the south) and the frozen lands beyond. See page 12.

DRAGON'S EYE VIEW

TEN-TOWNS

Who would choose to settle in a frontier land as brutal as Icewind Dale? The answers are as diverse as the people of Ten-Towns, who are a cross-section of the whole of the Forgotten Realms.

Some people come to Ten-Towns determined to make their fortunes. Although demand for knucklehead scrimshaw in southern lands is not what it once was, there is still money to be made in fishing for the trout and selling or carving their ivory-like bones. The valley and the slopes of

Drizzt picked up his pace, pushing himself to the limits of his endurance. In five short years, he had come to care for the cluster of villages known as Ten-Towns and for the people who lived there. Like so many of the other outcasts who had finally settled there, the drow had found no welcome anywhere else in the Realms. Even here he was only tolerated by most, but in the unspoken kinship of fellow rogues, few people bothered him. He'd been luckier than most; he'd found a few friends who could look beyond his heritage and see his true character.

—The Crystal Shard

the Spine of the World are rich in mineral resources, as are the gem mines near Termalaine, so a few hopeful prospectors make their way to the far north in hopes of striking a rich new vein.

Still others come for the solitude. It is hard to get much farther away from the hustle and press of civilization than Icewind Dale—or closer to a particularly stark, harsh form of nature's beauty. The dale is also a fine place to escape notice and stay out of the reach of the law of the southern cities. Like the famous drow Drizzt Do'Urden, many of the people who come to Icewind Dale are outcasts, fugitives, or pariahs in search of a place where they can be tolerated, if not accepted.

Some of the people of Ten-Towns are descended from the Reghed barbarians who settled in Caer-Konig and Bremen for a time. They abandoned their ancient traditions and self-sufficient lifestyle after they were decimated by the armies of Akar Kessel a hundred years ago. Many of their kin still roam the tundra, but Caer-Konig and Bremen in particular have significant populations of exceptionally tall men and women descended from the Reghed tribes.

Of course, now—four hundred years after the Dinev family first settled on the shores of Lac Dinneshere—most of the people of Ten-Towns are here because they were born here, grew up here, and never really considered leaving. They're accustomed

to the cold, and they smile behind their hands at—or openly mock—the weak southern folk who visit their homeland and complain about the weather. Like the hardy lichens and determined reindeer of the tundra, residents make a living under the shadow of Kelvin's Cairn, hunker down to endure the brutal winters, and bring a zesty lust for life to the summers, enjoying what respite they can from the bitter cold.

Life in Ten-Towns is hard work. The people know the value of cooperation,





Life in Ten-Towns

In the markets of Bryn Shander, improbably enough, folk from every far-flung region buy and sell. Spice traders from Calimshan, farriers from the wild lands of the Silver Marches, cloth merchants from Cormyr, and merchants with armor and lumber from the Moonshae Isles are just a few of the traders who join the rough-and-tumble caravans from Luskan to bring their wares to Ten-Towns.

Icwind Dale has precious few trees, so lumber for building is imported from southern lands or cut from the slopes of the Spine of the World. Stones from Kelvin's Cairn or the dwarven valley supplement wood as a building material. Homes have sharply pitched roofs to prevent snow from accumulating on them.

Comfort—specifically, warmth—always trumps fashion in the frigid north. The people of Ten-Towns wear layers of woolen clothing, often topped off with fur cloaks. The careful layering of different-colored cloth creates a simple form of ornamentation. Bright reds and blues help to enliven the dark winter months.

The traditional crafts of Ten-Towns involve intricate designs incorporating wirework and the knucklehead scrimshaw for which the region is famous.

Each of the towns has an elected speaker who leads the community and represents its interests. Roughly eight times a year, weather permitting, all the speakers gather in the council hall in Bryn Shander to discuss matters of shared interest. These meetings usually devolve into petty arguments about fishing territories, but occasionally they deal with more serious matters. The speaker of Bryn Shander, currently Duversa Shane, is the nominal head of this council.

Even fugitives and scoundrels who settle in Ten-Towns eventually learn that they need to contribute to the community if they want to survive. Every so often, though, miscreants arrive in Icwind Dale, often from the crime-ridden city of Luskan, and try to live off the work of others. They rarely last long.

Life Off the Lake

Except for Bryn Shander, each of the ten towns is built on the shore of one of the three lakes where knucklehead trout swim, surrounding the mountain of Kelvin's Cairn. The largest population is in Maer Dualdon, the deepest of the lakes.

Ten-Towns fishing boats are generally simple affairs. The smallest are one-masted skiffs, which are rowed as often as oared—not least because the harsh winds of the dale can capsize such small craft. Larger, two-masted cogs with single decks handle the wind better, and their crews exemplify the neighborly cooperation that makes Ten-Towns function. These ships fly the flags of their towns and provide fish for the whole community, not for any individual fisher.

A ship that makes a catch raises a red flag on its mast. The higher the flag, the larger the trout, with a flag at the top of the mast signifying a catch of at least a four-footer. The flag signals the other ships of that town's fleet that a school is in the area, but it can also attract the attention of ships from other towns.

The large and wily knucklehead trout can't easily be caught in nets, and reeling such a strong fish in on a line is a significant undertaking—one more reason why cooperation is essential to survival in Icewind Dale. The sight of a knucklehead jumping and thrashing on the end of a fisher's line can be entertaining, but it also represents real danger. Incautious fishers who fall overboard can die before the rest of the crew can get them out of the frigid water.

All three lakes freeze in winter, though Redwaters is the only one that freezes completely over in most years. When thick ice covers the lakes, many fishers stay to the shelters of their homes and hearths, but the most dedicated or desperate cut holes in the ice and dangle their lines down in hopes of tempting hungry trout.



and neighbors within a town depend on each other every day for survival. A pair of strong hands is too valuable a resource to waste, so when criminals are caught and brought to justice, they're not locked up—they're put to work for the common good.

The friendliness that suffuses each town often stops at the edge of that community. The people of other towns aren't neighbors; they're competitors for resources. Thus, *Caer-Dineval* and *Caer-Konig* are always squabbling over fishing rights in *Lac Dinneshere*, and the people of *Lonelywood* are jealous of the lumber their forest offers.

FISHING THE LAKES

Without knucklehead trout, there would be no Ten-Towns.

A dramatic statement, perhaps, but it is hard to imagine any pioneers deciding to make a permanent home in *Icewind Dale* without the bony-headed fish. The trout are a major food source for the people of Ten-Towns, and their hard, smooth bones are tremendously useful. The large, fist-shaped protrusions atop their skulls are well suited to carving, and talented scrimshanders earn a respectable living selling their wares in *Bryn Shander* and in the south—which is why knucklehead bone is commonly called “white gold” in *Icewind Dale*.

Although the fish's head is the part best suited for artistic carving, many of its smaller bones can be carved into sewing needles, arrowheads, fish hooks, fasteners, and similar items. Thus, a single trout (which can reach up to five feet long) is quite valuable, even leaving aside the meat it provides.

Each of the ten towns (except landlocked *Bryn Shander*) maintains a fleet of fishing vessels. For the most part, fishing is a communal activity. All the larger boats and most of the smaller ones are owned by the towns, not individuals, and the catch likewise belongs to the town, to be shared according to need. *Targos* and *Easthaven*, the largest towns after *Bryn Shander*, have fleets of over a hundred boats.

Some people—mostly newcomers to the area who hope to make their fortunes off the trout—have their own

smaller boats and try to fish the lakes independently. The towns frown on this activity, since it threatens both the trout population and the delicate relationships among the communities, which have carefully divided up fishing rights on the lakes. It's also dangerous—smaller boats don't handle the winds as well, and it can be difficult to land a large trout on a small craft. Most small boats stay close to shore, using lines or nets to catch smaller fish.

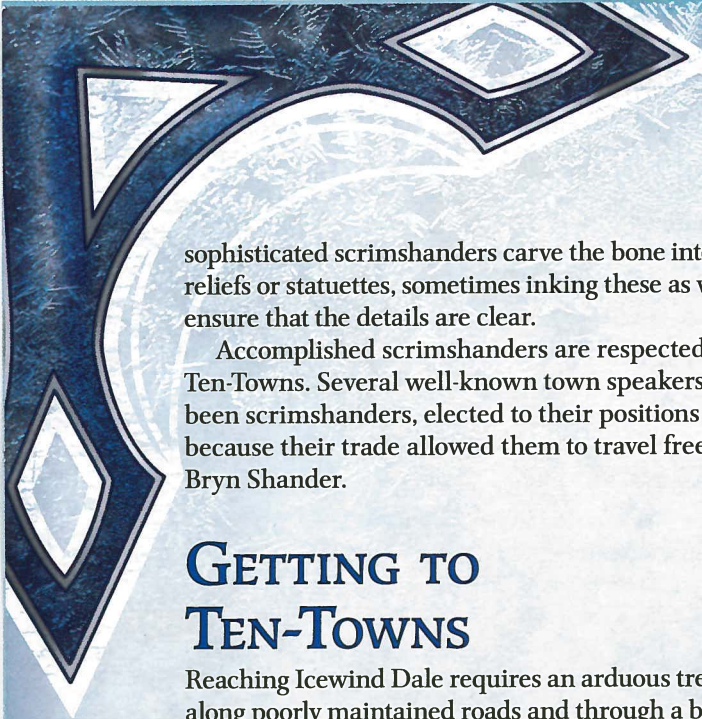
SCRIMSHAW

Scrimshaw as it is practiced in *Icewind Dale* includes a variety of techniques and styles. The simplest (which is still extremely intricate) involves engraving pictures into the smooth surface of the bone and inking the engraved lines. More

“Ah little fishes, what trouble you bring,” Regis muttered softly, pondering the irony of the havoc the silvery fish wreaked on the lives of the greedy people of Ten-Towns. These ten communities owed their very existence to the knucklehead trout, with their oversized, fist-shaped heads and bones the consistency of fine ivory. The three lakes were the only spots in the world where the valuable fish were known to swim, and though the region was barren and wild, overrun with humanoids and barbarians and sporting frequent storms that could flatten the sturdiest of buildings, the lure of quick wealth brought in people from the farthest reaches of the Realms.

—The Crystal Shard





sophisticated scrimshanders carve the bone into small reliefs or statuettes, sometimes inking these as well to ensure that the details are clear.

Accomplished scrimshanders are respected in Ten-Towns. Several well-known town speakers have been scrimshanders, elected to their positions largely because their trade allowed them to travel freely to Bryn Shander.

GETTING TO TEN-TOWNS

Reaching Icewind Dale requires an arduous trek along poorly maintained roads and through a brutal pass at the westernmost end of the Spine of the World. The journey from Luskan takes about twenty days—eleven to reach the North/South Pass, three to cross it, and six more to cross the tundra to Bryn Shander. That travel time assumes summer weather in the dale. It's much harder to cross the pass, let alone the tundra, when winter snows have choked the roads.

Ten Trail

Ten Trail is the name given to the route typically taken by travelers coming to Icewind Dale. As its name indicates, it is not a paved road, but merely an earthen path marked by the furrows of wagon wheels from the caravans that make the trip north. The cold weather, broken ground, and scarcity of places to shelter or resupply make a journey up Ten Trail arduous at best. Add in the presence of crag cats, yetis, and bandits waiting to ambush wagons laden with trade goods, and one begins to understand why only the bravest, most desperate, or most foolhardy travelers attempt the trek to Icewind Dale.

Ten Trail begins at the town of Fireshear just off the Sea of Swords and makes its way north to the settlement of Hundelstone, perched on the foothills at the base of the Spine of the World. Hundelstone marks the end of the Northern Means, the larger road that leads northwest from Luskan to the far north. North from Hundelstone, Ten Trail leads up the mountain slopes across the North/South Pass, then wends its way down into the foothills of Icewind Dale. Before the settling of Bryn Shander, Ten Trail ran all the way to Targos and along the east side of Maer Dualdon. Nowadays, caravans from the south stop mainly in Bryn Shander, so as far as most people are concerned, Ten Trail stops there, too.

The North/South Pass

The gateway into Icewind Dale is the North/South Pass, where Ten Trail straddles the Spine of the World. There—in good weather—caravans labor for about three days to cross over the mountain range. The pass is known for dangerous storms, which can dump enough snow in a matter of hours to bury a horse up to its withers, and for vicious winds, which tear the cloaks from travelers' necks and sting their flesh. Reports of undead in the mountain pass usually turn out to be sightings of ill-fated travelers who died of exposure, their corpses desiccated by the bone-dry winds. Travelers who attempt the passage without the aid of a guide are advised to obtain a map showing the locations of the way stations that dot the pass—sturdy lean-tos, stocked with warm blankets and dry wood, where people can wait out a storm. But those seeking refuge should take care: Yetis sometimes lurk near the stations, checking them every few days the way a crab fisher checking his pots.

BRYN SHANDER

Population 1,200

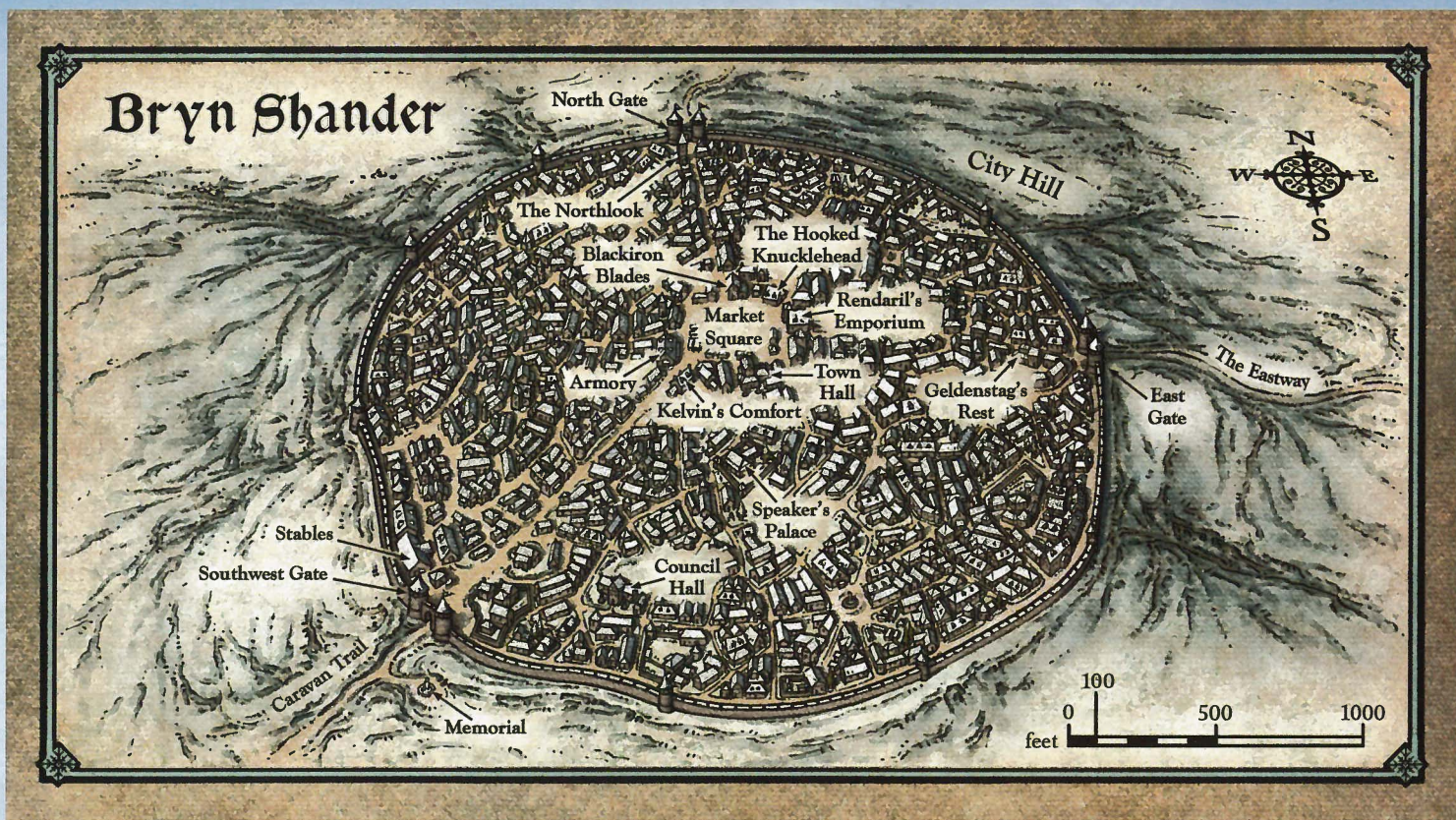
"What's Bryn Shander like, ye ask? It's sixty score humans, packed together like fish in a barrel an' smelling about as sweet. Its roads are paved with the muck o' the cart horses ye're constantly rubbing shoulders with, an' its alehouses are filled with scoundrels that no other city in Faerûn would have. An' after three weeks on Ten Trail, you'll swear there was no lovelier sight!"

—Beorne Steelstrike, caravan master

When travelers following Ten Trail cross the Spine of the World into Icewind Dale, their first sight is of the circular wall of Bryn Shander rising from a distant hilltop, with Kelvin's Cairn looming in the distance. The twinkling lights of the town's inns promise refuge from the lashing winds, and the smoke from its many hearths portends warmth and sustenance.

After they have passed through Bryn Shander's gates, travelers are swept up in the bustle of a prospering frontier town. Here, caravans from the south converge with traders from across Icewind Dale to swap goods and rumors in the busy market square. Fishers, trappers, traders, and sellswords rub elbows in the town's taprooms, and gruff dwarves, wide-eyed travelers, and skulking ne'er-do-wells wander its streets.

Many of the folk who come to Icewind Dale never leave the relative safety of Ten-Towns, and of those, many have never ventured beyond Bryn Shander.



Although it's true that the dale has a great deal more to see than its central town, it's also true that fortune and adventure aplenty wait within Bryn Shander's sheltering walls.

Trading Hub

Bryn Shander is the heart of Ten-Towns, and trade is its lifeblood. Caravans from the Sword Coast, traders from Ironmaster, dwarves from Kelvin's Cairn, fishers and crafters from Ten-Towns, and sometimes hunters from the barbarian tribes of the tundra all meet in the market square. Here, the people of Icewind Dale ply their wares, hawking the scrimshaw and raw knucklehead ivory that is much esteemed by those of the southern lands. In return, the southern caravans bring rich dyes, hardwood from the forests of the heartlands, dried herbs and spices, finely woven textiles, fruits, wines, and many other commodities that are rare in the frozen north.


All these items sell for a premium in the market, and travelers who are accustomed to the plentiful goods and relative bounty of places such as Waterdeep and Neverwinter are often shocked by the exorbitant prices that even common goods command in Bryn Shander. Those without deep pockets soon run short on coin, which contributes to the town's mercenary quality—many of the sellswords here live hand to mouth and take any job for pay.

Fortunately for them, the constant need for caravan escorts, as well as protection for the expeditions that hope to find riches in the wild hills and frozen mountains at the Spine of the World, means there is never a shortage of work to be had in Bryn Shander.

The Tenth Town

Although Bryn Shander is the largest of the ten towns, it is also the youngest. Originally it was the site of a lone cabin on the trail to Maer Dualdon where caravanners, weary from their trip over the pass, would rest by a warm fire before continuing to their intended destination—usually Targos, the most accessible settlement in those days. Fishers from the towns often came to the hilltop cabin to meet the caravans as they arrived, eager for news of the outside world. But when scrimshanders from Termalaine began bringing their wares to the cabin to entice the caravans to make the longer trek to their town, they unwittingly ignited a trade war.

First Targos and then the other towns began sending their own traders to the cabin, fearful of losing any advantage to the others. Outbuildings were constructed to hold the extra visitors, and as the towns started establishing semipermanent presences on the hill, more businesses grew up to provide goods and services for the burgeoning population. Finally, after a feud among traders from four towns ended

A stylized illustration of a medieval town with a river and a castle. The town is built on a hillside, with a river flowing through it. A castle with a tower is visible on the right side of the town. The illustration is done in a sketchy, hand-drawn style with blue and brown tones.

in violence, all of the communities agreed to send speakers to the new outpost to regulate the business being carried on there. The owner of one of the local businesses acted as speaker for the outpost, and thus Bryn Shander had its first council meeting.

Walls Provide Refuge

The people of the south know Bryn Shander for its market (if they know of the place at all), but the people of Ten-Towns know it for its walls. Despite being a simple palisade, the walls of Bryn Shander loom as large in the minds of Ten-Towners as those of any dwarven citadel, for at times they have been all that has kept the people of the dale from being annihilated by barbarian raids or rampaging beasts.

The walls stand some thirty feet high and are defined by two concentric rings of wooden poles, the gap between them filled with dirt and rubble. The outer ring of poles rises above the top of the wall, providing a rampart for defenders stationed on the wooden-planked walkway. The wall's hinged gates are fifteen feet tall and can be barred from the inside with heavy wood beams banded with iron.

The town's location plays a role in its ability to withstand assault. Built on one of the tallest foothills south of Kelvin's Cairn, Bryn Shander has a commanding view of any approach from the north (the direction from which attacks on Ten-Towns usually come), and an attacking force must climb the hillside under fire from archers before it can assault the walls.

Moreover, barbarians or other foes from the north must approach Bryn Shander by way of Bremen's Run or Icewind Pass, and then advance past the towns near Maer Dualdon or Lac Dinneshere, providing ample opportunity for strategically placed ambush parties to outflank the enemy forces or harry their movements. It was this strategy that Ten-Towns employed when the barbarian tribes allied under King Heafstaag of the Elk Tribe in an attempt to occupy Bryn Shander, resulting in the decimation of the barbarians in general and the Elk Tribe in particular. That victory, however, was the result of a degree of cooperation between the towns that has not been seen before or since, so the likelihood of Ten-Towns successfully employing the same strategy in the face of new dangers is slim.

Sellswords Welcome

The defense of Bryn Shander is overseen by the sheriff, Markham Southwell, who is appointed by the town's speaker and serves at her pleasure. Responsible for training the town's militia and keeping the peace, the sheriff is authorized to maintain a standing force of twenty guards (typically equipped with longswords, daggers, and studded leather armor). In times of need, the town can raise a fighting force of about four hundred—mostly townsfolk outfitted with spears and longbows, although there are nearly always some adventurers in town who can be paid or persuaded to help by taking up arms.

Sheriff Markham is empowered to hire adventurers for missions undertaken in the town's defense (loosely defined as anything that keeps trade coming through Bryn Shander's gates). Such expeditions are meant to be underwritten by the town's exchequer and therefore require the approval of the speaker. Conniving merchants or other interested parties often ask the sheriff to post a job for which they are willing to provide the funding (along with a small administrative fee for Markham, naturally). In such cases, unknowing adventurers take jobs that they believe to be official town business, doing dangerous and often unscrupulous work—the benefit of which they might otherwise be inclined to question—all the while unwittingly serving the aims of an unknown employer. But the trade to Bryn Shander keeps flowing, and most times neither the speaker nor the adventurers are the wiser.

Goods and Services

Anyone who walks along the central road through Bryn Shander notices many inns, taverns, and trading posts, the largest and most profitable of which ring the central market square.

Geldenstag's Rest, one of the oldest establishments in town, is run by Myrtle, a gray-haired widow who took over the inn after her husband was killed in the crossfire of a dispute between two mercenary groups that had been staying there. Myrtle now makes it her business to know everyone else's business, asking guests a lot of questions about what they're up to each day. The inn's accommodations



are lackluster—the small rooms are furnished with only a stool, a chamber pot, and two cots with dirty furs thrown over them. It might seem like the kind of place that would attract lowlifes and troublemakers, but Myrtle's pestering tends to drive away people with secrets to keep. The absence of that element from its clientele makes Geldenstag's Rest a popular destination for travelers who aren't looking for too much excitement during their stay in Bryn Shander.

The Hooked Knucklehead is another long-standing inn, and it caters to the scrimshanders and traders who come from the other towns to do business. The innkeeper, Barton, was a trader from Targos who stayed at the Hooked Knucklehead many times before offering to buy out the previous owner. The accommodations are meager, and the few private rooms are bitterly cold at night. Most of the clientele sleeps in the spacious common room, near the large stone hearth. The prices are a little more reasonable here than at the town's other inns.

The Northlook is the inn most frequented by mercenaries and adventurers, and as such it's the rowdiest and most dangerous place to stay in Bryn Shander. At the same time, its taproom is the best place in all of Ten-Towns to get leads on profitable ventures, along with the latest news and rumors. The proprietor, a retired sellsword who goes by the name Scramsax, takes advantage of the high hopes and good fortunes of his customers by charging the most exorbitant rates in town. Knowing full well the cycles of an adventurer's life, Scramsax often cuts a break for customers who are between jobs, allowing them to stay on credit and then presenting them with a bill inflated by interest charges as soon as they make their next payday. Those who don't pay discover that the old mercenary still remembers how to handle a blade, and that he doesn't take "no money" for an answer.

Kelvin's Comfort is one of the most popular taverns in town, owing to its extensive stock of dwarven ales and brandies. Although the common room is bedecked with dwarven craft of Battlehammer make, most of the liquors are imported from Mirabar, on the other side of the Spine of the World. The one local specialty of note is the brew brought up from Good Mead. Caravanners who have plenty of coin often come here, as do visiting dwarves from

Kelvin's Cairn. The proprietor is a dwarf named Ogden Flamebeard, who has a temper as fiery as his signature drink—a Mirabarian rotgut he gets for cheap and rebottles as Flamebeard's Firebrandy (reselling it at a sizable markup). In his youth, Ogden worked in many of the famous northern mines, and he has contacts not only in Mirabar but also in Ironmaster and Mithral Hall.

Rendaril's Emporium is the largest trade house in Bryn Shander, on the site of the original cabin around which the town sprang up. The entrance facing onto the town square opens into the storefront, where visitors can view an assortment of the finest goods for sale in all of Ten-Towns: fishing rods fashioned from elven yew, yeti-skin coats with scrimshaw buttons, mithral fishhooks, axe heads and daggers crafted by the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn, and more. Around the back side of the building is the entrance for wholesalers, where caravan traders offload their stock and local adventurers sell pelts and tusks collected on their travels. The owner, Rendaril, is a half-elf from Waterdeep. The shrewd business sense he developed in the City of Splendors has served him well in this remote corner of the world; more coin passes through his hands in a week than most other merchants in Bryn Shander see in a season.

Blackiron Blades is a small shop and smithy just north of the main square. Rather than attempt to compete with the quality of the dwarf-crafted weapons from Kelvin's Cairn, the smith, Garn, has found his niche manufacturing the cheapest blades in Ten-Towns. His sister, Elza, runs the shop and keeps it profitable. When she observed that Garn's low prices were attracting fortune-seekers coming up Ten Trail whose pockets were thin after the cost of making the journey, and who were frequently ill-prepared for the hardships of life in Icewind Dale, Elza began selling adventuring supplies—rations, cold-weather gear, ice picks, and snowshoes—alongside her brother's wares at the shop. Blackiron Blades is now well known as a one-stop shop for adventurers and other travelers. Nonetheless, most of the town's veteran sellswords eschew Garn's smithcraft, and jokes told about hapless newcomers to Icewind Dale often end with the line "... an' 'e was carrying a Blackiron blade, to boot!"

Du vessa Shane

Speaker of Bryn Shander

Du vessa Shane is the daughter of a trader from Waterdeep who settled in Bryn Shander after falling in love with a local tavern server. Having inherited her mother's sharp tongue and her father's talent for negotiation, it seemed unsurprising in retrospect when Du vessa secured the position of town speaker—the first woman in Bryn Shander to do so. When she showed up at the next council meeting and called it to order, the other speakers bristled at her temerity, and a few warned her that, as the newest member of the council, she would be told when her opinion was wanted. What followed was a tongue-lashing so severe that even Crannoc of Caer-Dineval was left chagrined. Since that day, Du vessa has led the council as ably as any speaker in recent memory.

Though she is a grown woman, Du vessa's slight frame and sparkling gray eyes lend her a girlish air. She dresses much as her father did, in shirtsleeves and trousers, with a vest or coat in the latest fashion.

Local Landmarks

Aside from its many shops and public houses, Bryn Shander has several other buildings of note.

The **town hall** is the largest building bordering the central square. Most days, this long, open hall serves as an extension of the town square's market, although it is reserved for feasting on various holy days and other notable events. The hall is also where refugees from other villages stay in times of emergency when they seek shelter in Bryn Shander.

The **armory** is situated just off the central square. Only the speaker and the town sheriff have keys to this building, which stores arms for the militia.

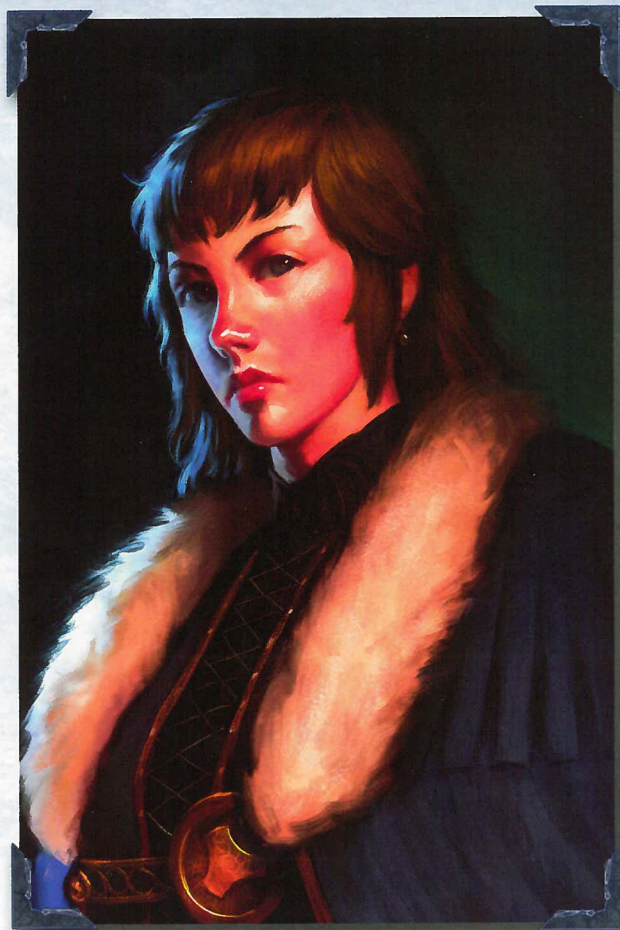
The **council hall**, near the southwest gate, is a warehouse where the speakers of Ten-Towns hold their meetings. The building is nondescript but identifiable by the heated discussions often overheard taking place inside.

The **speaker's palace** is the private residence of the town speaker. Located on the south side, this is the only building in Bryn Shander that stands two stories high. (Most of the structures are sunk into the ground to avoid exposure to the winds, which are not entirely blocked by the city's walls.) Fashioned by dwarves out of cut stone, with a pitched slate roof and a colonnade in front, the palace is so out of place among the squat, rough wood dwellings that it looks as if it had been magically transported here from some other region of Faerûn.

The **House of the Triad** is Bryn Shander's largest place of worship, and the only one that truly

deserves to be called a temple. An impressive edifice built by the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn, the temple stands about halfway between the southwest gate and the central market. When it was first built, it honored the three gods known as the Triad: Tyr, the god of justice; Torm, the god of duty and loyalty; and Ilmater, the god of endurance in the face of suffering. Tyr is said to be dead, though he still has a handful of followers in town, and the holy days most commonly celebrated in the temple are those of Ilmater. The promise of divine aid for those who endure suffering appeals to the people of Ten-Towns, and visitors from other towns often stop in the House of the Triad before going about their other business.

The **shrine of Amaunator**, located near the small northeastern market square, is a converted house that serves as a modest gathering place for worshipers of the god of the sun. Considering that the sun vanishes for two months at a time every winter, it's a wonder that Amaunator has any worshipers at all in Icewind Dale. The priest who established this shrine, a retired adventuring cleric from Cormyr named Mithann, has a strong personality and speaks a powerful message of hope and





rebirth. She calls Amaunator by old names—the Morninglord and the Glory of Dawn—that evoke a different image from that of the stern, rigid sun god who is worshiped farther south. When the sun first rises from the long winter twilight late in the month of Hammer, Mithann leads the god's most popular festival—a great feast in the town hall.

Mithann takes a great interest in adventurers who come to Bryn Shander, largely because of her past but also because she genuinely cares about the people of Ten-Towns. She has seen too many so-called heroes try to exploit the citizens of the region, so she keeps a close eye on the ones who seem shady or selfish. On the other hand, she gives as much aid as she can muster to those who seem genuinely interested in helping the people of the dale.

Mithann was a member of two different adventuring companies with Isteval, a paladin of Amaunator who has since retired to Daggerford. Two of their companions from the first company, the Knights of the Unicorn, have settled in Baldur's Gate, where characters might have encountered them if they experienced the events of *Murder in Baldur's Gate*.

EASTHAVEN

Population 850

"I remember when the Eastway was naught but a couple o' ruts in the mud leadin' to some shanties on the south side o' the lac. Now look at the place! Seems like ye can't turn around without trippin' over a new bunch o' buildings, and the town just keeps getting' bigger—along with me profits."

—Beorne Steelstrike

The scent of freshly sawed pine hangs in the air around the outskirts of Easthaven, where new construction pushes the town's perimeter ever outward. In the center, spacious shops, inns, and taverns solicit locals and travelers alike, their brightly painted signs clamoring for attention as loudly as the fish hawkers down on the docks. Grizzled trappers just returned from the wilds sell their pelts in stores that also offer the latest Waterdhavian fashions, and prosperous merchants step over penniless fishers in the town's main boulevard.

Boom Times

Walking into Easthaven is like stepping into Icewind Dale's past—the place is a picture of the boomtown way of life that gripped Ten-Towns centuries ago, when the cities of the south first got "white gold fever." In the generations since, the other towns have settled into a predictable, if not always quiet, rhythm of life. Not so Easthaven. Having been overshadowed by the more established towns on Lac Dinneshere in the region's initial rush, Easthaven languished while its neighbors thrived. But with the paving of the Eastway, more and more trade began to flow into Easthaven until it overtook Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval to become the most prosperous town on the lake. Now, it rivals Targos and Bryn Shander in size.

Easthaven tends to attract people who are just starting out in Ten-Towns, as well as those who want to start over—the place seems to welcome all comers. It is a magnet for fortune-seekers and the con artists who prey on them. From honorable warriors to unscrupulous merchants, from uncouth woodsmen to worldly travelers, the town displays a striking assortment of the best and worst that life in Icewind Dale has to offer. Anything goes in Easthaven, according to a local saying—and that's usually true.

Contested Waters

Although Easthaven's fishing fleet is now larger than that of Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval combined, its boats are relegated to plying only a small



fraction of the lake thanks to an accord passed by the council back when Easthaven was a tenth of its present size. In those days, the fleets of Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval dominated the waters of Lac Dinneshere, and the accord was brokered as an attempt to placate the two rivals and keep them from each other's throats. The rivalry would not be so easily undone, however, and the agreement was quickly forgotten until a few years ago, when the speakers of Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval invoked its terms as a way to restrict the operations of Easthaven's growing fleet of fishing boats.

Easthaven's speaker, Danneth Waylen, has petitioned several times to renegotiate the outdated agreement, but Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval have so far stood united behind it. Danneth also brought the matter before the council in Bryn Shander, but to no avail. Easthaven's growth has cannibalized trade from the other towns, and both Targos and Termalaine have felt the effect. As a result, they support Caer-Konig's and Caer-Dineval's claims to the waters of Lac Dinneshere. With Bryn Shander remaining carefully noncommittal and the towns of Redwaters declining to get involved, only Bremen and Lonelywood have spoken out in support of Easthaven.

Meanwhile, Easthaven's boats are in competition with one another for the best fishing spots in the crowded waters. Fights over contested catches are common, and accidents have wrecked several ships and resulted in a few deaths. Some of the bolder fishers operate in the northern waters claimed by

Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval, taking whatever haul they can before they are chased off by the other towns' boats. Speaker Waylen knows it is only a matter of time before one of these incursions is met with violence. He hopes to find a solution to the problem before that happens.

Rags and Riches

With the ongoing dispute over fishing rights on the lake, Easthaven's fisherfolk are suffering. For many of them, fishing is all they know, and there simply aren't enough fish in the small patch of water the town is allotted. Inevitably, the largest boats and the most experienced crews pull most of the fish out of the water, while everyone else scrambles for what's left. Many fishers barely catch enough to feed their families, let alone have anything left over to sell. Many more come back after sunset with empty nets.

Despite this state of affairs, more people show up every season hoping to make their fortune in Easthaven. The town's reputation for opportunity is greater than the reality, yet the image keeps drawing people there even as it exacerbates the problems.

Still, the prospects in Easthaven aren't entirely illusory. Many people have made a comfortable living for themselves—just not fishers or fortune-seekers. With the influx of residents, Easthaven's merchants, innkeepers, and tavern owners pull coin from purses like trout from the lakes.



THE EASTWAY

The Eastway is the only paved road in Icewind Dale, and it runs from Bryn Shander straight across to Easthaven. Its construction linked Lac Dinneshere to the caravans that came through Bryn Shander, resulting in the explosive growth of Easthaven and a gradual shift in trade away from Maer Dualdon.

On many occasions, the people of Targos and Termalaine have considered improving the road north from Bryn Shander to encourage more traffic, but the mistrust between the two towns has prevented them from cooperating long enough to bring the project to fruition.

Then, too, there are those who profit from the town's problems, such as the gang of boys who are paid by fishing crews to hold the best spots at the docks until the boats come back at night. This arrangement allows those crews to stay out later than other boats and still be first out to the good fishing spots the next day. The boys make a show of competing to hold places along the dock for their clients, but they actually conspire to bid up the prices on the best spots, then split the profits every night after dark.

Goods and Services

Cairn's Crossing is the oldest of Easthaven's inns, which is to say it has the most chinks in its walls for the night winds to blow through. Still, most of the caravanners who come to town stay here out of habit, so the inn does a respectable business. The innkeeper, Vie Witters, is stout, gray-haired, and tough as nails, and she shows no sign of slowing down despite her age. Many of the inn's visitors assume that she's a widow, but in fact she's married to a local fisher who still goes out on the lake every day. They hardly see each other, though, because Vie won't let him sleep in the inn if he reeks of trout—which he always does.

The White Lady Inn stands just across from the harbor, overlooking the lake. The inn is named for a local legend about the ghost of Lac Dinneshere (see the sidebar on page 21 and capitalizes on the morbid fascination generated by its eponymous tale. A halfling bard named Rinaldo works the inn's taproom on most nights, recounting the titular story for the benefit of any newcomers and then segueing into hair-raising tales drawn (he swears) from the true accounts of the many adventurers who have stayed at the White Lady Inn. Rinaldo knows how to pull in a crowd, often loudly proclaiming that "this next tale is not fit for the ears of women, children, or those of tender heart" whenever he spies passersby in

the street, reeling them in like fish on a line. On the other hand, his employer—a wiry, white-haired old man named Bartaban—seems perennially bored by the halfling's tales. But the dour innkeeper is acutely aware of the value Rinaldo adds to his establishment and strives to make himself as invisible to his guests as possible, the better to let the bard's tales work their magic.

The Wet Trout is the largest and loudest tavern in Easthaven. A great chimney situated squarely in the building's center has hearths on either side to warm the tavern's two common rooms. The owner, Henrick, mans the bar at one end of the tavern while his wife, Bitholde, runs the kitchens at the other. The two frequently shout raunchy jeers at each other from across the floor, which always get a hearty laugh from the assembled patrons and lend to the ribald atmosphere the tavern is known for.

Banrock's Mithral Pot has the distinction of being one of the few establishments in Ten-Towns to have a reputation that extends outside Icewind Dale. Just walking into this tavern's common room, with its distinctive dark wood paneling and cozy booths, is enough to set one's mouth watering. Visitors from as far away as Baldur's Gate come here to try Banrock's pottage, which the dwarf cooks in his signature pot. Running the tavern is a labor of love for Banrock, who could retire on the value of his mithral cookware alone, but the plump, ruddy-faced dwarf would rather spend his days cheerfully bustling from booth to booth chatting with travelers. His longest-standing customer is a wizard from Blackstaff Tower in Waterdeep, who comes to the tavern every solstice to renew the wards that protect the kitchen against thieves—and, of course, to sample the pottage.

Rurden's Armory is an outlet where adventurers can buy dwarven blades and mail forged in the valley below Kelvin's Cairn. The shop's interior looks like that of a keep preparing for siege—racks of swords and axes stand to one side, while suits of

chain mail lie stacked on crates to the other (and the crates hold pieces of plate armor packed in wood chips). Piles of helms stand alongside the crates, halberds lean in the corner, and shields and crossbows hang on every inch of the room's walls. The building's heavy, reinforced door, complete with a thick bar, rounds out the image of a garrison; only a painted iron sign propped against the back wall identifies the shop as a place of business. Since none of the weapons and armor are made to order, buyers often have to adjust to equipment that's heavier than they're accustomed to—blistered palms and aching shoulders are common complaints among first-time customers. Even so, the quality of the merchandise speaks for itself, and the dwarf shopkeep, Rurden, is especially helpful when showing buyers how to alter their swings or angle their bodies for an incoming blow to take advantage of their new purchases. The sellswords who frequent his store have a saying: Once you go dwarven, you never go back.

LOCAL LANDMARKS

Three areas of interest lie outside Easthaven.

Silvanus's temple is a grove of white birch trees on a hillside overlooking Lac Dinneshere, about two miles west of town. Here, a small coven of the nature god's followers gather every month at the full moon. They are led by a self-styled druid (one of the human residents of Easthaven) who teaches them that the town's sprawl is a blight on the land and that someday Silvanus will call on them to help restore the area to its pristine beauty.

The Redrun is the stream that empties Lac Dinneshere into Redwaters. Normally a series of spills that are easy to cross, the stream becomes a torrent of frothing whitewater during late spring. With all the competition on the lake, locals have taken to walking down the Redrun and fishing along its banks. But twice in the past fortnight, locals have gone to fish the Redrun and did not return. The other townsfolk assume they were killed by wild beasts, but no one is brave enough to investigate.

A **memorial** outside the southwest gate commemorates a battle between Tiago Baenre and the balor Errtu, who came to Icewind Dale seeking Drizt Do'Urden. A circle of blackened ground is surrounded by a rock wall, the center of which has a stone statue of Tiago and a plaque that reads "On this spot did Master Tiago slay the demon. And the snows will cover it nevermore." And the scorched earth remains untouched by snow even in winter.

Danneth Waylen

Speaker of Easthaven

Danneth Waylen is the earnest, if fretful, speaker of Easthaven. He never wanted the position, but he was nominated for it when the town's business leaders, after nearly tearing Easthaven apart in their contests to claim the title after the last speaker's death, finally decided to compromise on a neutral party. Danneth's humility and forthrightness made him an ideal candidate, and his sense of duty precluded him from declining the nomination.

Just coming into middle age, with green eyes and tousled auburn locks that often garner him unwanted romantic attention, Danneth owns two of the town's most profitable fishing vessels, and he was a fisher himself before turning his attentions to the town's myriad problems. He tends to be soft-spoken, though his voice carries an undertone of steely determination.

LAC DINNESHERE

Lac Dinneshere's waters begin in the tundra alongside Kelvin's Cairn and stretch south to the forest that borders the banks of Redwaters. To those who look down on it from the slopes of the mountain, the lake's broad expanse seems like a great shard of sky that fell to the earth, dotted with tiny boats that traverse its icy blue firmament.

From the water's edge, the imagery no longer seems quite so apt. Frigid winds blowing in off the Reghed Glacier whip across the lake, its surface chopping with waves that stand at odds with the serene sky above. The lake does seem to reflect the moods of the heavens; it blushes pink on tranquil evenings, turns steel-gray when storms approach, and blanches white during quiet snows. People who have spent their lives along Lac Dinneshere don't bother looking up to see what the weather will be—they just look to the lake.

Though as large as Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinneshere is shallower and thus has a smaller population of knucklehead trout (but enough to keep the combined fishing fleets of Caer-Dineval and Caer-Konig in business). The lake's ecosystem is also less diverse than that of Maer Dualdon. The winds from the glacier stunt what trees manage to grow along the shore and drive avians to the more sheltered areas along Maer Dualdon and Redwaters, and the lake's rocky banks prevent seasonal flooding and forestall the formation of sandy bars capable of supporting cold-water clams and the otters that feast on the clams.

Still, the lure of the lake's "white gold" is enough to keep hundreds of people living here in small communities carved into the steep, rocky banks, huddled against the wind and cold.

Caer-Dineval

Population 250

"When last I visited Caer-Dineval, I found the town speaker livin' in an old fort at the top o' the road, perched up there like a lord in 'is castle. What's he lord of, I'd like to know. A little pride is well an' good, but never will I understand the vanity o' men!"

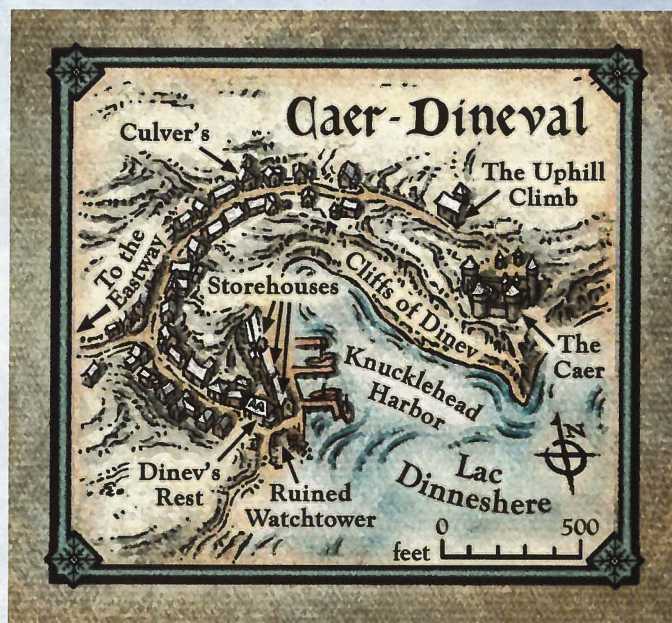
—Beorne Steelstrike

In generations past, travelers to Caer-Dineval had to make their way east from the hills around Bryn Shander and then cut north, following the rocky shore of Lac Dinneshere until after several weary hours they spied a small fortress (the "caer" for which the town is named) jutting up from the prominence where it overlooks the lake. These days, visitors to the town can take the Eastway to Easthaven, and then hire a ferry to take them across the lake to Caer-Dineval. Only those who have no coin to spare, or who have more than a small cart's worth of goods to transport, still take the rude trail that wends its way up the lake's western shore.

Whether arriving "by land or by lac," visitors are immediately confronted by the fortifications for which the town is famous: its clifftop caer and the now-ruined watchtower at the mouth of the harbor. Most of the town's buildings line the path that winds down the steep slope from the caer to the harbor, perched on the rocky face like cliffside nests. Newer structures have been built out along the approach coming up the western shore. The effect is that visitors enter Caer-Dineval in procession, filing up the narrow street past the buildings on either side, from which the residents watch with a mixture of interest and suspicion. If travelers do not turn aside into a shop or tavern, the road brings them to the top of the bluff and deposits them at the gates of the caer.

The Bastion of Lac Dinneshere

The caer was built over four hundred years ago by the Dinev family, before Ten-Towns existed as anything more than a few scattered camps of explorers living off the land. A displaced Cormyrean family whose sire was purportedly of noble extraction, the Dinevs built their castle on the cliffs over Lac Dinneshere in a bid to claim sovereignty over the unsettled lands of Icewind Dale. When the



THE GHOST OF LAC DINNESHHERE

Legend has it that an explorer once came to Easthaven to find his fortune after leaving his young wife behind in Luskan, promising to return to her a rich man. The adventurer met with many hazards on his journey, but the thought of his wife waiting for him always gave him the strength to persevere. Finally, after having made his fortune, the man sought to take the next caravan home—only to have it arrive in Easthaven bearing a note from his wife, written from her sickbed in the hours before her death.

The young man never returned home. He stayed in Easthaven, where his wife's ghost sometimes walked out along the lake, calling for her husband to return to her. Finally, one night when he heard her calling, he loaded his fortune onto a boat and rowed out to the middle of the lake, where he was finally reunited with his beloved—a rich man, just as he had promised.

Locals say the woman's ghost still wanders the lake on some nights; they call her the White Lady. Rumor has it that she haunts the spot where her husband met his end. A few brave souls have followed the vision of the White Lady in hopes of finding the adventurer's sunken treasure, but none of them has returned.

castle—dubbed *Caer-Dineval*—was completed, the workers and their families settled in the outbuildings they had constructed farther down the cliff face, along with the families of the few retainers the *Dinevs* had brought with them. Over the next several years, many explorers in the region came to see the caer for themselves, and some decided to trade their tents in the hunting and fishing camps for a cozy cottage in the shadow of the walls of *Caer-Dineval*.

No sooner had the small town taken hold than a marauding tribe of orcs swept down from the tundra to put it to the torch. Rather than flee their new-found home, the residents rushed to the clifftop to seek refuge in the caer. But the *Dinevs*, alarmed by the size of the orc tribe and the speed of its approach, barred the caer's gates and refused to open them. The orcs fell upon the stranded people and slaughtered them to the last one. The *Dinevs* survived the initial assault, thanks to their redoubt, but after three weeks of confinement in the caer, they were so weakened by hunger that they were unable to resist when the orc raiders scaled their walls. Thus, their brief rule in *Icwind Dale* came to a bloody end.

The caer remained in the orcs' possession for the next several years, although it changed hands a few times during that period as factions among the orcs fought each other for control of the castle. By the end of that time, the small camps of humans in the dale had grown larger and more numerous, and the future inhabitants of *Ten-Towns* decided that they could ill afford to have a fortified encampment of orcs so close to their communities. For the first time in their history, warriors from the disparate human settlements banded together. They marched on *Caer-Dineval* and drove the orcs from its walls. The victors claimed the castle, its lands, and the lake beyond for their own, and those with families brought them there to settle. The descendants of those proud people live there to this day and keep alive the memory of their ancestors' deeds.

Today, the caer's keep is a glorified residence for the town's speaker, *Crannoc Siever*. Although its sturdy wooden fortifications are still capable of withstanding the attacks of orc and barbarian raiders, the people of *Caer-Dineval* remember the grim lesson of the *Dinevs*. They flee from incursions to seek shelter behind the better-defended and better-supplied walls of *Bryn Shander*.

Goods and Services

Dinev's Rest, situated at the low end of town on the lakeside road, is *Caer-Dineval*'s inn, and one of the first buildings that travelers reach if they arrive on foot. Built in a shallow dell a little way back from the

cliff line, the inn is spacious compared to *Caer-Dineval*'s other buildings and blessedly sheltered from the winds that buffet the rest of the town. Inside, visitors sit in the common room around the central fire pit, swapping stories about their travels; the walls behind them are adorned with faded banners bearing the *Dinev* coat of arms. The innkeeper is *Kadie*, a vivacious young woman with fiery red hair. Her father was the previous speaker of *Caer-Dineval*, and as a child she lived with him and her brothers in the caer. *Kadie* speaks about her town with pride and can tell visitors all about the history of the caer. She doesn't miss living there—the keep, as she'll readily relate, is too drafty—and she doesn't think *Crannoc* has done poorly by the town, but *Kadie* is not bashful about observing that the current speaker doesn't listen to folks as much as he ought to . . . not like her father did.

The Uphill Climb is a tavern perched at the top of the approach to the caer, with spectacular views of the lake and the docks below. Although it has a solid core of local patrons, the *Climb* also caters to the town's more upscale clientele—well-to-do travelers and merchants who have coin to spend on more than just beer and fish chowder. The proprietor, a ruggedly handsome fellow named *Roark*, takes pains to stock a variety of foodstuffs from *Bryn Shander*'s market, and he always buys the best brews out of *Good Mead*. The tavern has a private dining area where the speaker of *Caer-Dineval* meets with merchants, adventurers, or anyone else who has important business with the town. The intimate atmosphere is only occasionally ruined by the cheers from the front room when patrons from the dockside tavern finish their nightly footrace up the cliffside road to the *Climb*'s front door, usually followed by the sounds of retching. The last runner through the door traditionally buys a round of drinks for the house.

Culver's isn't really a shop—it's a house, and its resident, *Culver Ailsen*, isn't so much a merchant as he is a collector. An aging widower with no children, *Culver* keeps himself company with the many books, maps, and curiosities he has collected over the years. Whenever traveling merchants come through town, *Culver* is one of the first to introduce himself—shaking their hands, asking their story, and then getting to the serious work of poring over their inventory. *Culver* has a particular interest in the history of *Ten-Towns* and *Icwind Dale*, and he eagerly buys anything connected with the accounts and letters he has read.

Culver doesn't restrict himself to historical memorabilia—he picks up anything that interests him, whether it's a halfling stick-and-ball game or a finely etched dwarven dagger. Because of his tendency to acquire all manner of odds and ends, the locals stop

by Culver's anytime they need something they can't get from one of the town's crafters.

As a result of his voracious reading, Culver knows a bit about nearly everything in the dale—knowledge that he will share with those who care to listen (he prefers to talk over a pint at the Uphill Climb). In particular, Culver has read several accounts of Akar Kessel's war against Ten-Towns a century ago, and the relics he has acquired from the Battle of Icewind Dale are his most prized possessions.

Crannoc Siever

Speaker of Caer-Dineval

Crannoc Siever is an able sailor and fisher known for his hot temper. Despite his bellicose nature, Crannoc is not prone to violence. Those who know him well understand that belligerence is just his heavy-handed way of avoiding conflict—he would rather shout others into silent agreement than physically fight or debate with them. Because most people are easily cowed by his theatrics, Crannoc has never learned how to negotiate, so he frequently finds himself at a disadvantage when he deals with Du vessa Shane, the speaker of Bryn Shander.

Crannoc wears his dark hair pulled back, and his weathered face seems stretched taut. Though he is not particularly tall, his thick arms and chest lend weight to his bullying remarks. He speaks in a perpetual shout, except when he has been intimidated into sputtering silence by Du vessa.

Caer-Konig

Population 200

"I remember a pair of dwarflasses in Mirabar—sisters, they were. Couldn't stand each other, and always fightin'. Funny thing was, they were exactly alike! That's Caer-Konig an' Caer-Dineval to a tee. Too busy fightin' over their differences to realize how much they got in common. Ah, well. Every time they fought, I'd be havin' to go an' comfort one or th' other of 'em. The sisters, I mean."

—Beorne Steelstrike

Perched precariously between the slopes of Kelvin's Cairn and the waters of Lac Dinneshere is the town of Caer-Konig, its terraced rows of houses climbing up the lake's edge like the steps of an amphitheater. Visitors sailing in on the ferry from Easthaven or Caer-Dineval can just make out the crumbled ruins of the caer that gave the town its name littering the slopes above the last row of houses.

Although it's possible to get to Caer-Konig by following the trail along the lakeside, only the most committed caravanners bother to do so. Most people come by way of the ferry, if they come at all—Caer-Konig being considered, as some call it, "the poor man's Caer-Dineval." (Natives of Caer-Konig, naturally, charge their brethren in Caer-Dineval with coining that turn of phrase.) Only two groups visit the town with regularity. The first is adventurers, who use Caer-Konig as a base of operations for excursions into Kelvin's Cairn. The second group is the dwarves of the valley, who, when they have cause to leave their home, generally do so by way of Daledrop, which is closer to Caer-Konig than any other of the ten towns.

The Ruined Caer

After Caer-Dineval was taken back from the orcs, the people of that town decided to set up an outpost farther up the lakeside that could spot any approaching raiders from the north and signal the inhabitants in time for them to fight or flee. They chose a site at the neck of Icewind Pass where the defenders would have the best chance of spotting anyone crossing the open tundra. There, they built a wooden fortress like the castle at Caer-Dineval and named it for their leader who had proposed the project—Caer-Konig.

The new stronghold was not like the one at Caer-Dineval in every respect. That one had been constructed by trained workers under the capable hand of a master builder who had been hired for the task. The new one was raised by stout-hearted warriors who put great effort into its construction but did not know how deep to sink the pylons to keep a thirty-foot wall from being bent by the wind, or how to pile loose stones around the wall's base to keep snow runoff from eroding the earthen foundation. Already dilapidated after only a few seasons, the caer offered no protection to its garrison when the next band of orc raiders came down Icewind Pass. The defenders fled to Caer-Dineval, and the orcs razed the useless structure to the ground.

Nothing if not proud, the people of Caer-Dineval quickly took back Caer-Konig (much as they had done with their own castle), and before long a new settlement had sprouted at the site of the northern stronghold. The fortress of Caer-Konig has been rebuilt several times since then, always to fall to the depredations of war or weather. It's been over a generation since the last time the caer was raised, and although few people left in town remember a time when the fort still stood, its decrepit state is a sore spot with many of the locals—especially given the contrast with the proud bastion of Caer-Dineval.



Rival to Caer-Dineval

Whatever amity might have existed between Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval disappeared with the opening of the ivory trade with the cities of the south. The bounty of Lac Dinneshere, which had always supplied the two towns with more than enough fish to eat, suddenly became a valuable commodity. For generations, the rivalry between Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval has been the stuff of local legend in Ten-Towns, and many meetings of Bryn Shander's council have been taken up by arguments between the towns' speakers over fishing rights or, indeed, anything else that might be construed as a market advantage for one town or the other.

All this changed recently with the alliance struck between Alden, the speaker of Caer-Konig, and Crannoc, his counterpart in Caer-Dineval. Hewing to the terms of an old agreement ratified by the council generations ago over the fishing rights on Lac Dinneshere, the speakers of the two towns have joined forces to contain the threat posed by Easthaven's growing fleet of vessels. For the first time that anyone can remember, the fishers of Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval observe an uneasy truce, working side by side (if not exactly together) to keep Easthaven's boats off the lake north of the Shander Line—the imaginary line running due east from Bryn Shander that was identified as the farthest extent of Easthaven's waters.

Old grudges die hard, however, and the folks of Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval don't exactly have a history of mutual trust. Many people in both towns are dissatisfied by the arrangement, and the residents of Caer-Konig are especially suspicious of

Alden's motives in working with Crannoc. Many of the fishers have begun to feel that Alden sold them out, and some think the town should negotiate a new accord with Easthaven. They know that Caer-Konig would have to give up some of its waters, but they hope that by colluding with Easthaven they could draft an agreement that would be far more punishing to Caer-Dineval than it would be to Caer-Konig, which would suit the spiteful townsfolk just fine.

Goods and Services

The Northern Light is Caer-Konig's inn, where visiting traders stay before making the return journey to Easthaven or Bryn Shander, and where adventurers rest between expeditions to Kelvin's Cairn. The inn's name refers to its door lamp, a magical lantern that was enspelled by a visiting wizard decades ago. It glows with a light that slowly shifts from green to red to blue, resembling the iridescent ribbons of color that sometimes dance across the night sky this far north. The inn is kept by two sisters. The younger, Allie, is lithe and charming, and she greets guests, showing them to their rooms. The older, Cori, is stout and scowling; she sees to the inn's provisioning and does all the cooking. Guests often hear the sisters arguing late into the night, Allie accusing Cori of spending the inn's profits on needless luxuries such as goose-feather pallets and expensive spices for her meats and stews, and Cori accusing Allie of not knowing how to run an inn and thinking she can charm people into throwing their money away. After they run out of things to fight about, the sisters go off to their beds, and then get up the next day to do it all over again.

Hook, Line, and Sinker, a tavern on Caer-Konig's market square, is easily the busiest establishment in town. The tavern owes its popularity to the free half-pints that the owner, Eglendar, keeps on a table by the front door. He presses one into the hand of every person who stops by. Eglendar hit on the idea after spending a long time watching most of the town's fishers crawl into a competing dockside tavern at the end of each day, not bothering to walk the extra hundred feet to his building. Now, they come to his place first for the free drink (the hook), and most of them stay to order seconds and thirds (the line—in local parlance, having a "long line" refers to a predilection for hard drinking). The "sinker" part of the tavern's name refers both to the last drink call of the night and—when locals challenge visitors to a good-natured drinking contest—to the last drink that sends a losing contestant under the table.

Frozenfar Expeditions is both a store and a professional organization of sorts. Run by a veteran ranger named Atenas Swift, the shop is the closest thing that Icewind Dale has to the adventurers'

guilds that are sometimes found in the large cities of the south. A middle-aged, steely-haired man with skin the color of tanned leather, Atenas is more than capable of leading expeditions up Kelvin's Cairn or down to the Spine of the World, as he often did in his youth. He can boast of having climbed the treacherous slopes of the Reghed Glacier. Now, age is catching up with Atenas; he is starting to feel the cold in his joints and goes out on the mountain less frequently than he once did, preferring to stay by the warmth of a hearth. But he remains a font of knowledge for those who are bent on adventure in Icedwind Dale.

He readily sells maps and supplies to explorers, and he gives out free advice on how to survive an avalanche, the five mistakes people make when trying to run from a crag cat, how to scale an ice wall with just a fishing rod and a dead yeti, and more such topics. In addition to seeking equipment and advice, adventurers come to the store to see postings left by other explorers in the area. Some of these notices advertise expeditions that are looking for recruits or hirelings who are willing to join existing ventures. Others promise leads that the posters did not have the skill or resources to pursue. Some warn about hazards encountered in the wild. Still others are wills and insurance policies, announcing the poster's expedition plan and expected date of return. If such an individual does not return, Atenas uses his deposit either to hire other adventurers to attempt a rescue or to set the missing person's affairs in order.

Alden Lowell

Speaker of Caer-Konig

Alden Lowell is a craven opportunist, with none of the qualities of a true leader. After contriving to be named speaker of Caer-Konig, he quickly alienated many of his constituents by supporting Crannoc Siever's proposal to enforce the terms of the lake's old fishing charter. Since then, Alden's career has been wedded to Crannoc's. He spends most of his time in council parroting the speaker of Caer-Dineval, and he throws his weight around town by pretending that Crannoc is his staunch ally. In fact, Crannoc regards Alden as a simpering fool, whom he tolerates only because Alden so readily follows his lead. Alden, meanwhile, considers himself the clever one and is convinced that it's he who is using Crannoc. Alden is a coward at heart—a fact that he has not yet had to confront since he is protected, for the time being, by his association with the speaker of Caer-Dineval.

Alden is a young man, slight of build with blond hair. He often puffs out his chest when he talks, trying to imitate Crannoc's bearing. When his

bravado inevitably crumbles, he visibly deflates, and his speech becomes puerile.

The Pirates of the Howling Fiend

As if the heightened tensions between the fishing fleets of Caer-Konig, Caer-Dineval, and Easthaven weren't enough, the lake's waters have recently become even more perilous with the appearance of a band of pirates who sail a ship called the *Howling Fiend*. They strike indiscriminately, attacking ships from any of the three towns, looting the vessels for food and valuables and then setting them afire, leaving their crews to perish in the flames or drown in the frigid waters. The pirates usually strike before dawn, when the first ships of the day are testing the lake's waters, or at dusk, when the most dedicated or desperate fishers are pushing their luck to make one last catch. Sometimes, when the lake is obscured by mist or snow, the pirates make bold daytime raids on Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval, terrorizing the residents and laying waste to the dockside, and then retreating before the fishers on the lake can respond to the screams of their kin.

In truth, the appearance of the pirates is related to the towns' other troubles. The marauders are former residents of Caer-Dineval, fishers who were eager to defend their right to the lake's waters against the encroaching fleet of Easthaven. With the aid of Speaker Crannoc and financial backing from some of the town's businesses, the fishers commissioned a ram for the bow of their ship from Baerick Hammerstone, the dwarf stone carver of Kelvin's Cairn whose "black ice" pieces have become the rage of Ten-Towns.

Wanting the ram as much for intimidation as for practical use, the fishers asked Baerick to carve it in the likeness of a terrifying demon. The finished piece bears an obvious likeness to Errtu, the balor demon who has twice terrorized the people of Ten-Towns. The head and torso extend forward from the ship's prow, and the sculpture's mouth is agape in a silent scream—imagery that prompted the fishers to change their ship's name to the *Howling Fiend*.

Equipped with their new ram, the crew began aggressively pushing the fishers of Easthaven away from the central waters of the lake, much to the delight of the northern towns. But constant exposure to such a large quantity of black ice began to affect the *Howling Fiend's* crew. Their attacks on Easthaven's ships became increasingly vicious, and they began quarreling with other crews from their own town. Crannoc, fearing that their belligerence would endanger his tenuous alliance with Caer-Konig and inflame the speakers of the other towns, tried to rein in the crew to no avail.

The tipping point came when a *Caer-Dineval* boat came to the aid of a foundering *Easthaven* vessel that had just been rammed by the *Howling Fiend*, with no other friendly vessels close enough to save its crew. The sailors on the *Howling Fiend*, enraged, came back around and rammed the second boat just as the *Easthaven* crew was climbing aboard, sending three of the fishers—including one from *Caer-Dineval*—to the bottom of the lake. Before more boats came on the scene, the *Howling Fiend* fled to the far end of the lake, making berth in a hidden cove there. Its crew did not dare to return home, and two days later Speaker Crannoc denounced the attack in a special meeting of the council, declaring the crew of the *Howling Fiend* to be outlaws.

Within a week of the incident, the ship reappeared on *Lac Dinneshere's* waters, but now as a pirate vessel. The black ice had thoroughly corrupted the crew, granting them unnatural strength and poisoning their minds. Their depredations rank among the most heinous of any outlaws who have ever terrorized *Icewind Dale*—they loot, murder, and pillage at will.

At least one person in *Ten-Towns* does not consider the pirates' activity on the lake to be an unqualified disaster. *Vaelish Gant*, a wizard in *Bryn Shander*, sees the pirate crew as a potential tool for furthering the *Arcane Brotherhood's* agenda in *Icewind Dale*. Their ravages have made the towns of *Lac Dinneshere* more receptive to the wizard's self-serving offers of aid (the better to penetrate the fishing industries of those towns with his own capital and agents). Moreover, if *Gant* can find a way to exert some control over the pirate crew, he can ensure that the *Howling Fiend's* attacks serve his purpose by targeting businesses and vessels that don't comply, while leaving the *Arcane Brotherhood's* operations alone.

Derrick the Drownder

Derrick Gaffner is the captain of the *Howling Fiend*, although ever since the attack that branded him an outlaw, he has been known by the folk on *Lac Dinneshere* as "Derrick the Drownder." A hot-headed man even before he was corrupted by the black ice, *Derrick* has a face battered from a lifetime of brawling—his nose has been broken numerous times, and one of his ears was half torn off in a nasty fight. Most recently, his cheek was opened up by a fisher's knife during one of the pirate raids. Lacking needle and thread, *Derrick* had one of his men close the wound with fishhooks, which still hang from the angry red scar.

Derrick leads his crew by example, using intimidation to quash any dissent. He's not much of a strategist (it was one of the other crew members who pointed out that they probably shouldn't conduct

their raids in broad daylight) and tends to follow his passion, raiding for the sheer joy of striking terror into the people of *Lac Dinneshere*. As such, *Derrick* is easily manipulated—even by his own crew—although his temper makes it dangerous to do so, since he doesn't hesitate to maim or kill anyone he suspects of trying to make a fool of him.

Pyrse of Ship Rethnor

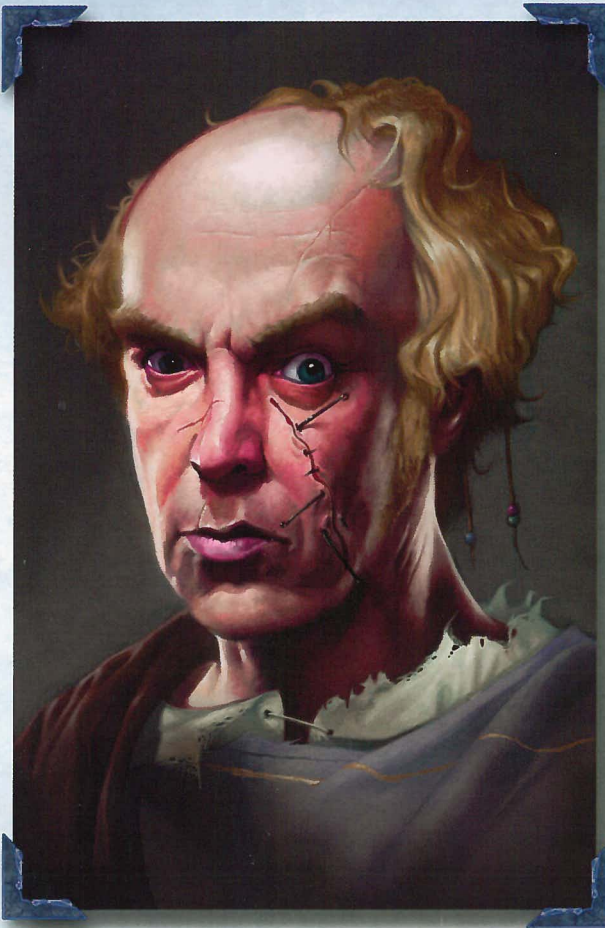
Pyrse Auliff is an agent of *Ship Rethnor* (see page 63) sent by *Vaelish Gant* to infiltrate the pirate crew. At least, "Pyrse Auliff" is the name he gave to *Derrick the Drownder*. After tracking the pirates back to their hideout, *Pyrse* approached them, pretending to be a disaffected fisher from *Caer-Konig* who wanted to join their crew. As suspicious as *Derrick* was due to the influence of the black ice, the captain came within a hair's breadth of slaying the intruder outright. But *Pyrse* had timed his arrival well, coming to the camp the night after a botched raid on *Caer-Dineval* had left the crew two men down. One of the other pirates observed that they would need new blood to continue raiding. In the end, *Derrick's* thirst for pillage won out over his reservations about *Pyrse's* unexpected arrival.

Since then, *Pyrse* has been working to gain the crew's trust and subtly directing their raids according to instructions he regularly receives from *Vaelish Gant* through a magical ritual. He has even persuaded *Derrick* to bolster the pirates' ranks by capturing, rather than sinking, some of the fishing boats they attack, accepting their crews as "volunteers."

Pyrse's proximity to the black ice ram on the *Howling Fiend* is taking its toll, heightening his paranoia and fear of discovery. *Pyrse* now believes that *Vaelish Gant* is watching him constantly, making his every move a test of loyalty. The other pirates have noticed that he sometimes makes strange gestures or mumbles to himself when he thinks no one is listening, giving rise to the suspicion that he is simply mad.

Creedon the Ferryman

Creedon Connelly is the ferryman of *Easthaven* and has held that post since old *Spiblin* drowned a decade ago. Tall, tan, and wiry, with a mop of brown hair hanging in front of his brow, *Creedon* waits at the docks every day for passengers who need to make the trip across the southern shore of *Lac Dinneshere*, across the rivers that feed the lake. Few make that trip even in the height of summer, and *Creedon* waits in vain now that winter has come. He is desperate for coin to support his wife, *Sara*, and their five small



children, but both he and Sara know that the ferry trade just isn't enough.

The recent appearance of the pirates has presented Creedon with an unusual opportunity. He guessed the location of their hideout, having used the cove himself in years past to occasionally smuggle people or goods in and out of the towns on Lac Dinneshere. After gathering his courage, Creedon sailed into the hidden cove one night and made the pirates a proposition. He would bring them regular shipments of supplies they were unable to procure, in addition to information on the towns' activities: when and where the pirates would find the richest targets to strike; what resistance they might face; and any plans the townsfolk might formulate to strike back at them. In exchange, the pirates would pay him a fair price and guarantee safety for him and his boat.

To his relief, the pirates agreed to his proposition. Moreover, the Luskan agent, Pyrse, made a separate arrangement with Creedon to provide information of particular interest to Vaelish Gant. Pyrse also asked Creedon to filter the information he provides to the pirates based on the wizard's needs.

Now Creedon has a growing purse of silver stashed in his mattress at home, even after seeing to his

family's welfare. He occasionally feels pangs of conscience when he hears about fishers who have lost their boats—and sometimes their lives—to the pirates, or when he witnesses the aftermath of their raids on Caer-Konig and Caer-Dineval. Creedon consoles himself with the thought that he's only doing what he must to provide for his family, and he imagines that someday he will make up for his complicity by telling Speaker Danneth about the hidden cove . . . just as soon as the purse in his bed gets a little fatter.

REDWATERS

The southernmost lake of Icewind Dale is, by many accounts, the most beautiful. Belying its name, the waters of the lake are emerald green in the morning and sparkling silver at twilight. Unlike Maer Dualdon, which is beset by fleets of fishing boats from Targos and Termalaine, or Lac Dinneshere, which is blasted by frigid winds coming off the tundra, Redwaters is a peaceful lake, plied only by a handful of sailboats and a few score coracles that glide across the surface like swans with their young.

Redwaters is not without its dangers, though. The most remote of the three lakes, it is visited infrequently by caravans and other traders, so basic supplies can be hard to come by here. Considering how little wealth trickles into the area, sellswords and fortune-seekers rarely visit Redwaters. As a result, the wilds teem with the kinds of monstrous beasts that elsewhere would fall to an adventurer's blade.

During the winter, when the lake freezes over, food becomes scarce. Unlike the deeper waters of Maer Dualdon and Lac Dinneshere, Redwaters freezes early and thick, making the fishing season shorter and ice fishing impossible in midwinter. Travelers find that the people of Good Mead and Dougan's Hole guard their provisions jealously—and sometimes aggressively—during these lean months. "Warm as a winter greeting in Redwaters" is common Ten-Towns parlance for an inhospitable welcome.

The two towns of Redwaters, Good Mead and Dougan's Hole, are known to be fiercely independent. It is ironic, then, that to most of the other people of Ten-Towns, the two are almost always mentioned in the same breath. "Good Mead and Dougan's Hole" might as well be the name of a single town, as far as residents of the other eight towns are concerned. To the people of Good Mead, this expression is irksome, since they consider themselves quite different from all the other townsfolk. The folk of Dougan's Hole find it downright insulting, because for some reason they always come second.

Good Mead

Population 150

"Cut south off the Eastway after the trees thin out, an' keep walking 'til ye hear the buzzin' o' bees. That'll be Good Mead. If ye fall in the lake, ye've gone too far."

—Beorne Steelstrike

Visitors to Good Mead rarely have a difficult time deciding where in town to go first. The short row of squat dwellings that line the trail along the lake's western edge is overshadowed by the two-story structure of the mead hall, its eaves carved and painted to resemble the wyverns that are said to roost in Kelvin's Cairn.

Like most of Ten-Towns, Good Mead originally depended on knucklehead trout for its livelihood, selling smoked fish, raw ivory, and scrimshaw in the market at Bryn Shander. In fact, the southern lake got its name when the competition for fishing waters between Good Mead and Dougan's Hole led to a battle between several ships that resulted in the deaths of fishers from both towns, staining the waters with blood. In the decades following, Good Mead's trade in its justly famous brew began to outstrip the proceeds from its fishing hauls to the point where most of the town's fishers took up mead brewing instead. A building adjoining the mead hall, recently erected to provide storage for the increasing volume of casks, is roofed with the town's retired fishing vessels, and now only a handful of boats sail out each day from Good Mead to catch fresh fish for the stewpots.

The only other building of note is the town's shrine to Tempus. Unlike the mead hall, which is well cared for, the shrine's painted icons of the god

of war are chipped and faded, and its hall—cramped by the standards of most southerners, though twice the size of any of the town's dwellings—stands empty most days. The shrine was built over a century ago, when the town's rivalry with Dougan's Hole still raged, and for a time thereafter nearly all the inhabitants of Good Mead paid homage to the battle lord. Since their retreat from the waters, the shrine's relevance has dwindled to the point where only a few pious residents visit it regularly, and then only to observe the war god's holy days.

Kendrick Rielsbarrow

Speaker of Good Mead

Kendrick Rielsbarrow is a bluff, good-natured giant of a man and a tireless ambassador for the town of Good Mead. The only thing he loves more than selling his home town's famous brew is sharing it with good company, so he spends his time traveling about Ten-Towns with a wagon full of mead casks, delivering his stock to the local inns and taverns. Kendrick means well, but he is not the most effective of speakers—he is easily manipulated by his peers in the council—and as a result, Good Mead has not prospered in recent years as much as some of the other towns have.

Standing seven feet tall, with a physique that mirrors the rocky slopes of Kelvin's Cairn, Kendrick looks like a more civilized version of the barbarians that roam the tundra, causing some Ten-Towners to wonder about his heritage. He speaks in a booming voice and is quick to laugh.

Dougan's Hole

Population 100

"They're an odd lot, the folks o' Dougan's Hole. Keep to 'emselfes, and seem to like it that way. I only visited there once. After the first day, I got the sense they thought it best for me to leave. After the third day, I got the sense they were right."

—Beorne Steelstrike

Dougan's Hole is the smallest of the ten towns, and visitors who make the trek from Bryn Shander are likely to be underwhelmed when they finally reach the small cluster of dwellings perched on the edge of Redwaters. Even Good Mead, barely more populous, seems more civilized with its decorated mead hall and its cultivation of the surrounding forest. The only improvements that the people of Dougan's Hole have made to their bit of shoreline are the two piers they built for launching their boats and the gravel





they put down between their dwellings to keep paths and roads from becoming a sodden mess.

The residents depend for trade entirely on the knucklehead trout they fish from Redwaters, since the town is not large enough to support any industry—not even scrimshaw. The able scrimshanders of Ten-Towns reside in the larger communities of the two northern lakes, so merchants from Dougan's Hole sell raw ivory and salted fish at Bryn Shander's market, hoping to make enough coin to buy grain for the winter in addition to hooks and line for the next fishing season.

In winter, Dougan's Hole becomes even more isolated from the other towns, and the road connecting it to Good Mead and the Eastway is frequently blocked by deep drifts of snow. Even when the road is passable, the residents keep to their own, including the speaker, Edgra Durmoot. Although the traditional midwinter council meeting in Bryn Shander is always spottily attended, Edgra is alone among the speakers of Ten-Towns in never having attended a single one. She prefers to be with her people, she says, who are too busy hunting, trapping, and chopping wood for their fires—simply trying to survive the winter—to worry about politics.

Twenty Stones of Thruun

About the only interesting feature in Dougan's Hole, and the only reason most travelers bother visiting the place, is the strange megaliths known as the Twenty Stones of Thruun. Standing at the town's southern edge, these rudely fashioned granite menhirs are arranged in a perfect triangle, with a single stone anchoring the formation's center. No one knows who

built the structure or why; the townsfolk maintain that the stones were there when the town's founder, Dougan Dubrace, first happened upon his famous fishing spot. Many northern scholars have tried to research the origin of the structure's name, but all they found were allusions to a creature named Thruun in the oldest legends of the northern folk. Some speculate that Thruun was a god who disappeared from the pantheon of Faerûn long ago, but others question whether such a being ever existed.

Edgra Durmoot

Speaker of Dougan's Hole

Edgra Durmoot is an old trapper who has lived her entire life in Dougan's Hole. A plainspoken woman of few words, Edgra is suspicious by nature and tends to be gruff in her dealings with strangers. She is not much warmer with her peers, frequently snapping at the other speakers in council and dismissing their ideas. Many times Edgra has refused to heed a summons to council, and she never attends during the winter months. Some of the other town speakers wonder why she bothers coming to council meetings at all.

Edgra is lean and leathery; her scarred hands and grizzled face speak of a hard life eked out at the edge of civilization. Having survived her husband, along with the many dangers in the wilds of Icewind Dale, Edgra is as tough as they come, and only a fool would take her for a weak old woman.

MAER DUALDON

Once the primary destination of all who came to Icewind Dale, Maer Dualdon has seen fewer visitors in recent generations, with travelers staying in Bryn Shander or taking the Eastway to Lac Dinneshere instead. Those who still make the final leg of the journey north are rewarded with some of the same sights that greeted the first explorers and enticed them to settle here. Under the great shadow of Kelvin's Cairn, protected by the mountain from the winds of the Reghed Glacier, sits an azure lake, its deep, cold waters rich with trout, its banks sheltered by tall growths of pine and fir. Otters play in the river waters that drain from Maer Dualdon, and great eagles soar overhead, occasionally diving to rake the lake's surface with their talons, leaving behind a silver scar that is quickly engulfed by the blue waters.

Today's travelers are also greeted by other sights that the first settlers could not have imagined. The lake's southern shore is sheltered not by trees but by the wooden walls of Targos, built out over the water to provide safe harbor for its ships. On the eastern

shore, the town of Termalaine stretches out beneath the mountain, and the town of Lonelywood has pushed back the forest's edge to the north. West of the lake, the people of Bremen have built along the banks of the Shaengarne River, chasing the otters downstream. Everywhere on Maer Dualdon, boats skim across the surface, competing with the eagles to pull fish out of the depths.

Targos

Population 1,000

"The folks in Targos are as hard-headed as the trout in their lake. They'd rather stay shut up behind their walls than admit they need help from anyone. Stubborn an' proud, the lot of 'em. Makes a dwarf feel right at home."

—Beorne Steelstrike

The scene inside the gates of Targos, the only other walled community in Ten-Towns, invites immediate comparison with Bryn Shander. Both towns are busy and crowded, but where Bryn Shander buzzes with the vibrant energy of its market, Targos hums with the steady industry of its docks. In Bryn Shander during the day, locals constantly look to see who has come in the gates, while travelers wander about taking in the town; at night, the taverns are full of people getting to know each other over a few pints of mead. In Targos during the day, people walk through the street quickly with their noses down, intent on getting their work done. When night falls and the last boats are in, the town goes quiet as the fishers head for their beds, to get what rest they can before the dawn finds them back out on the lake.

Fishing Industry

Almost all the towns in Icewind Dale make their living off the lakes, but nowhere is that fact more on display than in Targos. The town has always had the biggest fishing fleet, the best ships, the most knowledgeable sailors, and, as a result, the biggest hauls. Even though Easthaven has threatened to overtake it, Targos has retained its dominant position in the fishing industry by concentrating on what it does best. Nearly every resident is involved in some facet of the fishing business, and everything that goes on in town revolves around the work of hauling the knucklehead out of Maer Dualdon's waters.

Walled Town

Like Bryn Shander, Targos is encircled by a wooden wall, which in the past has protected the town against orc and barbarian raids. Lately, though, the



wall has gotten in the way of the town's growth, and new residents have started erecting shanties outside the wall. The wall extends out over the lake, creating a safe harbor for the town's boats and giving Targos another advantage over its rival, Termalaine, whose fleet is occasionally damaged by the storms that blow in from the Sea of Moving Ice.

Goods and Services

The Luskan Arms is the oldest public house in Ten-Towns, established back when Bryn Shander was still just "the cabin on the hill" and Luskan was a thriving city. Many of the traders who came to Targos in those days hailed from Luskan, so the Luskan Arms was built to look like an inn that might be found in the City of Sails. As a result, much of the decor is nearly two hundred years old, providing a snapshot of Luskan as it was in the years before its decline and ruin. Pennants bearing the arms of the five ships of Luskan's High Captains hang from the inn's walls, and a vellum map of the city is mounted over the hearth. The innkeeper, a quiet, balding man named Owenn, knows bits and pieces of the city's lore, some of which were passed on to him by his father, with the rest picked up from travelers who come to stay at the Arms.

Three Flags Sailing is the tavern where fishers coming in off the lake grab a bowl of stew and a quick pint before heading to bed. The atmosphere at the Three Flags is subdued—the fishers are usually weary from their long day's work, more interested in eating than socializing. The mood occasionally turns boisterous when the town celebrates a good haul or when one of the crews recounts the tale of a fight with

THE DOCKWORKERS' GUILD

Targos is the only community in Ten-Towns that has a guild—namely, the dockworkers' guild, representing the town's shipwrights, warehouse workers, and loaders. The guild was formed to ensure standards of quality and construction for the town's fishing vessels and to prevent wildcat strikes by laborers who come to Targos during the busiest part of the fishing season.

Town speaker Giandro Holfast is one of the guild's leaders, and he is attempting to expand the guild to the rest of Ten-Towns. Workers who join the guild would benefit from its wage and trade protections, and their towns would gain the expertise of Targos's master shipwrights. Such expansion might cost Targos some of its competitive advantage with the other fishing towns, but Giandro believes that the increased influence such an arrangement would bring to his town would finally put Targos on an even footing with Bryn Shander.

fishers from Termalaine. Three Flags Sailing is run by a plump, gray-haired widow named Ethen, whom the local fishers call "Ma." She bustles around the tavern making sure everyone has a hot beer—"to take the chill off," she says—and fusses over the men as if they were her own sons (which a few of them are).

Graendel's Fine Dwarven Craft is a smithy run by the aging Graendel Granitefist, one of the original dwarves who fled Mithral Hall with Clan Battlehammer and resettled in Icewind Dale. He has plied his trade in Targos since before most of the fishers' grandsires were alive, and he is the only person left in Targos who remembers Akar Kessel's invasion and the destruction that his Cryshal-Tirith wrought on the town, incinerating whole blocks of buildings with a focused beam of sunlight. The town has long since built over the devastation, but Graendel still tells the tale of that terrible day to anyone who'll listen—usually captive-audience guards from Bryn Shander who have come to have their armor adjusted. Graendel has a fine eye for his craft and makes all of his pieces to order, fitting them perfectly to their intended recipients, whether an adventurer looking for a new blade or a boat in need of a new anchor. Because of Graendel's exacting standards, his work often takes some time, and those in need of

a quick armor patch or a simple fish-gutter usually make do with one of the other resident smiths.

Triglio is the town's general store, named for one of the chanteys that the fishers often sing when hard at work upon the lake: "Trigl-ee-oh, lads, an' 'oist upon the line/Trigl-ee-oh, lads, an' bring yon fishers in." The proprietor is a thin, middle-aged man named Jestin, who fished the lake until his left hand was crushed in a collision with a rival boat from Termalaine. Now he sells foodstuffs, sackcloth, candles, lamp oil, snowshoes, wagon wheels, and various other necessities. The one thing he doesn't sell is fishing or sailing supplies—in Targos, all such goods are supplied by specialty crafters and merchants. Adventurers can find most of their basic supplies at Triglio, and if they can't, Jestin can tell them where else to look.

Giandro Holfast

Speaker of Targos

Giandro Holfast is a native of Targos who works as a master shipwright at the town's docks. He is proud of his work and proud of his town, and it chafes at him to see Targos threatened by the rising star of Easthaven. Like many of his fellow residents, Giandro deeply resents what he sees as Bryn Shander's machinations to become the preeminent city of Icewind Dale, with all the other towns in orbit around it. The speaker is determined that Targos should hold its own, and though he is not hostile toward his peers on the council, he rebuffs any proposition that he believes would make Targos beholden to the other towns.

Giandro is middle-aged, with dark hair and a strong jaw, and might be handsome if not for his perpetual frown. His hands are thickly callused, and he speaks in a stern, gravelly voice.

Termalaine

Population 600

"The folks o' Termalaine will tell ye theirs is the loveliest part o' Ten-Towns, an' I reckon they've got the right of it. True, the charms o' their spacious streets an' decorated homes may 'ave been wasted on me, but the mine! Full o' gems it were, sparklin' like the waters o' the maer. Aye, a lovely town indeed!"

—Beorne Steelstrike

Termalaine has a well-deserved reputation as the most picturesque town in Icewind Dale. Without the confinement of a wall, the settlement unfurls from the banks of Maer Dualdon in long, broad avenues

dotted with trees, inviting travelers to stroll down to the water's edge. The town does not feel busy or crowded—its spacious houses are widely spread along the avenues, and its inhabitants go leisurely about their days. Termalaine has its own fishing fleet, and one often hears workers down on the docks calling out to one another or to the boats coming in off the lake, but the town is not dominated by its fishing industry the way Targos is. Crafters and artisans are as numerous here as shipwrights, and their work improves on the town's natural beauty. Many buildings feature intricate braid-work carved into their wood frames and doors, and scrimshaw ornaments and wind chimes hang in their windows. But perhaps what endears Termalaine most to travelers is its people. Though rough and hard-working like all the other inhabitants of Ten-Towns, the folk of Termalaine are also friendly, good-natured, and welcoming of strangers. Some people say that's because they get so few travelers compared to the likes of Bryn Shander, but in truth it's because the people of Termalaine love the small corner of Faerûn they have carved out for themselves, and they want visitors to fall in love with it, too.



Rival to Targos

Termalaine's rivalry with Targos goes back as far as anyone can remember. For as long as the folk of these two towns have been pulling knucklehead out of the waters of Maer Dualdon, they've been fighting over who pulled which fish out of what waters. Every day on the lake, fishers from Termalaine and Targos can be heard yelling at each other for crossing lines, obstructing movement across the water,

scaring the fish away, and stealing catches. Most of the time these grievances are voiced from a distance, but every so often the crews nudge each other's boats, and the yelling escalates to fisticuffs. These altercations are usually more a chance for the fishers to display their bravado than an attempt to do serious injury to the other party, but occasionally an encounter turns truly violent, resulting in deaths. After each such tragedy, the mood in Termalaine turns dark, and the residents begin recounting the transgressions perpetrated by Targos over decades, which serves to reinforce the unending animosity between these two rivals.

Goods and Services

The Eastside is the inn where visitors in Termalaine generally stay. What looks from the street like a cluster of houses actually turns out to be a single structure connected underground, with some of the coziest rooms in Ten-Towns (though, as more than one traveler has doubtless reflected, only in Icewind Dale would a cot in the cellar be considered cozy). The owner is an aging fisher named Clyde, who still spends his days out on the lake, since the inn doesn't see a lot of business. His wife tended to visitors during the day, until she passed away two winters ago; now Clyde employs a 12-year-old girl named Marta to watch the door and make meals for anyone who comes to stay.

The Blue Clam is the dockside tavern where the fishers of Termalaine typically end their day, seated on benches near one of the building's long hearths to warm their feet while they fill their bellies with spiced chowder. The walls are decorated with fishing trophies and beautiful works of scrimshaw, and the tables and benches are decorated with the knot-work carvings typical of the town. Vernon Braig, the owner and chef, knows some of the hunters and trappers up in Lonelywood, and occasionally a sled comes down the north road with a sack of hares or a haunch of moose, courtesy of one of Vernon's friends. On those nights, the Blue Clam's hearths are full of roasting meats, and the patrons stay later and sing louder, enjoying the good times while they last.

Shaelen Masthew

Speaker of Termalaine

Shaelen Masthew is a charming, outgoing woman who seems to know the name of every person in Termalaine, and her friendly manner makes strangers feel right at home. Shaelen first attended the council meeting in Bryn Shander as a proxy for

THE GEM MINE

When the first explorers settled on the east bank of Maer Dualdon, they thought nothing of the small cave set into a low hill behind their settlement. It wasn't until later, when the settlers mustered up courage to explore the cave's depths, that they found a load of tourmaline gemstones. Lacking the expertise and resources to set up a proper mining operation, the people of Termalaine have worked the mine slowly and sporadically over the years, their efforts further hampered by creatures from the Underdark that occasionally find their way up into the mine. Whenever such creatures are discovered, the mine is sealed off, and the townsfolk wait until a band of sellswords or adventurers can be hired to clear it out. Currently the mine stands open, though lately a few miners have reported strange noises and had tools go missing.

the previous speaker, who had fallen ill. She was inspired by Du vessa Shane's example, and when the previous speaker succumbed to his illness, Shaelen convinced the people of Termalaine to elect her as the new speaker. Since then, she has learned much about the politics of Ten-Towns and has become one of the council's shrewder members.

Shaelen is heavyset, with straw-blond hair tied in braids and a beaming smile. She wears a simple woolen dress and apron, her only ornament a brass wedding ring. Though she is not as fiercely intelligent as Du vessa, Shaelen's appearance and good nature can be disarming, a fact she frequently exploits.

Bremen

Population 300

"I tried me hand at pannin' for gold along the banks o' Bremen, once. Came up with a couple o' clams an' 'n ogre's tooth, but not a bit o' yellow. Seems like a fool waste o' time, if ye ask me. 'Course, me father always used to say the same about caravanin'!"

—Beorne Steelstrike

The town of Bremen sits sleepily on the west bank of Maer Dualdon, at the mouth of the Shaengarne River. Those who lack a boat to sail into the town's harbor can reach Bremen only by fording the river, which can be a perilous proposition when the water is running high. In Bremen, travelers are often struck

by the sense that they have left Ten-Towns. Even though Targos, Termalaine, and Lonelywood are all visible from the town's docks and Kelvin's Cairn still dominates the skyline, the Shaengarne is like a road, slowly bending its way south and west, away from the mountain and Icewind Dale. In those prone to wander, the shimmering band of the Shaengarne seems to ignite the imagination about what lands lie beyond at the world's edge. On the people of Bremen, the view has the opposite effect, causing them to cling to Ten-Towns like barnacles to a rock, afraid of being washed away in the tide.

Seasonal Floods

The fear of being washed away is no mere metaphor. Early every summer, when the frozen ground thaws, the Shaengarne spills over its banks and sweeps the floodplain clean. Accustomed to the annual cycle, the people of Bremen do not build on the floodplain, but in some years the waters rise higher than usual and wash away boats or even buildings erected too close to the riverside. Travelers are also occasionally swept away when, unaware of the strength of the current, they attempt to ford the raging waters.

When the waters recede in midsummer, they leave behind a rich layer of silt along the river's bank, practically the only soil in the area capable of sustaining anything other than scrub grass. The growing season is short, and the people of Bremen make the most of it, planting onions and tubers that can be stored for the winter. Those who aren't busy on the lake often spend their spare daylight hours combing through the silt for whatever the floods might have deposited on the river's banks—fishhooks and fishing rods, broken weapons, bits of jewelry, pieces of raw knucklehead ivory, and even gold nuggets. "Treasure hunting" is a favorite activity among the children, and people from other towns make the trip to Bremen once or twice a year to try their luck on the banks of the Shaengarne.

Goods and Services

Buried Treasures caters to Bremen's visitors, most of whom come from other parts of Ten-Towns to spend a few days panning the riverbanks. Since treasure hunting is a warm-weather activity in Bremen, the inn is sparsely occupied for most of the year, and travelers in the off season might find a dark common room and a cold hearth upon arrival. Nevertheless, the innkeeper, Cora, is always happy to have guests, and she sets her son, Huarwar, to fetching wood for the fire and helping with the baggage while she turns down the fur-lined cots and puts a pot of fish



and leek stew on the hob. The common room is decorated with hundreds of objects dug up from the mud of the Shaengarne by Cora's guests and then donated to the inn. Most are of little value—gnarled pieces of driftwood, shards of broken pottery, a battered shield bearing the remnants of a Cormyrean noble's crest—but displayed in a glass case on top of the mantle, out of casual reach, is a gold nugget the size of a man's knuckle. At least, that's what Cora tells visitors it is. In truth, it's a rock that she disguised with a bit of paint she bought from a dwarf trader years ago, but the opportunity it promises to those who see it sparkling above the hearth keeps hopeful visitors coming back year after year.

Stones is one of the taverns on Bremen's infamous Five-Tavern Center. It's known as the place where rough-and-tumble fishers drink their courage before picking fights with locals at the neighboring taverns (sometimes they practice on each other before taking their act across the street). The barkeep, Duff, is a coarse sort himself, and his broad shoulders and broken face attest to his ability to both dole out and withstand punishment. He doesn't usually get involved in the nightly frays unless they happen in his bar, whereupon he delivers a thumping to any patrons who cause property damage. The tavern takes its name from the polished river rocks that Duff puts at the bottom of every tankard of ale. If a drinker drains the cup at a single go, the stone rolls gently down to the lip of the tankard, but patrons who delicately sip at their beer will get a crack in the teeth when they throw back the last of their drink. In keeping with the spirit of the establishment, newcomers are never warned about the stones.

Ewin's Trinkets is a small shop that specializes in buying and selling the items that local treasure-seekers find on the riverbanks. The building is cluttered with a miscellany of objects. Some look as if they might have value to the right person, and others look like the kind of trash a child would stuff in her pockets to keep it from being thrown away. The shop is owned by a halfling named Ewin who came to Bremen to pan the riverbanks. In a remarkable stroke of luck, he pulled three gold nuggets out of the river in his first two days of prospecting, and after much deliberation over what to do with his newfound wealth, he decided to buy this store. Some of the collection dates back to its original owner, a wizard named Earvin who came to Ten-Towns from Luskan after the fall of the Hosttower of the Arcane, and who dealt exclusively in magical trinkets. Ewin has spent years trying to figure out which items in his collection are magical and what they might do, but so far the only item whose function he's sure of is a chipped porcelain cup that instantly heats any liquid poured into it. Ewin is happy to buy any gems or jewelry that adventurers might bring him and is willing to part with his trinkets for a fair price, with the understanding that buyers won't hold him responsible for any undiscovered or undesirable magical effects.

Dorbulgruf Shalescar

Speaker of Bremen

Dorbulgruf Shalescar is a dwarf from Ironmaster (see page 56) who moved to Bremen after a mining accident convinced him he had spent enough of his life underground. His unflagging efforts helping Bremen to rebuild after a bad flood earned him the respect of the locals, and his sensible, even-handed nature earned him their trust, eventually prompting them to nominate him as their speaker.

Dorbulgruf is getting on in years, and a few wisps of gray are visible in the dwarf's black beard. He speaks in a slow baritone that brooks no interruption, and he always treats strangers as friends until they give him a reason to do otherwise. His unflappable demeanor is a welcome counterpoint to the hot tempers that often hold sway at the council meetings in Bryn Shander.

Local Landmarks

Five-Tavern Center is the area in the middle of Bremen where five taverns stand arranged in a circle around a central yard. As the story goes, five brothers had originally intended to build a tavern together,

FIVE-TAVERN CENTER

In the middle of Bremen stand five taverns arranged in a circle around a central yard, a place the locals simply call Five-Tavern Center. As the story goes, five brothers had originally intended to build a tavern together, but each had assumed he would be the one to run the business. Since none of the brothers would work for the others, each built his own tavern, and they all competed for customers. Every night would find the brothers in the central yard fighting over who was stealing whose business. Whether the story is true is anyone's guess, but nearly every night in Bremen finds a fight breaking out in Five-Tavern Center.

but each had assumed he would be the one to run the business. Since none of the brothers would work for the others, each built his own tavern, and they all competed for customers. Every night would find the brothers in the central yard fighting over who was stealing whose business. Whether the story is true is anyone's guess, but nearly every night in Bremen finds a fight breaking out in Five-Tavern Center.

Wet Rock is a small island located in the head of the Shaengarne River. Jutting up from the river like a miniature version of Kelvin's Cairn, the rocky islet stays clear of the flood waters most years, but in years when the flooding reaches its highest levels Wet Rock is totally submerged. A determined recluse named Thurdenne has rebuilt her little shack atop the island at least six times in the last fifteen years, but no flood can convince her to relocate into town. Rumors around Bremen claim that the old woman is a witch who treats with infernal powers in the solitude of her cabin, but the truth is much simpler: She fled a brutal husband in Waterdeep fifteen years ago and can't bring herself to trust people anymore, especially men.

Lonelywood

Population 150

"Most folk in Lonelywood went there tryin' to forget about somethin' ... or tryin' to be forgotten. Folks there mind their own business, an' they expect ye to do the same. Surest way to find trouble in that town is to start askin' questions."

—Beorne Steelstrike

The northernmost municipality in Ten-Towns is a remote community of loggers and fishers, humble folk engaged in hard, honest labor, scratching out a living at the edge of the world. It is also a den of unrepentant thieves, cold-hearted killers, and miserable derelicts. These two groups of people do not exist separately—they are one and the same, and a person's vision of the town's inhabitants says more about that individual than it does about the people of Lonelywood. Clinging to either of the extreme views often causes outsiders to misjudge the residents, sometimes with tragic consequences. The visitors who fare best in Lonelywood are those who have a more nuanced understanding of human nature, who know that good and evil do not stare at each other across the battlefield of the cosmos, but lie within every person's heart in discomfiting embrace.

Haven for Miscreants

For as long as Ten-Towns has existed, Lonelywood has attracted the region's shadiest element. The place is far enough from the other towns to be safe against idle intrusion, and its thick wood conceals the dark and sordid dealings that sometimes transpire there. Still, Lonelywood is not Luskan; people are not regularly murdered in the streets, and folk do not always plot against one another. The realities of survival this far north demand that the folk of Lonelywood live and work together, and so they do, quite peaceably—for the most part.

The fact of the matter is that almost every resident of Lonelywood has a secret past. It might be a crime for which that person has yet to face justice, a revelation too dangerous or shameful to divulge,



or a loss too great to be overcome by mourning. Although a few people bring their past with them to Lonelywood, continuing their lives and identities as before in hopes that the remoteness of the location will keep whatever chases them at bay, most newcomers arrive in town intent on leaving their past behind. But such truths often have a way of catching up with people sooner or later.

Timber Industry

Only about half of Lonelywood's able-bodied residents trawl the lake for knucklehead, while the other half spend their days in the surrounding forest felling and hewing the trees that are used to construct many of the boats and buildings in Ten-Towns. Most famously, Lonelywood's firs were used to build the walls of Targos and Bryn Shander.

After it is cut, Lonelywood's timber is taken by cart down the north road, where most of it is sold in Termalaine and Targos. Less frequently, Lonelywood's timber drivers bring a load to market in Bryn Shander, where the wood generally fetches a higher price.

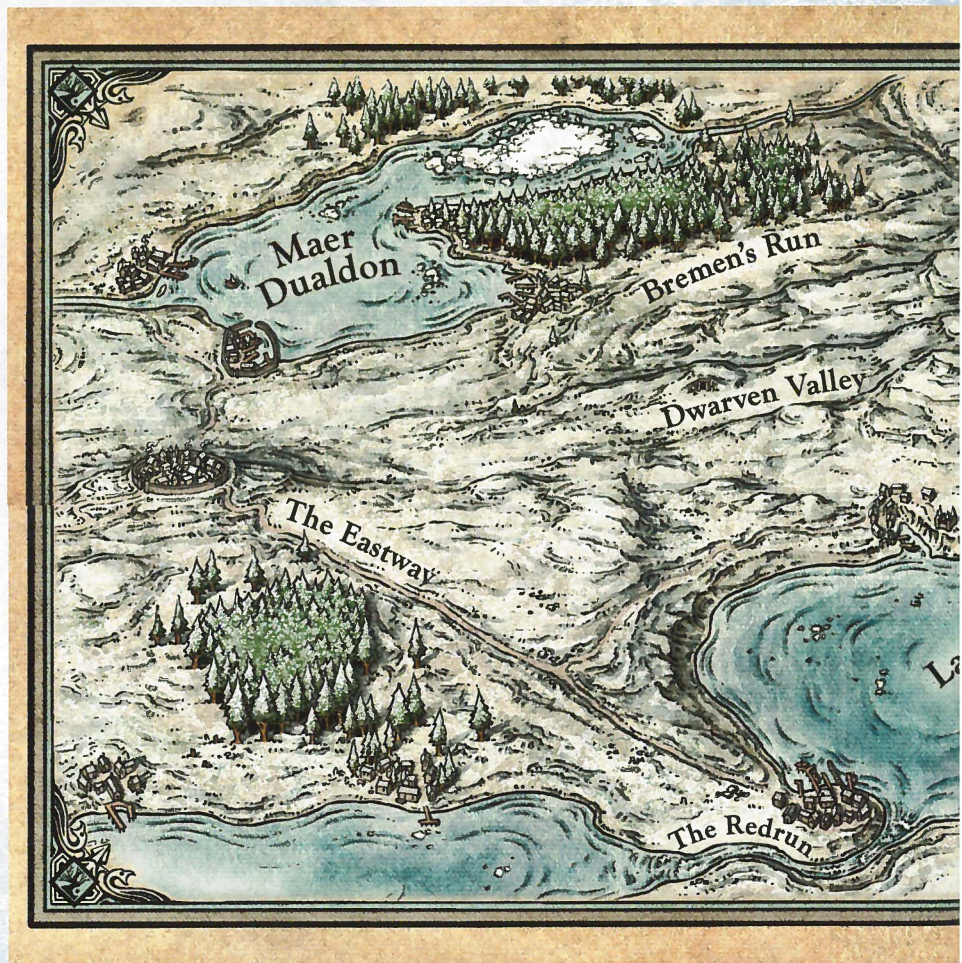
Lonelywood's forest is the town's greatest asset, not only for its material wealth but for the defense it provides against orcs and barbarians coming down Bremen's Run. The woods slow oncoming pursuers, giving the townsfolk time to escape onto the safety of the lake. Most often, though, bands of raiders simply pass Lonelywood by, never realizing the town is there.

Goods and Services

Ramshackle is Lonelywood's aptly named inn. The original structure was hastily thrown up about a century ago to accommodate a surge of interest in the town following its branding as the "Home of the Halfling Hero" (so named for the town's speaker, a halfling named Regis, who played a pivotal role in rebuffing the barbarian invasion led by King Heafstaag of the Tribe of the Elk). After a time, the influx of travelers to Lonelywood returned to its usual trickle, and the building was given over to storing timber. Over the years the residents periodically found occasion to reopen the inn, sometimes adding extra rooms as needed. No one

ever imagined that the structure would see use for as long as it has, so all the construction has been of a haphazard nature and indifferent to quality. Several times, sections of the building have collapsed under the weight of the winter snows; inevitably, the repairs to these sections were undertaken with the same (minimal) amount of care that went into their original construction. Nowadays, the inn is kept open on a permanent basis, with a retired sawyer named DeGrootz looking after visitors. Only a handful of rooms are in service, with the rest still used for timber storage. Rumor has it that sometimes other things get stored in those rooms as well, hidden among the cords of wood, but DeGrootz keeps all the rooms under lock and key. That, and the heavy woodcutter's axe he keeps close at hand, deters most visitors from poking around in rooms that aren't theirs.

The Lucky Liar is a favorite local tavern where fishers and woodcutters spend the evenings telling tall tales. Although the taverns in Bryn Shander might see a greater number of travelers, it is at the Lucky Liar Tavern that one can hear some of the most outrageous tales of adventure in the far-off corners of Faerûn. Of course, most of the stories are



heavily embellished, and some are outright fabrications—fictional exploits invented by locals who are concerned about keeping the truth concealed. From time to time, though, patrons whose tongues have been loosened by drink let slip valuable or dangerous secrets—kernels of truth hastily covered over with a wash of lies, but always noted and filed away by Danae, the tavern's astute barkeep. A slight, plain-looking woman notable for her raven-black hair, Danae takes advantage of her job at the tavern to hide in plain sight among the people of Lonelywood and goes about her serving work with a quiet circumspection. She rarely engages in extended conversations, and she makes small talk with patrons as a pretense to linger near an interesting conversation taking place at another table. In fact, Danae is a Thayan agent planted in Icewind Dale years ago to watch for enemies of Szass Tam who might seek refuge in the remote communities of Ten-Towns.

Pavel's Used Goods is the closest thing that Lonelywood has to a general store. Buyers can find a wide array of goods here, from the mundane to the extraordinary, and generally at lower prices than can be found in Bryn Shander's market. But, like the people of Lonelywood, the goods sold here tend

to have histories that aren't readily acknowledged by the shop's proprietor, a weaselly-looking fellow named Pavel. Travelers who purchase equipment might later find themselves in the uncomfortable situation of being accosted by the items' previous owners (who were not compensated for their loss) or attacked by interested parties who have mistaken the travelers for said previous owners. On the other hand, adventurers who have rare or unusual objects to sell need look no further than Pavel's shop. The shy merchant is willing to pay a very nearly fair price for just about anything—no questions asked.

The Happy Scrimshander is a little shop near Lonelywood's docks that sells the tools of the scrimshander's trade: needles and knives in a dazzling array of shapes and sizes, inks in a rainbow of colors, and waxes used to seal an engraving when it's done.

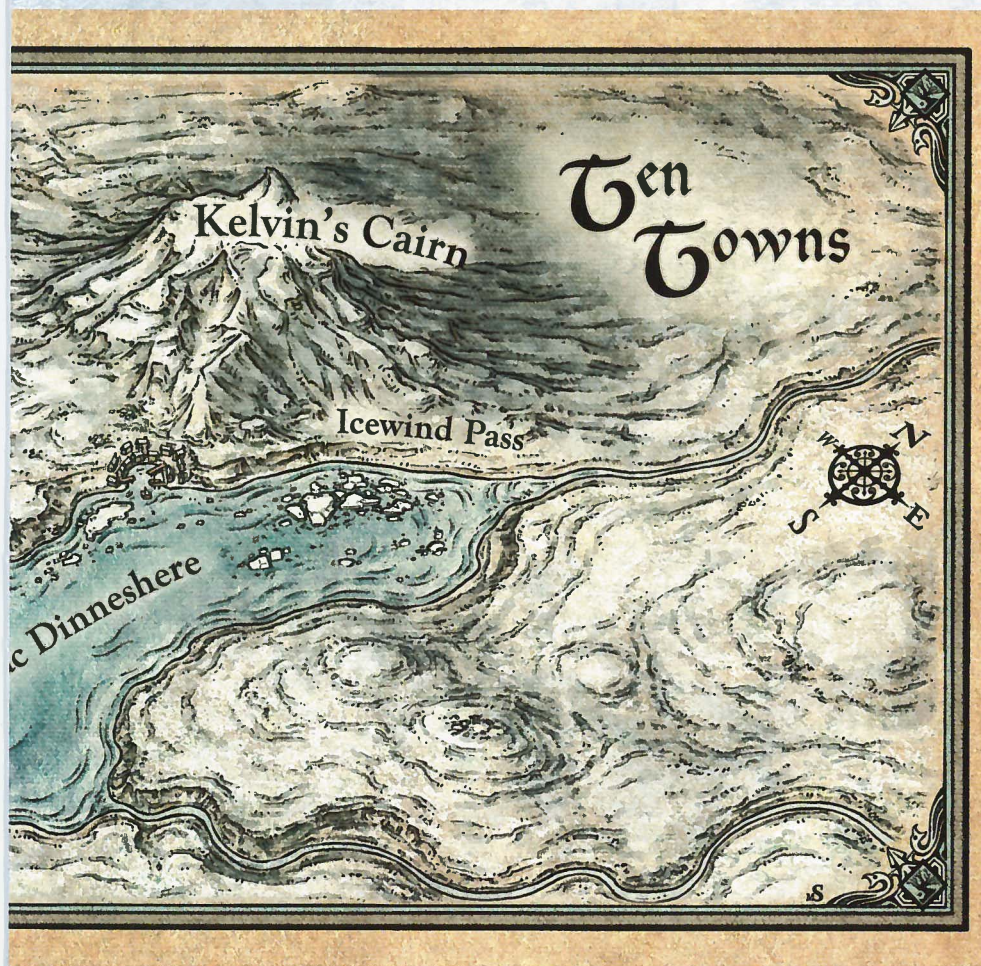
Avandro Perth

Speaker of Lonelywood

Avandro Perth is a black market operator from Neverwinter who headed north when Lord Neverember put a price on his head. By the time he eluded the last bounty hunter, Avandro had ended up in

Lonelywood, where he resolved to rebuild his business. But then, while he was in the process of establishing a local network, Avandro ended up gaining influence among most of the small town's population, inadvertently resulting in his being elected speaker. He enjoys the expanded clout the position grants him, but its responsibilities place increasing demands on his time. Still, what's good for Lonelywood is good for business, so Avandro manages the town's affairs as best he can.

With his close-cropped black hair and hawkish features, Avandro is easily recognizable (which proved a distinct liability during his flight from Neverwinter). He speaks in precise, clipped tones and quickly betrays impatience when he thinks his time is being wasted.



REGHED TRIBES

They are children of the glacier, as suggested by their collective name. They are people of the wild, as revealed by their tribal names—the Elk, the Tiger, the Wolf, the Bear. They are the tribes of Icewind Dale, proud and wild and strong, bound to ancient traditions that have kept them alive through countless harsh winters in Icewind Dale. The people of Ten-Towns and southern lands call them barbarians, because these wilderness folk disdain what they call the weakness of civilized people.

Markedly taller than most southerners, with some males approaching seven feet in height, the Reghed barbarians have blue eyes and hair of blond, red, or light brown. Their skin is bronzed from the sun and cracked by the wind, giving their faces the look of tough leather set in an expressionless mask. They dress in leather and furs, dyed in bright colors that stand out against the brown and white of the tundra.

The four main tribes have been bitter rivals in the past. Some tribes have diminished, and some minor tribes have disbanded over the past century, many of their members settling in Ten-Towns and abandoning their traditional ways. Of the remaining tribes—Elk, Tiger, Wolf, and Bear—the Tribe of the Elk is the most prominent. It is the tribe of the best-known hero of the Reghed barbarians, Wulfgar, son of Beornegar.

The Reghed tribes are nomadic, following herds of reindeer on their annual migrations southwest in the winter and northeast in the summer. The barbarians live in large, round tents made of deerskin and supported by beams of wood harvested from the Spine of the World or the trees near Lonelywood. After each seasonal migration, they erect their tents in an encampment that remains more or less unchanged for the length of the season.

A typical camp includes a ring of large tents that house the tribe's king and the other important members: its shaman, its most honored hunter, its greatest warrior, and the like. Each tent is surrounded by campfires where warriors of the tribe sleep in the open, protected from the cold by the flames and thick fur blankets. Smaller tents surround the inner circle, with campfires scattered around and among them.

The Reghed tribes have been known to raid Ten-Towns for supplies and slaves, but only a handful of such attacks have occurred in the last century,

mostly launched by the small, aggressive, and desperate Tribe of the Bear. Instead, the tribes have begun to engage in limited trade with the towns, particularly Bremen and Caer-Konig, where many of their distant kin still dwell. Because of this trade, the barbarians are better armed, better equipped against the cold, and better fed than ever before, and they seem to be gaining in strength despite their diminished numbers.

TRIBE OF THE ELK

The most renowned and most populous of the Reghed tribes, the Tribe of the Elk strives to carry on Wulfgar's great legacy. For the most part, the tribe lives in peace with the Ten-Towners, and the tribe's ruler leads his people with wisdom and care.

Jarund Elkhardt

King of the Elk Tribe

King Jarund Elkhardt is a towering barbarian whose deeply tanned skin and mane of auburn hair bespeak a life utterly removed from the comforts of civilization. Anyone who speaks with the terse ruler, however, learns that Jarund is no savage. At forty-two winters, he is the oldest king among all the barbarian tribes and has led the Elk Tribe for over half his life. Jarund has seen other kings rise and fall, has made war with his friends and peace with his enemies, and has led tribesmen he knew as babes to their deaths in battle. Always he has kept the survival of the Elk Tribe foremost in his efforts, and the strain of his long years of rule is written on his face.

Some members of the Elk Tribe refer to their king as Jarund the Elder, though never in his presence. The epithet is an allusion to the king's late son, Jarund Twice-Born, who was killed three years ago in a hunt when he tried to bring down a cave bear. His spear struck true, but the creature tore open the young man's chest in its death throes, leaving Jarund without an heir. The king never speaks of his son and shows no favor to any other warriors of the tribe to mark a possible successor. But as old as he is, Jarund cannot ignore the matter of succession for long, and many warriors have already started posturing against one another in the event that the tribe



invokes the rite of combat to determine a new king after Jarund passes. Many of the tribesfolk speculate that the leader's reluctance to name a successor—and the obvious favor he shows to Froya Harmoot—indicate that he hopes to sire another heir. Some of the women whisper that Froya is already with child—much to the consternation of Jarund's wife, Wynneth.

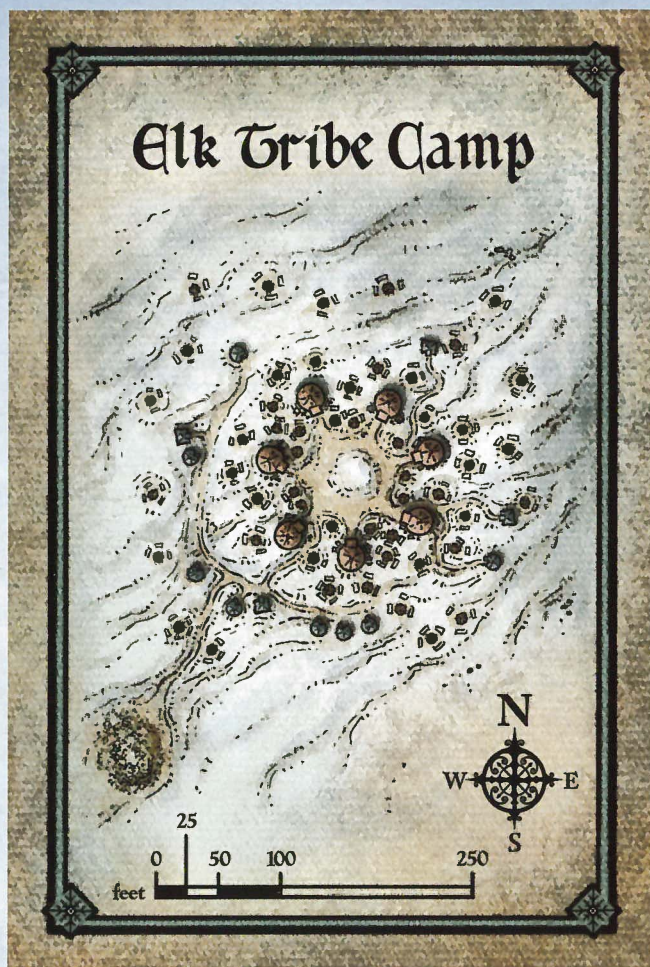
Whatever the future holds, Jarund is a potent force for the time being, and he rules his tribe with a sure hand. He is gravely concerned about the early coming of winter, in terms of surviving the harsh season and what it might portend about the greater entities at work in Icewind Dale. In such matters, Jarund seeks the counsel of Mjenir, the Elks' shaman; the king greatly respects his understanding of the workings of gods and spirits. The fact that both men have lost their sons serves to strengthen the bond between them.

Jarund's attitude toward the people of Ten-Towns is a mix of disinterest and disdain. He refers to city-dwellers as "tamed men" and does not see much value in dealing with them. In Jarund's mind, the people's refusal to live with the land, and instead hide from it behind walls, is the source of their troubles. Although he knows the coming winter will test his tribe sorely, Jarund believes that the barbarians'

Many miles north of Ten-Towns, across the trackless tundra to the northernmost edge of land in all the Realms, the frosts of winter had already hardened the ground in a white-tipped glaze. There were no mountains or trees to block the cold bite of the relentless eastern wind, carrying the frosty air from Reghed Glacier. The great bergs of the Sea of Moving Ice drifted slowly past, the wind howling off of their high-riding tips in a grim reminder of the coming season. And yet, the nomadic tribes who summered there with the reindeer had not journeyed with the herd's migration southwest along the coast to the more hospitable sea on the south side of the peninsula.

The unwavering flatness of the horizon was broken in one small corner by a solitary encampment, the largest gathering of barbarians this far north in more than a century.

—The Crystal Shard



strengths—their courage, fortitude, and knowledge of the land—will enable them to endure.

Jarund's age and experience make him a cautious leader. Because he does not long for glory as the younger warriors do, he is more apt to adopt a defensive position in battle and negotiation, opting to endure an enemy's assault and wait to see what develops rather than extend himself in an attempt to achieve a quick resolution. Jarund commits to action only if he believes that a failure to do so would place his tribe at greater risk than would holding back. When he acts, it is with all the strength and fury one would expect of a barbarian war leader.

Mjenir Tormhaalt

Shaman of the Elk Tribe

Mjenir Tormhaalt is the shaman of the Elk Tribe, and perhaps its most influential member after King Jarund. Though nearly as old as Jarund, Mjenir looks ten years younger, for he has not carried the burden of rule nor endured the hardships of battle. He has icy blue eyes and platinum blond hair, which hangs in long braids across his shoulders.

Apprenticed at a young age to the tribe's previous shaman, Mjenir has a deep understanding of the ways of the tundra—the flow of the land, the rhythm of the weather, the delicate interplay between herd animals and predators. This knowledge alone would make Mjenir an invaluable member of the tribe, but even more important, he has a connection to the spirit realm. It is common knowledge among the tribesfolk that Mjenir can speak with animals, and some believe that he can read omens in the clouds. In truth, Mjenir's command of nature spirits is tenuous at best, and anything more than rudimentary divinations is beyond him. Still, he enjoys the authority he has gained from the tribe members' beliefs and does nothing to dissuade them. To the contrary, Mjenir occasionally takes great pains to consult his oracles conspicuously before recommending a course of action to the tribe, such as when and where to find the best hunting. More often than not, his counsel stems not from any mystical revelation but from his deep study of natural lore. Nevertheless, the tribe enjoys the spectacle and praises Mjenir's gift when his advice bears fruit.

Mjenir had a son, Olaf, the sole offspring of his short marriage to a now long-dead wife. Olaf did not have his father's gift for speaking with spirits or his curiosity about the world around him, instead training as one of the tribe's warriors. Perhaps as a result of losing his mother at a young age and growing up with a father who seemed more interested in conversing with birds and squirrels, Olaf was more quiet and reserved than the other warriors. When a girl named Hedrun began to manifest strange abilities and was shunned by the rest of the tribe, Olaf was drawn to the young woman, not just for her beauty but for the loneliness they both endured.

Mjenir had mistrusted Hedrun's abilities from the start, not least of all because they were greater than his own. Though the girl apparently had no control over her gifts, Mjenir saw her as a potential threat to his position of importance in the tribe. When he belatedly realized how fascinated Olaf was with the young woman, it heightened Mjenir's fear that Hedrun would steal away everything that belonged to him. He forbade Olaf from seeing the girl, which naturally had the effect of driving his son straight into Hedrun's arms. Tragically, jealous Auril would allow Hedrun no mortal love, and her power froze Olaf to death at Hedrun's touch.

When Mjenir learned of Olaf's death, he brought his son's body before King Jarund as proof of the danger that Hedrun posed to the tribe. Though he could easily have demanded her life in payment for Olaf's, Mjenir feared that he would be haunted by the vengeful spirit of one so great. Instead, he

THE REGHED GLACIER

At the eastern edge of Icewind Dale, the frozen tundra meets the great expanse of the Reghed Glacier. Even the barbarians rarely venture to this bleak and barren area. Icy winds pour off the glacier, robbing the plains below of moisture, and the glacier's slow advance and retreat scours the earth of whatever life takes root there. Great earthen walls, left behind by the glacier's past retreats, stand guard over the empty tundra. The barbarians say these walls were erected by the giants in the Dawn Ages to mark the boundaries of their kingdoms, and many otherwise brave warriors refuse to range beyond them.

demanded that she be banished from the tribe, believing that the girl would meet her end in the jaws of a wild beast.

Now that the winter storms have come unseasonably soon, and the hunters have returned with tales of a witch wandering the tundra, driving beasts and snow before her, Mjenir realizes that his decision to banish Hedrun might have been a mistake. He has not shared his suspicion of the Ice Witch's true identity with anyone else, lest he be seen as having brought her vengeance down upon the Elk Tribe. Similarly, he opposed Hengar Aesnvaard's suggestion to find aid in Ten-Towns because he fears repercussions if outsiders discover the witch's identity and the source of her grievance. Instead, he urges Jarund to placate the gods with sacrifices and keep the tribe on the move to stay ahead of the witch's attacks. In his heart, though, Mjenir knows he cannot outrun winter's fury, and he seeks a way to counter the witch's threat without admitting his culpability to the rest of his tribe. Perhaps he can put a friend or a foe in the witch's way—someone who might stand a chance of destroying her.

Warriors of the Elk Tribe

Hengar Aesnvaard: As a young man, Hengar Aesnvaard grew up hearing tales of Wulfgar Dragonsbane, the Elk king who slew the dragon Icingdeath and, along with the other famed Companions, saved Ten-Towns from the army of Akar Kessel at the Battle of Icewind Dale. To hear his fellow tribe members tell it, Wulfgar's glorious victories validated the Reghed way of life. The king's loyalty to the tribes, his trust in his own strength to win through adversity, and the restless wanderings of his late career all spoke to the virtues that Hengar had been taught since he was a boy.

Hengar took a different lesson from the tales. Where others spoke of Wulfgar's loyalty in rejecting

a life with the dwarves to return to his rightful place among his people, Hengar saw a sense of duty. Where they spoke of Wulfgar's reliance on his own might, Hengar saw the hero's reliance on his friends. And where some pointed to the famed king's journeys as a rejection of the sentimentality of city-dwellers, who foolishly die rather than leave their precious homes, Hengar saw the searching of a man who no longer felt at home among his people.

Now a seasoned warrior of the Elk Tribe, Hengar still has a habit of seeing things differently from



his fellows. He has never understood the aloofness between the Reghed tribes and the people of Ten-Towns when there is so much each could offer the other. But on the few times when he broached the subject, he was harshly rebuked by his peers, so now Hengar mostly keeps his thoughts to himself.

Recently, with the sightings of the Ice Witch, Hengar has had new reason to speak his mind. When the warriors spoke of the witch's apparent invincibility and Mjenir offered no advice other than to flee, Hengar decided it was time to seek the aid of the people of Ten-Towns. With King Jarund's blessing, he traveled to Bryn Shander in search of a wizard or someone else knowledgeable in the ways of magic who might be able to tell him how the Elk Tribe can fight this new menace.

Soren Arnsfirth: Hedrun's father is one of the older warriors in the Elk Tribe, notable for his sky-blue eyes and his quiet demeanor. A simple man with no insight into the workings of spirits or the mysteries of gods and magic, Soren was confused and frightened by the strange abilities his daughter began to manifest as she grew. He felt helpless as he watched the tribe turn its back on her, not knowing how to comfort his daughter or even relate to her.

Soren sought Mjenir's counsel on many occasions, but always came away frustrated by the shaman's insistence on treating Hedrun as a threat to be managed rather than as a loved one to be helped. Although Soren lacks the courage to speak out against the shaman, he resents Mjenir for turning his back on Hedrun and banishing her from the tribe. His hesitancy stems also from the possibility that Mjenir might have been right to cast the girl out, and as a grieving father himself, Soren can understand Mjenir's bitterness over the loss of his son.

With the recent sightings of the Ice Witch, Soren has begun to think that Hedrun might have survived her banishment. His conjecture has no basis other than his hope that his daughter yet lives, so he has told no one of his thoughts. He has voiced support for Mjenir's policy of avoiding encounters with the witch, since Soren does not want to see his daughter killed even if she has become a monster.

Icingdeath's Lair

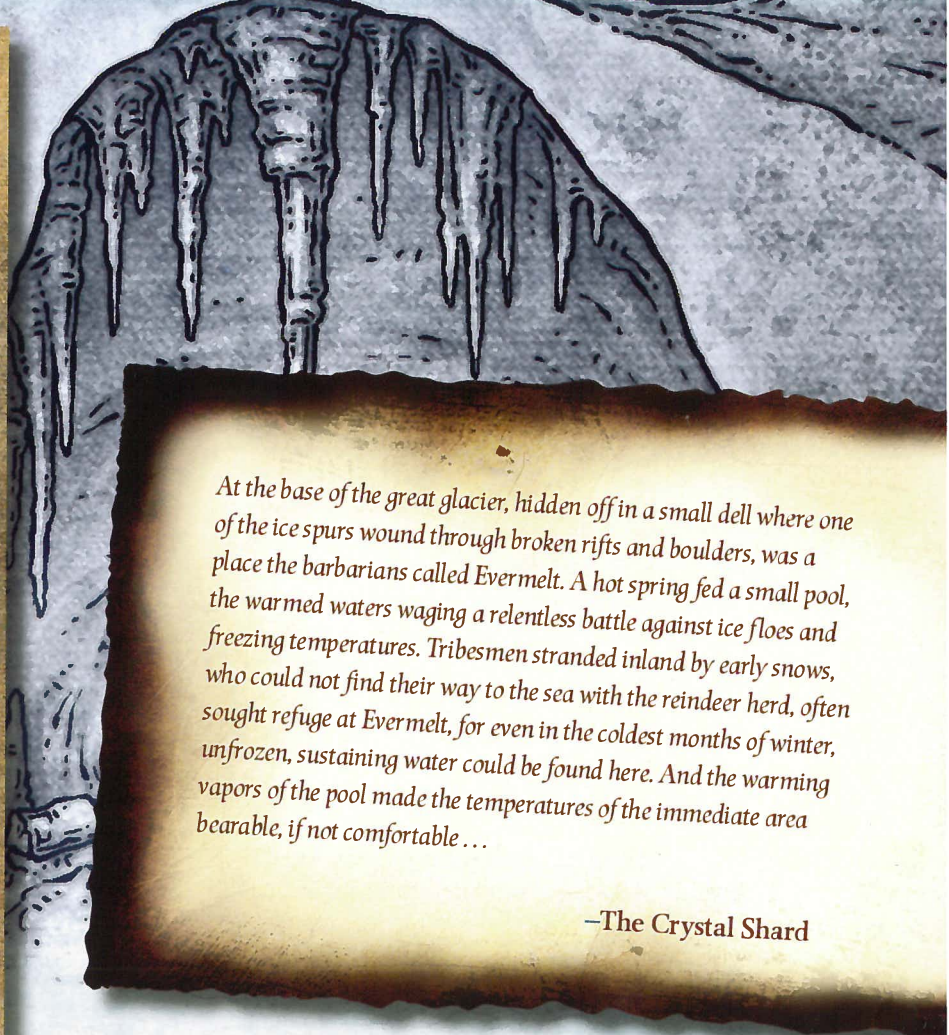
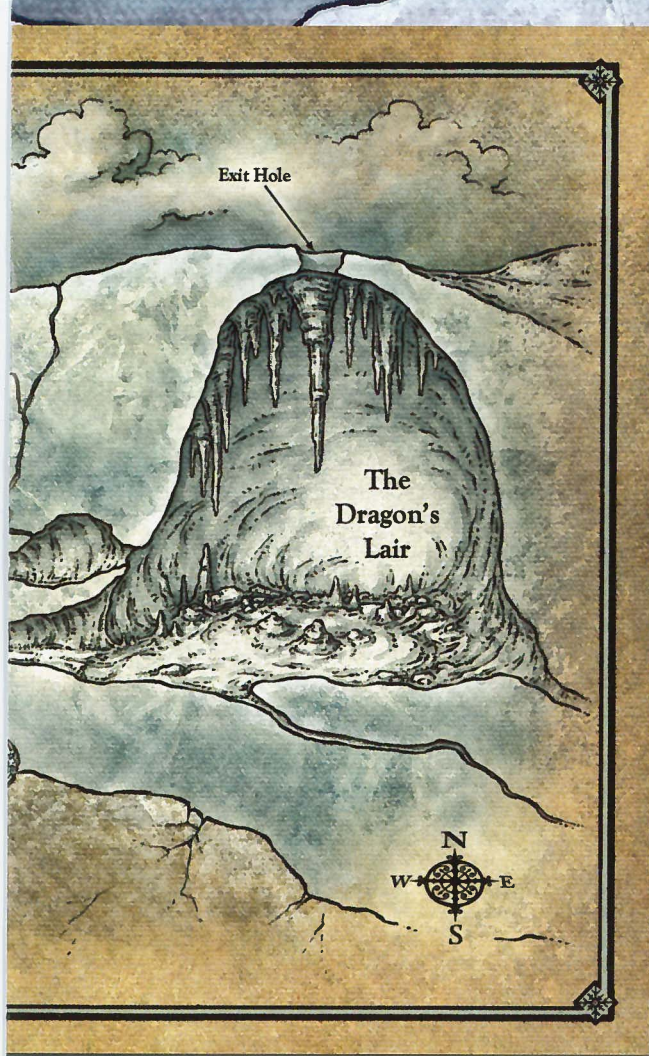


EVERMELT

A sacred site to the Reghed tribes, Evermelt is an oasis of warmth in the midst of the frozen desert, a hot spring that bubbles up at the foot of the Reghed Glacier. Walled off from the howling wind and warmed by heat from the depths of the earth, Evermelt is a sanctuary and a refuge. It is also one of the entrances to the old lair of the white dragon Icingdeath, and it remains a place of terrible danger even a century after the creature's death.

Sacred Pool: The turquoise waters of the sacred pool appear still and calm. Sometimes a glint of gold is visible at the bottom of the pool—perhaps a glimpse of a mineral embedded in one of the colorful boulders that make up the glacial moraine. Those who enter the water risk being caught in a current that cuts down into the heart of the glacier. A character can fight the current and stay afloat in the pool, or navigate the narrow chute without injury, by succeeding on a hard Strength check.

Under the influence of Hedrun the Ice Witch, members of the Tribe of the Bear who have sworn



At the base of the great glacier, hidden off in a small dell where one of the ice spurs wound through broken rifts and boulders, was a place the barbarians called Evermelt. A hot spring fed a small pool, the warmed waters waging a relentless battle against ice floes and freezing temperatures. Tribesmen stranded inland by early snows, who could not find their way to the sea with the reindeer herd, often sought refuge at Evermelt, for even in the coldest months of winter, unfrozen, sustaining water could be found here. And the warming vapors of the pool made the temperatures of the immediate area bearable, if not comfortable...

—The Crystal Shard

allegiance to Auril camp around the pool to guard their sacred site in the dragon's old lair.

Chute and Tunnel: The narrow chute leading from the pool widens as it descends, allowing creatures that get caught in the flow an opportunity to draw a breath of bitterly cold air as they continue downward. The descent presents the threat of drowning and the danger of injury as the waters smash against the ice walls.

Waterfall Cavern: No sooner has the tunnel widened than the stream drops into a cascade over a shelf of ice, plunging into a high, domed ice cave hung with jagged icicles. The floor of the cave is strewn with sharp ice spikes, like stalagmites formed as water drips from the ceiling high above. In some places, tall columns of ice join the floor and ceiling in crystalline structures that scatter what little sunlight filters through the ice roof above.

Characters hurtling down the tunnel can attempt to catch themselves before plummeting over the waterfall, but the icy walls make that task extremely difficult. As Wulfgar did, a character can attempt a hard Strength check to jump from the edge of the waterfall and catch an icicle or ice column so as to

make a more controlled descent. Those who fail drop thirty feet onto the jagged ice below.

Most of the water drains off through a narrow channel in the floor, but some of the waterfall's spray, already half frozen, collects in strangely beautiful heaps of ice particles that further scatter the light. Several tunnels lead on from the cavern, meandering farther into the glacier's vast expanse. Some run without interruption until they finally close off, and others end suddenly where the water spills down narrow crevasses. Unexplored tunnels might open into other caverns, from which yet more passages branch.

The Dragon's Lair: The widest tunnel from the waterfall cavern leads to the enormous ice cave that was once the lair of the white dragon Ingeloakastimizilian, which the barbarians called Icingdeath. Though the dragon was slain by the Elk Tribe hero Wulfgar over a century ago, its frozen remains lie here still, its desiccated flesh frozen to its bones, the great icicle that stabbed its heart still lodged in the creature's ribs. The cultists of Auril who have discovered this lair revere the remains as if they were a manifestation of the Frostmaiden herself.

THE DWARVES

Heirs of the once-mighty kingdom of Delzoun, the dwarves of the North are a scattered remnant of a great people. Delzoun, the Northkingdom, arose when the dwarves were a flourishing race and expanded outward from greater kingdoms in the southern lands. It was the most grand and glorious of several kingdoms founded across the North, and it thrived for almost four thousand years before its fall fifteen hundred years ago. At its height, Delzoun stretched four hundred miles from east to west, with great citadels aboveground (of which Adbarr and Felbarr still survive) and vast tracts of Underdark caves, mines, and tunnels.

Delzoun slid into decline as the dwarves' numbers were whittled away in endless wars against goblins, orcs, and other monsters. One by one, their holdings—including the fortresses of Ascore and Gauntlgrym, and the subterranean network of the Fardrimm—fell to invaders that came out of the mountains and threats that rose up from the Underdark. Though surface outposts such as Citadel Adbarr and Citadel Felbarr remained in dwarven hands long after Delzoun's fall, they were cut off from each other and continued to diminish slowly over the centuries.

Before the fall of Delzoun, a large clan of dwarves led by Gandalug Battlehammer established a mithral mine just west of the kingdom and named it Mithral Hall. The Battlehammer dwarves and their allies mined beneath the hall for centuries, growing wealthy as they traded with merchants from across the North. But they delved too deeply, inadvertently opening a portal to a shadowy plane and allowing the shadow dragon Shimmergloom to enter their halls.

Shimmergloom scattered the dwarves of Mithral Hall and made its lair among the deepest mines. The fleeing dwarves spread throughout the North, some taking refuge with their kin in Citadel Adbarr. Most of Clan Battlehammer, though—including the prince of Mithral Hall, young Bruenor—fled the region entirely and came to Icewind Dale.

Thus, the dwarves of the dale are a remnant of a remnant. These members of Clan Battlehammer established their mines in the valley alongside Kelvin's Cairn and lived in the dale for two centuries. When Bruenor Battlehammer found lost Mithral Hall, his clan joined him in reclaiming it and abandoned Icewind Dale entirely.

Over the next decades, perhaps two hundred dwarves returned to Icewind Dale, having grown

accustomed to life in the wintry region (though they remained loyal to the kings of Mithral Hall). Now ruled by a cousin of the Battlehammer line, Stokely Silverstream, the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn continue their old ways, mining the scant veins of iron that run beneath the tundra and crafting the finest weapons, armor, and tools available in Icewind Dale.

The dwarves of the dale are in a situation less bleak than a century ago, not so obviously doomed to eventual oblivion. Young dwarves are more commonly seen in the mines and tunnels of the valley, and laughter more often echoes in the halls. Not that the dwarves are any less gruff, stern, or taciturn; they weather the hardships of life in Icewind Dale with their characteristic stoic silence. But now, visitors from Mithral Hall arrive with nearly every caravan, come to visit kin. And rather than lament lost Mithral Hall, they toast its kings in their feasts—King Connerad, who sits on the throne now, and King Bruenor, who liberated it a century ago.

The dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn live in their mines, but some parts of the mines are more hospitable than others. As iron veins ran out, the dwarves converted the underground caverns into living spaces—homes, forges, shops, and the like. Rough-hewn walls scarred by miners' picks were smoothed and squared or carved into perfect circles. Hearths were lit in alcoves where iron had been dug out from the stone. Doors were fitted into stone archways and floors were leveled, creating all the comforts of dwarven homes.

They had made their home in the rocky valley between the two northernmost of the three lakes long before any humans, other than the barbarians, had come to Icewind Dale. They were a poor remnant of what had once been a thriving dwarven society, a band of refugees beaten and broken by the loss of their homeland and heritage. They continued to dwindle in numbers, their elders dying as much of sadness as old age. Though the mining under the fields of the region was good, the dwarves seemed destined to fade away into oblivion.

—The Crystal Shard



Life in the Echoing Halls

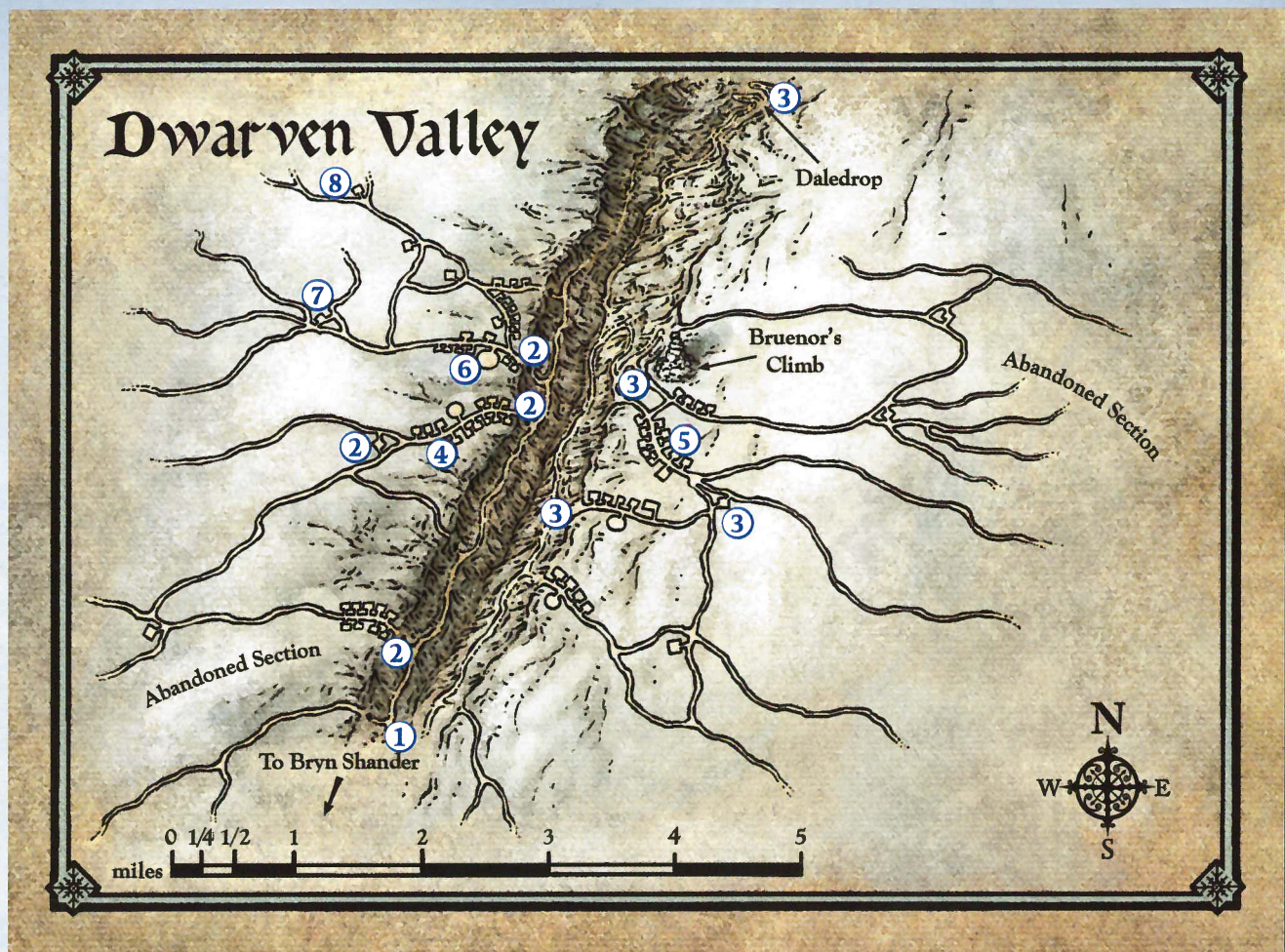
Mining and smithing are the main work of the Kelvin's Cairn dwarves. In contrast to the rich mithral veins of Mithral Hall, Icewind Dale offers only iron ore and the occasional find of gold, and many of those veins are already played out. But the artistry of the dwarf smiths has not diminished, and the mines produce enough iron to keep them in business for years to come.

The dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn are part of Clan Battlehammer, but only a small part, distant from Bruenor's line. Stokely isn't a king—he uses the title “Dain,” appropriate to the head of a small clan, and that only rarely. The warriors who fight alongside him are “Stokely's boys,” with no pretense of military organization or rank. The dwarves give respect to their elders and honor to the smiths and warriors who distinguish themselves in their fields but otherwise live as equal members of the clan.

The dwarves revere Dumathoin, the Keeper of Secrets under the Mountain, at makeshift shrines scattered among the mines. Dumathoin is the patron deity of miners and shield dwarves, and he is said to guide the dwarves in their search for new veins of ore. A large temple cut into the western side of the valley honors Dumathoin alongside other dwarven gods.

Dwarven crafts are stamped with a smith's mark—in this case, the foaming mug that represents Clan Battlehammer. This sign stands for high quality in towns and cities across the North, which prompts some unscrupulous human smiths to imitate it on their own inferior work.

The dwarves have no formal representation on the council of speakers that governs Ten-Towns, but they have been known to send representatives to the council when situations arise that concern all the inhabitants of Icewind Dale.



THE DWARVEN VALLEY

The cleft of earth that stretches south from the foot of Kelvin's Cairn is known to the people of Icewind Dale as the dwarven valley. For almost as long as people have been fishing the lakes, the dwarves of Clan Battlehammer have been living in the valley and mining its depths. Visitors who stand at the valley's edge can see the dwarven tunnels running in rows along the walls, connected by narrow walkways, and hear the faint ringing of hammer strikes carried on the wind. Those who pick their way down the dizzying switchback at Daledrop are transported to a different realm entirely.

Gone is the howling glacial wind, replaced by the clangorous echoes of axes striking on steel, hammers pounding out iron, and picks chipping away at the mountain's stone. The wide-open expanses of the lakes and tundra are replaced by the towering walls of the valley, blocking out any sight of the surrounding lands. Even the craggy profile of Kelvin's Cairn is transformed by the view from the valley floor. What others think of as the mountain is, to the dwarves, simply its peak. The heart of Kelvin's Cairn is what lies beneath, deep in its tunnels and mines.

The Dwarven Halls

At first glance, the valley at the foot of the mountain often seems desolate. No buildings or other signs of habitation are evident except for the stone stairs and walkways carved into the cliff side. It is behind those walls of stone, hidden from view, that the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn go about their daily lives. In these troubled times, sentries wander the valley and stand guard at various points on the map on the facing page (marked as areas 1, 2, and 3).

Lining the tunnels that bore into the valley's sides are the dwarven halls—winding rows of living quarters, meeting halls, dining halls, storerooms, forges, temples, kitchens, and armories. The map enlarges these halls and flattens them vertically. The complex is made of a large number of small chambers opening onto the main tunnels, stacked two or sometimes three high, with carved staircases leading to the higher doors.

Most of the living quarters are modest, consisting of a single room with a table, bed, and trunk, or occasionally a suite of rooms for a large family. The meeting and dining halls are much larger, since these are the areas where the dwarves most frequently congregate. They are set with great tables

and benches and decorated with intricate stone carvings and metalwork.

The forge is the heart of any dwarven hall, and every time the dwarves dig a new tunnel, the first space they carve out is a new forge room. Dwarven forges are much more spacious than those found in human cities—the latter typically are the provenance of a single specialist with perhaps a few assistants, but the forge in a dwarven community is used by nearly everyone.

The dwarves who are loyal to Stokely Silverstream have gathered within this mile-long hall and named it Battlehammer Hold (area 4), after their clan. About eighty dwarves live in this part of the valley, and at any given time about twenty-five of them are on guard duty or patrolling the road. These dwarves live in twelve family homes cut into the walls; in most cases, two families live in each home so that the whole population can fit within this single, easily patrolled area.

The westernmost home on the south side of the hall belongs to Dain Stokely Silverstream, the leader of these dwarves and, before Baerick's rise, of the whole valley.

The large hexagonal chamber on the north side of the hall is the community forge, where the dwarves continue to smelt what little iron they're able to bring up from the mines and work it into the items that they trade with Ten-Towns. The forge chamber has become a sort of town hall, where the remaining loyal dwarves discuss the pressing issues that face the community.

Baerick Hammerstone now leads the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn from his seat in the Halls of Black Ice (area 5), on the eastern side of the dwarven valley. Like Stokely's dwarves on the west side, Baerick's followers have consolidated their homes into a single mile-long stretch of tunnel that is easily defensible—though the enemies that Baerick imagines are not the same ones that Stokely fears.

About sixty dwarves live in the Halls of Black Ice, sharing space in a dozen large family homes. The easternmost home on the south side of the hall belongs to Baerick, and on the other side of the hall is his forge, where he crafts black ice weapons and armor to outfit his comrades. At the moment, the forge room holds about five hundred pounds of unworked black ice.

An enormous round chamber in the eastern mines is the dwarves' temple (area 6), honoring their four most important deities: Moradin, the head of the dwarf pantheon, called the Dwarffather and Soul Forger; Berronar Truesilver, the Revered Mother; Clanggedin Silverbeard, the Father of Battle; and Dumathoin, the Keeper of Secrets under the Mountain. Each deity has

an altar on a dais against the circular wall, and a great forge stands in the center of the temple, used by dwarf smiths to create their finest works in honor of the deities. Before the recent troubles began, the forge was kept burning continuously, but its flames have gone out since it has been left untended.

The Mines

The first tunnels dug by the Battlehammer clan after its arrival in Icewind Dale traced the veins of iron ore the dwarves found riddling the valley walls. Over the ensuing decades, the most accessible veins were dug out, so the dwarves were forced to delve deeper to find more ore. The original mining tunnels were expanded and turned into living quarters as the miners pushed farther into the mountain's roots. Now, after three centuries of activity, the mines extend into the bowels of Kelvin's Cairn. Just reaching the active loads requires nearly half an hour's walk from the valley floor, and anyone who wasn't raised to navigate below ground will likely become lost in the twisting and looping tunnels.

As with the living quarters, the map simplifies the layout of the mines, showing only the largest tunnels. The mines are cramped and dark, and the air is stale. Anyone taller than a dwarf is forced to stoop when traveling through the passages. Even at their widest, the tunnels don't have enough room for two people to move freely. Torches and lamps burn dimly in the poor air, and casting any kind of fire spell consumes so much of the available oxygen that creatures in the area are left laboring to breathe.

A junction in the western mines that served as a staging area for expeditions into the newer tunnels, the nexus (area 7) is more than two miles from the shaft entrance in the valley. It is a large chamber that incorporates both a forge and a small shrine to Dumathoin, which is typical for new mines in the valley.

The Abandoned Tunnels

Over the years, many dwarven tunnels fell out of use. A tunnel might be abandoned because of exhaustion of a nearby mineral lode, the movement of clans out of the valley (or into other parts of it) to be near their kin, infestations of monsters or vermin, or cave-ins. Sometimes a tunnel is reclaimed years later when new ore veins are discovered, clan members return home, and vermin are driven out. Often, though, the dwarves excavate new passages better suited to their needs, resulting in an expanding network of tunnels that extend ever farther beyond the valley walls.

The greatest concentration of abandoned passages is at the southern end of the valley, where a hundred

years ago the dwarves lured the army of Akar Kessell into the area before they collapsed many of the tunnels, burying the wizard's forces beneath the fallen rock. Although many orcs and goblins died that day and the strategy saved the valley from further incursion by the wizard's army, the dwarves lost much of their home in the bargain.

Following the war, the dwarves planned to excavate and reclaim the southern tunnels but were distracted by the reclamation of Mithral Hall. After many members of Clan Battlehammer left the valley to return to their ancestral hall, the remaining dwarves were too few to manage the task, and the existing tunnels were spacious enough to accommodate their reduced numbers.

Although the population of the dwarves in the valley has swelled since that time, they have cut new homes from the stone, so the southern tunnels remain abandoned. Many of them are still choked with debris or rigged to collapse at a moment's notice.

Akar Kessell lurks in the deep mines (area 8), from where he sends plagues of zombies to harass the dwarves who are loyal to Stokely while encouraging Baerick Hammerstone in his depravity. The most significant zombie attack to date, which left no survivors, involved a mining party that had established a camp in the nexus.

DENIZENS OF THE VALLEY

The dwarves who live in the valley are sharply divided into two camps, represented by their leaders—Stokely Silverstream and Baerick Hammerstone. The arrival of Stokely's niece, Helda, who tries to bring adventurers with her to the valley, might tip the balance in Stokely's favor.

Stokely Silverstream

Dain of the Dwarven Valley

Since arriving in Icewind Dale as a lad, the long-time leader of the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn has become one of the oldest residents of the valley. Stokely Silverstream has the mountain in his bones, say the dwarves—a comment on his age and his uncanny knack for navigating the mountain's depths, a skill that has enriched the Battlehammer clan over the years as Stokely has unearthed new lodes in the old mines.

But now the discovery of zombies—dead dwarves animated by necromancy—in the mines has eroded the dwarves' confidence in Stokely's leadership.

Some have blamed him for the attacks, accusing Stokely of pushing too far into the mountain too fast and placing the miners in danger. Others have charged Stokely with being too timid in the face of the attacks. Normally, such talk would bring rebukes from the clan members who have prospered under Stokely's leadership—but the taint of the black ice, which is prevalent in the valley, has made the usually level-headed dwarves short-tempered and quick to find fault with one another. Few of them are cognizant of the change in their behavior, and no one knows the true reason for it.

The situation has recently come to a head in a schism that has erupted in the valley. On one side is Baerick Hammerstone, one of the first to discover the black ice, and other dwarves who have succumbed to its influence. On the other side is Stokely, with dwarves who have not yet given in to its evil. Each side has its soldiers, and the schism could turn into a full-fledged civil war.

Helda Silverstream

Merchant of Mirabar

Born of the union between clans Silverstream and Battlehammer, Helda Silverstream is a young dwarf who inherited the formidable cunning of her father's kin as well as the bravery associated with her mother's name. Worldly as well as wise, she has already seen more of the world in her sixty years than her uncle has in his many long winters. After spending her formative years hearing about the vaunted clan Battlehammer and the splendor of her mother's clan's seat at Mithral Hall, Helda took it upon herself to travel there at the tender age of thirty-five, defying her parents and the conventions of dwarven society to leave her home at so young an age. Helda's father asked Stokely to forbid her from leaving the valley, but the elder Silverstream—whether because of his own regret over never having visited the vaunted dwarven hold, or because he realized that nothing he could say would sway the determined young dwarf—gave Helda his blessing, so she left with the next caravan heading south out of Icewind Dale.

Although Helda's fiery personality was forged in the valley of Kelvin's Cairn, her skills were tempered in the bowels of Mithral Hall. There she learned mining, smithcraft, and the arts of war and diplomacy from her mother's people, displaying the earnestness of a dwarf who had grown up in a harsh land that could ill accommodate the time required to spend so long at study. Even in their protected valley home, the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn struggle to live through each winter, hunting for food and resources and

fending off the orcs, giants, and other creatures that would claim the valley's shelter. The clan members in Icewind Dale must work hard simply to survive—they do not have the luxury of a liberal education.

Helda did not intend to spend the rest of her winters in Mithral Hall, so after ten years there, she moved on to Mirabar, to seek a life and a fortune of her own. Though she makes her home in that city, she travels throughout the North, bringing her metalwork and jewelry to customers ranging from Waterdeep to Icewind Dale.

Helda Silverstream has gray eyes and dreadlocks of long, mahogany hair that she pulls back behind her head. She wears the hooded silver-stitched blue cloak of her clan, fastened with a silver clasp in the shape of a dwarven war axe, marking her as a warrior of the Axe of Mirabar.

Baerick Hammerstone

Master of black ice

Armed with a great maul fashioned of black ice and girded in plate mail made of the same stuff, Baerick Hammerstone is the leader of a group of xenophobic dwarves who have severed ties with Stokely Silverstream and brought the dwarven valley to the brink of civil war.

Until recently, he was merely a simple stone carver living peaceably with his fellow dwarves. Several months ago, Baerick's fortunes changed when he joined a small expedition formed by a wizard's apprentice from Luskan. The group began near the summit of Kelvin's Cairn, where Baerick helped to unearth the undead form of Akar Kessel, the long-dead Tyrant of Icewind Dale.

Under Kessel's leadership, the expedition journeyed to the northern slopes of the Spine of the World. After much searching, Baerick found what the undead wizard sought: a black stone as smooth as glass. Though it seemed translucent at first glance, a trick of the eye caused it to look darker the longer Baerick squinted at it, as if the stone were drinking in light. More impressively, when he took his pick to the stone, he could not damage it.

While Akar Kessel dithered about what to do with the substance, another miner tried to seize the stone, and Baerick buried his pick in the other dwarf's skull. The rest of the miners set upon him and one another in a mad scramble to acquire the strange stone, until only Baerick survived—much to Kessel's amusement. With the wizard's help, Baerick gathered as much of the black ice as the wizard's magic could help him carry and returned to Kelvin's Cairn.



Back at his workshop, Baerick set about trying to carve the stone. He discovered that heating the stone in a forge softened it enough to be carved, and he began fashioning small trinkets from the samples he had brought back. Baerick put his "black ice" trinkets, as he dubbed them, up for sale, and they spread quickly among the dwarves. With Kessel's help and encouragement, Baerick excavated more of the black ice and sold his trinkets even more widely. The wizard apprentice who first hired him acted as his agent in Ten-Towns, and soon Baerick received commissions for other objects made of black ice—knives, fishing hooks, even a ram for one of the boats on Lac Dinneshere. Eventually, he began to experiment with fashioning weapons and armor from the black ice.

What Baerick did not realize was that the black stone was ice infused with the remnants of the Cryshal-Tirith erected by Akar Kessel over a century ago. Forged from the essence of the evil Crystal Shard, the Cryshal-Tirith carried a trace of the shard's taint, and thus so does the black ice formed from its remnants. The taint slowly corrupts anyone who comes into possession of the black ice, although the effect is more pronounced in those who have more contact with the substance.



KELVIN'S CAIRN

Rising out of the desolate tundra of Icewind Dale is a mountain of giant boulders, piled one atop the other until they narrow to a snow-capped peak. Beasts hunt upon the craggy slopes, giants tread across the broken rills, and dwarves mine its hidden depths. This is Kelvin's Cairn, the highest point in Icewind Dale and also its heart; all else is fixed by its position relative to the mountain.

Although the boulder-strewn slopes look about as stable as a pile of sand, the unusual mountain has stood for as long as anyone can remember. According to the barbarians, the cairn was formed when Tempus, the god of battle, fought Kelvin, a great hero of the frost giants, and slew him on the plain of Icewind Dale. Tempus rent the ground with his axe and took the stones from the earth to heap upon his foe's corpse, serving as a reminder to others of the consequences of incurring the war god's wrath.

Although the dwarves of Clan Battlehammer live in the valley at the foot of Kelvin's Cairn, few humans or dwarves make their way onto the mountain's rocky slopes, and no settlement has ever taken root there. The mountain's face is largely home to wild beasts, the most dangerous being the crag cat. Many boastful adventurers have set out from Ten-Towns with the intent of bringing back a crag cat's pelt. Those who return often have harrowing tales to tell of being hunted across the mountain's slopes by the creature they had imagined to be their prey.

LOCATIONS OF NOTE

Although most of the slopes of Kelvin's Cairn are rough, uncharted terrain, a few locations on and around the mountain are well known by the dwarves and the handful of human explorers who venture there.

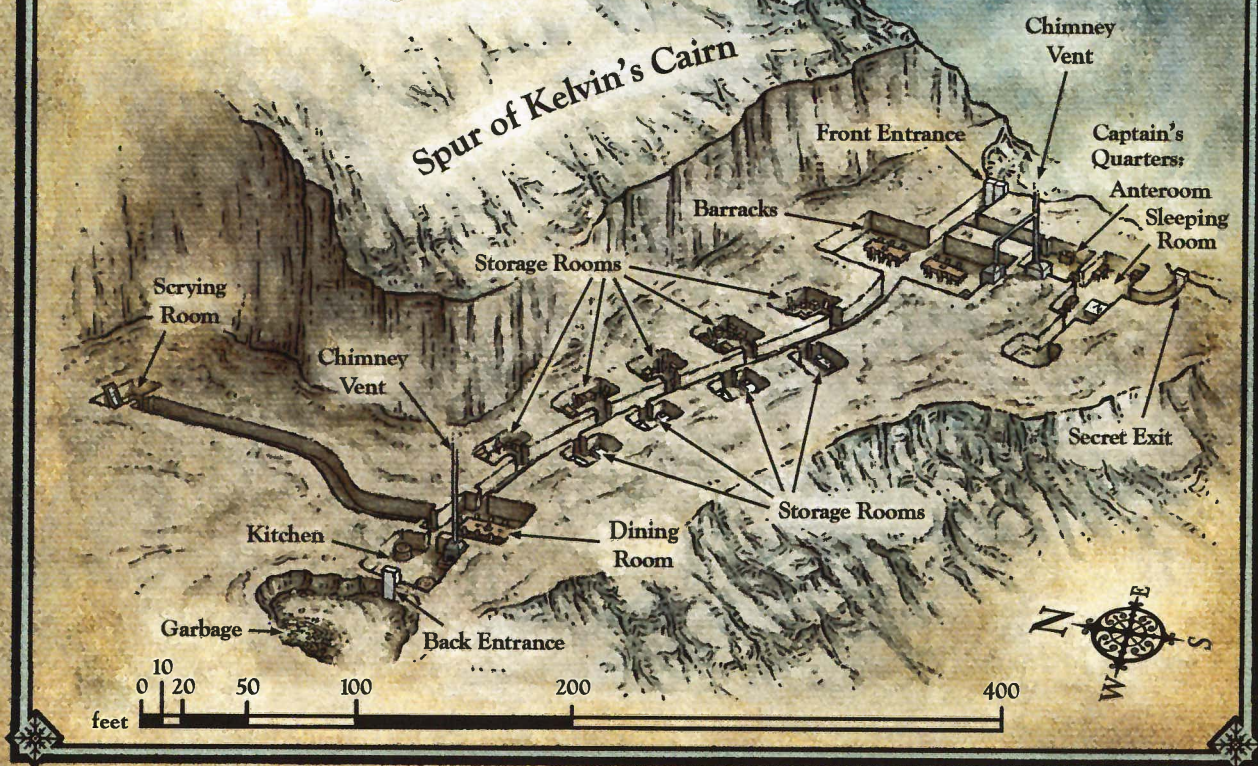
The Only Ways In: Icewind Pass and Bremen's Run are the two passes running along the mountain's eastern and western slopes, respectively. Orcs or barbarians looking to raid Ten-Towns must come down through one of these two passes, and which one they choose determines whether it is the people of Maer Dualdon or Lac Dinneshere who seek refuge behind Bryn Shander's walls while their homes are pillaged and burned.

Daledrop: A natural switchback sits just below the mountain's southern face, descending from the tundra into the valley at the mountain's base. This route, known as Daledrop, is the only accessible entry point to the valley from Lac Dinneshere or Icewind Pass, and the dwarves use this natural chokepoint to defend their valley against intrusion from the north.

Bruenor's Climb: Amid the jumble of boulders that forms Kelvin's Cairn is a protrusion, a sort of spire that offers a commanding view of the Dwarven Valley below and the towns and tundra to all sides. As its name suggests, it was a favorite haunt of the renowned dwarf Bruenor Battlehammer, but it toppled during the battles against Akar Kessel and his armies, when the dwarves sealed their tunnels against the invaders. Years later, the dwarves painstakingly recreated it in honor of the great king of Mithral Hall.

Bruenor's "Temple": At the base of the mountain stands a small grotto, accessible by way of a narrow crevice from the northern end of the dwarven valley. Light shines down through natural holes in the cavern's ceiling, and the chamber thrums with the low whistle of the wind blowing across the mountain's face. Carved into the stone here is a small forge with a freestanding anvil, created and used a century ago by Bruenor Battlehammer to craft his masterwork, the hammer Aegis-fang. Bruenor was the

The Verbeeg Lair



first to discover the grotto and sense its deep connection to the powers of the earth, and since then many dwarves have come to Bruenor's "temple" to craft their own masterworks. Outsiders are seldom allowed to visit the grotto, since the dwarves of the valley regard it as a sacred space.

Verbeeg Lair: Travelers who range farther up the south face might happen upon what appears to be a cave running into the mountainside, its entrance obscured by a boulder or a brace of frostbramble. Beyond the tunnel's entrance lies a dwarven outpost that was abandoned by its creators long ago but has never lain empty for long. Orcs, brigands, and giants have all made their homes here at times. Most memorably, a band of verbeegs in the service of Akar Kessell lived here once, striking out at the dwarves in the valley below before they were exterminated by the Companions of Icewind Dale. Ever since, the outpost has been known in the collective imagination of Ten-Towns as the Verbeeg Lair, though the bands of fortune-seekers that periodically venture there never know who, or what, they will find in residence.

From this vantage point, the mountain was the only silhouette that broke the featureless line of the northern horizon. The cairn had been so named because it resembled a mound of purposely piled boulders; barbarian legend claimed that it truly served as a grave. Certainly the valley where the dwarves now made their home did not resemble any natural landmark. In every direction the tundra rolled on, flat and earthen. But the valley had only sparse patches of dirt sprinkled in among broken boulders and walls of solid stone. It, and the mountain on its northern border, were the only features in all of Icewind Dale with any mentionable quantities of rock, as if they had been misplaced by some god in the earliest days of creation.

—The Crystal Shard

THE FROSTMAIDEN

The goddess Auril is the evil deity of cold and winter, and she is counted among the Gods of Fury alongside Talos (god of destructive storms), Umberlee (god of oceans and sea winds), and Malar (god of the savage hunt). Cruel, jealous, and fickle, she thrives on fear, not worship, causing frosts to kill crops and blizzards to assault travelers when she feels her due has not been paid. Auril grants her favor in response to prayers only capriciously. Even those who earn it are not spared the bitter cold of Auril's breath—only allowed to endure it. More often, the cruel goddess will seem to grant a traveler's prayer with clear skies and mild weather, only to reveal her true nature with a sudden storm that assaults the traveler far from any shelter. Though her fury often abates as quickly as it is roused, those who provoke the Frostmaiden's ire seldom survive it.

Auril's symbol is a white snowflake on a gray diamond (a heraldic lozenge) with a white border.

FOLLOWERS

Auril has few priests and fewer temples. Some druids pay their respects to her on Midwinter Night, and isolated cults spring up from time to time, mostly in cold, remote regions much like Icewind Dale. A handful of temples scattered around the North offer places for the common folk to offer sacrifices, in the hope of appeasing her and staving off her wrath. These shrines are only occasionally visited by Auril's wandering priests, usually females who have survived an encounter with extreme cold through the Frostmaiden's fickle favor.

The idea of a cleric—a character who receives Auril's divine energy in pursuit of her goals—is almost entirely foreign to the faith. From time to time, however, a supplicant who seeks to wield the force of the winter storm to smite foes is granted a shard of Auril's might. The Frostmaiden's only condition is that such a cleric use her ability openly, so that all can see Auril's wrath and fear it properly.

Among the Reghed tribes, the people of the Great Glacier to the east, and a few other hardy, savage folk, shamans of Auril sometimes arise to direct a tribe's worship away from its ancestral deities and toward the Frostmaiden. These shamans teach that the way to endure winter's fury is to inflict it upon others, raiding and pillaging to take the supplies they need to survive the winter.

Offering sacrifices to Auril is socially acceptable—even expected—in places where the threat of winter's fury is very grave. Devoting oneself to the Frostmaiden's service is not. Auril is known as a cruel goddess who loves to inspire fear, and those who would devote themselves to such a deity can hardly be thought to have the well-being of the community in mind. Such people do exist, of course, and sometimes they manage to assemble groups of like-minded individuals into cults that meet in secret to offer praise and sacrifice to Auril. Sometimes a cleric gathers such people together by displaying the Frostmaiden's power; these clerics are often revered as something akin to saints by their followers. Most of the time, though, it is simply the fevered vision of a lunatic devotee that inspires others to join the cult.

PRACTICE

Auril's commandments to her followers are simple: "Let in the cold, that it may chase away the false security of warmth. Embrace the cold, that you may feel my presence. Spread the cold, that others may know and fear my power. Do not kill creatures of the cold except in great need, for I embrace them as my own. Slay others as you will, for my chill breath spares neither king nor beggar, and those who do not know the dangers of the cold can still perish by it."

After autumn's first frost, farmers take a portion of their stored crops and scatter it in the north wind to stave off Auril's wrath. Those who are about to set off on a journey into cold lands sometimes scatter gold or silver coins in deep snow or icy streams. Hunters on the tundra offer the blood of their prey to Auril, spilling it onto the ice or snow and letting it freeze. The most crazed and evil of her worshipers sacrifice humans to her wrath—sometimes under the guise of punishing a criminal by exposure to the elements.

An icy wind swept from the north like a war chariot, bearing upon it the goddess Auril. In her wake came winter storms that made the worst of Aerdrie's attacks seem like gentle zephyrs. Where Auril passed, the trees shivered, and their leaves turned hard and curled inward as if seeking the warmth that lingered within the wood.

—Evermeet: Island of Elves

Followers of the Frostmaiden observe three holy times each year. The Coming Storm and the Last Storm are the celebrations of the beginning and the end of winter, respectively. Midwinter Night is the most sacred time for Auril's faithful.

GOALS

Along with Malar and Umberlee, Auril serves Talos, the god of nature's destructive aspect, and in a way the goddess represents a part of his portfolio—the deadly wrath of winter. She has always resented this subordinate position and believes that Talos has trespassed on her worship for too long, stealing her followers and overshadowing her with his own displays of destruction.

Now, as the Sundering begins, Auril thinks the time has come to establish her position independent of Talos and the other Gods of Fury. She believes (as do most other gods) that the Sundering will end with a new ordering of the pantheon, and thus she strives to claim dominance over winter storms, in opposition to Talos. The Frostmaiden unleashes all the fury she can muster on the northern lands of Faerûn, from Icewind Dale to Sossal in the east, hoping to secure the worship and fear of the populace. Along with brutal weather, she sends the beasts of the tundra to harry the Reghed tribes and the people of Ten-Towns, reminding them that flimsy walls offer no protection from the dark and cold of winter.

Like many other deities, Auril has a mortal agent—a Chosen—to enact her will in Icewind Dale, energize her faithful, and drive fear into the hearts of her foes. For this task, Auril has selected a young barbarian girl named Hedrun from the northernmost wastes of Iceland Dale. Her people, the Elk Tribe, have grown too sure of their ability to secure a livelihood from the desolate tundra, forgetting that they survive to see each spring only with Auril's blessing. Hedrun's first task is to make them remember.

Along with setting a stern example for the Reghed tribes, Hedrun has been charged with recovering the scattered remnants of the Cryshal-Tirith and forging them anew. Auril believes that their latent

enchantments, predating the Spellplague, constitute a vast reserve of magical energy that her Chosen can use to augment the power of the goddess. Perhaps she can even lock Icewind Dale in perpetual winter—an unequivocal demonstration of the potency of the Frostmaiden.

SERVANTS OF AURIL

Auril's harsh measures are having the desired effect, at least to some extent. With Hedrun as her agent in Icewind Dale, she has secured new followers among the Reghed tribes and the Ten-Towners alike. The shaman of the Tribe of the Bear, Bjami Tengervald, has called on his tribe to follow Auril exclusively and has established a makeshift temple in Evermelt, inside the old lair of Icingdeath. They view the ice-encrusted skeleton of the dragon as an manifestation of the Frostmaiden's blessing and offer sacrifices of beasts, monsters, and human foes in the waterfall cavern, where the spray from the falls quickly encases the offerings in ice.

Auril has also anointed a priest among the Ten-Towners, a native of Bremen named Davrick Fain. Though he has no temple or organized congregation, he travels around Ten-Towns, announcing Auril's wrath and calling on the townsfolk to offer sacrifices and petitions to the Frostmaiden.

Davrick Fain

Priest of Auril

After the first great storm of winter, the people of Ten-Towns gave a larger share of their harvest to Auril than ever before, and the cold streams and rivers of the region are littered with copper and silver coins they offered to appease her.

What's more, a handful of Ten-Towners have decided that Auril is a god worth their devotion. Davrick Fain, a merchant in Bremen, wandered out into the tundra in hopes of receiving Auril's blessing and survived after experiencing what he calls "her embrace." After returning to Bremen, he proclaimed himself a priest of the Frostmaiden and began calling loudly on his neighbors to join him in her service. His travels around Ten-Towns, buying goods for his store,

offer him a chance to spread his message throughout Icewind Dale, and his preaching has accounted for an increase in sacrifices to Auril. He has attracted other devotees to her service, forming tiny, secret cells of worshipers in each of the ten towns.

Davrick Fain and his message seemed harmless enough at first, but then travelers started turning up dead, drowned in icy streams or staked to the ground to die of exposure—sacrifices to appease the Frostmaiden. Davrick was never present when the murders were committed, so no culprit could be identified. Nevertheless, many people in Ten-Towns are beginning to look askance at the self-proclaimed priest, suspecting that his devotion to Auril is dangerous to their communities. Others whisper that it's better for strangers to die at winter's hand than for Auril's wrath to obliterate Ten-Towns entirely.

Aside from his cult activities, Davrick Fain operates a resale shop in Bremen called Nine Knuckles. His work takes him to all of the lake towns, where he buys scrimshaw and local products to take back to his shop and sell to unwary travelers and traders who do not realize they're paying an exorbitant markup. (In Bremen, "a regular Nine Knuckles customer" is local parlance for a rube or an easy mark.)

Word has begun to reach Davrick that some of the Reghed tribes have taken up Auril's service, and he has heard rumors of a woman that some say is the Frostmaiden herself—a witch who commands the snows and the beasts of the tundra, and who cannot be harmed by mortal weapons. These tales have captured Davrick's imagination, and he firmly believes that the witch who lives on the Sea of Moving Ice is Auril, calling all true believers to her side before she scours the dale with her freezing breath. Davrick wants to prove that he is her most loyal servant, so he plots to deliver Ten-Towns straight into the hands of the Ice Witch.

Davrick Fain is a man in his mid-thirties, with bright red hair that betrays his Reghed ancestry. He stands well over six feet tall, though he lacks the muscular build common among the tribes. No longer troubled by cold, he wears fine clothes imported from the south, with no cloak or fur linings.

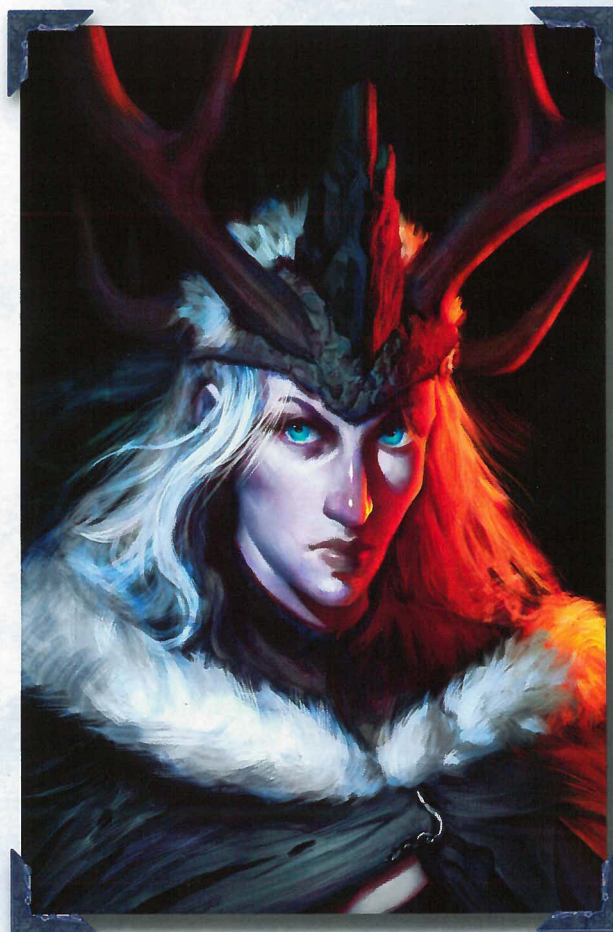
Hedrun Arnsfirth

The Ice Witch, Chosen of Auril

A bright and strong-willed girl of the Elk Tribe, Hedrun was secretly blessed by Auril as a Chosen in anticipation of the Sundering. Although Hedrun is not immune to the cold, she was less affected by it and embraced the freezing death of winter as a bracing time of clarity and beauty. This alone made her seem queer to her tribe; then, as she grew older,

strange events occurred in her presence. Hot food swiftly grew cold. Fires had to be built higher to keep them burning. She always felt as cold as death, so everyone avoided her touch—all except a young warrior of the tribe, the son of the shaman. Despite being constantly warned to stay away from Hedrun, he was instead drawn to her beauty and distant sadness. They began to talk secretly, sneaking away from the camp when they could to share their private thoughts. On one such intimate excursion, they kissed for the first—and last—time. The son of the shaman instantly froze to death, touched by his love's lips but killed by Auril's jealousy.

The frightened and infuriated tribe banished Hedrun, stripping her of all protection and leaving her to die on the freezing tundra. But she did not die. Shedding tears that froze on her cheeks and shivering so much she could hardly walk, she wandered aimlessly, feeding on carrion and eating snow to slake her thirst. She asked Tempus why this fate was thrust upon her, but the god of warriors gave no answer. Similarly, she prayed to the great elk spirit, but it too was silent. On a particularly hard day, she gazed into a gray sky filled with whirling snow and screamed her question. "Because you are special," came a tinkling answer on the wind. "Because you are great and



beautiful in a way they could not understand. Because you are powerful, and they fear that power."

Over the next months, Auril's Chosen learned of the wondrous abilities she possessed and how she could use them to befriend the beasts of the cold when her fellow humans would not associate with her. Now she seeks revenge against her people, and Auril urges her in dreams to show the folk of Icewind Dale what winter really means.

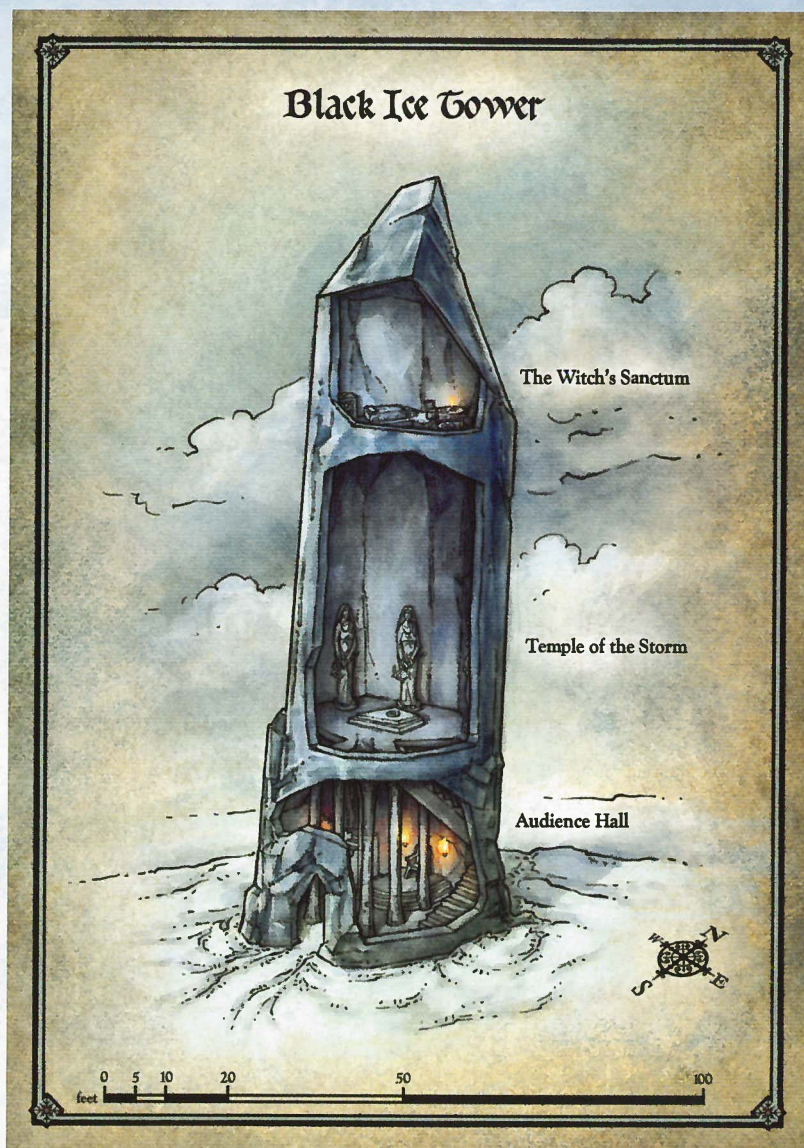
The Ice Witch is blessed with Auril's power. She freezes whatever she touches, and she can hurl icicles at distant foes. She can walk across water by freezing it with every step or turn the ground beneath her to slippery ice. She commands absolute obedience from the beasts of the tundra, and winter storms rise at her will. What's more, she can shape an image of herself out of ice and snow and imbue it with her consciousness, creating a duplicate that carries out her will (and Auril's) while her real body slumbers in an ice coffin in her remote tower. Thus, the people of the Reghed tribes believe that she cannot be harmed by weapons, for when the icy simulacrum is destroyed, it crumbles into snow, causing the real Hedrun no harm. A few days later, a new simulacrum appears.

THE TOWER OF THE ICE WITCH

The Sea of Moving Ice is one of the most remote regions in all Faerûn. Few people have ever laid eyes on this frozen realm, and fewer still have wandered its wastes and returned to tell the tale. Glaciers and ice floes slide and crash together, grinding to flinders most ships that dare to navigate its waters. Yet somehow, the Ice Witch has built a tower of black ice here, infused with the evil of the Crystal Shard.

The tower stands over a hundred feet tall and resembles the prism shape of a quartz crystal, though it is black and mostly opaque. An open archway leads into the structure, in obedience to Auril's command that the winter wind be allowed entry into every building.

The Witch's Sanctum: The top floor of the tower is sparsely furnished, with a slab of black ice for a bed, a table and stool formed of the same substance, and a small shrine to Auril flanked by smaller



statues of the goddess. A few shelves adorned with tribute collected from raids on Ten-Towns and the Reghed tribes line another wall. Cold blue flames flicker atop the table and shrine.

Temple of the Storm: The second floor is a large, open area with a ceiling 80 feet high, the chamber adorned only by six tall statues of Auril. A dais in the center of the room is decorated with the Frostmaiden's symbol. Directly above the dais, a hole in the ceiling offers access to the third floor by way of flight or levitation.

Audience Hall: The ground floor of the tower is an audience hall with a throne opposite the archway. Here Hedrun receives the obeisance of the handful of Reghed barbarians and orcs from the Spine of the World that come to pay homage to her. The columns, throne, and stairs leading up to the next level are all shaped from ice and slick underfoot.

BEYOND ICEWIND DALE

All the lands north of the Spine of the World and west of the Reghed Glacier are sometimes called the Frozenfar, for they share the brutal climate and inaccessibility of the dale. These lands fall into four broad categories—the lands downriver of Icewind Dale, the Cold Run at the western extreme of Faerûn, the Spine of the World itself, and the Sea of Moving Ice.

SHAENGARNE RIVER

The Shaengarne River has its headwaters at Bremen, where it drains Maer Dualdon and wends its way west before spilling into the sea at Ironmaster. Along the way, it collects tributaries from Redwaters and the watersheds off the northern slopes of the Spine of the World. In midwinter, the Shaengarne freezes over, although the waters beneath the ice flow year round. The river marks the southernmost extreme of the Reghed tribes' seasonal migrations. In late spring, the top ice breaks and the river floods as its tributaries swell with snowmelt. Salmon swim upstream to spawn in Maer Dualdon, and the Shaengarne runs with trout-like char and other fish.

Ironmaster

The dwarven city of Ironmaster is perched at the western edge of Icewind Dale, where the Shaengarne River flows into the Sea of Moving Ice. The city is nestled in a great cleft where the Shaengarne rushes to the sea. Its stone towers rise like spikes from the valley floor, and the rooms and passages of Ironmaster weave in and out of never-melting ice and the stone of the valley walls. Mining tunnels much like those under Kelvin's Cairn extend from the valley walls far below the tundra, providing the dwarves with an apparently limitless supply of iron.

Ironmaster is populated exclusively by dwarves—about nine thousand of them. Members of other races are forbidden to set foot in Ironmaster Vale. Great stone menhirs marked with the city's arms—a red anvil on a gray diamond standing on end—are arranged in a perimeter around the vale to warn away travelers who stray too close.

COLD RUN

The northernmost reaches of the Sword Coast are commonly referred to as the Cold Run. The name is loosely applied, but it generally refers to the coastal region bracketed by the Shaengarne River to the north and the Iceflow River to the south. The frozen tundra here rises to great cliffs along the coast where the Spine of the World comes down to meet the sea.

Fireshear

The city of Fireshear is the northernmost port along the Sword Coast, known as the point of departure for caravans that take Ten Trail north to Icewind Dale. Travelers that approach Fireshear by sea can take in the city in a glance: a small central district of large stone buildings ascends from the docks, surrounded by a vast sprawl of crude tenements. At the city's far edge is the entrance to Fireshear Vale—a rift in the land that terminates at a great crater, its walls blackened by fire. Sages have argued over what created the crater—whether it was formed in a volcanic eruption or by a star that fell from the heavens—but the violent episode sheared away the ground, revealing the rich copper and silver veins beneath and giving the valley (and later, the neighboring city) its name.

Not all visitors to Fireshear arrive on a ship. Many travel here from Ten-Towns or the smaller surrounding communities such as Auckney and Hundelstone, looking for steady work. Merchants and laborers came here frequently from Luskan before that city descended into chaos. Now, the coastal road from Luskan to Fireshear is plagued by monsters and bandits, and the ferry across the Iceflow River no longer runs, forcing overland travelers to ford the treacherous waters. Regardless of the point of origin, almost everyone who comes to Fireshear arrives for the same reason—to work in its mines.


The city is ruled by a merchant triumvirate, who represent the interests of Mirabar, Neverwinter, and Waterdeep. The triumvirate sends agents to cities and towns along the Sword Coast North, recruiting laborers to work in the mines by luring them with the promise of steady wages plus room and board. For farmsteaders accustomed to scratching an existence out of the soil, the offer brings with it the chance to make more coin in a season than they might otherwise see in a lifetime, so the city maintains the steady influx of fresh labor necessary to drive the relentless pace of its mining operations.

The work in the mines is back-breaking, and turnover is high; many miners work only a handful of seasons before being replaced. Since hired laborers make up over two-thirds of Fireshear's population of about fifteen thousand, most of the city's inhabitants have lived there only a few years and don't really think of it as their home. This attitude contributes not only to the temporary nature of much of the



THE IRON TRAIL

The Iron Trail runs from Ironmaster down the Cold Run, intersecting Ten Trail midway between Fireshear and Hundelstone. The road is used almost exclusively by dwarven caravans that bring their wares to market in Fireshear, since southern caravans know they will find no welcome in Ironmaster.



city's housing but to illicit activity that would meet with censure in a more established community. The ruling merchants do their best to maintain a modicum of law and order, but they are more interested in their profit margins than in the city's welfare, so to a large degree lawless behavior is tolerated.

Visitors spend much of their time in the central district, referred to by locals as "the Vaults" for the two stronghouses there, where miners draw their salaries and deposit their hard-earned coin. The district is home to the Hall of the Triumvirate, a great stone edifice where the merchant lords keep their offices and conduct city business. Nearby are some of Fireshear's best establishments, including the Green Garden restaurant and a tavern called the Singing Manticore. Visitors looking for a livelier scene can go to the Drunken Dwarf, a tavern near the tenements, where many of the mining foremen drink and one can get a sense for the pulse of the city. (In fact, a few of the regulars are informants employed by the Triumvirate to ferret out corrupt foremen and pass along word of any strikes or uprisings planned by the miners.)

Many visitors are surprised to learn that, despite the size of the city, Fireshear has no inns, just a single guest house, wryly called "the Cells" by locals. It is a building of sparse accommodations where visitors are watched and handled by agents of the triumvirate, who carefully guard against any rival organizations such as the Zhentarim or the Shadow Thieves of Amn gaining a foothold in the city.

Auckney

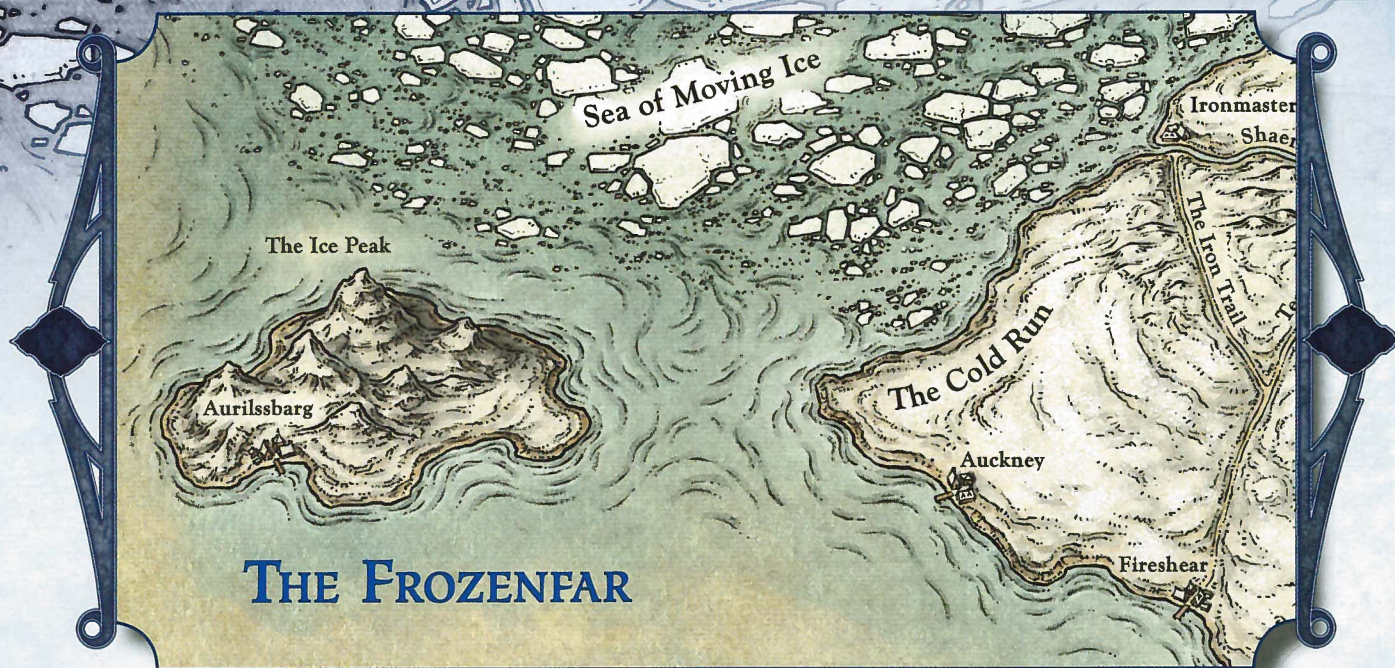
No major trade road leads to Auckney, just a trail to Fireshear. Likewise, the harbor rarely sees incoming ship traffic. The town is too small for trade vessels to bother with it, and the perennial fog that hangs off the coast makes navigation perilous. Thus, Auckney receives few visitors, and its guard towers, standing at various outlying points, seldom hold any guards.

Dreyfin Auck, the lord of Auckney, is a proud aristocrat in spite of his meager holdings. He is always eager to make the acquaintance of well-connected peers, as well as to hear news from the great cities of the Sword Coast. The town's resources are scant, however, especially during the long winter season, and visitors who remain in Auckney for more than a night or two have likely overstayed their welcome.

Most of the town's inhabitants are human peasants whose families have farmed the Aucks' holdings for generations. Growing anything in the rocky soil is hard work, and the peasants have little time to spare talking with strangers. For all their labor, the peasants barely produce enough food to see them through each winter, and a single poor harvest can put the town at risk of starvation during the coldest months of the year. As a result, the population of Auckney hovers just shy of two hundred souls, sometimes dropping to half that number after a particularly hard season.

The only people in town who don't live hand to mouth are the Auck family and their retainers, who dwell in Castle Auck, a small manor house flanked by squat towers on an outcropping of rock in the middle of the harbor. The castle was built by the Dorgenast family over seven centuries ago, and it has been ruled by the Aucks for the past five. The aging structure is the pride of the family, but despite all attempts to keep it up, the castle is becoming decrepit. The Auck holdings don't generate enough revenue for the lord to fix the buildings properly, and the dwarf masons he employs from Hundelstone won't work on credit, so Dreyfin is reduced to patching the place up as best he can and watching year by year as his family's estate crumbles around him.

Auckney has no proper inn or guest house, since travelers on the coastal road are few and far between. Visitors who impress Lord Dreyfin might be invited to share the cramped lodgings of Castle Auck. Otherwise, they might find a peasant family willing to open their door to guests in exchange for a few coppers. Few people have occasion to travel to markets where they might spend such coin, but Dreyfin happily accepts his yearly tithes in copper rather than crops.



SEA OF MOVING ICE

Along the western edge of Icewind Dale is a great expanse of broken ice that extends hundreds of miles out to sea. Narrow runs of open water riddle the ice, allowing passage for seafarers brave (or daft) enough to try navigating this frozen sea. Here, free-floating icebergs mingle with ice-covered rocks and islets, and the difference between one and the other is seldom apparent until tested by a ship's hull. The ice shifts constantly, opening new passages while closing others. Even the most seasoned captains can become undone when a broad waterway suddenly closes off and the jostling bergs grip their vessels like a vise. The numerous hulls of ruined ships trapped in the ice testify to the perils of sailing this sea.

For all its desolation, the Sea of Moving Ice does have some inhabitants. Seals, walruses, and polar bears hunt across its surface and in the waters beneath. Schools of cod and char swim in the deep, and occasionally whales breach among the bergs. White dragons, too, live and hunt here, and creatures that cannot escape into the water find little refuge from the terrifying aerial predators. Even a few tribes of hunters live here, stalking seals and bears for food and fashioning their shelters from blocks of ice.

The Reghed tribes of Icewind Dale are bound by an ancient taboo that prevents them from venturing out onto the Sea of Moving Ice, or "the floating land," as they call it. Though shrouded in language of superstition, the edict is ultimately practical, for the risks of traveling on the ice far outweigh the potential

rewards. The short-lived Tribe of the Seal, which emerged during the heyday of the tribes under Wulfgar's leadership, violated that edict, and the people of the tribes often point to that transgression as an explanation for why the tribe did not survive.

Ice Peak

On a clear day along the Cold Run, travelers looking out to sea can make out the silhouette of Ice Peak on the western horizon. This frozen island is named for the snow-capped promontory that dominates its northern half. Most of the inhabitants live in a few settlements clustered around the twin bays on the southern shore. The mountain's lower slopes are home to goats, yetis, and ice trolls, and the caves in its peak are the lair of Arveiturance, the white wyrm known to sailors as Iceclaws because of her habit of diving on hapless vessels and tearing them apart with her talons. Rumors persist of undersea caves dug by svirfneblin that connect the lower reaches of Ice Peak to the mainland, but the existence of such tunnels has never been confirmed.

Aurilssbarg

The largest settlement on Ice Peak is the town of Aurilssbarg, the only community on the island that has a harbor deep enough to accommodate ocean-going vessels. Aurilssbarg serves as a trading post for the other settlements on the island, whose inhabitants come here to trade furs, pelts, fish, oil, and scrimshaw

for supplies that arrive on ships from Luskan, Fireshear, Port Llast, and occasionally Neverwinter.

The sea trade here was dominated by Luskan until the City of Sails fell into decline. The influx of traders from elsewhere along the coast has benefited the people of Aurilssbarg, but it has also precipitated occasional acts of violence by Luskan captains who still claim control over the surrounding waters. The worst offender is a Luskan captain named Faulken Regspie from Ship Kurth, who set fire to the docks at Aurilssbarg when he saw a ship from Port Llast unloading there. In the aftermath of such incidents, locals mutter that somebody should do something about the belligerent Luskanites, but "somebody" always means someone else, so nothing gets done.

Typical of the settlements on Ice Peak, the streets of Aurilssbarg are paved with logs laid side by side, and its buildings are low wooden structures whose pitched roofs are covered in sod. The establishment best known to visitors is Green Hall, a spacious tavern with a lengthy fire pit that can spit six goats at a time to feed the cold and hungry crews that arrive after unloading their ships at the docks. Locals come here as well to hear the latest news from the mainland, although by the time it reaches Ice Peak, such news is often out of date and wildly exaggerated, little better than idle rumor. Still, the isolated inhabitants of Aurilssbarg eat it up all the same.

Bjorn's Hold

A fortified village of five hundred on the southeastern shore of Ice Peak, Bjorn's Hold is home to a mixed population of Northlanders and Ice Hunters. They are trappers, hunters, and fishers who sell their goods in Aurilssbarg or risk shipping them out from the hold's dangerous harbor. The village has a long history of animosity with Luskan, and a few brave Northlanders have even attempted raids on Luskanite ships lately.

Icewolf

This tiny hamlet lies east of Aurilssbarg on Ice Peak. Its population is descended from nomadic Ice Hunters who settled on the island centuries ago. Its residents still venture out onto the Sea of Moving Ice in their hide-covered kayaks to hunt seals and whales, selling their wares in Aurilssbarg. Legend holds that the people of Icewolf long ago discovered an icebound shipwreck laden with gold and platinum coins, and jewelry made from these coins has been passed down among these people for generations.

SPINE OF THE WORLD

Sometimes called the Wall, the mountain range known as the Spine of the World is a literal barrier between Icewind Dale (and the rest of the Frozenfar) and the marginally warmer lands to the south. Infested with orcs, goblins, giants, and bandits, the mountains are inhospitable to civilized life.

Hundelstone

In the highest parts of Ten Trail, only a few shrubs cling to life amid patches of moss-covered rock. Travelers on this route eventually come to Hundelstone, perching stubbornly on the slopes like the surrounding flora. The town's buildings are low to the ground, with most of their rooms cut out of the soil below, and their roofs steeply pitched against the snows that blanket the mountains in winter. The many dwarves and gnomes in Hundelstone are fond of warning human visitors to stoop low as they walk about town, lest they be blown away by the wind.

For most people, Hundelstone is either the last point of civilization before taking the pass north to Icewind Dale or the first welcome sign of refuge after the wearying trip back. For the town's inhabitants, Hundelstone is a gateway to the riches—and dangers—of the subterranean realm beneath the Spine of the World. Many of the dwarves and gnomes here spend their days excavating tunnels, mining ore, or smelting and smithing the local iron and tin. Meanwhile, the few score human residents are generally sellswords or would-be adventurers who earn a living as caravan guards and beast hunters in the crags. They make occasional forays into the tunnels below to gain valuable experience in learning how to fight and survive in the Underdark.

The Savage Tribes

In caves and valleys throughout the Spine of the World, dozens of tribes of orcs and goblins squabble over territory and scant resources. Every few years, when resources grow thin, one tribe or another spills out of the mountains to raid the nearby settlements.

No leader since Akar Kessell has been able to unite the squabbling tribes. But the Ice Witch has recruited one group of orcs, the Blood Ice tribe, into her service. Most of the warriors remain in the Spine of the World, though a few have joined the Ice Witch in her tower. Empowered by Hedrun's magic and Auril's blessing, the Blood Ice orcs have gained the upper hand in conflicts with their neighbors, and if the Ice Witch is unchecked, they might manage to establish a new orc kingdom in the mountains that rivals Many-Arrows in the east.



THE ARCANES BROTHERHOOD

Some who have mastered the use of magic wield it for noble ends: to destroy monsters, dethrone tyrants, and maintain a stable balance in the world. Some become tyrants themselves. Others pursue the Art as its own end, losing themselves in arcane exploration. And some, such as the wizards of the Arcane Brotherhood, use magic to get rich.

Wealth means power, of course, and ultimately the Brotherhood aims to control the North by putting a stranglehold on trade along the Sword Coast, from Waterdeep to Icewind Dale. Sometimes associated with the name of its former headquarters, the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan, the Brotherhood once ruled the so-called City of Sails. Now that Luskan has devolved into chaos, the pirate captains who rule the city no longer answer to the wizards of the Brotherhood. The Hosttower of the Arcane lies half ruined, and the city around it is haunted by undead. Whether any wizards still lurk in the Hosttower's alien spires, perhaps controlling the undead, is a matter of speculation and idle gossip. But it is clear that the Arcane Brotherhood still exists. Its agents are everywhere, from Silverymoon in the north to Baldur's Gate far to the south. It might no longer be the force it once was, perhaps, but the group is on the way back to its former status.

ORGANIZATION

The Arcane Brotherhood currently lacks any central leadership. Its former Archmage Arcane, the lich Arklem Greeth, was forced into his phylactery over a hundred years ago. The four Overwizards who reported to him are also long gone. Currently, five wizards vie for leadership, but none of them is secure enough to lay claim to the title of Archmage Arcane and fix the hierarchy in place once again.

Each of these five wizards has a faction of supporters within the Brotherhood, and it seems only a matter of time before one of them gains enough support to claim the top position. After that, unless the situation devolves into violence, the other four will become the Overwizards, the Archmage Arcane's key assistants—though enough animosity currently

sours their relationship that it is unlikely they would ever work well in concert.

What's more, some within the Brotherhood believe that Arklem Greeth will eventually return to reclaim his position as head of the organization. That possibility is one of the factors keeping the five wizards from moving too aggressively to take the reins. The lich's phylactery was last known to be in the possession of Valindra Shadowmantle, a Thayan agent in the Neverwinter region.

GOALS

The Arcane Brotherhood has always been ambitious, and its current debilitated state has not altered the group's aims. Four main goals drive the activities of the would-be Archmages Arcane.

Power through Profit

The Brotherhood's aims dreams of being the ultimate power in Faerûn. Its founder, Arklem Greeth, understood that coin—not titles or birthrights, nor magical or military might—is king in the North, so he made the Arcane Brotherhood as much a mercantile association as a magical one, graft and greed its most powerful spells.

In the wake of the lich's defeat and the ruin of the Hosttower, the Brotherhood's members are installing themselves in cities along the Sword Coast, trying to rebuild their trade networks and bring the area back under their control. The five aspiring leaders have bases of operation across the North: Jendrick the Blue in Port Llast, Teyva "Magehand" Lillowind in Baldur's Gate, Zelenn Essrenthir in Neverwinter, Druette "the Raven" in Waterdeep, and the necromancer Cashaan el Farid in Luskan, where he commands the undead that haunt the Hosttower.



Rebuild Luskan

Cashaan el Farid knows that quelling the chaos in Luskan is the first step in making the city a useful base again, since no trade will flow into the city until merchants can travel there without undue risk of loss (or violent death). To that end, he has started hiring adventurers to help clear out the worst elements. To keep the revival of the Brotherhood secret as long as possible, recruiting wizards usually pose as members of a more respectable organization or as dispossessed gentry with rights to property in the city.

Cashaan el Farid is a human necromancer from Calimshan. Having grown up using his peoples' fear and hatred of their genasi oppressors to weave his own subtle spell of control, Cashaan knows how to use desperation to his advantage—and Luskan is full of desperate people.

Tip the Balance in Neverwinter

Neverwinter is a key target for the Brotherhood. Its recent resurgence has made business boom, and the ongoing power struggles and other destabilizing

A landmark of wonder marked the very center of the City of Sails, a strange building that emanated a powerful aura of magic. Unlike any other structure in all Faerûn, the Hosttower of the Arcane seemed literally a tree of stone, boasting five tall spires, the largest being the central, and the other four, equally high, growing out of the main trunk with the graceful curving arc of an oak. Nowhere could any sign of the mason be seen; it was obvious to any knowledgeable viewer that magic, not physical labor, had produced this artwork.

The Archmage, undisputed Master of the Hosttower, resided in the central tower, while the other four housed the wizards closest in the line of succession. Each of these lesser towers, representing the four compass directions, dominated a different side of the trunk, and its respective wizard held responsibility for watching over and influencing the events in the direction he overlooked. Thus, the wizard west of the trunk spent his days looking out to sea, and to the merchant ships and pirates riding out on Luskan's harbor.

—Streams of Silver

elements present ample opportunities for the Arcane Brotherhood to insinuate itself into the political and economic landscape. The Brotherhood isn't looking to rule Neverwinter, but to hold sway over whoever ends up in control.

The elf wizard Zelenn Essrenthir runs operations in Neverwinter. She lived there before the Spellplague and has a deep knowledge of the city's past, if not its recent history. Many major players, particularly Lord Neverember, want to gain her confidence in the hope that she can help them secure their position in Neverwinter. But with the perspective that comes from living such a long life, Zelenn waits for the right time to use her influence to tip the balance in the Brotherhood's favor. Not all members of the organization are so patient, though, and some have suggested that if Zelenn does not act soon, she should be replaced by someone who will.

Broker an Alliance in Baldur's Gate

Baldur's Gate is the richest pot for the taking on the Sword Coast, and everybody is trying to get a piece. Establishing a presence there wasn't a challenge for

the Brotherhood, but as the new player in an established pecking order of guilds and regional interests, the organization has been hard-pressed to expand its influence in the city.

Teyva “Magehand” Lillowind hopes to change that. A half-elf thief and self-taught mage, her resourcefulness makes up for her meager arcane talent. She’s hoping to broker an alliance with Nine-Fingers Keene, her former superior at the head of Baldur’s Gate’s powerful thieves’ guild.

AGENTS OF THE BROTHERHOOD

In support of Jendrick the Blue’s aspirations to become the Archmage Arcane, a wizard named Vaelish Gant has come to Ten-Towns. With the aid of thugs and ruffians from Luskan, Gant plans to bolster the Arcane Brotherhood’s interests by controlling trade to and from Icewind Dale.

Vaelish Gant

Scheming Brotherhood wizard

Many traders profit in the lucrative market for Icewind Dale’s “white gold,” but the way Vaelish Gant sees it, ivory and scrimshaw is only the beginning. If the Arcane Brotherhood can gain access to the dwarven mines of Kelvin’s Cairn and the unexploited wealth of the tundra—with its rich furs and pelts—that is currently wasted on the Reghed barbarians, the dale will be well worth holding. And if someone were to discover a valuable new mineral lode somewhere in the Spine of the World, Ten-Towns might become another Mirabar.

The Brotherhood’s leadership hasn’t displayed any interest in Icewind Dale; this operation is Gant’s alone. The wizard is actually less interested in Ten-Towns than in the prestige that success there will bring him among his peers in the Brotherhood. He especially hopes that the profits generated in Ten-Towns will help Jendrick the Blue secure the position of Archmage Arcane, and then the senior wizard will reward him with a position as an Overwizard.

Vaelish Gant was born in the southern city of Athkatla, far down the Sword Coast. He joined the Arcane Brotherhood under Jendrick’s tutelage and started his operations in Waterdeep, hoping that effort would be the key to his career. Gant was soon frustrated by stifling competition, and he decided that gaining a stranglehold on the markets in Ten-Towns would be a better use of his energy and an easier way to impress his mentor.

Vaelish Gant is a heavy man of medium height, with short, black hair, dark eyes, and light brown skin that clearly marks him as a foreigner in Icewind Dale. He dresses the part of a wizard, wearing a brown robe with a fancy white mantle fastened with a seashell brooch. His ornate metal staff is tipped with a glowing sapphire, displaying his magical acumen for all to see. Though he gives the impression of magical might, his skills at wizardry have not progressed far beyond his apprenticeship. This arrogance extends to his every mannerism—he is cocky and confident, believing himself to be destined for greatness and superior to everyone he meets.

“Slim”

Wererat ruffian

To support his efforts in Icewind Dale, Vaelish Gant enlisted the aid of Luskan’s Ship Rethnor. “Slim” is a member of that gang of thugs, a sly rogue who is quick with his rapier and equally so with his insults. Slim is actually a wererat, though he conceals that fact as much as possible, using his animal form only to escape from overwhelming danger.

Slim is a smooth talker whose charm is moderated a bit by a shifty, sneaky demeanor. He has close-cropped, light brown hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. His forearm carries the tattooed mark of Ship Rethnor—a sailing ship pierced by a sword coming down from above as the tentacles of a kraken rise up from the water beneath it.

Slim runs Vaelish Gant’s “protection” racket in Bryn Shander, extorting payments from merchants under threat of vandalism and theft. He is cold-hearted and savage, and every time he bullies a merchant, he secretly hopes that the target will put up a fight. But he’s so good at intimidation—lowering his voice to a whisper to utter his most severe threats—that he rarely gets to use his rapier.

Marek “the Shank”

Hobgoblin thug

Gant’s other main agent in Bryn Shander is a hobgoblin named Marek, also called “the Shank.” Hobgoblins aren’t a common sight in Icewind Dale, so the Shank’s hood covers his red-skinned face most of the time. His job is recruiting the most unsavory characters from Ten-Towns to aid Vaelish Gant’s efforts. Scoundrels are often drawn to the hulking brute, who seems to offer an alternative to the life of community that defines most of Ten-Towns.

Marek is a tall, strong hobgoblin with long, black hair and yellow eyes. His face is heavily scarred, a



testament to the brawls he has survived as part of Ship Rethnor in Luskan. His arm bears the same tattoo worn by Slim, identifying him as part of Rethnor's crew. He speaks in a harsh growl that is backed by the clear threat of physical violence, which helps keep the local thugs under control.

Although his primary role is recruitment, Marek also backs up Slim's worst threats. He is a trained warrior, skilled at laying ambushes in streets and alleys. He has rarely met his match in a fight, and the last time he did, he fled—to his lasting shame. In a similar encounter, he might well question whether he will master his fear or turn tail once more.

THE SHIPS OF LUSKAN

The City of Sails once thrived on trade and piracy and is now staggering back to its feet after a long period of chaos and neglect. Before its fall, the city was ruled by a council of five High Captains who were under the thumb of the Arcane Brotherhood.

A century ago, a short-lived attempt to establish law and order in Luskan turned the city into a lawless ruin haunted by monsters and ruffians. Largely through the involvement of the drow mercenary company Bregan D'aerthe, the city has stabilized in recent decades, and its traditional rule by five High Captains has been restored.

Each of the High Captains is the head of an independent faction named for pirate ships and their captains who claimed Luskan over 150 years ago: Ship Kurth, Ship Rethnor, Ship Taerl, Ship Baram, and Ship Suljack. Following the old tradition, each new High Captain takes the faction's name as his or her own. A faction's crew, allies, soldiers, vessels, and goods are all marked with the same name.

Ship Kurth is the most powerful of the ships. High Captain Beniago Kurth, a tall, red-haired human to all appearances, is actually a magically disguised drow, a lieutenant of Bregan D'aerthe. The mercenary company's motives in Luskan revolve around profit, of course, but Beniago has ties to the drow ruling family of Menzoberranzan and surely has more complex motives. Ship Kurth controls the docks of Luskan and the perfume trade, and it resists the rising influence of the Arcane Brotherhood.

Ship Rethnor is led by High Captain Hartouchen Rethnor. It is perhaps the most brutally violent gang, and its agents work hard to extend its reach beyond Luskan. Ship Rethnor thugs are frequently present in Icewind Dale, and they play an important role in Vaelish Gant's activities in the north.

The other ships spend most of their time squabbling with one another and with visiting crews of Northlander longships. None of them is likely to pose a serious threat to either Rethnor or Kurth in the immediate future.

