



WHITEFAIRE ADVENTURER'S GUIDE

COMPATIBLE  5TH EDITION

Find danger and riches in Faerun's freezing north, with this adventure sourcebook for the world's greatest roleplaying game

THE ADVENTURER'S GUIDE TO WHITEFAIRE



CREDITS

This work is a development of an original Dungeon and Dragons 5th Edition Campaign Setting, which has been ongoing from 2018 and continues today.

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ON THE COVER

Dean Spencer illustrates the Frostkin Swordhold Valyrin hunting down orcs of the Iron Fog clan from the back of her wolf-drawn sled. Her dog team have been enchanted by her supporting Storm Caller, Vudr (out of frame) to let them move faster through the heavy snow of Whitefaire's deep winter. In the distance, the Windhold Range towers above.

The horns of the ancient moose, Rultarin, adorn the form of her toboggan. The remains of a long-dead avatar of winter are an ancient relic and are thought to bring Valyrin great luck in her hunting expeditions.

Disclaimer: The writers cannot accept any responsibility for unfortunate character deaths involving, but not limited to, falling through cracks in glaciers, collapsing through ice-sheets, being buried in avalanches, freezing to death in the snow, being consumed by a frost-troll, falling victim to an white-dragon's breath attack or other cold related demises. In addition, being murdered by traders for any amber which is being transported is the character's own fault, and not the DM's. You should have passed that perception check.

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WELCOME TO WHITEFAIRE

You are about to step off the boat into a bleak and dangerous land. Whitefaire, seemingly undeveloped, is a hotbed of intrigue, violence and danger. A tribal society sits uneasily with a colonial government and an absent ruler, who issues edicts from afar. Vast wealth beneath the land attracts charlatans, brigands and those who would seek to exploit this opportunity. Meanwhile, in the north of Whitefaire, goblin nations plot each other's downfall, cults grow ever larger, and desperate merchants make deals with the darkness for personal gain. Amongst the snow and ice of the endless forests, only the truly bold and adventurous will survive. The Land of Whitefaire is an oft-forgotten province upon the edges of the Savage Frontier, having weathered crisis and war with little outside notice. However, in recent decades, the larger and prominent peoples of the Sword Coast have begun to take notice of this land, replete with pristine and untouched deposits of natural resources. Perhaps more importantly, within the depths of Whitefaire's earth is a crucial resource; the hard, yellow-green precious stone known as Whitefaire Amber or 'The Colour'. This unique material is a powerful magical conductor and coveted by many wizards and other students of magic throughout the world.

SOURCEBOOK INTRODUCTION

This adventure sourcebook is an introduction to this cold and desperate land. It is designed to give players and DM's a county in which they can design and play out their own adventures in the frozen lands of Whitefaire. This book is deliberately smaller-scale than other sourcebooks in the Dungeons and Dragons community. This allows a DM to build a much greater connection with the places and people of Whitefaire, allowing relationships and places to develop as a direct result of the player's actions.

There is no set quest-line though Dungeon Masters can find suggestions for story hooks in the back of this Adventurer's Guide. The land of Whitefaire is very much designed as a sandbox for your own adventures. Invent characters, interesting quests, villages and undiscovered temples in the deep woods. There are hundreds of Frostkin tribes, each different in its approach and manner. Dungeon Masters are very much encouraged to make their mark upon the region. As a relatively small area, the results of adventurers actions will ripple through all the towns and clans which make up the region.

Section One of this book introduces the land, location and history of Whitefaire. It will tell you about the history of the region and how it came to be so loosely governed. This section will also expand upon the role of Whitefaire Amber, the substance which drives so much of the exploitation and violence within this region.

Section Two gives the background for two unique racial backgrounds and three unique sub-classes. The Werellama is a rarer form of lycanthrope, happily at home in the hills and mountains of Whitefaire. The Frostkin are the ancestral people of Whitefaire, and have grown to survive in this harsh realm where others would not. The Frost Striders are skilled rangers who are comfortable amongst tundras and snowdrifts, and the Storm-Caller wizards have frost and snow at their command. The Deep Domain Cleric is the cleric who looks after the souls of miners and diggers, while bringing their hard earned strength to bear. There are also rules for using animal-drawn sleds for transport and for battle while moving across Whitefaire.

Section Three of this book provides an introductory adventure for level 2-3 characters to begin a campaign in Whitefaire. With the vanishing of the smaller Hinterberg Prince mission, a group of mercenaries are sent to find the lost officer, Lieutenant Savinon. This search will become entangled with the goblins wars and other, worse, dangers.

SECTION ONE: THE NORTHERN LAND OF WHITEFAIRE

The Land of Faerun is a truly vast place, with many kingdoms and other regions which are not well mapped or documented. Smaller regions, such as Squaliberg, Dalibury and Forn are unknown except by those who have lived there for uncounted generations. They matter little to the great folk of the

realms except when evil arises - or these little countries can be used as pawns in some grand political game.

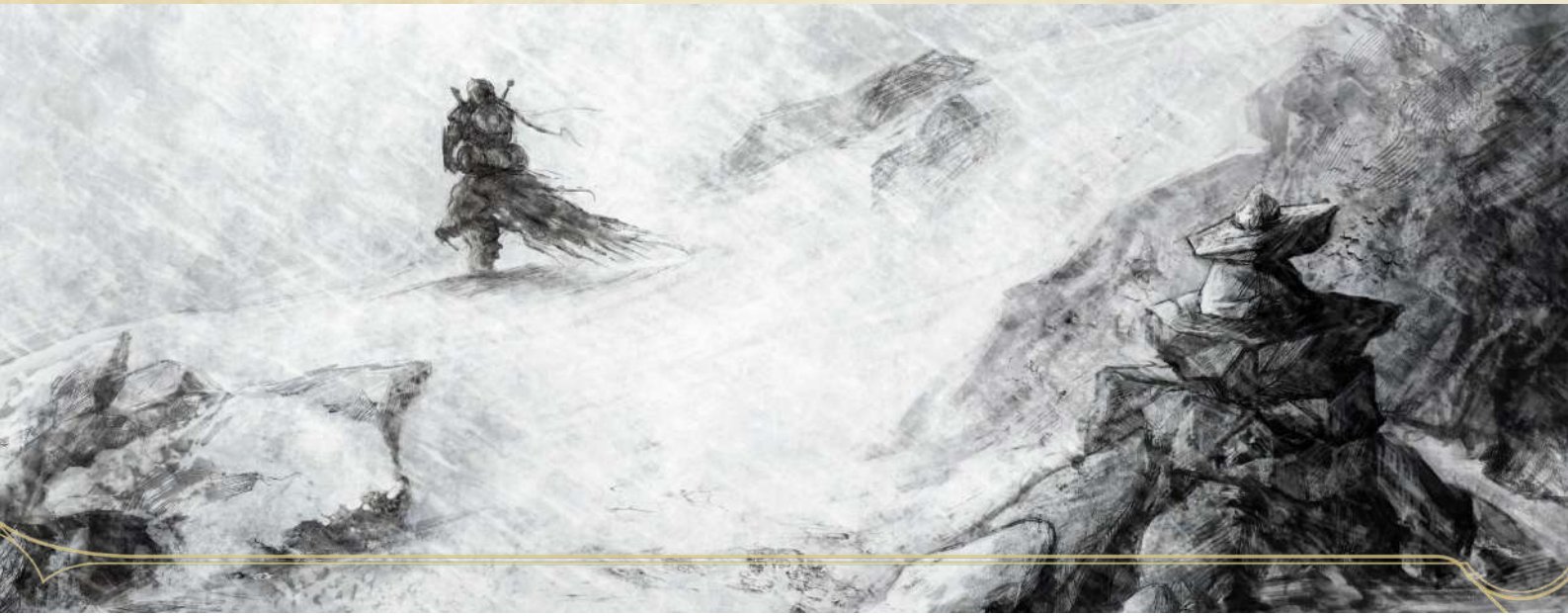
So it had been for those who lived in Whitefaire for the longest time. South of the IceWind Dale but still north of anywhere warm, Whitefaire is mostly thought of as a way-station to the Ten Towns. This land sits right on the edge of the Sea of Moving Ice, at the base of the Spine of the World Mountains. A typically parochial outlook blinds many travellers to the land that they pass by in their ships, never considering what they could discover. It is a harshly beautiful land of extremes. The wind is ever present, whipping through the trees and across the clear fields with a viciousness which surprises even the natives there. This wind, the Mistral Gale, sometimes even seems to direct itself to a purpose, questing to find the gaps between fabric and fur to freeze any exposed skin it can find. Fortunately, this mean-spirited wind is often held back by the Windhold range to the north-west, so on occasion it's limitless cruelty is restrained. In the far north, on the stretch of high tundra reaching from the Windhold to the Spine of the World mountains, the Mistral blows in an unending whistle of ice-cold sadism.

Southwards, the land remains habitually cold and yet staggering in its natural beauty. The habitual long winters bring unending snowfall, where drifts reaching to the height of a person are often seen in the deep forests. Even in the cleared fields snow sits deep from the start of winter to the end before disappearing in a rapid thaw which turns all but the smallest streams to a tumbling, gurgling river of snowmelt. The frozen earth, released from the chill, blooms and flowers. The forests which were frozen, sleeping in the bitter cold become havens of life, with birds and animals packing all this season with as much activity as they can. Crops, flowers, forests and all the wildlife of this cold land explode into life during spring, seeking to thrive in the short summer before winter, all too soon, sinks down upon the land once more. Such is the cycle of life in beautiful, brutal Whitefaire.

Towards the southern coastline, the County of Burgoshire has abundant farm-land, long cleared from the forests which had once been there. While snow and ice still lays deep upon this land in the winter, the hamlets and farmhouses which dot these fields are well-maintained and fruitful during the region's short, warm summers. To the south-east, loggers and craftsmen cluster around the town of Blizzardmere, the centre of the Canton of Algore. The abundant forests and sheer variety of trees allow them to craft great works of art, all while protected by the armoured might of Helm and his paladins. To the north west, the smugglers and pirate's sprawl of Waiting Cross spreads its crumbling buildings around the black mud beach, where work gangs labour to refit their fast vessels for the next voyage. The last outpost of civilisation before the Mistral Plain, Sleetford, stands proudly against the wilderness around it. The North Hold, a base for explorers, adventurers and traders of all ilks has the brave soldiers of its garrison holding hard against the darkness and danger which surrounds it. The town's tall walls and brave defenders have helped it weather the many violent storms which have engulfed it, and Whitefaire, throughout the centuries.

THE FROSTKIN

It is often asked by outsiders why anyone would choose to live in Whitefaire, and this question seems valid given the coldness and brutality of the land. However, hardened clans of humans and half-elves have thrived in Whitefaire for uncounted generations, using their hard-earned knowledge and skills to develop a deep and lasting culture amongst the trees and the forests. These clansfolk refer to themselves collectively as the 'Frostkin', and though they are composed of many different tribes, clans and groupings, all would recognise this moniker. It is a name worn as proudly for the tribe's people as it is used dismissively by others around. Frostkin are usually insular people, most fairly unwilling to engage with outsiders except through trade or barter. They tend to live in villages within Whitefaire's endless forests, hunting, fishing and trapping for provisions and materials.





Many of the traders who work for the Regent's Amber, Fur and Timber Company (The RAFT) will work closely with Frostkin, trading their furs for weapons, food and other supplies which the Frostkin cannot provide for themselves. This also gives the Frostkin a connection to the disjointed wider society of Whitefaire, allowing them to exchange information with other tribes and unify in the face of threats.

Frostkin tribespeople are effective warriors, though not in the manner of massed ranks upon a battlefield. They are forest-folk and fight in the same way; they hunt monsters in the same way that they would hunt game. Frostkin tribes much prefer the scurry and sneak of skirmish warfare, the battles of ambush and counter-ambush within the silent forests. In such a way do the Frostkin keep the forests free from the monsters which escape from the Mistral Plain each year. Their wider society has it's agreements and treaties, and several clans have promised to defend the North Hold if it is attacked. Such agreements have, so far, been honoured.

The Frostkin seem to have an almost supernatural resistance to cold, and those who have studied them say that this resistance could be the result of natural magic or mere generations of survival amongst the snow. Their faith is one based upon the worship of the Old Gods - sacred trees or great rocks which they believe are the keys to their god's existence upon Faerun. The Ice-Skarn, a mythological figure of indeterminate origin, is the main figure of this ancient faith. This god wanders through the forests, sometimes as a troll, sometimes as a Frostkin, and sometimes merely as the cold fingers of the Mistral Wind resting upon those it touches. The Skarn will sometimes be a kind figure, sometimes one that brings chaos and confusion; such is its will and choice as their deity.

Nonetheless, many of the Frostkin tribes offer praise and sacrifice to this fickle god. The many druids and sorcerers of the Frostkin believe that they draw power from the Skarn and that it rewards them for their fealty. Unlike druidic circles of the south, most druids in the Frostkin tribes remain as such, and guide their tribes to respect nature, the forests, and their worship of the Skarn.

THE COLDCHOSE

The other people of Whitefaire are collectively referred to as the Coldchose. This is a name held in equal parts respect and disdain. This moniker simply divides them from the tribal people and most believe themselves to be more 'civilised' than the Frostkin. This is, of course, a debatable distinction, especially for those families who have been based in Whitefaire for several generations. Those families, such as the Adanis, would reject the name Frostkin but equally reject that of Coldchose.

Coldchose make up much of the populations of the towns and farms of Whitefaire. Many of these are southerners who had travelled north for the hope of land or wealth pulled from the ground. Many of the farmers in Burgoshire, who grow the majority of the region's food, are first and second generation Coldchose, convinced to come north by offers of cheap land. Such land is generally poorer than southern climes, but the work of druids and their own hands lead to such settlements often being successful. This does not protect the foolish prospectors that frequently go north to the Windhold. These frightening naive folk go into the low mountains to search for amber or gold, and die in huge numbers when they do so. Rarely do they return.

Of the hundreds each year who take up mining with pick and spade, bare dozens will return in the autumn and winter with any wealth to show for their dangerous labours. Only very few will come back with amber or gold to show their luck and skill. But such stories, of great hordes of precious material pulled from the ground, are enough to get another wave of hopeful Coldchose to give up their wealth (and very often, their lives) in the hope of transforming their circumstances.

Some Coldchose, however, do not choose to be so reckless with their lives, and instead create homes and businesses in the towns of Whitefaire. Much of the economy of Whitefaire relies upon these Coldchose, who are the intermediaries between the Frostkin and the traders from the south. These traders, with their insatiable appetite for amber, timber, furs, gold, jewels and everything this land can provide, offer great wealth to the Coldchose in return. Others will trade in their skills, providing magical support, weapons, steel and other technologies which their fellow town-dwellers or Frostkin tribes might require.

The connection between Frostkin and Coldchose is a tenuous one. Many tribes, such as the Axewood tribe, do not accept outsiders into their families. Other tribes will permit relationships with Coldchose, and the number of such relationships grows year by year. However, many Coldchose who have relationships with the Frostkin are accused of being 'Frostbit' - this is a keen insult in Whitefaire and will generally lead to violence. Equally, those Frostkin who choose to spend their lives with the Coldchose are often referred to as 'snowgreen' or 'meltlovers'. While the barriers between the two people are slowly weakening, it takes a measure of strength to make the decision to try and cross this divide.

POLITICS

In official terms, Whitefaire is a Protectorate of the City of Neverwinter. The city has made protectorate agreements, a form of mutual defense pact, with many of the kingdoms and regions in this area, in lands stretching beyond the edge of the known world into the Spine of the World Mountains. The Regent of Whitefaire is the nominally ruler of Whitefaire, and they are expected to raise troops and provide resources to their lords when required to do so. As a city with a much greater economy and skills, the Lords of Neverwinter believe that their involvement in Whitefaire helps them gain material which they needed for their city's rebuilding and expansion. The Regent is the ruler of Whitefaire, and they are owed fealty by the tribes and towns in the entire area. They are, to outsiders, the ultimate arbiter of the region's fate.

In reality, Whitefaire is effectively unruled. The XVII Regent, Justice II, was the first to leave Whitefaire Haven in order to spend more time in Neverwinter and the politics there. While this was originally justified as allowing Whitefaire to have a better say in decisions which affected it, the ruling family being based hundreds of miles away allowed their authority to atrophy with staggering speed. In just three generations, the feudal responsibilities of the Frostkin had been virtually forgotten. When asked to raise troops to defend Neverwinter in 1371, Regent Persistent I was shamed by only being able to rally twenty-two soldiers. Much of his family's remaining wealth was lost in hiring mercenaries to hide this great embarrassment. Nowadays the Regents no longer relies upon those flimsy promises - but looks for loyalty through mercenaries and coin

The memory of such 'disloyalty' has remained part of the Regent's family and each subsequent Regent has declared that they will seek recompense for this betrayal. This behaviour could well lead to war between the Regent and these tribes - and builds no Frostkin loyalty to their official lord. They have ruled themselves independent for long enough to know that they should not bow to pressure.

Therefore each town in Whitefaire is very much its own state. While they often rely upon each other for mutual aid, it would not be right to think of these towns as having shared aims. Whitefaire Haven, as the most successful of the settlements, often drives the decisions of the other towns leveraging their position to their own advantage in their trade agreements and treaties. Waiting Cross seeks to avoid any scrutiny into its flagrantly illegal operations, and all three of the towns contribute in a collective support contract to garrison the North Hold. They all know that, if Sleetford were to be overrun, the whole of Whitefaire would be at risk. But outside of this understanding, each town runs its own affairs. The Frostkin tribes are even more independent, answering to no-one and defending their ancestral lands from all invaders; whether from the Regent or monsters.

However, the Regent of Whitefaire has a single, powerful tool with which they use to affect the politics of the area. The Regent's own Amber, Fur and Timber company (The RAFT) is the only legal and agreed route for Whitefaire Amber to leave the region. As an extremely powerful magical resource, the trade in The Colour is extremely lucrative and so the RAFT keeps a very close eye on any trading which takes place. The most important document is a Sovereign Warrant of Trade. This document, signed and granted by the Regent herself, allows a trader to export an agreed amount of timber, fur and Amber. Without this, any trade can be interdicted and claimed by the RAFT - and they employ ships and guards to do exactly that. In this way, many traders are able to increase the amount they sell each year as a bounty for hunting down these 'rogues'. The endless fighting between the legal and the illegal traders is a constant violent background to the history of Whitefaire which often leads to broader conflicts across the area.

MAJOR DEITIES

THE ICE SKARN

C'kern, The One of Trees, Snow-Reaper.

Many of the oldest frostkin tribes in the deepest woods are followers of the Ice Skarn, and perform their ancient rituals upon chosen nights in summer and winter. Some of these rites verge on profane sacrifice, and it is said that some clans will sacrifice their animals, prisoners or even their own members to beseech or cast out the Skarn from their clan lands. Strange shamanistic rites, will bring the clan into communion with the Skarn. It is not known what the Skarn is, in terms of the Pantheon of Faerun. The few clerics which have studied this religion have concluded it is a deity very similar to Silvanus or Eldath, a force of nature rather than a demonic creature or evil god. As such, the Skarn is viewed as a reality for the Frostkin much like the wind or the weather, but one which can sometimes be appeased by their rituals and sacrifice. These 'blood' losses are viewed as sacred by some of the Frostkin and those who die in this way are treated with great honour. Their bodies are placed beneath trees so the roots can feast upon them and the forest will flourish from their loss. In this way, the spirit of the forest and the Skarn are both satisfied.

HELM

The Watcher, He of Unsleping Eyes, The Vigilant One

More conventional faiths have arrived in Whitefaire in recent centuries, bringing a form of worship that many in the south would recognise. Helm was the first to arrive, and the Adisfort in Blizzardmere was claimed and repaired in order to allow Helm's words and influence to spread north and west across the sea. This most northern outpost was embraced by several of the nearby Frostkin tribes who all chose to worship the God of Justice rather than the unpredictability of the Skarn.

Even during the Time of Trials, Helm found loyal followers especially in the town of Blizzardmere Tor. Coldchose in particular, travelling north to an uncertain land, found the worship of Helm to be a familiarity in difficult times. Even families who have been in Whitefaire for generations retain this connection to more southern ('southern' is just southern) climes, and this allows them to retain a separate culture to the more tribal Frostkin around them.

Helm, while a strict lord, co-exists with other faiths as just part of the Pantheon. The paladins of Llmater and of Helm often find common purpose, even while focusing on their mutual aims. Helmites, as holders of justice and balance, seek to maintain their colder independence from wider society. Their approach is to be the arbiters of dispute and come to a judgement which restores the balance of the land. Helmite Paladins are particularly sought out when an issue cannot be settled by tribal or county law. Even the leaders of the three towns and the Swordholds of the Frostkin have agreed to be bound by the judgements of these armoured and divinely inspired arbiters.

With the founding of the Order of the Clenched Gauntlet, the Helmites made their commitment to Whitefaire clear. For two centuries, the Paladins of the Order have been a force for justice and good in the area, helping the Frostkin to defend against the frequent monster attacks which plague them. They are one of the few mutually respected (if not actually liked) forces in Whitefaire, and the voice of the Lord of the Order carries considerable weight in the region.

LLMATER

The Crying One, the Suffering Lord

The arrival of Llmater, the Martyred Lord, was less likely. The Paladin known as The Tender of Dominions had pursued the black dragon, Xondrayn, relentlessly northwards with her campaign against it. Having slain all the wyrmlings and driven the beast from its hiding spot, Xondrayn had finally arrived in a cave in the windhold range. The Tender of Dominions led her forces into battle, allied with the Birsk, and drove Xondrayn into the open. The beast, outnumbered and surrounded, fell upon its foe, slaying many. The battle raged until Xondrayn had destroyed a nearby farming hamlet upon the edge of the forest of Drifts, before the Tender of Dominions struck the final blow and slew the evil wyrm. At the moment, the paladin of Llmater realised what she had done - in allowing this dragon to fall upon the innocent people of Whitefaire - she had caused more pain than she could have taken upon herself. At that moment, she committed herself to undoing the pain of Whitefaire, especially amongst the small folk. As she looked at Whitefaire and the sacrifices that the land demanded of these people, she felt a growing spiritual revelation. The way of violence was at an end to her now.

It would be Llmater's mission to lessen some of the pain these people experienced, to withdraw their misery through their efforts and so, find holiness.

The ruined hamlet was rebuilt as the Chancel of Llmater, a great cathedral offering succor to those around it. Within the walls, the Grippped Blade militant order was founded by The Tender of Dominions. As their first grandmaster, she brought about the existence of this order and of the wider clergy of Llmater. The majority of Whitefaire coldchose who live outside of the towns worship Llmater. As people who have learned to sacrifice much to the harsh beauty of their land, to know that someone is supporting them and sacrificing more is a great spiritual comfort. Clerics of Llmater focus upon the small hamlets and farmhouses, patrolling and bringing what skills they have to aiding the sick, weary and tired. Those who need further help make their way to the Chancel of Llmater where the clerics, priests and paladins will work to bring peace and comfort to them. This structure, the centre of worship in Whitefaire, is both cathedral, refuge, fortress and hospital. From here the Knights of the Grippped Blade ride to defend the small folk from the horrors of the dark, dying so others may live a better life. In such pain and dark horror do the Paladins of Llmater honour their demanding lord.

AURIL

The Ice-Maiden, Lady Frostkiss, Icedawn

The Church of the Ice-Queen Auril has some strength here in Whitefaire. The cold demanding nature of the Ice-Maiden seems to mirror the coldness of this realm, and prayers for mercy during the winter are better directed at her than the unfeeling sky and wind. While few in Whitefaire would confess that Auril was the primary focus of their worship, most offer her prayers during the long winter nights. When the snow is piling up at the doors, and the wolves howl in the darkness, the faith in other gods can fail. At times like this, whispered oaths towards Auril come easily to the lips of the Coldchose and the Frostkin alike. Her few publicly-open followers are those who await the coming of winter with an open glee. They are only seen throughout this time, travelling from shrine to shrine extorted their mistress for yet more cold and winter weather. Making their pilgrimages through the worst of sleet and blizzard, these followers are unwelcoming guests to villages often already struggling with a shortage of winter supplies and firewood. But they are accepted as a necessary evil, and treated as such. In this way the winter finds grace in Whitefaire.



LANDSCAPE AND CLIMATE

Unsurprisingly, Whitefaire is very cold. It is a harsh land of snowdrifts and star-pine forests in the valleys, while cleared land is often stubby, wind-blown tundra. The wind is always sharp, like a blade, coming down from the Roof of the World mountains. The plants there are tough and hardy, hanging onto the thin earth with long roots and short leaves. In the same way as the people who live there, they are born survivors, using whatever they can to get through the day. In the distance, the ever present mountains rising up to the north, give the land a sense of ending - they are the walls of the habitable lands in Whitefaire.

In the centre of this range and dominating the northern horizon is the volcano of Rurapenthe. It sits like a sentinel upon the horizon, and the cones cratered top can be seen throughout the whole land, from the coast. It is a fitful, sporadically active volcano, sometimes letting out a breath of ash or a thunderous rumble which can shake even the buildings of Sleet Ford. Those who have climbed to the volcano's tip claim that you can see deep into the crater below. Lava bubbles and heat rises in a hellish haze and the gases are choking. Rurapenthe has not erupted in living memory, but it could do so at any time.

THE MISTRAL PLAIN

As the land rises into the Mistral Plain it becomes increasingly barren. The trees slowly thin onto a mountain plateau, and the streams and the rivers run quieter here. The wind is just as sharp, howling through the crags and the deep gouged river valleys. The Mistral wind is a constant presence, often accompanied by snow flurries and blizzards even in Summer. Even more inhospitable is the Mistral Fog. Somehow, despite the endlessly howling wind, a thick fog can descend upon the whole plateau. It is said that, with the fogs, the ghosts of the Mistral will arrive. When the volcano of Runrapethae is speaking, it is said that the voice of the volcano can awaken the very dead from the Mistral Plains. Why there are so many dead still not at rest, wandering upon the plain is a mystery long lost to the reaches of time.

The land is a scrubby tundra, with dark peaty earth torn into hillocks by the endless streams carving through this thick soil. These deep trenches, deep enough to swallow a full-sized adult, often have deep water within. The path of the endless melt-water is random and many of these mini valleys are bone dry. Within them, the bones of the dead can be seen for beneath the thin dirt is often found frequent charnel pits. This soil is topped by scraggy, knee-high grasses which do little to conceal the dead.

The Mistral Plains are also known as the Mist to those brave fools who venture there. This is true in two ways - for the mist of the Mistral Plain is clinging and seems alive. It appears without warning, enwrapping entire groups with clinging grey clouds. Visibility drops to a few feet at best, and the sounds become magnified. Given the deadly inhabitants of the Mist, such blindness is often a prelude to a sudden, violent death. Whether it is the monsters which use such terrible mist to hide the attacks or something else within the mist itself is unclear. What remains afterwards are the corpses of the slain, cast uncaringly upon the hard, frozen earth. Such skeletons will join the piles of the dead.

The Mistral Plain contains true horrors of the realm which multiply unchallenged in this environment. Abominable yeti and frost giants fight terrible battles unseen by the eyes of others. Remorhaz and their young burn great tunnels within the permafrost layer and glaciers, while white dragons find a home in the high mountains from where they can build a lair and then raid the surrounding area.

Strange and broken fortifications of immense size dot the landscape, providing a haven to those who wish to remain unseen. Orc clans are known to inhabit these places, while dark wizards stand atop these wrecked towers to test their magic in the night.

To the south of the Mistral Plain is the boundary of this dark place. The windhold Range provides protection better than any castle wall as a steep range of hills with few passes forms a natural barrier. In other lands, less harsh than Whitefaire, these hills would be called mountains and respected as such. However, overtopped as they are by the Spine of the World peaks, the Windhold Range are merely cousins to those mighty mountains.

Only one place is easy to traverse; Eyri's Gap, where the Meltrush River cuts a sharp-sided canyon through the hills. Named after the discoverer, felled by goblin arrows in this grim crevice, the Gap is the only navigable route of any size from the Mistral to Burgoshire and beyond. Patrols are regularly dispatched from Sleetford to monitor this gap, and the Bersk Clan have one of their holdfasts there. These hardy folk do their best to hold back any invaders - but such terrible hordes have come through the canyon before. No doubt they will do so again.

THE FOREST OF DRIFTS

Beyond the Windhold Range and to the south-east are the endless Star-Pine forests of the Forest of Drifts. Within the protection of the tree trunks are the many villages of Frostkin tribes. The forest would seem to be impassable, but the veteran wood tribes know the hidden ways and paths that they can know and use. There are no major roads through the forests, as there is no reason to spend huge amounts of time, money and lives to do so. There is little within the forest's interior which draws the greedy eyes of the coastal folks. The only real gap is for the river, where the flat-bottomed river boats load up with goods to make their way down to the Melt Water Estuary and the docks of Whitefaire Haven. These journeys are fraught at best with rocks and mini-icebergs, not to mention any monsters who want to ambush passing ships. As a result of this, many of the Frostkin patrol the river's banks, ensuring that their supply lines remain open.

The forest is a haven for many different creatures both mundane and monstrous. Bears and deer live out their lives within the forest's darkness. Birds and smaller creatures live in the high branches, and snapping faux-dragons fight with raptors in the day and the night. Yetis are often seen in these woods as well, hunting travellers through the long paths which snake through the forests. Goblin bands use these trees as cover for their endeavours, while bandits and other ne'er-do-wells can find a home there. However, there are friendly folk in the woods too. Timber-cutting camps can be occasionally discovered, while the well-built villages of the Frostkin sit beneath the canopy.

Unicorns have been known to make their homes within the forest as well, flitting away from contact with others. They have become adopted icons, named and almost adopted by the villagers. Many villages within Whitefaire have the white unicorn as their symbol and will take time to feed the unicorn through the thin winter months with hay and oats.

Many Frostkin tribes are found within the forests. Their villages are generally based around the frequent hot springs within the woods, using the water to heat their homes and tribal halls. Many Frostkin longhouses, which often have several families all living together under one roof, are built with these hot pools in their base. From this warmth do the hardy tribespeople weather the deathly cold of deep winter. Using the hollowed-out timber of felled trunks, the hot water is quickly distributed amongst the pipes of the other homes, and so all in the village can remain safe and warm. While their southern cold-chose kin upon the coast might cling desperately to their fire-pits and furnaces, Frostkin remain warm and secure even as the snow piles up and blocks their travel for months on end.

Also within the Forest of Drifts is the Skarn Nern, sometimes called the Place of Covokeeting. The Ice-Skarn is the ancestral deity of the Frostkin and even those tribes who have taken to worshipping a different deity might still honour the Skarn with their traditional rituals and practises. Many of the Frostkin might worship two or more gods, seeing no contradiction in the worship of Helm and Llamater as well. This location is an open-roofed space where trees twist and turn around one another, forming a wall with only a single gap. A hot spring provides warmth and a chair of ancient blood oaks sits within the centre. Moss covers the ground while the air is old and dusty. Since aeons past, Skarn Nern has sat heavy with age, reminding all of its ancient nature.

But the Skarn Nern has an importance beyond the strictly spiritual. While they are spread-out people, the Frostkin will often seek a common purpose in times of great difficulty or change for Whitefaire Haven. When they are called to do so, each of the tribes will send their Swordhold and their supporters to the Nern. In this holy place, the debate will be held for how to respond to the issue at hand. These meetings can go for several weeks while tribes work out their issues and gather their allies within the assembled Swordholds. Once the approach is settled, the Ice-Skarn druids will bind the assembly into a holy pact. On pain of death, none will break this agreement.

THE COUNTY OF BURGOSHIRE

South of the hills that separate the Mistral Plain from the rest of the land, the landscape drops away into rolling plains and cleared forest land. In some parts there are great flower meadows where cattle can be grazed and hardy crops grown. Some of these areas are as peaceful and beautiful as anywhere in Faerun; maybe more so because of their isolation. Deep cut streams and river gurgles meltwater down from the mountains, and small white flowers poke out from amongst the grass. These meadows and lower land are highly fertile, and little farming communities dot the landscape to take advantage of this. The thick black loam which sticks to the boots of travellers is rich with nutrients and so plants almost seem to spring from this soil. This is extremely useful given the shortness of Whitefaire's spring and summer, allowing the rural folk to gather the harvest easily before the autumn frosts come to kill whatever remains. However, these folk do not stop their work even in the winter's depth.

Ice Wine, for example, is a common winter crop. Much of this thick red wine goes to the south to warm the hearts and souls of the town's folk - and the best vintages go much further south. It is known to all that ice-wine sells for a large price in Waterdeep and Amnish cities. Entire villages are supported on the output of their vineyards, providing them with coin to trade. Other villages focus on producing honey and create the famous 'Winterwarm' - a strongly flavoured concoction of hot mead, strong spices and honey. This is the brew that is served in virtually every inn and tavern in the land. Such a strong cocktail is a balm for the freezing traveller, having finished their day of cold travel.

Burgoshire is the bread-basket of the entire region. From its fields comes the wheat, the barley, the fruit and the vegetables which allow the region to thrive. The work of such farmers in keeping the population of the towns all around feed is never unestimated, and at the harvest festival donations are given to the rural common folk. The towns are habitually so generous that this coin will be worth a farm-hands monthly wage or more, and so the relations between town and country remain amicable. All know that, if Burgoshire were to keep its goods to its village, many would starve.

The farmland of the county is also rutted with tracks for carts and wagons, most of which are heading roughly southwest. Such a network is lightly cast upon the wilderness, and adventurers can walk for many miles before encountering even a mile marker or farmer's track. But in all of Whitefaire, this is where it is more likely that people will encounter others upon the road.

THE CANTON OF ALGORE

The other area of organised civilisation within Whitefaire is centered around Blizzardmere Tor upon the southern coast. As a less developed region - founded less than a century ago - Algore does not have the same productive farmland as Burgoshire. Much of its land is low lying and often boggy ground, resistant to draining or 'improvement'. The Woods Path river is a faster and harder river to navigate than the Meltrush, so fewer traders are willing to make this risky journey. It's far easier to travel to Haven and visit Blizzardmere by boat. However, this region has more access to easy timber and a far kinder climate than further north. Some even say that Algore is a land where a Coldchose can take off their padded jacket during summer!

As a relatively friendlier area for human life, people are more common, and the villages tend to be larger. Humans are the dominant people here, most being craftsmen involved in the timber trade. A more mixed population of Coldchoses also includes elves and half-elves, as well as a large population of halflings. The Firelog Clan built the village of Elmcrest in the lee of the Forest of Drifts. Over the course of decades they have built a small, happy town with great food and excellent beer, doing a roaring trade with nearby Blizzardmere. Much like the farmers in Burgoshire, the halflings found the soil to be excellent for growing, and so their crops thrive.

The main trade for Algore is timber and timber goods, and the virtually endless forests give ample materials for these crafts. Blizzardmere is the main trade hub and the river is often filled with logs, on their long journey to the workshops. Watchful Paladins of Helm patrol his region, making it safer for those who live there, and allowing commerce and trade to continue. Their perpetual fight ensures the safety of the villages, traders and people who live in this safer, more comfortable southern land.

WHITEFAIRE AMBER AND THE RAFT

Whitefaire Amber is one of the most sought-out materials in the north of Faerun. It is very rarely found outside of Whitefaire, and this makes Whitefaire the centre of the trade for this unique yellow-brown precious stone.

It is not clear from where the amber comes, or what created it. Some wizards who have studied the substance believe that it might be some kind of incarnation of the Weave, a form of magic made whole. Others believe that it could be the remains from some unknown magical catastrophe, a form of debris from a long forgotten disaster which struck the area of Whitefaire millenia before. But whatever the source of this amber, all magical practitioners that know of this yellowish gemstone are aware of its usages.

Whitefaire Amber has a stronger connection to the Weave of magic than other gemstones. It is also not known how this magical connection was created. Amber is able to store more energy in the forms of wands and staves, or assist the energy flow of a magical item. Wizards who carry magical items containing amber have experienced this increased energy flow directly, allowing them to channel more power into their spells. The harnessing of such energies thus makes their spells far more dangerous.

Amber comes in many forms, but is generally extracted in the forms of ore, resin or whole stones. Most commonly, miners find Whitefaire Amber bonded with other rocks, and the gleam of the yellow veins within harder stones often reflects the miner's greedy eyes. This form of amber requires the most amount of work - refining such ore involves crushing, sorting and sieving in order to draw out the small fragments of Amber within it. Much of this preparation work takes place at the mine-site, before the amber is shipped downriver.

Amber resin is more valuable and accordingly, rarer. It is found in larger chunks, unclear and spoiled with other rocks that have blended with it. While the techniques to separate them are trickier to learn, they are also more straight-forward. Separating the ore takes workers and lots of time and sweat, while resin requires a minor spellcaster and a few minutes of attention. While it is still exhausting, the results are clearer and more useful.



The truly lucrative amber is the uncut stones which emerge from the ground. These look like chunks of clear, red-yellowish stones which seem to pulse very slightly with energy from the weave. Some miners and prospectors tell stories of hearing a slight whine from this rock - though others are more sceptical of this. Nonetheless, these rocks are easily the most profitable discovery that any amber miner can make. Easily carried and worth considerably more than their weight in platinum, the discovery of several of these stones can provide enough for a mine to run for a year. For a single prospector or desperate miner, such a find can provide a fortune for them to start a life of relative wealth and leisure. The lure of such a life has attracted many and killed most of those in their search.

THE REGENT'S AMBER, FUR AND TIMBER COMPANY

This company, known far more commonly as the RAFT, has the monopoly on the trading of Amber, Fur and Timber from within Whitefaire. If a miner wishes to sell their amber, they can only do this with a registered merchant from the RAFT. If a Frostkin trapper wishes to trade their bales of furs for coin, it must be with a member of the RAFT. In this way, the Regent of Whitefaire keeps coins coming into their coffers and a method of control within Whitefaire.

The key to the trade is the Sovereign Warrant of Trade. These are certificates which all merchants within the RAFT carry and marks them out as them part of the RAFT. This Warrant of Trade is extremely valuable because of the potential profit that can be made, and so they are regularly purchased at prices exceeding 5,000 gold pieces each. Southern merchant consortiums will often purchase a single warrant so they are able to involve themselves in this trade.

However, the RAFT is not limited to only trading amber, furs and timber. While this is their exclusive monopoly, they also trade other goods such as food, equipment and weapons. Any prospector who wishes to go north and search for amber will have dealings with the RAFT for their equipment long before they ever touch Whitefaire's earth.

The RAFT is self-policing. As it is known that those who do not have Warrants of Trade are operating illegally, the RAFT grants those within their organisation the right to hunt down those illegal traders. Smugglers and other types who might try and unlawfully take goods out of Whitefaire are the prime targets for the RAFT, who will reclaim their goods and give the profits to the successful hunters. As such, bounty hunters are very willing to take on contracts for the RAFT, and the company also employs privateers under a letter of marque to hunt for illegal shipping of prohibited goods in the waters around Whitefaire.

It should be noted that most of the Frostkin and many Coldchose hate the RAFT. It is an ugly, exploitative company, which uses its monopolies to drive up the price of imported goods and underpay finders of amber by a large percentage. It is not rare for the RAFT to take advantage of their position and buy amber worth thousands for a few hundred, leaving the finder little better off for their hard, dangerous work.

THE AMBER TRADE

Commonly, amber will trade in the south cities, where the price of it is fixed by a network of RAFT dealers. They know who is able and willing to purchase this valuable resource, and so they negotiate a fixed price across all of their contacts. This price helps to ensure that the value of the Amber remains as steady and predictable as possible - this protects their large yearly profits.

This cartel behaviour is also why the price of Amber in the south does not vary much. Regardless of the supply of Amber, the RAFT will fix the price yearly, and ensure that sufficient amber is released to ensure this. It also means that, in times of high discovery - when the amber is more common through mining or other discoveries - that the price does not drop. It is rumoured that there is a secret fortress upon one of the islands in the bay where RAFT trading ships make unobserved deliveries to a vault there. This reserve of Whitefaire amber would be one of the most valuable prizes in all of Whitefaire - and possibly as far south as Luskan - to attack or rob. Secrecy and heavy fortifications are the means by which this unnamed fort remains safe.

However, this price fixing does not extend to trading with the RAFT. The value of the Amber within Whitefaire is very much decided by its availability. Ironically enough, the more amber that is found during the occasional mining rush, the less valuable the individual finds their prospect. Miners and prospectors who have borrowed extensively from the RAFT for their equipment and gear have often found that their 'great discovery' is barely enough to pay back their loan. During the Folly Mines era there were considerable finds of Amber in the Windhold Range, and this caused the price to almost collapse. The fortunes that might have been made by the common people who had taken to mining withered away - and the desperate sold their entire find for merely the cost of a ship back to the south.

CALCULATING THE AMBER PRICE

The price of Amber varies depending on the discoveries that year. The RAFT has a strict cap on the amount of Amber which can be traded at full price - after that cap is exceeded, the value drops off considerably. The caps which the RAFT enforce are five hundred pounds of gemstones, one thousand pounds of resin and two thousand pounds of ore.

In addition to any amber which the players might find and sell to the RAFT, each month 1d20 x 10 pounds of **gemstones**, 2d20 X 20 pounds of **resin**, and 1d100 x 10 of **amber ore** will be sold to the market each in-game month. The overall prices will change accordingly on the last day of that month, to reflect the new values.

GEMSTONE PRICES

Annual total being traded	Price in GP per lb
0-500 lb	1900 gp
500 - 750	1200 gp
750 - 1500	600 gp
1500 +	300 gp

These prices may vary up to ten percent higher, based on the quality of the gemstone in carats. This is done at the appraisal when the gems are being sold to the RAFT trader.

RESIN PRICES

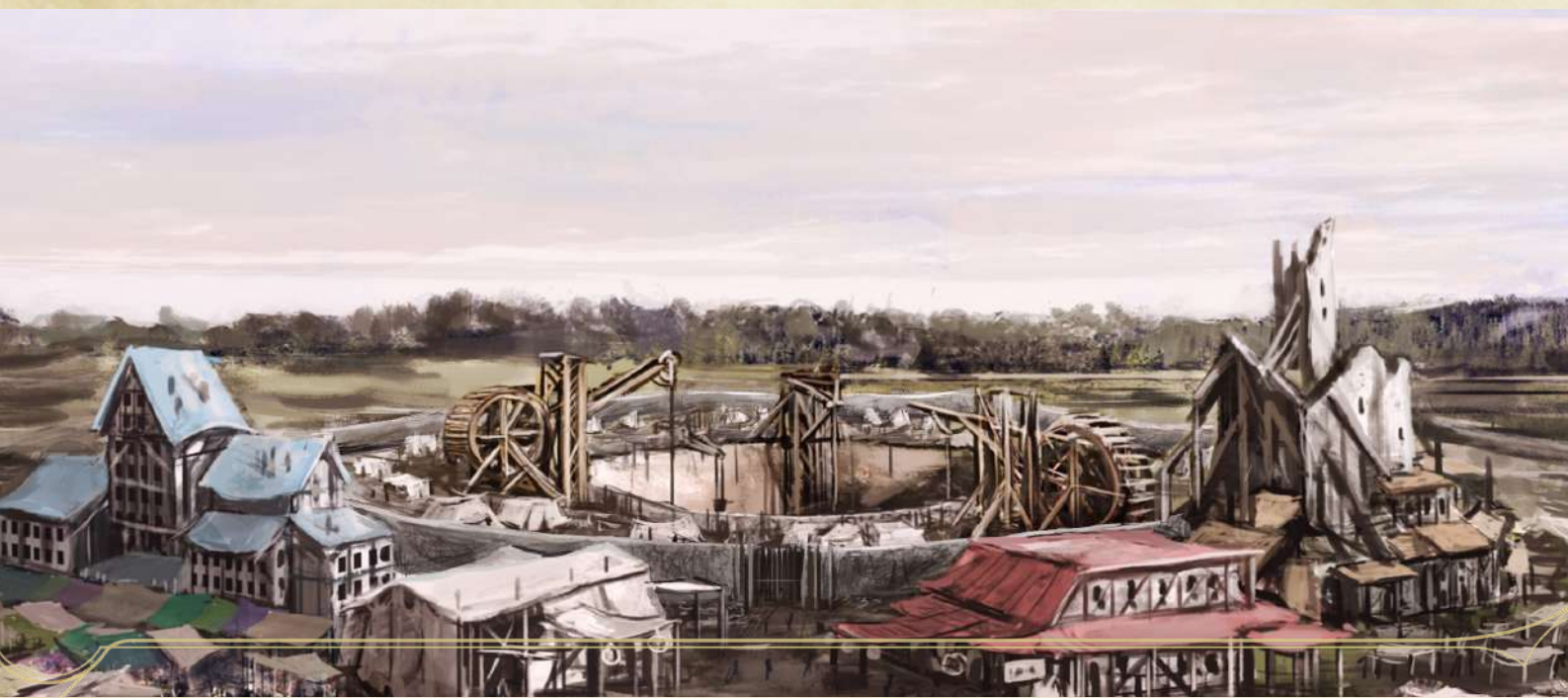
Annual total being traded	Price in GP per lb
0-1000 lb	1275 gp
1000 - 2000	860 gp
2000 - 2500	440 gp
2500 +	211 gp

Amber resin is generally sold in much larger quantities, by the sackload from the large mines upon Burgoshire's plains.

ORE PRICES

Annual total being traded	Price in GP per lb
0-2000 lb	800 gp
2000 - 3000	400 gp
3000 - 4000	200 gp
4000 +	125 gp

Ore is the least useful amber, as it has to be further worked and refined by workers in the south. A large amount of magic must be used to bring to a usable substance within the alchemical or arcane arts. It is also the most common form of amber which can be found, lowering the price. Good mines in Whitefaire will annually produce five hundred pounds of ore.



WHITEFAIRE AMBER IN USE

Whitefaire Amber is a powerful magical resonator, capable of storing a large amount of energy from within the weave. Such energy can be released in a controlled or an uncontrolled manner, based on the intention of the spell caster which is using it.

It has many different uses in arcane practice and devices. Many senior wizards throughout Faerun and further have used this in their machinery. However, most adventurers would want the amber for several useful tasks.

CHARGED MAGICAL AMBER

Amber gemstones can be charged with specific spells in a manner very similar to a spell scroll. Using a simple magical trigger word, a spell-caster can activate the magical amber in the same way that they would activate a spell scroll. In addition, if the caster does not have the components required for the spell then this amber-spell can still be cast. Players should note that the gemstone required by the spell must be one single stone - it is impossible to charge up a handful of mixed gems with a single spell.

However, unlike a scroll the amber is not destroyed by the casting of the spell. It merely returns the gemstone to an uncharged state, ready to receive another spell.

Spells can be placed within the Whitefaire Amber by casting the spell as normal upon it. This can be using a spell ritual or using a spell slot as per the rules in the *The Player's Handbook*. This spell will remain within the amber gem for until the midnight of the following day, and then disperse back into the Weave.

The level of spell, the spell DC, attack bonus and level of spell per size of gemstone can be found in the table below.

CHARGED AMBER

Spell Level	Save DC	Spell Attack Mod.	Gemstone Size
1st	DC13	+5	6oz
2nd	DC13	+5	1lb
3rd	DC15	+7	1lb, 6oz
4th	DC15	+7	2lb
5th	DC17	+9	2lb, 6oz
6th	DC17	+9	4lb
7th	DC18	+10	5lb
8th	DC18	+10	6lb
9th	DC19	+11	7lb

MAGICAL ITEM ENHANCEMENT

Arcanists and other workers of enchantment have noticed that charged amber, if properly enchanted, can work alongside existing enchantments to further empower magical weapons and armour.

If adventurers are able to find an enchanter willing to do the work, a gemstone of 1lb will allow a magical item to be improved by a further +1 modifier. For example, if a longsword +1 had a piece of charged amber embossed upon it, then the enchantment would improve to a longsword +2. Charged amber will also have the same effect on armour

improving their enchantment by an addition +1 to whatever was already there, but cannot improve an enchantment beyond +3. Smaller gems cannot hold enough enchantment to improve such already-mighty magic. In addition, the act of binding an amber-gem to the weapon or armour changes it's very nature, and it cannot be removed without destroying it.

Whitefaire amber can be used upon non-magical weapons to create an enchantment upon them. If the weapon does not have an existing enchantment then the weapon can improve it's hit and damage modifier by +1, or choose a specific enchantment from the 'creating a magical item section' of the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. Players and DM's should work together to create a new magical item based on the player character's requests. It should be noted, however, that not every enchantment turns out the way the enchanter expects! The Amber often has a mind of its own and each enchantment is an experiment in the craft.

SPELL FOCUS

A piece of amber can work as a spell focus much as a wand or wizard's staff can do. If a spellcaster is using a 4lb or larger gem as their spell focus - mounted in some way or just in their hand - they can add +1 to the Spell Attack Modifier or Spell Save DC.

EXPLOSIVE CHARGE

Amber gems are fragile, and when they are cracked magical energy will come pouring out of them in an uncontrolled, explosive manner. While few would think to use such rare gems in such a wasteful way, it has been used like this in extreme situations.

Amber must be charged before it can be thrown. To do so takes 1 min of concentration and the use of any same level spell slot (see below) to charge it. Charging the amber does not require a specific spell, it is just the direction of the weaves energy into the stone. Amber cannot be charged as an explosive beyond 6th level because it becomes dangerously unstable, and even the slightest knock could set it off.

The damage which the amber explosive will cause is based on the energy being channelled into it, which is the caster's choice e.g. a new necromantically charged piece of amber will cause a necromantic explosion. This amber remains charged until used in an attack.

Throwing the amber is a ranged attack action. Whether hit or miss, the amber will always explode on contact with something, and so the DM should nominate where the amber explodes in the case of a miss. The damage it will do is as per the table below, in a circle around the impact point. If a struck creature passes it's saving throw, it takes half the normal damage.

CHARGED AMBER

Spell Level	Save DC	Area & Damage	Gemstone Size
1st	DC13	15 ft, 2d8	6oz
2nd	DC13	20 ft. 3d8	8oz
3rd	DC15	20 ft. 4d8	1lb
4th	DC15	30 ft. 6d8	1lb, 6oz
5th	DC17	40 ft. 8d8	2lb, 6oz
6th	DC17	45 ft 10d8	3lb

WHITEFAIRE HISTORY

The history of Whitefaire is, broadly speaking, lost to almost all but erudite scholars. It is known that, at some point in the past, fortifications were raised there. The remains of the towers along the Meltrush River and the ancient fortress upon the Mistral Plain speak to some great martial history. It is said that there are old ghosts upon the Mistral Plain, who speak with the voice of the endless winds and blizzards. Perhaps there is some relationship between this and the Ice King that the Frostkin speak of, but with oral history being the only source of information, it is unclear of the accuracy of this.

Bugbears and other Goblinoid races have always been endemic to the Old North, so it can be assumed that whatever dangers they presented were countered with these defences. Some historians have linked this with the Year of Normiir, when the great Orc invasion swept out the Spine of the World. Others say it was an earlier cataclysm, or perhaps the end of an as-yet-unknown empire. Some ancient texts, unearthed by a scholar in Neverwinter, speak of an empire of 'Fleeting Souls,' who traded with the humans of the earliest city. Nothing else is known of this. History properly begins about three hundred years ago, with the vassalage of the region to the Merchant Captains of Luskan. This came after a terrible period only known as 'the Dying Days' around 1280. Some say this was because the land was covered with a great darkness of smoke and Ash, and all but the hardiest crops died. Even in a land of great and terrible magic, scholars struggle to believe that. The common theory amongst the Coldchose is that it was a great famine of some sort which led to many of the deaths of the Frostkin. This led to the first attempt to get southerners to migrate north.

HISTORICAL EVENTS

1360: THE IRON FOG

Circa year 1360, the Iron Fog tribe moved south and into Whitefaire. Tens of thousands of cavern and cave-bred orcs invaded the north from Luskan and IceWind Dale. Villages and towns were burned, and the improvised defences around castles were besieged. Unable to face the orks battalions directly, the Frostkin melted into the forests. Under the leadership of their Sword Thain, Glinfindol, and enduring great hardship, they fought an irregular skirmish war across Whitefaire. They were joined by the giant Aibar, who came down from the mountains to help. Three years of extreme suffering continued while the warriors of the Frostkin sprang ambushes, battled patrols and slaughtered orcs in the woods by the thousand.

As the towns began to fall, the Coldchose joined the Frostkin and helped call for aid from the dwarven Harlech Clan. An army marched north, and there was a great battle upon the Meltrush River north of Whitefaire Haven. The slaughter was great, but the reinforcements from the Harlech clan helped swing the battle in their favour. Despite the loss of the Sword Thain and his famed song, Windsong, the battle was won. This victory destroyed the Iron Fog Ork tribe, though bands of roving orcs were seen throughout the region for years. This battle together helped cement the bonds between Frostkin and Coldchose.



1390: THE REGENT'S STRIFE

1390 brought the Regent's Strife, where Frostkin went to war with one another. Valorous I was the son of the previous regent, while Bolder was the popular Swordhold who had chased the last of the Orcs out of Whitefaire. Bolder was acclaimed as Regent, while Valorous held the title by the rights of Acclamation. Tribe fought the tribe and the Coldchose were caught in the middle, choosing their loyalties based on survival. The tundra and woods became a blood soaked wasteland, scattered with the bodies of the tribes men and monsters alike. Worst still, the endless scourge of goblinoids returned, and yet more people were lost to monsters attacks. It led to the Battle of the Blizzards, where a snowy moor was turned into a charnel house as the White Seal tribe and the Black Thicket tribe fought themselves to extinction. After that, a pact was made. Valorous I abdicated the throne, and the daughter of Bolder was chosen to be the new Regent. But the Regency remained a hereditary title. The Slaughter of the Blizzards would be invoked as a rejoinder: better a hereditary leader than two entire dead tribes. The phrase "A blizzard fight" is used by the Frostkin in the same way as a pyrrhic victory. You might win, but the cost will be far more than you can bear. And so the battle set the tradition, and the Regency, over a century or more, slowly slipped out of the hands of the tribes and the Coldchose.

1404: THE AMBER AND GREEN RUSH

1404 brought new travellers and visitors to Whitefaire, as the discovery of a great amber seam created a rush of investigators and miners coming to the North. A roving adventurer band had come across the amber in the wall of a cavern. The first mine was sunk there, and battles raged between the goblins underground and the miners coming to steal 'their wealth'. Much of the gold earned was spent again on warriors to defend against the goblins who would try and swarm the tunnels. The Amber Rush ended in 1408 when the goblins discovered that they could mine their own amber, and then sell it to unscrupulous dealers who would buy from anyone. Suddenly, well armed goblin bands were killing the lightly armed mercenaries by the score, and the mines became untenable. But when the goblins started killing the merchants as well, the amber trade almost completely dried up. This led to the Regent of Whitefaire creating the Regent's Amber, Fur and Timber (The RAFT) to organise and assist any merchants who wished to go north to trade with the Frostkin tribes there. The first expeditions of the newly formed RAFT are akin to raids or invasions rather than trade missions; but soon they forge bonds and relationships which bring them huge wealth.

1422: THE FALSE CARAVEL

1422 brought a new but unanticipated danger to Whitefaire, coming from the sea on an ancient looking caravel ship - these are vessels which had not been seen in common use for hundreds of years. The caravel came ashore upon the rocks around the ruins of Stormface Citadel. When locals from Waiting Cross went to investigate the wreck, they found that the ship was empty. Amongst the cargo of ancient hides and leather were golden trinkets - brooches and necklaces - which the Coldchose took as the rights of salvage. Some believed that they would sell this jewelry, but when they came to do so, they were unable to complete the deal. Something compelled them to keep these valuables with them, and as close to their body as possible.

Months passed until the dark of Winter 1423, when suddenly those who had jewelry all vanished one night. Panic filled the people of Waiting Cross as sons and daughters, husbands and wives all vanished into the night. There was no warning of this sudden exodus. The leader of Middlecross appealed to the nearest tribes, and Swordhold Adelya took a party of her strongest Frostkin and the Middle Cross Militia to investigate this event. The tracks they found led to the ruins of Stormface, and within the ruins they found a large band of goblins waiting. Each of these goblins carried a small ring or gold token. Battle was joined and warriors on both sides were killed. The human alliance was victorious, but the wizard who accompanied them was clear: the gold trinkets were cursed in some way. A lasting spell of command had been placed upon them, and any who possessed this gold would be under the sway of some other, more malevolent soul.

Investigating further, they found a terrible dark wizard - an illusionist and conjurer of terrible power - who was controlling the townsfolk. Swordhold Adelya decreed that only the wizard should be slain, and many of the Frostkin bravely tried to follow these orders. They parried swords and axes, trying to disarm and overpower their opponents instead of slaying the will-scourged slaves. It took the direct assault of the Swordhold and her thain's to slay Adurri, and many of her folk lay dead before she struck the killing blow. However, the people of Waiting Cross acclaimed her as a great hero. The people of Waiting Cross and the Wood Nut tribe have had a strong bond since this time.

1431: THE TOWER'S WRATH

While there are petty wizards amongst the people of Coldchose, and tribal sorcerers amongst the Frostkin, the true source of magical power in Whitefaire is the tower of Frost. For decades, this was the residence of Sheo Tratos, a frost mage who had come to Whitefaire to continue his research. This wizard was not reclusive, but a friendly and outgoing personality. Folk in Middle Cross and Whitefaire Haven became used to the whistle-pop of Trato's arrival. Though known to be impatient with foolishness, the Abjurationist was loved and welcomed amongst the Frostkin and the Coldchose alike. The fact that, like most wizards, he was fabulously wealthy had only helped his appeal. Much of the civic architecture in Waiting Cross was built from the profits Tratos brought to the area. In 1431, another wizard came to challenge Tratos.

The Tower of Frost only belonged to Tratos by virtue of occupancy, and many of its mysteries remained unexplored by the affable mage. This strange building, older than even the Frostkin tribes, was a beacon to any seeking power.

Cea, the powerful summoner, had come to challenge this right and take possession of the tower from Tratos. At first, the two powerful mages tried to negotiate; Tratos offering to share the tower while Cea demanded complete ownership. Eventually, and with a grim sense of inevitability, the situation descended into violence. Both wizards surrounded their allies, and the Split Trunk tribe of Frostkin came to Tratos' aid. The battle was sadly, brief. Cea's summoning allowed her to bring a great horde of creatures to the fight, and upon seeing the ranks of Ice Elementals and Frost Golems facing them, the Frostkin surrendered. Humbled and humiliated, Tratos was forced from the tower, and fled south into exile. Cea took residence within the tower, but her unfriendly nature seemed to radiate from the stone walls. Even in the height of summer, there is snow and ice permanently surrounding the tower. The once friendly, supportive shape of the tower has become a shadow across the soul of Waiting Cross and the Frostkin tribes surrounding it.

1438-41: SILVANT'S BANE.

While Whitefaire is often free of dragons, it is never free of monsters. The ranger Silvant spent three years tracking the monster that had slain his friend and mentor. However, the unnamed beast had fled underground and Silvant had no way of tunnelling after it. However, upon discovering a horde of Amber, the ranger sold it all and hired a company of dwarfs to assist him. They tunneled deep beneath the mountains... and were never seen again. Rumours say that the survivors of the party still dig underground, hunting for the monster they have been hired to slay.

1449-1452: THE ENDLESS COLD

The winter of 1449 was extremely cold, even by the reckoning of the Frostkin and their sages. However, when the spring came in 1450, the days did not get warmer. While the sun still shone, the temperature barely got above freezing. These were hard years, even for the Frostkin. Many ancient trees were hewed for wood, and the price of coal from the Ten Towns of Icewind Dale climbed to the point where only the rich could stay warm. Many died of cold and of starvation, while those who could instead fled to warmer climes in the north. It is rumoured that the intervention of Cea either caused or ended this strange coldness, but the origin of this great cold is not reliably known. The depopulation it created amongst the Coldchose and the Frostkin was severe. It took a decade or more for those who had left to return, and many never did.

1458-64: THE FOLLY MINES

A new rumour of Whitefaire Amber in the hills beyond Lone Stand Tower prompted another rush of Coldchose to arrive in great waves, tempted by stories of amber being so close to the surface that it could be picked from the ground. From all parts of Faerun, adventures, prospectors and hopefuls come to seek their great fortune. Whitefaire struggled to support this temporary explosion in the populations, and the RAFT supplied many of these explorers. But when they arrived in the north, they were attacked by the monsters and the goblins which inhabit this region. Many mines were sunk but almost all are overwhelmed by the Goblin Nations or other monsters. Worse still, the vast amount of amber being sold crashed the price of gems. Survivors found that their 'fortune' was now worth little more than the debt they took for their kit.

1464: THE ASCENSION OF DREAMER II (YEAR OF THE ELVEN SWORDS RETURNED)

The second daughter of the Regent of Whitefaire, Larna Sito, ascended to the Regency upon the death of her Father, Perseverance III, in Neverwinter. She had never visited Whitefaire as her father believed it was too dangerous to do so. However, through her tutors and her mother - descended from the Frostkin - she had listened extensively to the stories of the harsh beauty of her realm. Dreamer II decides to reclaim her ancestral homeland with whatever means are necessary. Accordingly, she stripped her household of wealth and gold to start creating the influence she would need amongst the nobles of Neverwinter to aid this. She became heavily involved as an influential member of the nobility, helping to resolve disputes and broker deals and marriages amongst the rich.

1468: THE ASSESSMENT TOUR (YEAR OF THE THREE HEROES UNITED)

Dagult Neverember, the Open Lord of Waterdeep, arrives in Neverwinter and soon becomes its Lord Protector, a position where he can begin to rebuild the city. As part of the general optimism of the City, Regent Dreamer II continued her plan to return to Whitefaire and build it from a border province to a great nation. With the support of Neverember, she hired engineers and mercenary soldiers to help her assess the state of the region. She called this the 'Great Assessment'. The aim of the mission is to see whom she is supported by, and what can be done to re-secure the region. Arriving in state at Whitefaire Haven, Dreamer is met by the Swordholds of just two small tribes.

The embarrassment of being received in this way is deeply felt by Dreamer. However, she still toured the towns of the region, speaking to those who will listen about her great plans for her mountainous homeland. At the same time, surveyors are patrolling the whole area, observing and reporting back. After consulting with the Boyarina of Whitefaire Haven, the whole party returns to Neverwinter to plot their next move. During that winter, Dreamer II begins to call in the favours she has earned through her support of various nobles in Neverwinter. With promises of cash loans from noble houses and banking syndicates, the Regent reaches out for mercenary companies to assist her. After many missives and meetings, Dreamer chooses the company of the Hinterberg Prince to contract with. Logistics planning and recruitment quickly fill the winter months with activity.

1470 - THE HINTERBURG EXPEDITION (YEAR OF THE SECOND CIRCLE)

Once the ice of winter is clear, a force of three hundred and eight soldiers from the Hinterberg Prince arrived with their initial plans set over the winter. They had negotiated throughout the winter with Dreamer II for the contract to help restore Whitefaire. The Company was to prepare bases and positions for the arrival of a greater force in the summer. The smaller force garrisons some of the ruins upon the Melt Rush River, takes possession of the Lone Stand Tower, and creates a small barracks within Whitefaire Haven. They also begin to rebuild Whitefaire Haven Castle. However, two of the trusted nobles backing the Winterfaire endeavour failed to deliver the promised cash. This shortfall means that the army being prepared back in Neverwinter cannot be paid for. Despite Dreamer II's best efforts to convince the Company's leaders to be patient, the Lords of Luskan were happy to recruit this army to be used instead to pacify the outlying regions. Dreamer II was humiliated by this failure and the Luskan Lords' dismissive treatment of their vassal state. During the winter of that year, the Whitefaire Expedition mysteriously went missing. Despite many messages and letters, no further news returned to the Expedition's captain in Neverwinter. Dreamer II continued to try and assemble a semblance of the army she had organised the previous summer.

1471 - THE UNDERTAKING (THE YEAR OF THE PLAGUED LORD)

A new mission, small and cheap, is detailed to discover what happened to the initial Hinterberg Expedition. The cost of this is being covered by the Regent, whom rumour says is already struggling with financial issues. Meanwhile, the Mother Cult - long thought to have been defeated - were seen once again by the Frostkin. The Bersk clan realised that, even during the winter months, more monsters and creatures have come out of the Mist than they have seen in a decade.

Worse still, Rurapentha, silent for a generation, had begun to smoke and growl in the very north. Such terrible omens bode ill for the future of this cold, northern land.

This is the **present day**.



THE RULERS OF WHITEFAIRE



REGENT DREAMER II

Regent Dreamer the Second is the driving force of the 'Great Endeavour'. A close friend of the Lord Protector Dagult Neverember, she had watched as Neverwinter started once more to rise again. At the same time, she watched her father die during the terrible times of the Spellplague. Her noble title, once tarnished, was on the cusp of being forgotten. So, as soon as she came into the title of Regent of Whitefaire, Dreamer II decided the time had come to regain her title and the land she had only heard about in stories from elder relatives. So inspired, the newly crowned Regent sold much of her family's remaining treasure and hired the Hinterburg Prince to assist her. Dreamer worked hard to secure support from other nobles in Neverwinter and elsewhere. Travelling to Baldur's Gate and even to Waterdeep, she sought out those people who supported the idea of her regency and its restoration. She found many who were willing to promise her support, and she made many promises in return. The ironhard resolve of this young woman impressed many of those who she met. Despite this, the first attempt at launching the Great Endeavour failed. Promises chests of gold and platinum failed to arrive from her supporters, so the whole plan had to be abandoned as the winter swept in. Dreamer II discovered that this just hardened her resolve to succeed. She relaunched her campaign and, with a massive loan for Lord Neverember himself, the Regent was ready to launch in the spring. Her fleet is assembled and she will return to Whitefaire with an army. It remains to be seen what will happen once she arrives.

Personality Traits. Dreamer II is an unexpected mix of naivete and steel-solid resolve. While she is an excellent negotiator and knows how to flatter people, the Regent is also very set upon her goals. She dresses like the queen she knows she is, and expects the same level of royal deference from those around her.

Ideal. Dreamer II believes that she is in a unique position to help Whitefaire develop. With her guidance, she wants to build the region up to a safe and harmonious kingdom where those who are vulnerable can be protected and assisted by her power.

Bond. Dreamer II would sooner die than give up her title and power. She has seen her father and his mother perform this role, and knows that she can do better.

Flaw. The Regent is very entitled, and believes that she should be respected by all as Queen of Whitefaire. Her sharp temper will come out for those who do not give her sufficient deference.



GENERAL ROSIC NADINE

Rosic Nadine is the Commandant-General of the Hinterburg Prince, and has been a member of the company since he was old enough to swing a sword. Originally hailing from Mintarn, his wealthy father bought him a Signet's commission with the last of his life savings. The young boy paid back this investment spectacularly, and used his wealth from the company's campaign against the Twice-Scarred orcs to purchase more and more ranks. Before he was thirty, he had already become a Major, a full ten years younger than any of the other soldiers at the same rank. Fate would step in during the battle of Silver Plain. This particular campaign was gruelling and they had lost many even before the major battle had begun. During the Drow counter-attack the previous general was slaughtered by a Drow assassin. This left Nadine in the position of being in command of the entire company of three remaining soldiers. He decided retreat was the better course of action, but one hundred and forty-two Mintarnish mercenaries made it. However, they had managed to protect the pay-chest. With this money, he began to rebuild and renew his company of mercenaries. After working profitably for many years for the City of Neverwinter, protecting it while it was rebuilt, Nadine was looking for a truly historic and profitable adventure for his company. He was approached by Regent Dreamer II who explained her Great Endeavour to him, and he decided to embark his soldiers upon this mission. He is sure that, no matter what might happen, he will ensure that he is successful and highly paid for his and his company's service.

Personality Traits. Nadine is a clear minded and professional soldier to the highest degree. He has little time for foolishness or liars, always seeking clarity when he issues or receives orders. As an efficient, effective and aggressive commander, he will always seek battle or try and bring it about.

Ideal. Nadine seeks efficiency and clarity in all matters, whether professional or personal. He enjoys the company of those who are brave, efficient and honest in their dealings.

Bond. Nadine would sooner die before he would give up the command of his company to another. He believes that, without him, the Hinterburg Prince would shatter and become gangs of roving adventurers.

Flaw. Nadine is extremely dismissive of those who do not reach his standards of clarity or efficiency. This means that he will occasionally overlook valuable information because of the way it is delivered.



BOYARINA HESSIA ARDANI

Hessia Ardani is the unchallenged ruler of Whitefaire Haven. From her large, lavish office in the customs house, she can see the harbour and much of the town which she rules from there. Ardani is the most calculating and clever political operator in Whitefaire. She spent much of her early life as a coldchase climbing the informal ladder of power. Originally starting as a chandler, Ardani worked both the friendliness and the ruthlessness that one needs to be effective like a charm. Within a few years, she had set up networks of supporters and resources, before deposing the previous Boyar of the town and being acclaimed as their leader. She has ruled the Haven now for over a decade with a softly-gloved fist and a focus on developing the town further. She exemplifies the art of indirect influence, and guides the people of Whitefaire without apparently doing much. She is able to invite, cajole and convince people to work in what she sees as the good of the town. In her mind, her aims are the same as Whitefaire Haven's. She has led the town to its greatest success, and overturned Waiting Cross as the largest and most important settlement in Whitefaire. Her on-going rivalry with the Burgomeister of Waiting Cross is a constantly simmering conflict. In recent years, Hessia has lost some of her skill in dealing with her people. Once flexible in her plans and able to adapt, she has become increasingly single-minded and willing to use physical force in the achievement of her aims. Her supporters, once loyal, have become increasingly uncertain in staying on her side. It is not known how the Boyarina will respond if and when the Regent returns to Whitefaire. Few anticipate that Ardani will respond well to the first direct challenge to her power in years.

Personality Traits. Ardani is very indirect and does not explicitly say what she means. She will always allow the person she is speaking to draw their own conclusions - which allows her to deny any involvement in what happened after, even if she directly inspired it!

Ideal. Ardani cares fiercely for all of the people of Whitefaire, and will do anything she can to defend her town. This includes things which many would find immoral or cruel; however, Ardani believes it is for the great good.

Bond. Hessia owes loyalty to many people throughout the town, just as they owe her the same.

Flaw. Hessia is extremely controlling and does not like things happening outside of her gaze. She will resort to extreme measures if she feels she is losing control of the Haven, including violence and civil unrest.



CAPTAIN OMI ZECTELA

Garrison Commander Captain Omi Zectela is the de-facto ruler of the North Hold, and the commander of the city's powerful assembly of guards. She rules through a small council of community members, who assist her in her rule. In truth though, Zectela would prefer to be fighting goblins on the walls or charging them down upon the back of her bear-mount, Silverflash. Before she became the garrison commander, Zectela had risen through the ranks of the Storms Claw bear riders, fighting as part of their unit against the many threats that assail her city. Omi particularly enjoyed the long raids, where the Storm Claw brigade would venture farther north than the Windhold, sometimes even travelling within the Mistral Plain. She is one of the few people outside of the Bersk clan who have any experience of the conditions in the Mistral, and the Captain is an excellent source of information. But Omi will not often speak of her experiences - at all times she urges caution in any attack which goes north. Most of the time, Zectela can be found in her office within Household barracks. From here, she tries to control all aspects of the military operation of Sleetford - it is a militarised town and all those inhabitants are aware of the danger which lurks outside. When she is not there, Zectela can be found in the function room of the Slaughtered Duck, holding a weekly meeting with the council members. Though the garrison commander would be the first to admit these meetings are not the highlight of her job, she still attends diligently. For the rest of her long days, the Captain focuses the state of readiness. The walls hold strong but Omi knows that a wall is only as strong as the soldiers atop it. Under her energetic and unflinching command, Sleetford thrives and its garrison are a model of excellence in both equipment and skills. It remains to be seen if this state of affairs will last.

Personality Traits. Captain Zectela is a mix of energetic motion and studied, trained caution. She relies upon her own training and instincts to make decisions, often coming to a conclusion before someone has finished explaining something. She is respectful of those she perceives as honest and loyal.

Ideal. Zectela seeks to ensure that no-one in Sleetford is slain by the monsters outside of the gate. Protection of 'her' people is her highest aim.

Bond. Zectela has a good relationship with many people within Sleetford, and wider Whitefaire. She has a good relationship with many of those in other towns.

Flaw. Omi can often allow her desire to protect everyone becoming smothering. When people complain about the security of Sleetford, she will often snap back at them sharply, hiding her hurt with military brusqueness.



BURGOMEISTER BERDON GUNIO

Berdon Gunio is the eighth generation of his family to rule the town of Waiting Cross. It was Mert Gunio who original established the trading post, and then ruled the developing town around it as more and more traders and sailors came to the Black Sand beach to resupply and take shore leave. After the trading post, the town just grew from there. The Gunio family have always ruled with a blunt simplicity and Berdon continues the family tradition in the same way, ruling through fear. Any of those who try and stand against him are clubbed down by his thugs on every street corner, and he extracts protection money from all of the many businesses which thrive there. This means that honest traders will rub shoulders with pirates, while smugglers find protection in the town's sprawl. However, Berdon is not stupid. He is aware that, if anything were to threaten the independence of the port, all of the shipping that is visiting there would vanish overnight. TAs his port is the best place to refit a sea-going vessel for over two hundred miles, the RAFT is very reluctant to let anything happen to 'their Burgomeister'. They pay him a significant amount to bring goods into Waiting Cross which they would not be able to trade otherwise. It is rumoured that these goods might include forbidden magical artifacts, illegal drugs and some would even slaves to work in their minds. Whatever this might be, Berdon Gunio is paid enough to look the other way and become extremely rich doing so. He is extremely comfortable in his position and will do literally anything to make sure he remains there. If this includes murder, well, it would not be the first time and nor will it be the last. Gunio knows where many of the bodies are buried in this town, as he or his gang had put them there.

Personality Traits. Bernio is greedy, selfish and violent. He only thinks of himself and his own interests, and will choose the course which enriches him the most. This sociopathic focus on his own well-being has led to extreme violence in the past.

Ideal. Bernio is looking for more avenues of wealth for him and his family. He does not care about morality, willing to do whatever heinous acts might be required to put more coin in his pocket.

Bond. The Burgomeister has many supporters within his town, and his gang of enforcers will keep order in his name. Their brutality is a sign of loyalty to him, and he rewards those who are particularly brutal.

Flaw. Berdon's greed means he often cannot see the wider picture. Berdon will always choose the profitable course, even if that creates more problems for himself and Waiting Cross in the future.



THE SMUGGLER KING

The Smuggler King is ever growing in power within Waiting Cross. There are many stories about who the Smuggler King is and where he came from. Some say that he is an old sailor (or pirate) who lost his ship when he came ashore - either stolen or sold. The Smuggler King then set up his base in Waiting Cross and is aiming to depose the Burgomeister. Others say that he was a Frostkin from a lost tribe, who came to Waiting Cross and was able to quickly adapt to the conditions of the town. Other stories are far more wild. None of them are true. The Smuggler King is an ex-RAFT merchant who found he could make far more money aiding the RAFT to import and export all the things that they might not want to mention. He will help anyone for a price to bring virtually anything into Waiting Cross - legal or otherwise. For the everyday items - weapons, armour, other assorted goods - he just charges a large amount of gold as a carriage fee. However, if he feels it might benefit him more in the future, the Smuggler King will offer to do it as a 'favour'. In Waiting Cross, the Smuggler King has a base from where he works against the Burgomeister. While he is kinder to his people than the Burgomeister, it is also obvious that his on-going conflict with the Burgo has cost many lives already. The Smuggler King does not mind this - he can always find more thugs - but he has products which he could ship which would be much easier to move if he controlled Waiting Cross. The King has promised the RAFT that, if he were put in charge, he would open the free port much more. This would help his town, and his pocket, grow massively. He is feared by the rulers of the other two towns as much, if not more, than the Burgomeister. Even Adarni would not know how to deal with him, if he managed to come to power. However, he prefers to plan in the long term. This means that he is willing to take a short-term loss if it helps his longer term calculations develop.

Personality Traits The Smuggler King is cold and calculating, but with an oddly sentimental streak. He is amused by jokes and word play, as well as cleverness and skill. He talks in a low, serious voice, occasionally broken by loud barks of laughter.

Ideal. The Smuggler King looks to take over the town and then ally with the RAFT, to create a truly open free port, away from the random brutality of the Burgomeister Rull.

Bond. He has excellent links with his gang in the slums of Waiting Cross, and merchants in the RAFT.

Flaw. The Smuggler King is cautious to a fault, and will occasionally miss opportunities because he would prefer to remain secure and make less money.



CHIEF KUZCO BERSK

Kuzco is the leader of the Bersk Clan. Like his ancestors, he is a were-llama and a long survivor of the endless skirmishing of his family's duty. As he has parents who are both part of the Bersk clan, he was born an werellama and is entirely comfortable with all three of his forms. As a young ranger, he was noted for not just his skill with blade and bow, but also his endurance. Kuzco's stories of surviving in the worst of Whitefaire's terrible winters are legend amongst the Bersks. Equally popular was his competition for the affection of his long-married wife, which involved his brother, too many drinks, a sword fight and then a long period of the two brothers deeply estranged. When he reached the age of forty-three, Kuzco took on the mantle of clan chief. Immediately, he started to reorganise the clan's supporters and their supplies; he is famous for counting and recounting swords in the clan armoury. Under his guidance, the Clan's support grew - he personally visited many of their surrounding villages during the Spring Tide. Unlike his father, who prized their clan's independence, Kuzco focused on reacting to the needs of the people they had chosen to protect. As such, he has forged an excellent working relationship with Captain Zectela and the people of Sleetford. This has developed to the point where soldiers of the garrison and the Bersks will go on mutual patrol together, and aid each other. Kuzco has done all of this because he fears that the times are changing. Having heard rumours for a long time about the return of the Regent, the chief is afraid that his clan and their independence of action will be overturned by this. In allying himself with other, powerful groups, he hopes that his clan can survive as part of a larger whole. Otherwise, despite their success, they may be swept away by other, larger groups vying for control of Whitefaire.

Personality Traits. Kuzco is a large and friendly person, ready with hospitality and kindness to visitors. This personality covers for many of the deeper worries which keep him awake at night, and he will share them with those he trusts or if he's had too much to drink!

Ideal. Kuzco wants his family to thrive and grow, allowing them to continue their ancestral work of protecting Whitefaire.

Bond. Kuzco is extremely close to his wife, Nalir, and his two children, Mara and Marin. He is also close to all of the other families in the clan.

Flaw. Kuzco likes to keep his secrets close, and the Hag's Price is one that he has held too long on his own. The weight of the executions he has had to perform have haunted him, and he gets highly defensive if anything like this is mentioned.



SWORDHOLD SVRT BRANCHHOLDER

Swordhold Svrt is the appointed leader of the largest Frostkin tribe in the West of Whitefaire, surrounding the area of the tower of Frost. As such, he would be the most likely candidate to become Swordthain if the Frostkin should unite for a negotiation of any kind. The Sword Thain is the chosen leader of the Frostkin tribes until they decide to dissolve their alliance and return to their homes. These alliances are generally created in the case of warfare affecting more than one or two tribes, though this has not been known in the last century. Even in the case of the war against the Mother Cult, this only affected two tribes so there was no need to choose a Swordthain. The last Swordthain, Glinfindol, was slain during the Iron Fog wars, and their ancestral blade was lost. Without the Windsong, it is extremely unlikely that any Sword Thain will come to power. However, Svrt has created strong alliances with the other Frostkin in the west. Though all the tribes value their independence highly, they are also interlinked and so share supplies throughout their villages. Svrt has been good at settling disputes in this area as well, showing an even hand in the treatment of all tribes, including his own. At heart he seeks to find a compromise which benefits everyone. However, he is not willing to compromise with the RAFT. Having had bad experiences with them personally, and having heard about worse, he will oppose any deal which the RAFT makes. It is whispered that he has also led raids and attacked those merchants he feels have ill-treated the Frostkin. As such, Svrt is known personally and hated by the RAFT. He also feels that the Frostkin should be careful in their engagement with the Coldchose and the visitors to Whitefaire. He has seen the effect that their culture has had upon the tough, independent tribesfolk, and he knows that it will eventually erode what makes them unique. This will be a loss to the Frostkin, and Svrt is aiming to prevent this from happening for as long as he can.

Personality Traits. Svrt is a careful, conservative Frostkin who listens more than he speaks. He has an air of authority, and makes careful observations upon people when he first meets them.

Ideal. Svrt aims to keep the Frostkin tribes strong and independent from the other folk in Whitefaire, while ensuring that enough bonds remain to support his people.

Bond. Svrt knows every member of the Branchholder clan personally, and they look to him as a leader and sometimes surrogate father for their tribe.

Flaw. Svrt hatred of the RAFT will lead him into careless, impetuous acts against them. Though his people know this is something he will do, they do not challenge him, because they share his hatred of these exploitative merchants.



WHITEFAIRE HAVEN

When the first settlers arrived in the region of Whitefaire, they immediately began to build themselves a safe place to harbour their ships and trade with the native Frostkin population. This little outpost quickly grew as traders began to explore the interior of this country, and found that there was a lot of money to be made in trading furs, timber, and most crucially Whitefaire amber. The discovery of Whitefaire amber in particular led to the rapid increase in size, and so the town took a descriptive name. Only outsiders refer to this town as 'Whitefaire Haven'; to those who live in and around it, it is just known by the simple sobriquet 'The Haven'. It is a well-known and much-needed place of retreat from the harshness and coldness of the land around it.

The town's streets bustle with Coldchose and Frostkin, rubbing shoulders as they do business amongst the sailors and traders upon the docks and within the warehouses which face them. Carracks and Galleons arrive daily in the Haven's large natural harbour, seeking to trade there or to resupply on the long run north deeper into the Savage Lands. From anywhere in the town, passers-by can see the tall spires of masts and sails high above the slanted roofs.

New arrivals are often surprised by the lack of defences; the Haven has no defensive wall or earthworks which protect it. In the centre, on the tallest hill in the town, is the ruins of Castle Whitefaire. This was constructed many centuries ago by a forgotten Regent of the region, but has since fallen into ruin. Decaying towers are the only things taller than the ship's masts in the city.

It takes some local knowledge to realise why Whitefaire has no walls; and this is because of the undeveloped nature of the land surrounding it. The walls of Whitefaire are the many hundreds of miles of empty, cleared farmland that surround it, these are more effective defenses than any artificial barrier. With only a few effective routes that monsters could take, Whitefaire's guards are far more outgoing than most city guards; more akin to rangers than more regular custodians.

In addition to these guards, the town pays allied Frostkin tribes to defend them. Almost all threats are destroyed before they get within sight of the city, and the very few that make it there are dealt with by the efficiently organised local militia. Even if all of that were to fail, the town has considerable wealth - bandit threats are often paid off as preferable to any potential damage or losses. In recent times, these threats have declined more and more. Commerce and coin has always been preferred to blood and slaughter, and the leaders of the city have followed this policy for generations.

The current leader of the Haven is Boyarina Hessia Ardani, a Coldchose who arrived as a merchant and built up her political power over her many years of living there. She has appointed Duvall Ronia as her chief guard, and her political nous and excellent intelligence networks have steered the Haven through many crises over her decades-long career.

LOCATIONS IN WHITEFAIRE HAVEN

CASINATE ARMOUR WORKS

The Casinate Armour Works is the largest foundry and smelter in Whitefaire. Day and night the hammers fall upon iron to pound it to steel, and even in winter the workers sweat in the heat. In front of the huts which make up the Works, there is a larger, single story building where the foreman of the works, Deanos Casinate (N, male human **commoner**), can be found. He is assisted by his latest apprentice, Lillian Fokel (N, female, human **commoner**), who bustles around the background. He works in a small indoor forge to do the detail and finishing works on specific jobs. Casinate inherited the Armour Works from his father, and he does not feel the need to push his business out of its traditional areas of expertise. When not crafting weapons, the Armour Works many craftspeople creates nails, tools, ship parts and all the other requirements

of the Haven. Inside, visitors can find a good range of both basic weapons and armour, unflashy but build with skill. The steel there is munition steel but well cast, good enough for the militia and the Frostkin tribes around. The prices of the goods are about 20% higher than in the *Player's Handbook*, but this is just the cost of materials in Whitefaire generally. If challenged on this Deanos will say, firmly but with a friendly attitude, that if they can find goods like these at a better price, they can happily buy there instead!

WHITEFAIRE HAVEN CASTLE

Whitefaire Haven castle was originally constructed on the highest point for the growing town. The builder was Regent Vivid VI, who wanted to expand the defensive tower to a more secure building. Because of the limited space available, the Caste was designed as a smaller castle, more like a large, stone built fort than a large fortress. It was abandoned almost two centuries ago when it was realised that it was better to defend the Haven far beyond its walls.

With that change in policy, the structure rapidly decayed, and the curtain wall was cannibalised for cut stone for the expanding buildings of the town all around it. Many of the merchant manors on the merchant houses on the harbour-front have this stolen stone at their base. The central square tower house survived in better condition, for a caretaker was eventually hired to prevent the worst of the looting. This became a generational role, and the twelfth caretaker, Qual Vent (human male, LG **commoner**) has kept the tower's interior liveable for a small number of people. The Tower and its surrounding yard were last used by the forces of the Hinterberg Prince as part of the Great Assessment in 1470. They set up their base of operations there, and when they left hurriedly in the winter, some of this equipment was left behind and faithfully guarded by Vent. With four rooms and a large dining hall, it would make an excellent meeting hall for adventurers or large groups of people visiting the Haven.

JENOC'S SUPPLIES

Jenoc's Supplies is not a single shop, but a group of practitioners who have banded together to share a large building, their expertise and cooperate to share the profits and costs. The building is large, with two storeys, the upper level fretwork wood and the lower one cut stone. Within is a large room where a salesman, Finnian, (halfling male, N, **commoner**) awaits within the main shop area.

Finnian is inclined to politely show off the wares of the craftspeople upstairs. It is an eclectic mixture of potions, minor magical items, many different ingredients and spell components, and other miscellania lining the walls. Upstairs from the sales floor are the workshops; little rooms where the potion-makers, enchanters and others work to create the goods below. Enchanter Luim (half-elf male NG, **mage**) is the unofficial leader of these workers. If requested, he will come down into the shop floor to discuss the matters of enchantment with anyone there. He also has some specialist items upstairs, which he holds items of particular value or power which aren't suitable for the general public. A DC10 Charisma check for level 3+ adventurers are required to get access to this special stash. Despite the shop's slightly ramshackle feel, it's a highly profitable operation. They will occasionally grant loans to poor adventurers, but this is only if they feel they will get paid back or for a very good cause.

THE MACE AND BEAR

The Mace and Bear is the most famous of the drinking houses in the Haven, most famous and most storied out of all taverns in Whitefaire. It is one of the largest buildings in the Haven, two stories and built more like a barn. The roof is high and there is a gallery around the top story, looking down onto the raucous main drinking floor twenty feet below. Voices echo up and snatches of song and laughter give the Mace and Beer a loud but friendly air. The rooms in the second floor are extremely comfortable, ranging in quality from one luxurious sweet and several very well appointed bedrooms, right down to bedding down on the floor around the central firepit with the others in the hall. Coldchose and Frostkin rub shoulders, share songs, argue, laugh, bicker and fight within the halls, all watched over by the proprietor and his well-trained staff. Behind the bar is the landlord Yen Yorkic (NG human Male **veteran**), who is as much an institution as his famous bar. He is extremely knowledgeable about local politics and rumours, including which traders are challenging which, who adventurers should talk to for a job, which smugglers are available and other information. There are several members of staff, including Whisper of the Riverbank (Tabaxi female, CG, **rogue**) who is a sex-worker and information broker in equal measure.

She works with both men and women to earn a healthy income by her bedroom skills, and an even healthier income by selling information which she has gained doing so. Yen Yorkic works with her, sharing a cut of her information sales and protecting her when necessary from others. River has a fan club of men and women from the Haven and beyond, but does nothing for free, despite being extremely knowledgeable!

CUSTOM HOUSE

The Custom House is a large, brick built manor house surrounded by a fence of iron spikes, with a columned portico outside and a gravel path leading up to the main entrance way. It looks out of place in the lower, wooden sided buildings of the Haven, more akin to something you'd find in Neverwinter or further South. Around it are a few equally out of place buildings, where the agents of the major merchant houses have constructed something which seems more familiar. Inside, the first floor of the house is bustling, where the ship's captains and the wharf inspectors organise tariffs and the payment of taxes and harbour rates. There are lines of well dressed sailing masters waiting beside small offices





The Melnirish

Howen's
Metal Crafters

The Market
Commons

Jenoc's
Supply

Casinate Armour
Works

Castle Whitefaire
(ruined)

Riverside
Wharf

The Mace
and Bear

Custom
House

Wharfside

Artemious's
Home

Whitefaire Haven

In the County of Burgashire

and blue clad ship inspectors carry papers to and fro. This is a place of efficient paperwork and the true money centre of Whitefaire. Unless there are smugglers, no ship can arrive at Whitefaire without paying mooring fees and tariffs for imports and exports. At the centre of this bustle, sat upon a tall desk, is Harbour Master Mina Brooken (elven female, LG, **guard**). She controls the harbour with an expert's skill managing the myriad of the tasks with ease.

If adventurers ever have questions about any ships or the shipping trade, Booken will be able to answer them ... for 50gp. Upstairs, in lavish offices with huge windows looking out upon the harbour, Boyarina Hessia Ardani (human female, NG, **assassin**) controls the town that she has been chosen to rule. A consummate politician, she is extremely careful about what she says, and is careful to balance each of the power groups in the Haven. When she gives jobs to various parties, she is careful to make them sound that they are both achievable and straightforward. Unfortunately for those who work for her, these objectives are often impossible. Boyarina Adarni is the master of the deniable statement, and has survived in politics for a long time because of it.

WHARFSIDE

The Wharfside is a loud and bustling part of the city during the day, full of sailors disembarking and embarking, porters and stevedores helping to unload and load ships, and piles of goods waiting to be sold or returned to their vessels. Piled high with heavy crates and sacks, the Wharf is much more of a maze than a walkway, even before crowds fill up the gaps around. The smell is that of the sea of fish, and the sweaty stink of sailors below decks, while shouting and loud talking in the many different languages of Faerun fills the air. It is an intense, exciting environment. However, where there is commerce there is also theft, and this area is rife with cut-purses and pickpockets.

As a result, patrols are heavy in this area and adventurers should be careful with their belongings. On the wharfside is a single hut 'The First Taste' which serves rum and ale to sailors and others who stop there to gossip or pass the time of day. Mama Fisbun (human female, N, **commoner**) serves the long table with stools which makes up her bar, and listens to the sailors stories. She is a great source of information on the wider world, and for a hearty fish stew.

THE MARKET COMMONS

The Market Commons is one of the busiest places in the Haven, full of the everyday populations coming and going. It is a large market square, filled around the edges with brightly coloured, heavy canvas tents. There is a daily crowd there, amongst the bakers, hegglers and butchers, looking to fill their larder with the best available goods. Even in the winter the snow does not keep people away, and the square is swept and cleaned on a daily basis. Voice rise and fall as people haggle for the best prices, trying to get as much for their limited money. Not all trade is in coin; gold pieces are still rare for many of the most northern Frostkin tribes. Often trade is done in kind of through barter. At the end of each tenday, there is a livestock market where sheep, goats, donkeys, shaggy ponies, alpacas and llamas are traded by the breeders to other farmers. This is a good place for adventurers and traders to purchase pack animals or even dog teams if they need them for their pack sleds. It is a raucous place, where voices are often raised.

Because of the crowds there, it is a natural meeting point for performers and displays. There is rarely a day in the Commons which does not have a bard singing with a band, a display of minor magical illusions, acrobats juggling fire or a Cleric offering sermons and blessings to either Llmater or Helm. In particular, the Cleric of Llmater Vili Vex (halfling male, LG, **priest**) is there, offering succor to the sick and the starving. There is often a queue beside his little stool, and when time allows, he will offer a short sermon to the crowd.

Those commoners who pass will nod to him respectfully, whether they are believers of Llmater or not, out of respect for the work that he does, come rain, shine or heavy snowfall.

Out of one of the large tents in the commons is Gordric's Outfitters. Godric (human male, N, **veteran**) is a phlegmatic trader who is a veteran of watching miners, soldiers and other adventuring types go north and normally not return. He sells all basic adventuring gear from his well organised and crowded stock-tent, at the prices given in the *Player's Handbook*. He is short and terse, fatalistic to the point of despair. He'll often give unsolicited advice, most of which is either 'if you see this, run away' or 'if you see this, prepare to die.'

HOWEN'S METAL CRAFTERS

Howen's Metal Crafters is on the outskirts of town, set back from the road and surrounded by trees. Despite its name, it is a relatively small forge, only a little one story house and a wider, open sided hut with a furnace, an anvil, and a massive collection of iron tools hung up a large rack beside it.

Small chunks of old steel and slag litter the floor, chinking together as Howen moves around the forge with their hammers. The Metal Crafters is run by Howen (nb human, NG, **soldier**), and their husband, Bustand (half-orc, male, **commoner**). They are specialists in their craft, having honed their abilities in other cities before returning to their homeland. They live simple lives, despite being extremely wealthy, as all the pair want to do is create works of art in steel. Within their house they carry very little stock, as they both work strictly on commission. They are able to silver weapons, or reinforce items with adamantite (but only if the materials are brought to them). They are also able to create magical weapons and armour up to +2 levels of enchantment, by working with Artemenius. The price for this is as per the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. In addition, the work that they do is of the highest quality, with incredible levels of beauty which are surprising for such 'rural' smiths. However, they will charge 20% higher for this work than in the *Dungeon Master's Handbook*. Each item will take D3 ten days to create once they have been commissioned, and there may be commissions from other sources which need to be finished first. They are also able to create specifically beautiful armour. For a price of 2500gp, the smiths can create a suit of half-plate or plate armour which gives +1 charisma to the bearer. In addition, Bustard has good links with the dwarves who live deep beneath the Windhold Range and can supply him with the best coal, coke and iron ore. However, it will require a payment of 150gp and a DC15 charisma check for him to reveal anything about this clan of dwarves, as the Harlech Clan are extremely protective of their home. He will also swear secrecy to these people; if they break this secret, neither of the smiths will **ever** work for them.

RIVERSIDE WHARF

The Riverside Wharf is as busy as the Waterfront Wharf, and there are an equal number of dock workers and sailors which are waiting around the warehouse, ready to unload the rivers ships as they arrive. The Meltrush River is the primary trading route from the interior, and during the spring, summer and winter; river ships going up and down the Meltrush need to be supplied and provision and those that return need to have their loads of amber and furs unloaded and stored, ready to be shipping south and sold in the cities there.

There are more Frostkin in this area than any other - a combination of natives who have made their home in the Haven and those who are newly arrived from the interior. It is a mixing pot of Frostkin gossip and commercial news, and one of the warehouses has been converted to a bunk and eating house for the Frostkin who do not want further into town. This warehouse has the body warm smell and comfort of a Frostkin village much further north, and is normally close to full. The smells of roasting fatty meat and hot winterwarm fill the nose as the room is entered.

It is run by an elder looking Frostkin, Harmi Splitbranch (human female, CG, **ranger**), who is the agent of various northern tribes including the Mistwatchers, Lakeriders, Branchsnappers and others. She uses the Animal Messenger spell and her collection of trained ravens to pass information throughout the region. If they need to do business in the south, they will often send magical birds to Splitbranch. She will also provide an access point if someone needs to contact a tribe for a business reason. As a second level spell, it will cost 100gp to send a message.

ARTEMIOUS'S HOME

Artemious's home is a classic wizard's tower, sculpted in the style of southern towers. It is about half the size of a normal tower, and Artemious will claim that this was because he doesn't want to overshadow the entire village. This claim is false; while most wizards will create their tower with their own arcane abilities, the Great Artemious was unable to do so and had to rely upon mundane carpenters and builders for his tower.

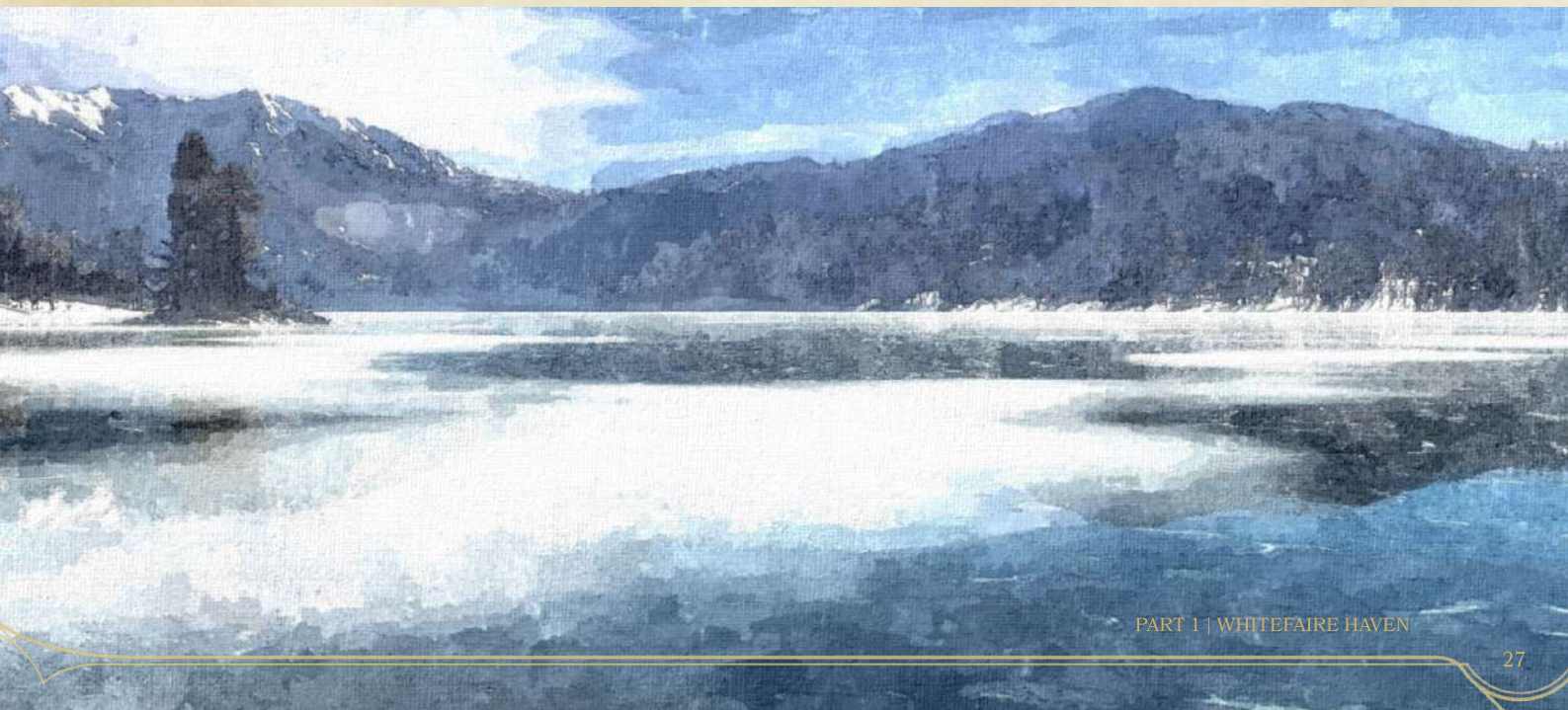
They could not figure out how to make it as high as he wanted, so he had to go ahead and settle for the tower as it was. At the base of the tower is his shop.

Artemious (human male, NG, **mage**) He has many little magical trinkets at his store, and is able to supply some basic magic supplies to any passing mage. He will be able to provide bags of assorted spell components as well. He has some cantrips and first level spells available to learn. His scrolls and goods are available for the price as stated in the *Player's Handbook*.

He is also able to cast a variety of 1st and 2nd level spells wizards spells, including identify item, for 50gp per spell level. In truth, he is only a mediocre caster and when asked to cast a spell, the Dungeon Master should roll a D6. On a 1-3, Artemious 'hasn't prepared' that spell and cannot cast it. If he fails to be able to cast three spells in a row, he orders the adventurers to leave his shop and closes for the day 'to commune with the arcane weave of universal power.' He is, however, an excellent performer and will seek to impress his mundane visitors with demonstrations of smoke, sparks and other prestidigitation based chicanery.

THE COLDCHOSE AND THE FROSTKIN

There are no significant problems between the Coldchose - those who came to Whitefaire as immigrants - and the Frostkin natives. The population of the Haven is roughly split 50:50 between these two groups. There is a greater cultural divide behind those who have money and those who do not. The town's trade is mostly controlled by the heads of the major merchant houses, such as the Harants, Solitons and the Vericuse. These trading outposts are extremely profitable because they have their sovereign warrants of Trade and members of the Regents Own Amber, Fur and Timber Company. Much more than in other places in Whitefaire, the amount of wealth you possess makes a large difference in your status. Because of this focus on cash, many Frostkin do not live there, choosing only to enter the city to trade. The Frostkin folk that remain are often called 'coinbit', and this accusation is a lasting insult.





THE CURSED SPRAWL OF WAITING CROSS

Waiting Cross is, in both population and area, the largest town in Whitefaire. It is also the town with, by far, the worst reputation, not just in this region but throughout the Western Seaboard. Originally founded by an ambitious trader who became the first Burgomeister, Waiting Cross was used as a second supply depot for ships travelling north and south. However, with the lack of formal government and the large supply of building materials at hand, the settlement quickly grew into a larger village providing all the services that sailors would need. The first burgomeister and his son kept a form of order through violence, hiring the largest thugs they could to shake down the sailors for 'taxes'. This informal governance has remained throughout the decades of Waiting Cross's existence. Despite monster attacks, civil strife and the constant attempts to undermine and replace the current Burgomaster, the town retains a sense of battered survivorship which lends the inhabitants a deeply undue sense of pride. Since many in the population are nothing more than braggarts, boasters and cheats, such local pride is often inflated to a truly absurd fashion. Cries of "Waiting Cross thrives!" are often heard amongst the drunks of the town. Despite being located in an excellent natural harbour, only those who are running illicit cargo, desperately seeking repairs, or criminals will dock at Waiting Cross. It is a chaotic haven for smugglers, pirates, chancers, bounty hunters and the other types who cling to the margins of civilization, striving for the next drink or coin. Within its scattered population are former miners trying to scrape together enough gold to travel back to the south, weapon merchants who deliver weapons and trade illicit amber with anything who has the resources to do it, pirates who raid the larger vessels running up the coast and across the western sea, and the Coldchose who have decided to settle within the city loose limits and sprawling, sinking wooden structures. Thugs, wearing weapons openly at their belts, wait on street corners with

threatening looks at passerby as they lounge on the barrels and rotting crates piled there

The air is heavy with the imminent threat of violence, and drunken brawls regularly break out at all hours in the muddy mire of the streets. The whole town is little more than a wretched hive of scum and villainy and visitors there must exercise extreme caution in all of their dealings; those who fall afoul of Waiting Cross's many dangers can be found face down in the river or dotting the surf of the Black Mud Beach each morning.

LOCATIONS WITHIN WAITING CROSS

THE CAUSEWAY TO HEAVEN

The Causeway to Heaven is ironically named as it is a muddy ramp leading up to the dilapidated remains of a fortified gateway. The archway of the gate long collapsed and only the two towers and attached walls remain. Atop them, the dark figure of roughly dressed thugs with crossbows can be seen. Beneath the towers is the crude gate; more of a wooden barricade on wheels, it can be dragged aside to allow travellers access. This is only possible once they have paid the toll - the guards there will start asking for 25gp each, but settle for 10gp on a DC15 charisma/intimidate check. They don't want to fight if they don't have to. If the adventures arrive early in the morning, they might witness a fight between some would-be tax collectors and the more 'official' thugs of the Burgomeister.

These are wearing blue hatched bandanas somewhere on their bodies. This will be a non-lethal bout of fists to chase off the pretenders and allow the 'official' thugs to do their work. These four **thugs** are led by Jaymes Styl (Half-Orc male, LE, **thug**), who will do the talking when the adventurers arrive. Once they have paid, they will be allowed within the town.



The Cursed Sprawl of
Waiting Cross

HAPPY HEARTS, BITTEN PILLOWS

Immediately on arrival, visitors are presented with two of the most hospitable establishments in the whole of Whitefaire. On the left side of the muddy road, where crowds are drunkenly swaying even at the earliest of hours, is a large two story wooden building, with a balcony stretched across the whole length. Several braziers are burning and a woolen canopy hangs over this balcony, with little windows cut. Within those windows, various beautiful men and women of all races will occasionally display themselves in a state of undress as a presentation of their skills. This building is known as Happy Hearts, though the locals will often refer to it as Bitten Pillows, such are the skills of the practitioners within.

Inside, the interior is luxurious to the point of overstuffed. There is expensive but slightly worn, furniture, and a bar with a well dressed barman beside them. In front of the door is a half-orc wearing battered chainmail, carrying a thick quarterstaff in both hands and an axe at his belt. This is Tor-Ek (Half-orc male, CN, **barbarian**). He will stop new visitors with his staff and explain the rules. No drunks, no fools, no violence. Everything is paid for beforehand, and he'll kill you if you hurt anyone who works here. Few in Waiting Cross would notice if he did so.

Visitors to Happy Hearts will be greeted by the Madam of the Establishment, Elsmea Lortin (human woman, CN, **commoner**). They have a variety of services which range from 5gp for a short experience to 50gp for a whole night of passion. At that point, the adventurers are free to mingle with the workers of the establishment and agree to their services if required. Elsmen is also extremely knowledgeable about the local politics, and has a direct line to the Burgomeister if it is required. However, she will require gifts of gems (not cash) of 50gp to help anyone with their 'little' problems.

She is also known to be a conciliator of sorts, and can bring unhappy parties together to settle their differences. Additionally, there is Lindell Darby (half-elf male, CG, **bard**) who is another great source of inside information - and a truly beautiful individual. He plays songs in the main hall and is available for 'other services' at a high price.

THE SOUL'S RETREAT

Opposite Happy Hearts and with equal stature to the building standing across the streets is the raucous tavern of the Soul's Retreat. This is an extremely chaotic and noisy place, full of sailors and their hangers-on drinking, gambling, singing, dancing and fighting. It is a single large room with two bars, one at each end, both of which are perpetually crowded by the seafaring crowd. The roof is high but rotting, and sometimes the rain drips through when storms move in. The floor is wooden but perpetually muddy from the people outside dragging it in, and staff run to and fro with brooms to defeat the worst of it where they can. In the center of this space is a small stage where bards and folk bands strike up merry tunes for all those around them, including well known songs of Whitefaire and sea shanties from throughout the world. At the side of the rooms are large tables for gaming, and several people run dice and card games from the locals there. It should be noted that these games are all rigged towards the house winning. On one large table in the corner, carefully flicking through a ledger and counting coins as they are brought to him, is Garton Krome (human male, NE, **bandit captain**).

He is an outlandishly dressed individual, with a huge plumed hat and a saber at his side. On each of his hands he is missing his ring finger down to the middle knuckle, and he has a rakish scare upon his cheek. He is able to provide local information, for a price (20gp), and can direct people to those they might want to meet. He is a broker of influence, and is able to match the right people up so they can benefit from it. Beyond that, he is only interested in his own profits.

DEFENSIVE BARRICADES

What walls surround the north of Waiting Cross are barely worthy of the name. More akin to collections of stone-topped earthworks, what fortification was originally there has now decayed into a line of jagged cut rocks atop a large mound of packed earth. Wooden stakes dot the outside of the barricade and there are often pieces of wood filling the gaps between the crumbling defences.

Because the Burgomeister is aware that monsters do occasionally try and raid Waiting Cross, there is a large force of 'soldiers' there to try and protect the wealth which is in the city. Twenty to thirty half-trained **thugs**, wearing the badge of the Burgomeister, gather in this area while sitting on tables and in tents, drinking ale and making the occasional patrol. Their lazy demeanor does not strike confidence, but each is armed with a long metal mace and a crossbow. Their leaders are more confident, and they have fought off attempted raids by different types of monster over the years. While they are not an army, per se, the Burgomeister will also use them to quell civil strife and chase out any unwanted element from his town.

The top of the wall is muddy, approximately ten feet wide, is unstable for footing and counts as difficult terrain. Atop the wall are broken crenellations which can provide half and three quarters cover for a medium sized creature. The area to the north is cleared of all the trees for approximate 200 feet until the forest in the distance.

FORT WAITING CROSS

Fort Waiting Cross is a ruined castle, older by far than all of the new structures which have sprung up around it. It was here long before the first Burgomeister founded Waiting Cross Trading Port, and he had to hire mercenaries to clean out the local harpies which had taken residence there. Once they were gone, a small garrison made sure that nothing returned, even while the town grew up around the ruin. The few academics which have studied it say that it is at least eight centuries old, and could well be much older. It is unknown who built this structure, or why they chose to build it bridging the river. This foundation bridge failed at some point and the center of the castle collapsed into the waters beneath. This pile of stone blocked the river and caused it to spread out into the small estuary which splits the Black Mud Beach. There is a dungeon beneath this castle, which is accessible through a vertical corridor beneath the castle's ruins. This can be accessed using a rope or other means, but the Burgomeister's thugs (**3 x thugs**) guarding it will need to be convinced to look the other way. The tunnel is pitch black and fifty feet long, and leads to the dungeon beneath. Beneath, they can hear the roar of some foul creature in the dark. For generations, Burgomeisters have been using it for generations to dispose of people they don't like. This dungeon is infested with many different monsters, especially those water creatures that feast on the dead.

BURGO'S HOUSE

The Burgo's House is the 'manor' house of the town; but in truth, it has more in common with its original role of a fortified trading house than it has in the brick built mansions of Baldur's Gate or Neverwinter. It is a stone built structure, at least, with the cut stone taken from the ruin of the fortress and then used clumsily to construct the main building. Around the edges are palisade fences and there is a large courtyard within, where the Burgo's gang (**8 bandits** wearing blue neckerchiefs) waits for his next round of orders around worn round tables. On either side, there are piles of trade goods that the Burgo has liberated and 'taxed', ready to be resold to the smugglers for a higher price. Inside the structure are two floors, one large reception area with a long table and a throne, and upstairs a subdivided living area with two bedrooms and a study. The hall is filled with the Burgo's chosen cronies (**5 thugs**). Above this in the study, Burgomeister Berdon Gunio (human male, NE, **noble**) and his two bodyguards, Rorg and Raagh (**2 barbarians**) await to fight anyone who enters. From this room, Gunio believes that he controls the whole of Waiting Cross. If there is anyone who displeases or crosses him, he has a little room in the first story where he can beat them into submission, or death. As his age is rapidly advancing older, he asks Rorg and Raagh to do this instead. If someone is captured by the Burgo, he will work them over and then have them thrown beneath Fort Waiting Cross to be eaten by the monsters there. That way he can say 'they vanished' rather than 'he killed them.' It also means that a real execution shows the Burgo to the height of his powers and designed to show an example. If any of the adventurers are captured, they will be thrown into this dungeon.

SMUGGLER'S WAIT

Within the dark, ominous quiet of this smaller tavern, those who are serious about their trades choose to come here instead of The Soul's Retreat. Serious men and women cluster around little tables, talking in low voices and staring carefully at each person as they enter through the low front door. The single room is dark and grimy, with tiny windows and only a little light leaking through the frosted glass. Candles on each table provide much of the slight illumination, and most figures are nothing more than shadowy ghosts in the perpetual gloom. This is where the serious business of seafaring, smuggling and cargo runs to be discussed - and such business carry risk. The serious operators are those who understand this, and take precautions. Only those who are known, or know someone there already, are welcome at the Smugglers Rest. When unknown people walk in, the whispered conversation dies and all eyes turn to look at the newcomers. The barman and owner, Avery Wyle (elven male, N, **commoner**) will not serve anyone, merely directing them to leave unless they can say who they are there for. If they are known, the newcomers will be accepted and invited to sit quietly. If not, they will be stared at until they leave and not receive any service.

THE BLACK MUD BEACH

The muddy beach of Waiting Cross is littered with smaller boats, tenders and larger boats getting refitted or repaired. While it is not a formally arranged shipyard, many of the workers in Waiting Cross operate in this muddy expanse of

tidal wetlands on the boats they have been hired to repair. At low tide, a corresponding tide of laboured wade out to the ships, and the banging of hammers and other sounds of industry fill the air as they make the many different types of vessels ready for the sea again. At night, when the tide is high, smugglers will use the beach to bring their goods in, carefully avoiding the darkened ships floating at anchor. These sailors will often moor their fast sailing vessels out in the bay, and then use smaller gigs to bring their ill-begotten wares to a safer place. From there, associates quickly carry the goods away to a safer place, or load up the little boats to smuggle yet more goods south. Such business takes place in relative silence, as few in Waiting Cross want to advertise their presence or their plans to each other. Even if they are aware of another boat coming in, the unspoken code of the beach is that they ignore one another. However, sometimes the Smuggler King's gang will want to cause trouble and so will attack a transfer or even a ship in the mud at low tide. Such acts are rare, but by no means unknown.

MAKER'S SQUARE

Maker's Square is a chaotic space of voices, different languages and words flowing over each other. It is a madly disorganised market space, where criminals and smugglers mix with grocers and bakers to sell their products to the endlessly heaving, haggling, crowds. Amongst them, the Burgomeister's thug patrols wearing their bandanas (**4 thugs**) in order to shake down the merchants there for whatever they can pay. The Burgo takes 20% of their takings as his tax, and many merchants are struggling to make ends meet under this brutal regime.

Wine shops, weapon makers and other exotic merchants, however, are seeing roaring trade en masse. There are several weapon merchants, the best of which is Sorgun Reach (red dragonborn, TN, **veteran**). She is gregarious and extremely clear about her weapons and what they do. She is not a blacksmith but has excellent links with many legal and illegal weapons dealers. She illustrates each point of a particular blade or spear in gory detail, and seems to take great relish in explaining every killing element. She has many different weapons available the same prices as per the *Player's Handbook*, and some more exotic weapons from calisham and Amn.

There is also an alchemist who creates potions. Professor Bardio (human male, NG, **commoner**) is a potion maker extraordinaire who has a variety of different potions available. He is highly enthusiastic and hovers, talking energetically about his craft and the advancements he has made in potion crafting. However, his enthusiasm sometimes gets the better of him. When selling a potion, the DM should secretly roll a D12. On a 1-3, this particular potion is poisoned and the adventurer takes D6 poison damage for D6 turns when they drink it. On a 11-12, this potion is twice as effective - it either lasts twice as long, or has double the effect. The DM should roll and mark this at the time. He will sell at 20% below the price in the *Player's Handbook*, and on a DC18 charisma check will do a buy two, get one free offer.

There is also a drow mage, hiding in a large and elaborate tent there. Lyari (drow female, NE, **mage**) is a great source of arcane objects from the underdark, but the adventurers will need to pass a DC15 charisma or intimidate check to discover this. Otherwise, she has a wide range of magical items such as wands, spell scrolls and other arcane items,

at -10% from *Player's Handbook* prices. She hides her grey skinned appearance. Her voice is whispery but strong, and she is serious and unsmiling.

THE GREY SLOUGH SLUM

This area is a grim collection of rotting cottages and hovels, where the truly desperate population of Whitefaire end up when they have nothing else to survive upon. These unfortunates that live in this area are almost all Coldchose, many of them families who came during the folly mins era and cannot raise the funds to return home. The area is muddy and bleak, with a foul smell of sewage and rot from the sea. Beggars are common, and ragged children play games in the filthy alleyways between the crumbling structures. Living in one of these houses is an organiser named Henno (half-elf male, NG, **bandit captain**) who attempts to alleviate the horrible conditions by working with a paladin of Lmater, The Aurora Steward (human female, LG, **knight**). They gather funds and supplies where they can, trying to find work for those who need it. Henno, however, is also secretly gathering supplies for a resistance movement further to the north, who are fighting elvish aggression in the Ten Towns. He is a good source of mercenaries or rarer weapons if the adventurers need it. He is also more aware than most of what is taking place outside of Whitefaire, and understands the events of Faerun.

RAFT OUTPOST

The Regent's own Amber, Fur and Timber Company has a small office on the coast, where they try to conduct some legitimate business amongst all the illegality taking place. Known to be a backwater posting for a RAFT member, it is a small cabin, a combination of house and office together. It is wood built, low-roofed and has a large window looking out across the main harbour where all the ships can be seen. The smell of smoke and parchment is thick in the air, and the main desk is piled high with papers, missives, and splatters of old ink. Within lives Ric Giliant, (human male, CG, **noble**), arrayed in faded finery and smoking a heavy pipe.

This fills the air with a heavy scent of sweet burning tobacco, which combines into an almost overwhelming scent with the smell of the constant wood fire. Giliant is cheerfully profane, and completely unable to act with either tact or subtlety. He will offer visitors strong liquor when they arrive. He has very little respect left for his employer and is perfectly willing to answer any questions about Waiting Cross any visitor may have. He has a cheerfully cynical approach to life. He is also an agent for Boyarina Ardani, and with a DC18 perception check a ciphered letter can be seen resting on his desk. If this is stolen and deciphered (DC18 intelligence check), it will reveal that Giliant has been keeping a watch on both the Smuggler King and the Burgomeister, and notes the relative strengths of their positions. He is trying to keep the Burgomeister in power. The Smuggler King is much more of a threat if he were to take over.

MINER'S MIRE

Miners Mire is another poorer area, more akin to a struggling hamlet than a village. It is very much like the Grey Slough Slum, but people here have a little more pride and walk with

more confidence. In particular, humans and dwarves wearing red sashes on their arms or as bandanas patrol in pairs, carrying clubs and other weapons openly. The bandits who work for the Burgomeister are nowhere to be seen. This is an area controlled by the individual known as the Smuggler King (dwarven male, LE, **see stat block**). The King, a one-time pirate and now beached in Waiting Cross, is seeking to build a powerbase to take over the town. He already controls much of the illegal amber trade, and his men are sometimes able to raid the arriving ships for goods. Much of this he gives out to the people in Miner's Mire, and so they adore him as their 'patron.' He buys their loyalty and disposes of those who disagree with him without question. His gang (**45 x bandits**) control the streets and access to him is controlled by his lieutenant, Jurton Wrought (human male, NE, **bandit captain**). If someone can prove that they have a good reason for visiting the Patron, then they can enter his hidden sanctuary. In this crowded set of earthen tunnels, full of crates and goods to be shipped or sold, the Smuggler King keeps a snug, wood lined office. It is dark, lit only by a single ship's lantern, and feels much more like the captain's cabin of a sea vessel rather than an underground base. It even has ship's furniture and fittings to match. Within this tunnel complex are the most loyal of the Smuggler King's followers (**2x veterans, 1x priest**) who will fight to defend him. There is no escape route - the King does not run. He and his retainers will fight to the death, knowing they have no escape.

SHIPWRIGHT'S SHED.

The Shipwright's shed sits above the beach, with a long gravel slipway going from the long shed into the water. It is one of the few places in the savage lands where new ships can be constructed. While these are not on the scale of the southern Barques, Cogs and Galleons, they are large enough to brave the open seas and travel to the western lands if a sailor is skilled and courageous enough to do so. Most of these fast, agile little ships are used by smugglers running south, racing the picket ships of the larger cities and trying to evade their tariff cutters. This long, high ceiling shed is thick with the scent of wood shavings, tar, sap and glue, and the dull thump of fresh wood being shaped by maul, lath and mattock can be heard. The shipwright herself, Mern Waven (human female, TN, **commoner**) is a busy, distracted figure who does not really have time for interruptions. Her answers will be terse and short, though she can aid visitors by telling them about the ships that come in. She is the master of this realm and does not suffer fools or timewasters. Her crew of carpenters and ship builders are intensely loyal to her, and if she whistles, they will all down tools and come to her aid (**24 pirates**).

BOATMAN ROUTE

This route is only available when the tide is high (9 am till around 4.30 pm). Two cheerful boatpeople, Neumman (human male, NG, **pirate**) and Baylee (half-orc female, CG, **pirate**) ply this route from the little wharf below the Soul's Retreat. They will ferry anyone on their little boats to the Miner's More for 2gp. They are not affiliated with either gang in the city, and worry about the future of Whitefaire and what will happen to the little people when their rulers conduct their machinations.



THE BLACK SPIKE OF THE MISTRAL

The Black Spike of the Mistral Plain sits upon a promontory, glowering over the valley upon which it stands above. It is very rarely seen by those in Whitefaire from south of the Mistral Plain, because it is deep in the Mistral Plain. The dangers which surround it make it even less likely that anyone but the bravest adventurers will see the twisted shapes upon the cliffs. Some say that the Black Spike is a partner of the Tower of Frost, and has similar powers from the weave. Others say it is the base of a terrible Necromancer who brings the dead to life upon the Mistral Plain, sending them against the Bersks within the Windhold Range. However, other stories swirl around this building and legends sit as deep as the snow upon it.



SLEETFORD

The town of Sleetford is the most northerly outpost of non-tribal humanity in Whitefaire. It stands as a gateway to the forested interior of the north, the trading post for many of the Frostkin tribes there, and a base for any expeditions upon the dangerous Mistral Plains. Strategically placed upon the ford of the eastward flowing Meltrush River, and the westward flowing Icemelt river, it is also used as a cache point for the river traders.

POPULATION

Intrepid souls will often come to the town to trade, dropping off large bundles of furs at the RAFT outpost while will later be transported further down the river. Traders and rivermen, a truly hardy bunch even by Whitefaire's standards, are often based on the little fortified town, leaving their families behind while they ply the dangerous waters of the rivers. They can sail the Meltrush all the way to Whitefaire Haven, meeting the ships and the traders there to exchange their well-travelled goods for coins to take north again. During the summer, the Meltrush is busy with river-boats and canoes coming and going from Sleetford to the Haven.

The town itself is ringed with strong, well-maintained walls, studded with defensive towers and ballistas. This far north, monsters range from simple goblin raids to the depredations of Ettins, Ogres and the occasional wandering Hill or Storm Giant. Because of this ever-present threat, the town is also known as the 'The Shield Hold' or 'The North Hold'; its existence at the base of the Windhold Range and just south of Eyrie's Gap mean that any major incursions into Burgoshire or the Canton of Algore must pass by Sleetford. Such an incursion would struggle against the well defended walls of this city.

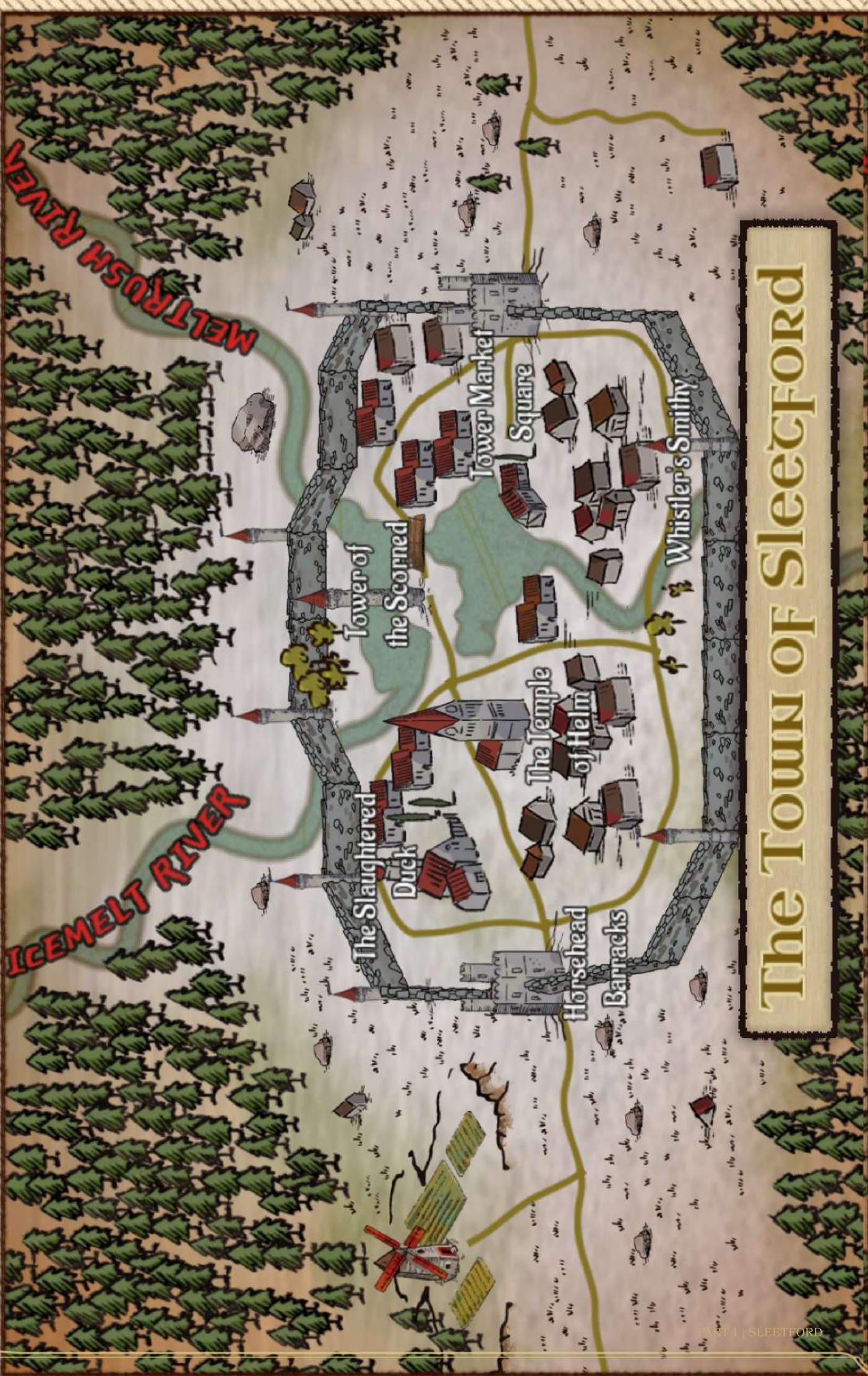
Any messenger on the river can outpace a marching army, and so Sleetford is the first to know and the first to inform any of the other towns of enemies, even if they are not directly attacked. It also means that any invading foe from the Mistral Plain cannot keep a supply line going into the south without holding Sleetford. It is the first and most important target for any invasion of the south to succeed.

Even during winter blizzards, the alleys and thoroughfares of Sleetford throng with people. The snow is little hindrance to the Frostkin, and the Coldchose who live here are the most hardened of settlers, ready to endure habitual discomfort for their lives in the north. The streets are busy with traders coming into town, the faithful going to the temple, the noisy business of barter taking place in the Tower Market Square. Ever on the walls are the helmed and armoured Sleetford Garrison, watching inside and outside for any threats to their fortress. Unlike most towns, the warriors of Sleetford are not lazy and ill-trained guards. Under their Captain, Humi Zectala (half-elf female, LG, **Knight**), the Sleetford Garrison are disciplined and well equipped soldiers, the match for any other in the realm. In addition, Zectala has forged strong military alliances with the Mistwatchers, Barksplitters and Brookkin clans. These are the three strongest Frostkin tribes in the area and can muster hundreds of warriors if they are called to do so.

The streets ring with the sounds of chatter and laughter, cries and shouts; the Sleetforders are a cheerful and exuberant lot even in the worse conditions. In both the square outside of the Slaughtered Duck Tavern and the Tower Market Square, friends reunite and families travel together in the unending cold. It is a happy, cheerful town of good-natured folk, though it stands surrounded by the darkness of the forests and the danger north. That they can maintain such an attitude at the very edge of civilisation makes this little town all the more remarkable.

MELT RUSH RIVER

ICEMELT RIVER



The Town of Sleetford

LOCATIONS WITHIN SLEETFORD

THE SLAUGHTERED DUCK

The Slaughtered Duck is a Sleetford institution, as famous as the Temple of Helm opposite and at least twice as popular. It is a two story inn which seems to slump towards the square like the hunched shoulders of an old man. The tall gabled roof overhanging the front of the structure is habitually heavy with snow. Inside, the main bar area is low-ceiling like that of a ship, with strong wooden beams blackened with smoke and soot above. Lanterns hang down over each of the round, varnished tables, adding some light to the ever-present gloom which leaks in through the small windows on either side. However, this is still a clean and cheerful place, with shining brass, well polished fixtures, and a large bar at the far end of the room. This sits opposite the roaring fireplace which gives the room its impressive heat, and lights the long wooden bar with a beautiful orange hue. Standing there, and giving directions to his staff as they work, is Terrance Brookson (human male, NG, **veteran**).

He is as much an institution as his pub, a trusted and long-relied upon member of the Northhold's community. He is full of information about what is going on in Sleetford and the North generally, and both Frostkin and Coldchase mingle with good humour throughout the pub. Upstairs he has a decent selection of rooms to stay in, ranging from merchants to commoners who bed down in the main room by the fire. To the rear of his pub is a large yard where the farrier Quenti works (elf male, CG, **commoner**). He is a quiet individual, with a gentle voice and is more confident around his animals rather than people. He can sell the adventurers alpacas, shaggy ponies, or donkeys to carry their gear. He will offer to buy the animals back at the same cost he sold them, if they are well treated. DM's should note that this means the characters take active care of them; noting that they tie them up, feed them, etc etc. If they do not do this, Quenti will scold them for not caring about their companions, and then pay only half the buying price.



THE TEMPLE OF HELM

The Temple of Helm is a large, forbidding building with a spire which towers over all others in Sleetford. It has icy cold steps leading up to its large, iron-shod double doors, and above the armoured gauntlet of Helm is visible at the apex of the arch. Within a cavernous space with a vaulted roof, bare wooden benches sit in disciplined ranks while a simple table stands as the altar. Despite its appearance as an indoor space, it is somehow colder than outside, even in the depths of winter. Any of the worshippers there are bundled up as if it were the depths of winter, in heavy cloaks and with hoods over their heads. It is a severe, stark reminder of the lord of balance in his aspect as a judge. There is little designed to show kindness or empathy.

Within this temple is the forbidding figure of Gunter Highhammer (**human, LG, priest**), a middle aged priest in a long grey tabard and wearing maille beneath it. He has a hammer, the mark of his office, at his belt. He is a demagogue who uses his sermon voice even in everyday conversations, and he is extremely specific about uses of grammar. He is able to grant cleric spells up to 5th level at the price of 100gp per level, such as heal wounds and lesser restoration. He can also speak a variety of different languages, including goblinoid, common, celestial and giant, and he will accept a donation to his church as payment for his services in this regard.

WHISTLERS SMITHY

Whistler is the town smith and armoury, who runs a large shop on the edges of town and in the lee of the wall. The smell of burning wood from the perpetual charcoal burning that is taking place is the first sign that someone is approaching the forge, followed by the ringing clang of hammers against anvils. The forge itself is an open-sided building where the heat from the forge is intense, radiating out and defeating the snow for twenty feet in all directions. Passersby will often stop just to enjoy the heat, and Whistler (human male, NG, **commoner**) does not begrudge them this pleasure. He has a long table set up in the area, and his wife Silana (human female, NG, **Commoner**) sells cups of hot mulled wine to those who stop and wait.

Whistler's wine is almost as famous as his iron and steel. Whistler himself is well named, as he whistles while he works. Most of his work is weapons and armour, as he crafts decent quality gear for both the Sleetford Garrison and the Frostkin tribes throughout the area. Whistler's swords are reasonable but the real skill is in his armour - he likes to finish his work with intricate acid etching and so they are beautiful works. If anyone is able to get a hold of a rarer material such as dragon scale or adamant, then Whistler will create a truly stunning work of art based upon this. He will also work at -25% of normal costs, as working with this material is a pleasure and he doesn't want to make a profit on such work. Otherwise, he has common and uncommon gear from the Player's Handbook available at the prices given.

TOWER MARKET SQUARE

The bustling heart of Sleetford is normally busy from morning til the sun sets (and often, well after that). The market square is small, given the number of people, and the crush of people travelling around each of the stalls and the brightly coloured tents where peddlers and merchants hawk their wares. Food sellers jostle with fur merchants, who fight for elbow room with Frostkin visitors selling their tribal goods. It is a loud, crowded, confusing and almost overwhelming environment. In the center of the square is Hator's Wine Hut, where shoppers cluster around the circular hut's serving bars, drinking the Winterwarm wine that is sold by the pint to cold visitors. Voices around this hut get that much louder as the Winterwarm has its effect upon the Sleetforders. Even members of the Garrison are known to stop there on the patrol, drinking with Hator (half-orc female, TN, **veteran**), and exchanging the news and gossip of the day; cups of very hot wine are available for 1sp. It is spicy on the tongue and lingers in the belly to chase away the biting air of the day or night. There are general stores which can supply the simple goods of the townsfolk; adventurers can find rations and other items.

Otherwise there is a druidic potion seller, Vilel (half-elf female, CG, **druid**), who has 1D8 common potions available and 1D3 rare potions available for the prices given in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. There is also a clothing dealer there as well, which sells mundane clothing such as furs, cloaks and other warming items for the Sleetford townsfolk.

TOWER OF THE SCORNER

This ruined tower is suspected to have once been a wizard's tower. It is noted as being older than the city around it, and could have been here for generations before anyone else arrived. The design is sensuous and curling, wrapping like twisting string up towards the sky. No-one knows how tall this tower was, as it was cruelly broken off approximately a third of the way up. Now, crudely repaired with wooden stairs spiralling up the outside, the tower of the scorner is used as a watchtower for the Garrison, and as a signal beacon. As the highest point in the land, when the town is threatened, this beacon will be lit and fill the sky with a huge purple magical flame. This will show to all around that Sleetford needs all its allies to come to the walls. The Frostkin who see this will gather their weapons and march, in as large numbers as they possibly can. The beacon is only lit in times of great peril, and only in times of extreme need.

The base of the tower contains the Sleetford Office for the Regent's own Amber, Fur and Timber company. Within this small, cluttered office is the human merchant Harnus (human male, CN, **noble**). He deals with any of the traders who want to make deals with merchants or are looking to work with the RAFT

HORSEHEAD BARRACKS

This is the headquarters of the Sleetford Garrison, a large gatehouse with an attached bunkhouse which quarters more than a hundred soldiers. It is a busy, well disciplined place, where well-dressed soldiers move in uniform groups in their myriad tasks. The front door of the bastion is guarded by a pair of the green-tabarded garrison, armed with halberds, who will block the way of anyone who wishes to enter. If the adventurers have an appointment, they will be taken through a stone corridor and up a spiralling staircase of grey stone to a small office. The air is full of the smell of baking bread and armour polish, thick leather bootpolish and the tang of metal sharpening powder. The office is a space lined with maps and books, and a messy desk piled high with hand-written paperwork. Upon the far wall, someone has pinned a large map of Whitefaire which has been heavily drawn over with hand-written pencil notes. Captain Humi Zectala (half-elf female, LG, **Knight**) is either standing looking at the map or staring out of the small slit window where she can see down into the town. She is dressed in a green tabard and has a long-sword at her waist. The only other decoration in the room is an armour stand where her battle-armor is arranged for rest. Her heavily tattooed aide, Jitilin (human male, NG, **tribal warrior**), bustles around with tea and biscuits for guests. She is focused on securing Sleetford and investigating any matters involving dangers to her city, including dispatching adventurers and patrols to deal with monster incursions. In particular, Zectala is a master of dealing with the goblins nations that surround the North Hold. If they united, even the walls of the North Hold could not hold back the hordes beneath Whitefaire.

Her soldiers have long practised in raiding each nation and provoking their bands, in that these nations share a special hatred for each other. Exploiting these fracture lines has become key to the town's survival, and so far, Zectala has been able to do so.

THE BEARPIT

The Bearhouse is the home of the elite of the Sleetford Garrison, the bear-riding cavalry of The Storm Claw Brigade (**see stat block**). These riders, all veterans of long service, are trained to work alongside their battle-bear companions. These veterans would be the knights of the realm in other, more civilised lands. But in Whitefaire they have the opportunity to ride one of the most terrifying war mounts in existence.

The additional training which they undertake is arduous, and they have to build a relationship with their bear cub as their mount. By the time the bear is two years old, the Storm Claw rider and their ursine ally are ready to ride to war. The Storm Claw riders are both raiders and heavy cavalry; equally skilled with bow and spear. If they are unable to kill their target, the claws and teeth of their terrifying mount will undoubtedly end their enemy's life.



BLIZZARDMERE TOR

Blizzardmere Tor is the newest and arguably most picturesque of the four major towns of Whitefaire. It is based upon a small island, separated from the coast by thin channels of water which flow to the islands north and west of the settlement. Two wooden bridges span those channels, where workers and clerics huddle going to and from the workshops on the other side.

Much like Whitefaire Haven, Blizzardmere does not have any defensive walls. Unlike Whitefaire, which looks upon its fields and rangers for protection the paladins of the Holy See do not want to barricade out those who need aid, succor and peace from entering their town. As a place of peace and worship, they want the town to be as inviting as it can be.

This is not to say that Blizzardmere is defenceless; far from it. Around the two bridges which enter the town are defensive towers, and other fortifications stud the edges of the river's banks. The fast flowing river, operating much like a moat for a castle, would sweep any of those who try to swim away into the deep sea beyond the coastline. The bridges that span the rivers are protected by magical enchantments - some even suspect that they are projections of the God Helm which only exist while the city is peaceful. If war were to come to Blizzardmere, those bridges may vanish like spectres, leaving the town safely behind it's watery walls.

However, while it remains unthreatened, Blizzardmere is a peaceful place. It's outskirts are where most of the industry of the town takes place. With alliances and agreements made with Frostkin in the northern forests, Coldchose loggers and carpenters will cut down the agreed trees and carry them to the river. From there, they will be pulled out of the river and cut down to size, before being carried on the shoulders of junior carpenters to their workshops - from there, they can become anything. These

logs are swept easily downstream to the riverside workshops, where they are fished out and worked upon.

Easily the finest woodwork in the region of Whitefaire comes from Blizzardmere, and it is noted for the excellent quality of its wood and the skill with which this wood has been worked. The craftsmen there are employed by others through Whitefaire and further abroad, plying their skills through the whole region. Much of their shaped timber is sent north to Waiting Cross, where it is used in the creation and repair of the ships waiting to be refitted.

As a result, most of the structures built in the Tor are wooden homes and shops, but made with a level of sophistication which would surprise any outsiders. Precisely built and layered with ornamentation and fretwork, many of them are extremely elaborate and beautiful buildings. Inside there is yet more creativity, where each piece of wooden furniture is worked with a craftsmen's skill. Such furniture and fittings within each house are often much older than the inhabitants; this is a mark of the skill of the craftsmen in the Tor. Generations of the same family will pass down furniture, and pieces commonly bear the marks of many repairs and restoration. Many of these items are also shipped abroad from the small harbour upon the island. While this is a more difficult harbour to moor in than the Haven's, the wealth of Blizzardmere still attracts many merchants.

Blizzardmere is also the centre of organised religion in Whitefaire. The Adisfort was claimed and extensively repaired several centuries ago by the clerics and Paladins of Helm to be a station for the expansion of the faith in the cold northern regions. These missions eventually petered out from the resistance of the barbarian tribes. More recently, new missionary expeditions often stop there to refit and restock before crossing the Western Sea to the lands there. Some of the town's population are very well travelled, having accompanied these missions and then returned.





The

Adisfort

Imani's
Atelier

Wavering
Bridge

Riverside
Workshops

Temple of
Helm

Smithy
Square

Waterfront
Warehouse

Axefall
Hostelry

Chancel of
Llmater

Log Split Row

Rorem
Bridge

Blizzardmere Tor
In the Canton of Algor

As a large fortification, The Adisfort has also become a training school for warriors of the faith. The Order of the Clenched Gauntlet is based there, and their paladins will patrol across Whitefaire, protecting Helm's interests and bringing judgement to those who deserve it. As a region with no real organised government, the Helmites are looked upon as being fair and just individuals who can help resolve problems and settle conflicting claims. They also organise hunts and crusades against the monsters that haunt the forests and the plains of Whitefaire.

Also within Blizzardmere is a large chancel of Llmater. The Martyred God has a presence in the town, though it is not as overt or based on such an edifice as the Adisfort. The Chancel of Llmater is a smaller structure, still large compared to those around it, and is a place of peace for the weary, the tired and the hurt. Inside, there is a large hospital where clerics and doctors will try to take away the pain and suffering of those within. Many of those who are injured or suffering are loggers, carpenters or other craftsmen; despite their skill, accidents happen with terrible regularity. Those within the Chancel are used to healing head injuries, attempting to regenerate lost limbs and, sadly, burying the dead. However, if someone were seeking medical aid for a lasting or lingering injury, then there would be no better place to find it than here.

Blizzardmere is a town of Coldchose. While Frostkin do live there, the whole town has the sense of being much further south than it is. Southern accents, like those from Luskan, Neverwinter or Baldur's Gate, mix together in Smithy's Square and the few Frostkin who live there are background noise. Many of the native tribes choose to avoid the town completely, complaining that it is nothing like Whitefaire. Of all the Coldchose towns in Whitefaire, Blizzardmere is the most obvious and clear in its foreignness. While it is welcoming to all, that sense of imposition, of a place from another land unlike Whitefaire, keeps many travellers and most Frostkin away.

LOCATIONS WITHIN BLIZZARDMERE

THE ADISFORT

The Adisfort is the rebuilt castle and the principal bases of the Helmites in Whitefaire. Even before the town of Blizzardmere grew around it, this forbidden fortress had been taken over by the soldiers of Helm and, in high summer or in the depths of winter, they worked tirelessly to rebuild a castle upon the ruins of the old. No-one knows who built that first castle and which empire had once ruled Whitefaire, but the extensive foundations and dungeons beneath provided a good basis for the Adisfort to rise above it. It took a decade of work, but the fortress of Helm was reborn and became the centre of the rapidly growing town.

It is a sheer-sided castle, with high walls that work as defenses and accomodation at the same house. It is a working fortress, full of Helmites moving to and fro. Within is the Holy Hall, the barracks, and the chapel of the Paladins of the Clenched Gauntlet where they attend services with the other clerics. Scribes tallying supplies, tithes and the positions of various patrols go about their daily business. This fortress also has many visitors, and those robed and well dressed figures of the townspeople are seen throughout. These visitors range from Frostkin seeking advice on dealing with outsiders to their tribe to high members of the Helmite church inspecting the fort.



In the mornings, the Paladins train in the central yard while the clerics offer healing and services to those of Blizzardmere. In the evening, all of the clergy process from the Adisfort to the Temple and take services there upon Evensong. This procession, called 'The Holy Way' by the native Blizzardmere folk, is a daily occurrence for the town and often attracts crowds to watch the Helmites in their finery.

Within the fortress winding corridors and cold stone rooms is the Holy Hall. This is half-chapel, half headquarters for the Clenched Gauntlet and is a practical armoury and logistics center. It is lined with boxes and crates, racks for weapons and armour, while above floats the huge whitebanner of the Order. Within, watching the days events and diligently working on some paperwork, is the Order Master Lord Paladin Superior Sica Itil (half-elf male, LG, **see stat block**), 78 year senior paladin. He is working carefully on maintaining his order and bringing the greatest justice to those around him.

Sica is principally involved in reading the reports of the paladins returning to the Adisfort, and making sure that his recruits are well-trained. He is an extremely devout and serious half-elf without an apparent sense of humour, and rarely smiles. If he is engaged on other matters outside what he sees as his remit, he will merely remain silent or draw the speaker back to the question that they asked. He has no time at all for foolish behaviour, and will ask his paladins to remove any of those who he feels are wasting his time. Outside in the training yard is where Lord Varil Shisk (half-orc male, LG, **see stat block**) a Paladin of 12 years seniority, can be found. He is often roving the lands as a patrolling warrior either alone or with others, but when he is in the Adisfort he can be found there.

While he is devout as any other in the service of his Order, Shisk believes that justice trumps all other factors, and so is willing to apply the law to any whom he sees breaking it. Initially serious and extremely polite, he has a more dryly humorous manner with a knowing smile when he watches people on the road. He is often willing to travel and help people out when the cause is just and true.

WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE

The harbour at Blizzardmere is tricky to approach and does not offer much in the way of cover from cross-winds which might affect ships coming in. However, ships will occasionally dock there to drop off supplies or recruits before heading north to the Haven. The Warehouses are a large set of wooden buildings, crammed with shipping supplies such as ropes, timbers, spares, metal parts and all the innumerable needs of ships throughout the world. The merchant there, Vico Criminda (elf woman, CN, **commoner**), is willing to sell manner basic goods at the price given as the *Player's Handbook*. Vico is also willing to deal with those who have goods they wish to smuggle, though the price of those goods really depends on how difficult they are. She will not smuggle amber under any circumstances; the risks are too high. However, timber or furs she is willing to sell to smugglers. She is also willing to import goods to Blizzardmere even if they are technically illegal - she is one of the few sources which connect with thieves guilds outside Whitefaire. She can even get black lotus for anyone who requires it, at a very high price.

IMANI'S ATELIER

Jinuk Imani (human male, N, **apprentice**) is a craftsman beyond comparison. It is rumoured that he sold his soul to a fiend for his incredible skills, but no paladin has every found evidence of this. He crafts musical instruments and then, using a little magical skill, enchants them to play beautiful songs. An Imani instrument is known throughout Whitefaire as a work of incredible skill, and accordingly, his prices are available as per the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. The shop in particular is a haven for musicians, and it is very rare that a bard or three are not there, testing out the instruments and playing stunningly beautiful music. Imani is a genius in his craft but perpetually busy - he is polite but will only answer questions if he has time. If a customer wants to discuss a commission, however, he will give it as much time as they need to design a perfect instrument. This can include magical effects. The creation will take D3 tendays, however, as art cannot be rushed.

TEMPLE OF HELM

The Temple is a large stone structure, with a single spire stretching high above the other buildings in Blizzardmere. It is cold looking, and inside is equally cold. The stone is bare to the touch, and the vaulted roof high above is unadorned except for the symbol of Helm's fist, embossed in the stonework. The altar is equally sparse, with just a large symbol of a Gauntlet. The only concession to decoration is that of the stained glass window at the rear of the Temple. This shows Helm in His armoured form, battling a great wyrm which has wrapped its body around His holy form. This great window is bright during the day, casting a great spray of colours upon the parishioners and clerics who visit each day. During the evening, after the knights of the Clenched Gauntlet have arrived in their great procession, this stained glass reflects the setting sun and adds a spilled red light upon the kneeling soldiers and clerics. Within the Temple can be found junior and senior clerics of helm. Krista Hardshatter (halfling female, NG, **priest**) is found there, offering prayers and services to the people who visit. She will offer clerical spells up to 6th level for a donation to the church (125gp per spell level).

She is a resolute and strong individual, a believer in balance and justice, but she lacks any harshness in her faith. She is, broadly speaking, a kind individual and will question those who visit her on their faith (or lack of it). Krista seeks only to bring others into her faith and will suggest that 'Helm welcomes everyone.'

SMITHY SQUARE

Smithy Square is a loud, boisterous place full of the hammering of metal, the clashing of steel, the roar of heating ore and the calls of the armourers to each other in cheerful conversation, mockery or competition. This square is where the armourers of the Knights of Clenched Gauntlet work, either constructing new armour or repairing the battered wargear of paladins returning from their patrols. Most of these armourers work solely with the Temple of Helm, and this work demands their complete attention. They do not have the time nor the order book to take any more work than they already have.

There is one weaponsmith, one-armed Crueltia (dragonborn male, N, **veteran**), who is willing to sell to customers. They have a selection of weapons and heavy armour for sale, with prices as per the *Player's Handbook*. They are able to emboss and work with Amber if it is required, though at a price of 100gp per 6oz. Crueltia is talkative and likes to share the stories of Blizzardmere, including the details of which Paladin likes which and who is arguing with whom. He loves to gossip about other things, including telling wider stories of what's going on in Whitefaire. It will take a DC10 perception test to realise that many of the stories he tells are wild exaggerations; if not sheer invention - nonetheless he still loves to talk!

AXEFALL HOSTELRY

The Axefall Hostelry is the largest tavern and inn in Blizzardmere Tor. It is a large place with two common rooms, separated by a central corridor which goes towards the stairs and the upstairs rooms. The two common rooms are marked by their difference; the one on the right is for the devout and the astic, those who deny themselves physical pleasure. It is a wooden floored room, with simple wooden bowls and equally simple food. Within are simple rugs and prayer mats, and a peaceful quiet is observed by all of the clerics and other holy people there. This room is lined with holy symbols and works of religious art. It is almost a chapel of every faith; even the smaller deity can find an icon there. On the other side of the corridor is a far more traditional Inn common room where the less devout can be found drinking and singing. However, because of the moderating influence of the 'other room' it has a moderating effect upon those in the bar. It is noticeably less raucous and noisy than an average tavern, and the behaviour of the patrons is much better and more respectable. The owner, Binlina Jotplin (human male, N, **commoner**) is quiet and generally focuses on the respectable nature of his bar. If anyone acts in a way that he does not agree with, he will warn them that this is a respectable bar and then, if they continue to act in this way, he will bar them and ask them to leave. If this continues, he will summon the patrol of Paladins (human, LG, **Knights**) to chase the wrong-doers away. The Hostelry can offer accommodation and food up to a merchant level, with prices as per the *Player's Handbook*. He is also able to provide some basic equipment as per the *Player's Handbook*, including adventurers packs and travel rations.

ROREM BRIDGE

The bridge over the Woods Path River is controlled by the squires of Helm, who carefully gesture distant travellers to approach. The bridge is stone-built, and wide enough for a cart and several people to approach all at once. There is also Numia Poltinen, a cleric of Llmater (half-elf female, NG, **priest**). Numia will ask for a small donation to Llmater, but travellers can pass for free if they do not wish to pay. She casts *Healing Word* and *Bless* upon any who pass through the gates. She is also a good source of local knowledge, able to inform anyone who arrives about the history of her native town and the martyred God that she serves.

WAVERING BRIDGE

The Wavering Bridge is a higher wooden bridge which seems to sway as people travel over it. It is a pedestrian bridge, barely wide enough for two people to walk across, and is usually packed with carpenters and workers carrying tools to and fro. Two towers stand upon the far bank, rising above the bridge, and atop one of them is a magical lamp device which spies upon all those attempting to cross. This device is controlled by the squires of the Clenched Gauntlet, who scan the denizens of the bridge for evil-doers. If they are detected, then they will send a patrol of paladins to interrogate them and ask for their intentions in Blizzardmere. If this evil creature cannot account for its actions then it will be barred from entry. Apart from this, there is no guardpost or any kind of gate to prevent entry. However, rumours swirl that this gate is a mere divine projection, and if the paladins of Adisfort should wish it, this bridge will simply cease to exist.

RIVERSIDE WORKSHOPS

The Riverside Workshops are the centre of the timber work, where dozens of master carpenters and hundreds of their apprentices ply their skills upon the timber. The air is rich with the smell of freshly cut logs and the ground during summer has what it is jokingly referred to as 'summer' snow; the great drifts of sawdust which pile up outside each workshop. Within the riverside workshop is the bow maker Ventis, (**high elf female, N, rogue**), who crafts and creates bows and arrows of exquisite quality. She is an expert in the crafting of all most ranged weapons, and the price given in the *Player's Handbook*. She also has several +1 bows available, and D6 +1 arrows/crossbow bolts. On a DC15 charisma check, she will offer D3 arrows of frost at 350gp each, taken from her 'special' stash. She is a kind, careful elf, making sure that each of her customers is aware of how to use their purchases to the best advantage. At the rear of her shop, she has a short archery range which she will offer them to practise with their new purchases.

LOG SPLIT ROW

This is where much of the basic work of wood-cutting takes place. Unlike the Riverside Workshops, Log Split Row works in bulk delivery of trade agreements. Log Split Row is about bulk orders and speed of delivery. A natural rivalry between the craftsmen and the woodworkers has developed, where the carpenters call the workers 'brutes' while those woodworkers call the carpenters 'fiddlers'. The difference is clear; the carpenters are clean and well presented, while the woodworkers are proudly grubby.

Within the Log Split Row is Woodsworth tavern. This is a large, though rather crudely built structure. The innkeeper, Gye Firerug (halfling male, CN, **veteran**), is a good source of gossip and rumours. In addition, Gye is a contact of the secretive Harlech Clan, the ice-mountain dwarves who live in the far north. He can provide another method of contacting them if it is required.

THE CHANCEL OF LLMATER

The Chancel of Llmater is a much smaller structure than the Adisfort. However, it is still a large structure; more akin to a hospital than temple. With loggers, carpenters and the other trades in Blizzardmere, the clerics of the Martyred God are busy salving wounds, casting healing magics and generally taking the suffering of others onto themselves.

For the worse injuries there is a large stone square building where they can spend time recovering under the care of the healers there. Within the central chancel is a small chapel, where the sign of the Martyred God - the Bound Hands - can be seen hanging from the ceiling above the altar. This octagonal room has soft seats and long benches carved from pale alpine wood, and soft music plays from enchanted musical instruments in the corner. In the center of the room is the icon of the Martyr, a terribly wounded and torn figure of Llmater showing the injuries they have taken from their service.

Conducting services there is Arch-Cleric Seren (halfling male, NG, **priest**). They are able to provide clerical spells and services up to 7th level spells, at a cost of 75gp per spell level for 1st-3rd level spells, and 125gp per spell level for 4th to 7th level spells. They are also willing to perform service and grant boons if anyone there offers prayer or praise to the Martyred Lord. However, as a firm believer in Llmater, such services which are requested will always require a level of self-sacrifice from those performing them. This is not a secret, Seren Itali will make clear what this might involve, but those who are asked to do so may often balk at the cost. The arch-cleric accepts this without comment, not all those who are asked can serve in the manner of Llmater and his servants.

They are certainly willing to take coins or gems in return for their service, all of which will be put back into the running of the building. Seren is also able to assist visitors if they want to make a pilgrimage to the main Retreat of Llmater on the north-west border of Burgoshire. If the visitor can honestly demonstrate that they have demonstrated the tenants of Llmater in their behaviour, on a DC10 CHR check they will offer a letter of introduction to The Unsung Guide, the head of the Order of the Bound Hands. This is one of the few ways to get an audience with this leader of the Llmater's knights.

In addition to Serene, there is also the Cleric Ocasti Opten (human male, NG, **priest**). He is a cleric who works within the Chancel but dreams of travelling throughout Whitefaire for a time. If the adventurers are able to pass a DC15 charisma check, Ocasti will join them for a time as a NPC character, following them loyally into danger. He is a careful, cautiously brave individual, who wishes to take on the pains of those around him in the manner of Llmater. However, if the party acts in a way which either does not meet with his alignment or does not match with the teachings of Llmater, they will have to pass a DC15 charisma check to keep him. If this happens a second time, he will leave and return to the Chancel. If this is the case, the Chancel will no longer offer services to the adventurers.



THE RETREAT OF LLMATER

The Retreat of Llmater is one of the largest independent settlements outside the main towns of Whitefaire. Founded by the Paladin named The Tender of Dominions, it was created upon the ruins of an unnamed hamlet which has been devastated by the dragon Xondrayn. For this loss, and the pain which she could never take upon herself, The Tender of Dominions committed the rest of her life to the people of Whitefaire and their welfare.

Llmater is sometimes known as the Martyred Lord, the Crying God or the Broken One. He is a deity of suffering, perseverance and endurance, entreating those who worship him to endure their pains and hardships as good things will come to them in time. Standing with the other Good deities of Torm and Tyr, Llmater works to try and take the pain of others upon themselves. In particular, Llmater works to protect young creatures and children in particular. Any atrocities or acts of sadism will cause Llmater to rise in anger and his fury is terrible to behold.

The Retreat is the base for the Knightly Order of the Grippled Blade. This order of Paladins, also created by The Tender of Dominions, are a knightly order who work to secure and defend the people of Whitefaire. This group of armoured Paladins will patrol through the Northwest of Whitefaire to the very borders of the Savage Lands, working to fight the evil and darkness there before it can reach the people of Burgoshire. Together, the Helmites and the Llmateri work to provide some security to the people of Burgoshire and Algoré. However, the Order is not large; at full strength it can muster only twenty or so fully trained Paladins and a hundred squires. This is not much when compared to the vast distances that they travel through the area.

The Grippled Blade generally recruits orphans and refugees, if they are willing to endure the hardships that will be expected of them. As children, they are treated with great kindness, and these 'God Parents' of Llmater are expected to sacrifice for the children that have been given to them. Most of those who go to this orphanage enter into the faith of Llmater. However, this is no rancour for those who do not; the Broken God understands that not all are made to suffer for others, and many must maintain their strength to continue their own life.

When someone joins the Grippled Blade as a squire, they will work in support of a Paladin. Once they are proven in both suffering and skills, these squires are promoted to become full Paladins of Llmater. In doing so, they leave their own names behind and choose another. This name expresses their purpose in the remainder of their lives - a Paladin of Llmater is very unlikely to survive in the service of their lord. They aim to become a martyr for their faith, providing an inspiration for others to follow. Names such as 'The Favour of Silver' or 'The Gifted Empowerer' are examples of the names these Paladins choose; hopeful and some might say, frighteningly naive.

LOCATIONS WITHIN THE RETREAT

A: THE MAIN CHANCEL BUILDING

This is a cathedral of both the memory of pain and those who care for it. While on the outside it may look like a church, it is more akin to a knightly hall than a place of worship. With two floors within the interior, the first floor is a wider

entrance way with numerous small chapels on either side. It is a low roofed but brightly lit space; a marble floor and magical lanterns bring a warm glow to the hall.

Each of these nine chapels represent aspects of Llmater - one for perseverance, one for endurance etc. Worshippers do not have mass services in the manner of other churches; each service is a smaller event conducted in the chapel that best fits the worshipper's needs. The Chancel uses the Nine Words of Llmater as it's holy book, and many of their clerics will specialise in services for a particular aspect. Beyond these rooms is a wider stairway leading to the upper hall, and the headquarters of the Order of the Grippled Blade. In this high, arched space, lined with smaller apartments for the paladins on either side, can be found the altar of the Arch-Sufferer. Sornic Vas (half-elf female, NG, **see stat block**) can be found there, resting upon the uncomfortable seat and directing her clergy throughout their business. Beyond that, in the Chapel of the Rusting Axe, can be found The Unsung Guide (male elf, LG, **champion**), a paladin of 37 year seniority who leads the order of the Grippled Blade. He is willing to talk quietly within the chapel, or can lead the adventurers to his workspace beyond. In the center of this room is a large table with a detailed map of Whitefaire upon it, where The Unsung Guide's assistance push flags and figures around to demonstrate their location. From there, he organises and monitors the patrols and reports of his paladins, dispatching ravens and divine messages to guide them to where they are needed most. Around the Chapel of the Rusting Axe are the individual cells of the Paladins, decorated to their own style. At any one time, there are approximately ten paladins within the Chancel, either resting and recovering from their missions or preparing to embark upon another. Two cells, however, are almost always empty. The cell for The Aurora Steward is empty while she continues her work in Middle Cross, while the cell for The Beholder of Life is unoccupied while this paladin remains unaccounted for. Once they have been found, their cell will be re-occupied or another squire will be promoted to replace them.

B: THE HOSPITAL

These outbuildings are the hospital of the, where the sick and injured come to be healed and made well. Patients come from many miles away, across Whitefaire's rough and testing land to reach this hospital where they can find healing magic they would not find elsewhere. Such succour is granted to them for free, such is the will of Llmater that those who are suffering will have relief. However, donations to the upkeep of the Chancel in goods or coins are always appreciated, and those who can pay are expected to. In this way, Llmater's good is spread equally throughout the congregation. Inside, the adventurers can meet the Twice-Scarred Cleric of Llmater, Divotha Knot (human male, LG, **priest**). This strongly-accented blind cleric is able to cast healing spells up to 8th level, including regeneration and resurrection. He will request a donation of 50gp per level for levels 1-4, and 100gp per level for levels 5-8. If adventurers do not have this, he will charge as much as he feels they can afford. There is also a low-roofed alchemist's lab, where herbs and strange gourds hang from the ceiling. Within can be found Cleric Mie Somer (gnome female, CG, **priest**). She works around a cauldron taller than her, using a stepladder to be able to reach the bubbling brew. The smell within the lab is caustic and rough, a result of the years of practice and experimentation that she has done.

Mie Somer is perpetually distracted, always playing with her hair as she goes running between visitors and her cauldron. She has many different potions of sale. She has D3 superior healing potions, D6 greater healing potions and 2D6 healing potions for sale, with prices as per the *Dungeon's Master Guide*. She also has additional uncommon and rare potions available for sale.

C: THE VILLAGE OF ST. CHAMLIS

The village of St. Chamlis stands before the Retreat of Llmater and is the first site that visitors and pilgrims arrive at. This well-tended village is a spread out collection of two and three story houses, linked by clean, cobbled streets. Most of these houses are used by the staff of the Chancel, many of who will make their way in the early morning to the Chancel to cook, clean and complete the many jobs which the institution requires. Pilgrims, normally fur-dressed folk wearing the badge of the Llmater church, will stay within these homes for free, the space for them being offered by the devout as a service to their God. Those who cannot get a space in the houses can stay at The Bound Hands, a large inn in the centre of the village. Surrounded on all sides by neat cobbles, it is a tall, tottering building which seems all too ready to fall down. Village rumours say that it is only held up by the regular attention of mages - or by Llmater's divine will. Inside, the Inn is divided into several different rooms; like several houses where walls have been removed. Most of the Inn is taken up by space for the pilgrims, but it can provide accommodation and food to a Comfortable standard, at the price given in the *Player's Handbook*.

Their most comfortable room is at the top of one of the taller structures making up the inn - the sleeper there can hear the wind blowing against the glass windows. In the main bar area, which is half-divided by a supporting wall, is Innson Jacun (human male, N, **commoner**). Innson is the second generation to own this inn, and complains endlessly about it. He really wants to be a travelling bard but he cannot sing or dance. If the adventurers ask him to, he will give them a rendition of his truly god-awful poem, *The Werebear*. This will drive any other drinkers out of the bar area until it is completed.

D: ENDRAIN'S SUPPLIES

This squat building is Endrian's Supplies, an outfitting store providing everything a traveller in Whitefaire could need. Selling mostly to the Paladins and to the Pilgrims, Edrain (human male, CG, **see stat block**) is able to supply most adventuring gear at a common level. For uncommon or rare gear, he will send his assistant, Reck, to see if they should have the item in the cellar. To check availability, roll a D12. In a 1-5, Endrain is still waiting for his supplies to come in. On a 6-12, the goods are available somewhere in Endrain's cavernous stockroom. He is also able to supply most uncommon melee and ranged weapons, using the same rules. All his prices are per the *Player's Handbook*.

Endrain is also a former adventurer, and has a secret stock of rare weapons. On a DC15 charisma check for level five or higher adventurers, he will offer them items from his previous career. He can sell them *The Turning Blade* (see magic item cards) for 3400gp, D3 +1 daggers, or *The Radiant Hauberk* (see magic item cards) for 2900gp. He is willing to negotiate: as an adventurer he knows the life-saving value of good equipment, and as a romantic he loves the idea of an adventure. A good story will help.

THE RUINS OF CASTLE TUN-NARAQ,
UPON THE MISTRAL PLAIN



THE HINTERBERG PRINCE

The Hinterberg Prince is a Bernish mercenary company of reasonable repute and famed. They are known throughout Faerun as honourable sellswords who most often work with the city of Neverwinter in its defence. When they are not pursuing the city's objectives, they most often work with other members of the Lord's Alliance such as Luskan and Tyr. Most recently, the company has been hired by the Regent of Whitefaire to help recover her lost ancestral home and reassert her family's authority in this area of the North.

RANKS

The structure of the Hinterberg Prince (THP) is of a large, regimental military formation of approximately two thousand soldiers. It is composed of two battalions and an ever-changing number of detached units. As a legal formation the Hinterberg Prince has agreed Articles of Association with Neverwinter. The soldiers in the THP are legally entitled to strike at the enemies of Faerun. They cannot accept a contract from enemies of Luskan or Neverwinter, but they are free to accept any other contracts which are offered. The best term would be 'associated mercenaries'. The Company is divided on traditional military lines; between the Non-Commissioned Officers (NCO) and the Commissioned Officers (CO). Recruits who do not have the means to purchase a commission in THP will enter as soldiers. The wealthier souls will choose to join as commissioned officers.

NON-COMMISSIONED SOLDIERS

The basic ranks for the Non-commissioned soldiers are, in ascending order of authority;

NON-COMMISSIONED RANKS

Rank	Responsibilities
Princefolk	<i>The lowest rank of soldiery.</i>
Half-Corporal	<i>Assists the Sergeants in each section.</i>
Sergeant	<i>Commands a 16-strong Prince Folk Section.</i>
Sergeant at Arms	<i>Assists Signets and Lieutenants.</i>
Lord Sergeant	<i>Supports a Captain.</i>
Crowned Sergeant	<i>Supports the Battalion Commander</i>

The Princefolk and their NCOs are the common soldiers in THP. They make up the bulk of the fighting force - about eighty percent - and they do most of the fighting and the dying. It is relatively easy to get promoted from one rank to another, especially after a hard campaign, but very difficult to get promoted from Non-Commissioned Officers (or the Enlisted Ranks) to Commissioned Officer. Because of the need to purchase a commission, few soldiers will earn a sufficient amount to pay for such a valuable position.

Generally speaking, Adventurers, ex-soldiers and farmers looking for a new life will often join THP as an enlisted soldier or an NCO, depending on their experience and wealth.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Commissioned officers are the officers in overall control of the mercenary company. They are a small command cadre within the wider ranks of the Hinterberg Prince, and there are perhaps only fifty or sixty Commissioned Officers for both battalions. The basic ranks for the Commissioned officers are, in ascending order of authority.

COMMISSIONED RANKS

Rank	Responsibilities
Signet	<i>The most junior Officer role.</i>
Lieutenant	<i>Command three Sections.</i>
Bar-Lieutenant	<i>Commands the Lieutenants.</i>
Captain	<i>Commands at the Company level.</i>
Major	<i>Commands a Battalion.</i>
Lord	<i>These are the Commanders of the Hinterberg Prince.</i>

The Hinterburg Prince operates an officer commission system. If an individual wishes to join THP as a commissioned officer, they must purchase that commission. As promotion opportunities open up, the commissions become available to be purchased by junior officers. An individual can generally only get a promotion by purchase. On rare occasions, a commission may be gifted to an individual for valour, but that person will then have to purchase their next promotion if they want to advance. The costs are approximately:

Commission Level	Cost
Signet	250 gp
Lieutenant	1,000 gp
Bar-Lieutenant	2,000 gp
Captain	5,000 gp
Major	10,000 gp
Lord	By agreement only

A Major who wishes to move into the Lords must already be a member of the nobility, become ennobled by agreement, and then a large sum of money will be agreed based on discussion with the other Lords.

RESPONSIBILITIES

The officers of the Hinterberg Prince have quite a lot of authority, especially when they are on detached duties. In THP, the most junior commissioned officers theoretically have the authority to order the most senior sergeant around (it is insane to so, however, given their relative experiences). In truth, the senior sergeants and the junior officers are careful to work together both on and off the battlefield.

Sergeants and other NCOs are responsible for the welfare of the soldiers. They are expected to control their section and ensure that all rules and regulations are followed. Whether they are generally depends on the level of authority that a Commissioned Officer shows, and how often they get paid - they are mercenaries, after all.

In general terms, a sergeant worries about the soldiers, and a Lieutenant worries about the unit. Officers generally only deal with the sergeants, not the individual soldiers. A lieutenant on detached duty has the authority to recruit and promote anyone into the NCO structure, up to the level of Sergeant. They can recruit Princefolk and bring them into the company, train them and draw pay and subsistence for them from THP. This means that when an officer of the Hinterburg arrives in an area they will generally recruit for a bodyguard and maybe a company. When the larger force arrives, they will thus find the area prepared for their arrival and new recruits ready for training and assignment to the ranks.

A lieutenant can also recruit local militia on a fixed term contract, which would not be part of the unit but working alongside. This can include local guides, experts and others whose skills are required on a short term basis. These will also be paid, based on the agreement which has been made with the militia.

IMPORTANT PERSONAL

The Current Lord-General of the Hinterberg Prince is **Ros Nadine**, who has been in command since the previous Lord-General was slain in the Three Hills catastrophe. They are supported in their duties by a small group of staff officers who help plan and organise this company. The Major of the First Battalion is **Major Dwight Huber**, and the second Battalion is commanded by **Major Volt Beck**. The Captain of the Third Company of the second Battalion is **Captain Lars Volkrider**, supported by **Lieutenant Lucinda Swartzweltkrieg**. The pioneer section for the 2nd Battalion is led by **Sergeant at Arms Unter Hinmin**.

SUMMARY

The Hinterberg Prince is an expensive but tough and reliable engine of war. Their tactics are notably aggressive for such a unit, relying up the so-called *gewalthassen* (heap of violence in Bernish) to end battles quickly. Such a direct and violent approach has brought them as many critics as admirers, removing what they see as the glory of battle. However, such straightforward tactics and brute simplicity have made them feared by both bandits and monsters alike. From the north of the Sword Coast, their name is whispered by evil-doers with awe and fear. Such a reputation is bought in the blood of both the Hinterberg Prince's enemies and their own soldiers.



PRINCESFOLK PIKE INFANTRY

Medium humanoid (human), any neutral alignment

Armor Class 16 (half plate)

Hit Points 65 (10d8 + 20)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)	11 (+0)

Skills Athletics +5, Intimidation +2

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Bernish, Common

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Fighting in Ranks. If this Princesfolk Infantry is within 5 ft. of an ally who is not incapacitated, they can add an additional 12 to their damage roll.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Princesfolk makes two attacks with their pike or their falchion.

Pike. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d10 + 3) piercing damage. It has the *heavy*, *reach* and *two-handed* rules.

Falchion. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 5 ft. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) Slashing damage.

PRINCESFOLK MUSKETEER

Medium humanoid (human), any neutral alignment

Armor Class 16 (breastplate)

Hit Points 65 (10d8 + 20)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	17 (+3)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)	11 (+0)

Skills Athletics +3, Intimidation +2

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Bernish, Common

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Volley Fire! If this Princesfolk Musketeer is within 5 ft. of an ally, they have advantage on a ranged attack using their musket.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Princesfolk makes two melee attacks with their rapier or one ranged attack with their musket.

Rapier. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 5 ft. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) Slashing damage.

Musket. *ranged weapon attack* +5 to hit, range 40 ft/120 ft. *Hit:* 12 (D12 + 3) piercing damage. This weapon has the *two handed* and *loading* special rules.

THE MOTHER CULT

The Mother Cult is an organisation of cult leaders and their acolytes based throughout Faerun. Much like the Zenterum, they aim to operate beneath the notice of many different cities and authorities. Much unlike the Zents, however, their aims are not criminal activities or gaining power - they are completely focused upon causing acts of notable and massive destruction.

Such acts are designed to be singular in nature; they do not seek to create a gradual slaughter of innocents. Such petty deaths are small compared to their belief that acts of mass devastation bring glory to their god - the creature that they call 'The Mother.'

The Mother is not a physical being, but one manifestation of the god Myrkul, the God of Death. The Mother has an unstoppable appetite for mass destruction; she is fed some large part of the world is burning. From her loins spring slaughter and horror - she is the Mother of Fear, Madness, Pain and Death. The Yellow Robes that they wear are the mark of the goddess's favour; yellow is the colour of pain, the colour of organs and fat within a body, of pustulant wounds and sickening filth.



The Mother looks upon those who cause mass death as having the greatest of favour. Each soul which is sent to her is a gift, but those gifts are better served en-mass, not piecemeal. The Mother likes to gorge and needs her feasts to thrive. She waits in the dark for the savage repast that her followers send her. No matter the size of this banquet, the Mother will be ever-hungry for more. She craves the flesh and blood that she is sent, the bigger the table's spread the better. This gives her followers their whispered prayers; "blood for the mother." "flesh for the flesh-queen" "A feast of souls for her table."

THE MOTHER CULT IN WHITEFAIRE

The Mother Cult in Whitefaire (the so-called Yellow Robes) have been working towards their apocalyptic aims for decades. Their path, however, has not been one of untrammelled success. Their original Dominar, Yerin Maggard, arrived in Whitefaire Haven in 1458, before quickly relocating to the sprawl of Middle Cross. In the chaos of the start of the Folly Mines Rush, no-one noticed another itinerant traveller who seemed to vanish in just a few weeks.

Slowly and quietly, Maggard began to build his cult while all of Burgoshire and Algor heaved with travellers and prospectors. The Mother is unstinting in her gifts, and she will allow her followers access to powerful magic if they are able to bring her lives, and so Maggard was able to build the support of his cult with confidence and skill. Better still for the slowly expanding cult, amongst the newly arrived Coldchouse miners and their optimism, there were many people who could easily go missing.

The slaughter that the Goblins nations perpetrated upon these miners was an excellent distraction for their acts of barbarism. The cult ambushed caravans, sending dozens of souls to the Mother in a moment. They collapsed mine shafts to bury dozens and sometimes hundreds of innocent prospectors beneath the tons of rock. The Mother feasted well upon each of these meals she was served; but yet she still voraciously hungered. And so, over the years, the ambition of the cult grew beyond the limited scope of Maggard's ability.

THE DELUGE

The Splitwood clan were a smaller clan of Frostkin living within the Forest of Drifts. They were expert woodsfolk and trackers, living on the bounty that the forest could provide for them. To the north of them, the Ice Rush river moved south-east beneath the Windhold Hills, before intersecting with the Meltrush to run south to Whitefaire Haven and the sea. It was the Dominar Dorokhali who first saw the opportunity to perpetuate great slaughter. Born as a rare half-giant, Dorokhali had been taken in by the cult as a baby, rescued from exposure. When he had first demonstrated his natural tendency towards violence by accidentally killing another member of his order, the cult embraced him yet closer as a true follower of the Mother. And so Dorokhali applied his intelligence and his malice within the cult, feeling that he had been touched by the Mother herself. This righteousness which filled him fuelled his every action and left him without doubt.

Stepping quickly through the ranks, he alone had seen the chance to wipe out all of the Splitwood in a single murderous blow. Carefully, he proposed it to Maggoth, and the older man approved of this great act of murder.

The planning took several months, while the cult carefully monitored the village and its comings and goings. Despite his fierce temper and desire to do harm, Dorokhali used his part of his cult carefully, making sure that they were as disciplined as the best soldiers. They did not reveal themselves, merely watching and reporting as he had instructed them. Any who strayed from his plan were sent screaming to the Mother's side.

While they watched, other members of the cult built a culvert upon the river's bank, and directed some of the river's water into it. Over many weeks, they amassed a great lake of water with a single point of egress - which could be opened to allow the great weight of water to spill down into the village below.

On the appointed day, Dorokkali ordered his cult to attack. They did not attack the village - they focused only upon those Splitwood, who had moved outside the village to gather and work. Launching unexpected assaults, the cult aimed to wound and maim before withdrawing. In panic, the Splitwood grabbed their wounded and carried them back to the strong point of their village, aiming to treat their injured and re-arm for an imminent attack.

This was exactly what the half-giant had expected them to do. In their mercy to each other, the Splitwood had doomed their whole tribe. When the Frostkin were assembling in force, Dorokhali ordered the water of the lake to be released. With sledgehammers, the cultists slammed away the props for their overtopping dam. A wave of watery destruction tore down the hill, ripping up boulders and trees in its vanguard, and the wooden structures of the Frostkin village were ripped to splinters. The people were obliterated in the white wave that engulfed them, and on that day the Splitwood clan ceased to be.

THE LAST OF THE SPLITWOODS

But such a plan was not perfect. One of the groups of cultists had not managed to find all the patrols, and those nine Frostkin were away from the devastation when their village was wiped out. When they returned, they saw that all of which they had loved, built, cherished and called home was gone. On that day the nine warriors swore a blood debt of vengeance against those who had committed this act. They would kill as many of them as they could before they were killed.

The last of the Splitwood set after the retreating cult. The cultists were no match for the woodsfolk, who fell upon them with hatchets and arrows in the forests. Running like wolves behind a wounded deer, fighting from tree to tree, these brutal Splitwood fighters exacted a terrible toll upon the yellow robes as they fled. Such mass death brought yet more dishes to this feast that the Mother had been served, and this too brought more influence to Dorokhali. Perhaps forty cultists had been slain in their initial revenge for the deluge. Then, after taking what they could, the leader of the Splitwood made their vengeance the soul and purpose of his tribe. Swordhold Uncas and his nine tribal fighters headed north, south, east and west, seeking their allies to bring to this brutal fight.

The rallying words were simply that of vengeance; revenge for the Splitwood and the death of the Mother Cult.

THE WAR OF TREES

Led by Uncas and his remaining folk, the allied tribes of the western Frostkin attacked the yellow robes wherever they could be found. The Splitwood were relentless, and in their hopelessness made devastatingly effective fighters. Little could stop them in their rage and fury against the cult as they slaughtered all who opposed them. Along with the forces of the Pinegrain clan, they drove the cult out of western Whitefaire and up towards the Mistral Plain. Harrying them relentlessly, the Mother worshippers fled with ever more desperation.

The Nine came to their end at the battle of the Shattered Edge. Upon a great precipice of stone, overlooking the Mistral Plains upon the north side of the Windhold, the Nine chased down the survivors of the Cult. Battle was joined upon the winding mountain paths where the numbers of the cultists counted for little against their furious attackers. Taking on foes which outnumbered them ten to one, the Splitwood began to fall to their wounds - but Uncas, wielding the sword of his ancestors, cut this way towards Dorokhali and Maggoth. With the desperate strength of a dying bear, Uncas badly wounded Dorokhali and sent the half-giant tumbling from the mountain's path. Then, bleeding from the mortal wounds Dorokhali had inflicted upon him, Uncas used the Splitwood Sword to strike off Maggoth's vile head. Then, vengeance inflicted, Uncas died upon the hard stone of the unfeeling mountains.

The only survivor of the Nine was that of Vudr, only fifteen years and the youngest of the Nine, who had been wounded early and had been forced by his comrades to withdraw. Taking the sword from the slain Uncas, he fled. Without their fury and with the weight of expectation upon him, Vudr sank into a forgotten haze of drinking and despair. Alone, his grief overwhelmed him for a long time.

THE RISE OF DOROKHALI

Much damage had been done to the Mother Cult. More than three quarters of their members had been killed, and almost all of their hideouts and infrastructure had been wiped out. But Dorokhali had felt the cold, rancid breath of the Mother upon him, and she granted him the gift of life after his fall. The battle axe Mournsinger was revealed from the fires of Rurapentha and this gave the half-giant the strength he needed to rebuild this cult.

Maggoth had been too unambitious, he had revealed the cult too early and risked their existence with petty entrees to their voracious mistress. Dorokhali would not reveal his plans at all. Deep in the dark, he prayed to his goddess and sent out new dominars to bring new members to their cult. They would remain secret, and what they needed would be brought to them by others. Using the vast wealth he had assembled, Dorokhali reached out to those who might hear his message. He found willing allies in the Duergar clans which tunnelled beneath the mountains, exchanging their favours for surface material they wanted but did not want to gather. In this way, with small steps, he brought the Duergar Bleak Gloom clan into the worship of the Mother Cult. While their natural dwarfish nature made this conversion slow, Dorokhali slowly ate away at their certainties with the talk of strength and the ending of weakness through death. In particular when he spoke of the mother's greed for yet more destruction, the Duergar saw a dark reflection of themselves. They pledged themselves completely to Dorokhali and began their work with him.

With bribes and promises, Dorokhali then created an alliance with the Dark Spears goblin nation. Such compliance was based upon physical presence and the access to weapons that such allies could bring. Using all the sources available to him, the half-giant was able to funnel weapons into their hands, and this led to a sudden upsurge in violence for the goblin wars. Unknowing as to why, Frostkin a hundred miles Away died because of this secret friendship.

He also started to capture and train the Wyverns of the mountains, using them as mounts for his high dominars. These cult leaders can travel long distances at speed when they are needed. The largest of these Wyverns, Greetooth, became his loyal mount. Training and riding Wyverns is both dangerous and unforgiving. It is a test of the cult leader's strength that they can use them to travel from outpost to outpost without major problems. Other Dominars have just been eaten by their mounts, proving they were too weak to command any part of the cult

A NEW PLACE TO START FROM

From the survivors of the Shattered Edge, Dorokhali promoted new Dominars. To each of them he gave a specific duty they were to perform. Some went west to start cults within the major towns of Whitefaire. Others went further south still, to help funnel supplies to them from larger, more prosperous parts of Faerun. Others still were to start cults upon the ships that supplied the ports of Whitefaire and the Ten Towns, and from them Dorokhali gathered knowledge and power. But for all of them, he bent his will to a singular aim.

The death of that single village had been empowering, a moment of completeness where Dorokhali had felt at one with his foster-mother. Such a feeling has left a deep legacy within the very soul of the half-giant, and he craves communion with that Godhead once more. To do so, he hopes, would fill the dark hole at the center of his heart where he knows that something is missing.

And so he stretches his considerable will toward the vision he sees in his imagination, the vision which will bring him to true bonding with his Goddess. He wants nothing more than an attack of supreme devastation to bring this about.

Dorokhali fools himself about his true motives, lying to himself that his motives are for the greater good of Whitefaire. He wants to bring about peace within the country, and destroy the Amber which causes so many problems. He wants to end the danger to the south by destroying the Mistral Plain; he wants to give himself the power to do so. He wants to bring the protection of children to heart, and he wants to end the encroachment of people from outside who want to extract wealth from the land. He wants to bring about the 'rebirth' of Whitefaire under his rule. However, when he says rebirth, he means destruction. The characters need to oppose him - everyone will die unless they do not.

THE VOICE OF RURAPENTHA

Dorokhali is working to destroy the entire region of Whitefaire, every Coldchose, every Frostkin, the Goblin nations and any other unfortunate creature who gets in the way. He believes that he has found a method of doing so deep in the mountains, far north through the fog of the Mistral Plain.

By using magical enhancements and the collection and charging of a supreme amount of Whitefaire Amber, the Mother Cult wants to create a volcanic eruption the likes of which has never been seen before.

The volcano Rurapathe has erupted before, (approx 300 years ago) bringing smoke to the skies and devastation to the Mistral Plain. It is already growing again naturally towards it's habitual eruption. Using the skills of the cult's wizards and the supplies being brought from all of Faerun, Dorokhali is creating a magical machine which will channel evocation magic into the furnace of the Volcano's magma chamber. Powered by tons of magical charged Whitefaire Amber, such a device would drop into the centre of the volcano and magnify it's great eruption a thousand fold. If this mechanism is successful, then the shock wave of the volcano's eruption alone would flatten buildings in Whitefaire Haven. The ash clouds, the lava flows and the earthquakes which would follow would be almost indescribably destructive. Nothing would survive and the very land of Whitefaire would be a lava topped ruin of unrecognisable black obsidian. Such violence could even affect the north and south, risking the cities of Luskan and Neverwinter with its power. Whitefaire as it currently exists would be completely destroyed, effectively wiped from the map of Faerun.





The flags indicate suspected location of Cult Hide-outs in South-East Whitefaire

This plan is nearing fruition. After silent years of careful arrangement, recruiting and design, Dorokhali awaits the final pieces of his device. Once he has this, and the amber he is charging throughout the region, there will be little to stop his secret plan from success. And worse, such a clever strategist has back-up plans, and back-up plans for those. For even if his plans fail, beneath the Mistral he has trained an army of cultists, who are themselves reinforced by a legion of Duergar and their slaves.

Violent bandits and thugs, veterans of forgotten wars and the many survivors of the folly mines have become thralls to the Mother Cult; but in truth, their thralldom belongs to Dorokhali. With their charismatic warlord leading the way, there are many other within his ranks - evil humans, twisted elves, deep gnome slave soldiers, the allied goblin packs and others attracted to his strength. This army has taken years of toil to build but would be easily sacrificed if Dorokhali willed it. Such a glorious gift to the Mother would be literally divine.

If this plan succeeds, he will use his soldiers to imitate the actions of the volcano with fire, sword and blood. Either way, Whitefaire will burn from the actions of the Mother Cult, and the Flesh Queen shall feast and cackle at the buffet of death that Dorokhali will bring her. And then, at last, ascended to the transference with the godhead, perhaps Dorokhali will no longer feel alone.

THE CULT'S OPERATIONS

The Mother cult has many different hide-outs within Whitefaire and the towns there. As they have been operating quietly and without much notice for years, the cult has managed to get its tentacles into the lowest and the highest levels of Whitefaire society.

They are known to have spies within the offices of the leaders of the towns, and perhaps even higher.

It is almost certain that some member of the RAFT has fallen for Dorokhali's charisma, for their Duergar allies would have access to amber and gold that others do not have. Some of the senior members might claim allegiance with the Mother Cult, but only out of economic necessity. Beneath the earth, the Duergar have helped hollow out long tunnels beneath the Windhold Range, and they use this to travel quickly between the Mistral Plain and Burgoshire. These tunnels also travel through the highest yield amber veins.

Families within Burgoshire could also be inadvertently supported by the cult. With the Dominar's financial resources, it is known that sending a willing child to join the cult will result in a small but continuous payment to the families of that child. This might spread throughout particular villages - and so mentioning the cult in these places would lead to complete silence on the matter. Survival assures their silence; and few suspect the true aim of the cult. Dorokhali has wisely kept that quiet from the common populations.

In order to get further amber to continue his experiments, the cult often uses the Dark Spears goblins to ambush the RAFT traders who do not work with them. While these ambushes are rarely successful, the victorious goblins will return the amber to Dorokhali, who rewards them with good weapons to continue their intercene wars. It is not clear to what extent the members of the cult are aware of Dorokhali's intentions. For while he speaks about the Mother and her intentions, he does not mention that this is a suicide cult for all. If Dorokhali's plan succeeds, the first to die will be the cult - followed by everyone else



THE HARLECH DWARVES

There are no dwarves in Whitefaire. This has been known since the age of the last Sword Thain and the wars of the Iron Fog. During that long-ago age, the Sword Thain Glorfindel allied himself with the Clan Lord of Harlech, and they went to war together. As the main force of the Harlech Army fought alongside the humans, their underground fortresses were overwhelmed by the goblin nations, falling one by one. When the few survivors returned from the final battle of the wars, they found only ruin where their holdfasts had been. A once thriving clan had paid an incalculable price for its loyalty. And so, the story goes, the survivors of the Harlech clan went south to join other mountain dwarves and were never seen again.

This story is false, but it serves the interests of the Harlech clan that it is continually repeated. Now every child of every family - whether Coldchase or Frostkin - knows the easy refrain: *there are no dwarves in Whitefaire*.

In truth, the surviving six dozen Harlechs retreated to their last remaining fortress in the North West of the Mistral Plain. There, beneath the mist and hidden by legend, they worked to rebuild their clan into the strength it once had. *Cirak-Urdun* (*place of safety*) this fortress was named by the dwarves. Given that dwarven families grow very slowly, the Harlech clan took great measures to defend their secrecy. Their rule was inviolate: anyone who knew of the Harlech clan's existence was to be detained or killed. In such a way would they ensure that no such disasters would happen again.

Much had been lost during the wars of the Iron Fog. As much material as people had been lost, and for the dwarves the loss of their craft was a heart-breaking blow. For the first hundred years, they worked to build *Cirak-Urdun* into the glory of a dwarven fortress. The little set of tunnels was little more than a border fort, created for the soldiers of the clan to keep an eye on the Mist and what was coming from there. It was clearly not suitable for a large settlement, but there was no choice that could be made.

Cirak-Urdun was barely enough to hold half of the souls who moved there when they first arrived. But, with habitual dwarven industry, they worked and dealt with what they had to hand. With chipped tools and shrinking supplies, the Harlechs laboured to create a new home. Decades passed as they strove underground alone, and sang songs of their lost lands in the evenings when they rested. At last, at the turn of the century, it was finished. *Cirak-Urdun* was completed and the tired dwarves could rest.

Hidden in the far north, where the Windhold Range meets the Spine of the World mountains, they had remained secret for a long, long time. But in time, this security would find itself under threat from a horribly familiar enemy.

THE HARLECHS AND THE BLEAK GLOOMS

Duergar remain deep underground for the most part, staying close to their power bases within the Underdark. However, if there is a great enough reason, they will venture close to or even above the surface of Faerun to claim valuable resources.

It was nothing more than poor luck which brought the Harlechs and the Bleak Glooms into conflict. The Duergar, dark dwarves which had been twisted by their time underground, had been mining a vein of amber. They too had discovered its immense value and were mining it for trade in the perpetual gloom of the Underdark's caverns. The Duergar tunnels broke into a tunnel of the Harlech clan; battle was the immediate result. The tunnels became a battleground, with a frontline that only moved inches after the horrible engagements. After a year of war the Harlechs built a great underground fire, and heated the rocks atop the mountain that they lived within. Channelling the melt-water from the ice and snow which was there, they funnelled the torrent down into the tunnels which were the perpetual battle site.

The icy water flooded these underground caverns and hewn ways, chasing out the Duergar forever. In such a way did the Harlech defeat this first threat against their new home - but at the cost of losing the immensely valuable vein of amber they had been pursuing.

THE HARLECH RANGERS

The clan elders under the lead of Lord Vurnineg, however, realised that secrecy made them safe only if they knew what threats were gathered against them. They created a new organisation amongst their clan: the *Vor-Garah*, more commonly known as the Harlech Rangers. This unit would be the elite of the clan's warriors, highly trained in the very undwarven manner of skirmish warfare. They would become scouts, explorers and the very first line of defence for Cirak-Urdan. Whether beneath the ground or amongst the trees, they would watch, wait and assess the threat to their home. And, if they needed to, they would be a knife in the dark and leave no witnesses to their passage.

The rangers struggled at first. It is not natural for dwarves to scurry and sneak amongst forest and bushes - several dwarves were lost in those early years through sheer inexperience. But the Harlech Rangers learned quickly, and found that their little frames helped them in the art of camouflage and concealment. It was the second chief ranger, a dwarf named Seaconry Harlech, who helped them develop their careful skills of unseen movement. The weaving of enchanted cloaks assisted them, making the Rangers virtually invisible as they moved. It is said by the dwarves that you would only see them if they wanted you to - many are the enemies who were slain without ever knowing where the crossbow bolts came from. Death came on dwarf crafted arrows, and only questions were left behind.

Carefully, the Harlech's watched and waited, looking to take advantage of any developing situation. They assessed the trustworthy parties within Whitefaire, and reached out to those they thought were worthy; the Meltwhisper Frostkin clan and the Bersk Family. The Rangers had observed them for years and, after much debate, had decided to forge a link with these two organisations. One was to prove beneficial and the other, disastrous.

THE MELTWHISPER BETRAYAL

For a time the Meltwhisper Clan were loyal to their word, with only a few members of their clan ever learning who their new source of dwarven goods were. By carefully disguising the deliveries with the marks of other clans or RAFT trading makers, the Meltwhispers were the front for the Harlechs to gain what they needed. Their crafting skills had not atrophied, and the Harlech armourers created weapons and equipment of the very highest quality. The RAFT in particular was intrigued by this sudden influx of high quality gear that was coming out of the Western Forest. These traders, led by one Eruse Martigen, started investigating where these Meltwhisper clan were getting their goods. With the application of a large amount of coin, Martigen slowly pried open this secret door. He discovered the truth of the Harlech clan's existence, and set off south immediately to tell people of his discovery. He didn't think about how the dwarves might react; his mind was on the profitable business of timber and food supplies to the dwarf mining clan. Surely, these dwarves would have crafts of quality the merchant could not find for five hundred miles.

The Rangers were waiting for him in Burgoshire as he headed south. Martigen and his thirty strong trading caravan were ambushed upon the road, and there they were all slain. Their bodies were mutilated and hung from trees as a warning to any who might come back that way. It was a full five years after the discovery of those corpses that any trader risked a run towards the Meltwhispers. The Swordhold of the Meltwhispers, their Stormcaller and the heads of several of their senior families were also all slain in a single night, killed in their beds without a weapon being drawn. These folk had been the only ones who knew the source of their dwarven trade, and they paid with their lives for such knowledge. Such was the price of even breathing a word of the Harlech Clan's existence. Never again did the Meltwhispers see another dwarven coin, axe or sword. They returned to being a poorer clan of Frostkin on the edge of Whitefaire's tribal society.

THE HARLECH CLAN TODAY

The Harlech clan number approximately one hundred and eighty dwarven men, women and children, based in their fortress of *Cirak-Urdun* on the outskirts of the Mistral Plain. Their fortress is heavily defended and camouflaged - virtually impossible for outsiders to find unless taken there. If such an unfortunate was to stumble across the entranceway, it is likely that they would die with a dozen crossbow bolts embedded within them before they had the chance to realise that they had discovered. It is only by invitation that an outsider might visit the Hall of Clan Harlech, and only by permission may they leave.



Leading the clan is Lord Hoingfor (LN, **see stat block**), the chosen leader from the clan's assorted families. They have run the clan successful for fifty-seven years, and their leadership is as-yet unchallenged. Such a powerful dwarf has assembled many allies amongst their people, and has brought more wealth and trade to the fort than had ever been seen since the dark days of the Iron Fog wars.

Nonetheless, they are pulled in two directions; one, from the dwarves of the clan who would like to relent on the harsh rules that protect their secrecy. This would let the clan find allies so that, in need, they could reach out to others to help. The clan has grown now to a point where they are more difficult to ignore. Contrasting this are the more insular minded dwarves, who argue that engaging with outsider who are not other dwarves has led to many difficulties and dangers in the past. Such risks, they argue, are not worth it when compared to the clan's slowly recovering strength in isolation.

These two sides are embodied by the Lord's chief advisors; the Head Ranger, Rillington Harlech (LN, **see stat block**) and the Chief of the Militia, Scoringvul Harlech. Rillington, as the most experienced of the Rangers, has made contact with many in the wider world, including the Bersk clan and leaders such as Boyarina Ardani. He is optimistic that such alliances could be made to rebuild the strength of the Harlech clan and reach out to other dwarves to join them. Scoringvul (LN, **knight**), is sceptical about outsiders and how far they can be trusted. At over two and a half centuries old, the despair and devastation that their alliance in the old days brought about is still present in her mind. She remembers the Melt Whispers and their betrayal just as keenly, and will use that as evidence that outsiders cannot be trusted.

Within Cirak-Urdun are craftspeople beyond compare, and none are finer than the dwarven master smith, Tirelenet (TN, **commoner**). This was the dwarf who had forged the Windsong, the sword of the Whitefaire's Sword Thain. They are approaching old age, being three hundred and twenty years old and feeling every year of it. Their beard is grey and their long hair is neatly plaited down their back, almost to their feet. Nonetheless, Master-Smith Tirelenet is arguably the most skilled smith in the whole region. They are able to create magic weapons and armour up to +3 enchantments, for the matching cost and any special ingredients they may require. Their assistant, Rila Harlech (LG, **guard**), is keen and enthusiastic, if a little clumsy, and as quick tongued as her master is slow to speak their mind. Rila is eager to learn about the world and will accompany travelling adventurers - if they can convince Hoingfor that it is to the benefit of the clan.

HARLECH RANGERS

Medium humanoid (Dwarf), Lawful Neutral

Armor Class 17 (splint)

Hit Points 67 (9d8 + 27)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	17 (+3)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)

Skills Stealth +5, Survival +3

Damage Resistances poison

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages Common, Dwarvish

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Cloak of Shrouding. The Harlech Ranger gets advantage on Stealth checks when they are more than 30 ft. away from the observing creature.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Harlech Rangers make two longsword attacks. If they have a hand-axe drawn, it can also make a hand-axe attack.

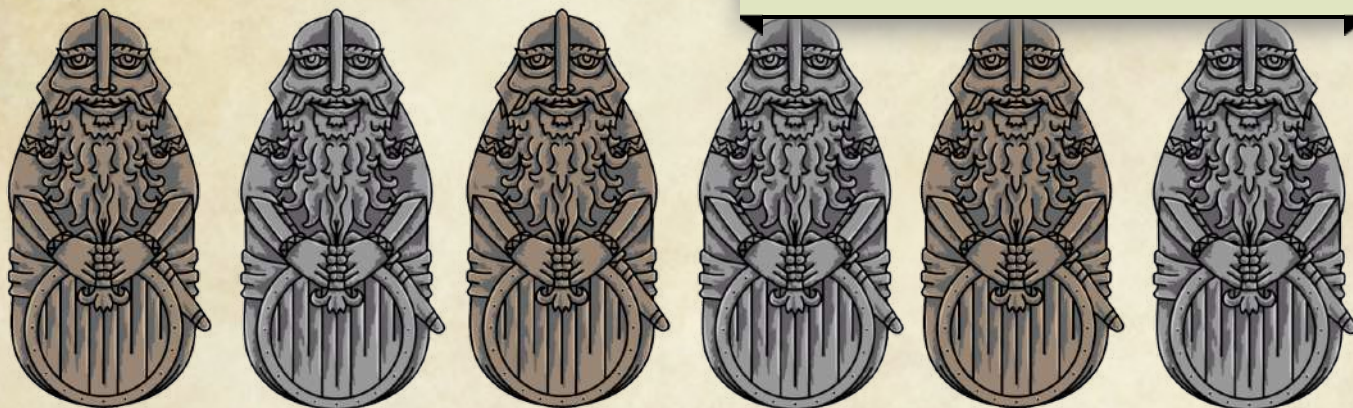
Longsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage, or 8 (1d10 + 3) slashing damage if used with two hands.

Hand-axe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d10 + 1) piercing damage.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HARLECH CLAN

The isolated nature of the Harlechs had led to a more insular culture than even other mountain dwarves. Their separation from the wider dwarven world has created several linguistic differences with other dwarves. While they speak perfect common and dwarvish, phrases that are uniquely Whitefaire based are also there. "*There's rock beneath the snow*" is an expression that things may not be what they seem. "*Amber and Gold don't buy a soul,*" is an expression of duplicity and dishonesty. Especially after the Meltwhisper betrayal, the Harlech clan realised the danger that their great wealth could get them into. In both manner, language and songs, the Harlech clan have a tough and independently developing culture.



THE GOBLIN NATIONS OF WHITEFAIRE

Humans are not the only race to have found a home in Whitefaire. Goblinoid history stretches back further than human history in Whitefaire, and they have always been endemic in the area. The humans of Whitefaire, however, have never suspected the level of organisation that is in place.

The goblins reflect the humans on the surface much more than has ever been known - the goblins have learnt their lessons of defeat really well. The three independent towns within Whitefaire are now equally opposed by their enemies. Subterranean Whitefaire is divided between different, semi-organised goblin tribes or nations. While it is rare for monsters such as these to create lasting kingdoms, the unique nature of Whitefaire appears to have created the circumstances for not one, but three different tribes to create 'nations' for their people.

The Sun-Spitters, Dark Spears and Moon Watchers all control different areas of the tunnels and caverns that run beneath the hills and the mountains. They are endlessly locked in a war against their hated kin: very few humans have wars that would reflect the level of savage hatred that the hateful goblins have against their own kind. Each is dedicated to the destruction of the humans and their neighbours: but the war against their neighbouring goblins often take precedence over the attacks upon Burgoshire or Alгоре. This war takes the form of raiding parties, attacks on each other's interests and occasionally pitched battles between the nations in the woods. Such events are rare, but adventurers have stumbled across these fields of fratricidal slaughter. Despite any problems that it may cause, unscrupulous merchants and members of the RAFT have realised that war is excellent for business - regardless of who is doing the fighting. Such traders are willing to load up on steel from places such as Luskan or Waterdeep and take it north to the goblin tribes. Knowing that goblins sometimes have access to gemstone amber, far better than the common ore or resin, the RAFT looks away as these trades are made. The merchants which do this are generally the least popular of the RAFT - an already disliked company within the north of Whitefaire. Many of these traders are extremely well guarded or they are extremely careful, because otherwise their lives are at risk from many sides. Knowing the effects of decent weapons being in the hands of goblins, the Frostkin have little compulsion in murdering those merchants they suspect in doing this illicit weapon trading.

None-the-less, the trade is so lucrative that merchants and smugglers are still willing to do it despite the risks. The goblins, unknowing of the real value of their amber, will trade it for a handful of cheaply made swords and some well-fledged arrows. Controlling the deep mines as they do, the goblins have a ready supply of the gemstone amber, and are willing to trade it for virtually nothing. Once these precious stones have been traded for swords and armour, no-one in the RAFT will ask about it's providence. After all, amber is amber, gold is gold, and the RAFT doesn't care about the tribal folk or goblins who will die in the battles which will result. The only risk that the RAFT has is if one of their lodges or compounds are over-run. But the goblin leaders do not lack intelligence - they know that if they bite the RAFT's hand, there will be no more weapons for their wars.



THE SUN-SPITERS

The Sun-Spitters are the most numerous of the goblin nations, and are most often seen on the surface. They are most accomplished at raiding surface features like mines or logging camps, and have a network of tunnels just below ground that they exploit for these raids. They use the colour red as their marker, daubed their armour with the blood of their enemies.

They claim that they were the first of the goblin tribes to ever become a 'kingdom'. Their legends say that the Great Goblin, Fat Scurto, was the first to chase a tribe of Kobolds out of the tunnels which became their haven. It is even said, by the truly foolish goblins, that Scurto was able to slay the dragon that the Kobolds worshipped. However, as there has never been a reported dragon in the Windhold Range, this story is probably deeply untrue. However, some of the champions of the Sun-Spitters have been seen adorned with dragon's teeth and bones. They are known as the Bone Souls (Goblins, NE, see **stat block**), warriors who lead their warbands into battle. They are known to be brave, even for goblins, and will inspire their fellow goblins to fight harder. They are also known to wear the trophies of previous defeated foes.

While the Sun-Spiter's population is very numerous, they lack the easily accessible resources of the other clans. Their crude mines do not have access to many veins of amber, and the little gold and silver they can find is claimed by their king to spend on weapons and armour. The fighting which takes place in the Windhold Range and upon the Meltrush plain is brutal, as this tribe tries to control access to Sleetford and the smugglers upon the coastline to the south. Such battles often spill over into the trees. Frostkin know better than to try and engage a warparty of goblins unless they are heading towards their villages or Sleetford, because it is unlikely that they are the target. Often they will just watch and observe the battle which might take place, killing off the survivors of the resulting fight.

Their current King is called General Snartak the Licker (Male Goblin, NE, **stat block**), who ascended to the throne by murdering the previous king. He is ambitious and does not care how many goblin lives he has to throw away to build his kingdom against the hated other nations. In particular, he hates the Dark Spears, having lost his ear in a battle against them in years past. He'll do whatever he can to get revenge upon that tribe beyond all others.



THE DARK-SPEARS

The Dark-Spears, as one would assume from their name, are the most openly martial of the three nations. They have learnt some tactics and discipline from the humans they have battled, and use this on their wandering warbands. Their Overlord, Biter of Swords (Male bugbear, NE, **see stat block**), is an ancient bugbear who was able to crush their way to the top, and rules with an iron fist. Biter of Swords spends large amounts of gold and amber on all the different weapons he can purchase from humans. In addition, Biter of Swords also has smithies and armouries set up in the deep tunnels, to create crude copies of decent steel armour and weapons. The industry of the goblins is impressive, given the reputation, and their king keeps them in line with regular beatings. However, the goblin's smithing skills are uniformly poor. These weapons and armour are softer and weaker than hard hammered steel, and will often break when faced with superior equipment. Their general rush to arm all of their people outweighs the quality of any weapons which they might have created. None-the-less, their discipline is tighter than the other goblin tribes; more akin to hobgoblin legions than their other kingdoms. Biter-of-Swords helps this be only promoting larger, more brutal goblins to positions of authority. These bosses (**goblin boss**) keep their underlings in line in the same way they are kept in line; brutal beating and arbitrary executions. This discipline of the Dark Spears will help them when faced by superior numbers. It also allows them to attempt very ungoblin-like tactics such as organised charges, holding ground and even an orderly retreat. Warriors who are used to facing goblins are often surprised by this order and organisation amongst this tribe. The Dark-Spears are prone to retreating only at the last moment, unlike most tribes.

These Stink Goblins (Goblins, NE, **see stat block**) wear yellow-stained armour, the colour they have taken from underground deposits of sulfur. This gives them a surprisingly bright livery and adds to their terrible smell. They are known to use this substance as rudimentary smoke bombs or to throw in the face of their enemies. Sulphur in the eyes is particularly unpleasant - especially when it's followed by a stab to the ribs. Even the elite soldiers of the Storm Claw Brigade have been repelled by this disgusting tactic, causing their bear mounts to flee in confusion. The Dark Spears are most often found on the surface in large groups upon the surface of Whitefaire. Their raids upon isolated villages are particularly deadly, and they leave behind walls and corpses coated with yellow powder as a marker of their 'victory'. In such a way does this clan mark their deadly passages across the snowy tundra.



THE MOON WATCHERS

The Moon-Watchers control the mines and tunnels which are closest to the surface. They are not deep tunnel goblins in the same way as the other two tribes, populating the tunnels and mines that straddle the Meltrush River. Such geographical advantage means this tribe is easily the wealthiest of the three. During the times of the Folly mines, many of the human discoveries of Amber were captured by this goblin nation and they are ruthlessly exploited. These goblins have become particularly adept at economics. They have discovered the killing merchants is less profitable than extorting them, and any who pass through their territory. Gangs of Moon-Watcher Raiders (goblins, NE, **see stat block**) set up blockages on the rivers and roads, extracting a toll from all who would travel there; whether goblin, human, elf or other. Those who do not pay are attacked by wolf riders or hunting parties. When attacked, they are also willing to pay off their attackers instead of fighting them, which other goblin nations refer to as 'the cowardice of coin.'

These societal adaptations have served them well, as they are the only Goblin nation which is being attacked on two fronts. They face the raiding party of the Dark Spears to the east, and the Sun-Spitters tunnellers from the west. The Moon Watcher tunnels are the most internally fortified, full of traps and tricks to catch out the unwary. The Chief of their nation is Big Chief Longpocket, (Female Goblin, NE, **see stat block**) the longest serving of the three Goblin 'kings'. They are the chief architect of the Moon Watchers current success, and their position is one of deep popularity amongst the Goblins there. However, without their king, it is uncertain how well the Moon Watchers clan would fare. They are in the richest and equally most precariously positioned of all the goblin nations.





THE GOBLINS WARS

The goblins' internal warring is endless. With the battling nations fighting battles above and below the ground, their violence grows and shrinks depending on the season. Sleetford in particular carefully watches the north for Goblin activity. The city garrison knows that if the tribes ever united to attack the city, they would not be able to hold against the resulting goblin horde.

Because of this, the Sleetford garrison has become skilled at playing one tribe against the other. The soldiers will often attack a warband and leave evidence that a different nation slew these goblins, leading to a cycle of revenge attacks by various nations upon each other. The distrust between these creatures is easy to inflame and exploit.

In addition, the garrison will try and destroy any goblin encampments which come too close to The North Hold. Their weapon of choice is the Storm Claw brigade, whose bears enjoy the taste of goblin meat. Even the occasional counter-attack by goblin-riding wargs are not much use against the heavily armoured bears and their elit riders. In a decade of summer wars, the Storm Claw brigade has only lost seven riders and four armoured bears.

Fighting below ground is trickier. The Garrison will usually avoid going into the tunnels of goblin dungeons if they can possibly avoid them - they prefer just to block the entrances they discover. Goblins will usually just tunnel out a new exitway but this at least delays whatever plans they have. If absolutely necessary, the Garrison will attack the dungeon in force. However, Captain Zectela prefers to hire mercenaries and other independent parties for quests like this. She knows that, while they have a lower chance of success, she will not have to risk the defence of her city (or that the goblins will trace the attack back to Sleetford.)

Despite the best efforts of the Garrison, however, a critical mass of goblins will eventually form. Under the command of a particularly charismatic king, they boil out of the Windhold Range and lay siege to Sleetford. The last time this happened was 1457, under the rule of Dark-Spears Overlord Metalnet the Mighty. An army of thousands poured out of caves and underground tunnels, marching on the Northhold. The goblins blocked the entrance and fruitlessly threw themselves against the city's high walls. After a few days, the alliances of Frostkin which sustains the city came to the rescue.

The combined forces of the Mist Watchers, Oakenknot, and Ashbracken tribes came west to harry the siege lines, attacking at night and slaying many goblins with arrows. This chaos allowed the Storm Claws Brigade to sally out of the gate and crash through the goblin lines. In single combat with Metalnet, the Captain of the Garrison was able to slay the monstrous goblin Metalnet. With the death of their figurehead, the 'united' tribes then separated back into their squabbling warbands - and infighting ended the siege. What few remained were slain by a battalion of Whitefaire Rangers and Militia which arrived in the following days. This is the most recent siege, but not the only one. Residents of Sleetford all have stories of goblin raids, if not goblin sieges. These hardy northerners are hardened to such events, but the risk still remains like a storm upon the horizon.

RELATIONS WITH THE HUMAN TOWNS

There are no official relations with any of the towns in the South. The Regent of Whitefaire, currently a thousand miles away, would abhor the very idea that she had to share her royal prerogative with 'terrible monsters'. As such, it is the official policy of the three towns to never engage diplomatically with the goblins, and regard their kingdoms as temporary assemblages of clans which will, no doubt, be destroyed in time. This policy means a state of war is perpetual between humans and goblins in Whitefaire.

Unofficially, however, there is some communication between the goblins and the rulers of the towns. Such secret communications may go through RAFT agents or weapons smugglers. It is thought that Boryarina Ardani in particular has a line of communication with two of the nations. Which nations they are is a matter of debate. As such, it is thought that much of what goes on in the North is known through this informal information exchange. It is also thought that many of the goblin raids upon Waiting Cross in particular are agreed or even inspired by the ruler of The Haven. It has been noted that the returning Goblin bands, laden with loot from the sprawling slum, are very rarely intercepted by the Haven's rangers or their allied Frostkin tribes.

But only a fool would believe that informal arrangements would count for much. The goblins and human nations are always looking for an advantage and so these verbal agreements are not worth the paper they aren't written on!

THE BERSKS

The history of the Bersk family is one of the most familiar stories to all those in the north of Whitefaire. The name of Bersk is synonymous with adventure, daring and danger. They are a family of brave rangers - deadly fighters who have shouldered the mantle of holding back the darkness of the

Mistral Plain from flooding out into the south. Though they are less well-known in the larger towns, throughout the little villages that dot the realm below the Windhold range, their name is the most respected of any wanderers through the realm.

The old adage of "*There are other forces at work in this world, besides the will of evil*" could very well be coined for the Bersks and their supporters. The clan is the self-appointed first line of defence for the region, patrolling the edges of the Mistral Plain to interdict any attackers. They fight gnoll packs, Storm Giants, undead war-bands, evil wizards and all the other horrors which emerge from the endless fog.

For at least eight generations the Bersks have walked the hills and by-ways of the Mistral Range in summer and winter. They are expert trackers and rangers, having been trained in their role from young children onwards. As hunters, they are arguably the finest in Whitefaire, the equal of the Frostkin. Accordingly, there is a friendly rivalry between the Frostkin in the Forest of Drifts and the Bersks. Annual archery competitions which are won by small margins do nothing to settle this rivalry one way or the other. However the most surprising thing about the Bersks is how tough they are compared to even the hardened Frostkin. It has been noted that this self-appointed task would kill an entire clan of Frostkin in less than a decade. How the Bersks manage to survive is the same reason for their isolation - the key to both their longevity and their success.



THRE'SNA'S CURSE

The Bersks are almost all forms of lycanthrope. Family history talks about the first of their clan, Sital Bersk, being cursed to become a lycanthrope by the horrible hag of the North, Thre'sna. Using her strange magics, she brought about the awful fate: the Bersk clan would forever be trapped upon the hills and low mountains of the Mistral Plains. They would become one with the beasts that they had once used to carry their burdens. And so, for over a decade, Sital Bersk was forced to wander the hills as a polymorphed llama, unable to speak or communicate with his once-fellow humans, nor able to communicate with other llamas. Sital was only able to hang on to his sanity by clinging close to the love he held for his family and for Whitefaire and its beauty. He also made a heartening discovery. As a llama, Sital could travel faster and further than ever he had before his curse. He was almost immune to the cold which had gnawed at his bones as a man, and the snow was no longer an impediment. So, when the Storm-Caller Berin realised that the llama she encountered was a trapped man in a different form, Sital stopped her efforts to undo the witch's curse upon him. Sital explained what he wanted, and so Berin did not undo the curse but altered it instead - she turned Sital from a Llama to a werellama, allowing him to retain the advantages he had gained from this experience. This curse was then passed to his children, and so on down the generations of Bersks.

THE LYCANTHROPE OF HOPE

If a child is born to two members of the Bersk clan, then the curse is passed down upon them. This generational curse will affect every child, leading to a new pack of llamas and Alpacas. There is no way to predict whether a child will become a were-llama or a were-alpaca, and so each is welcomed into the Bersk clan without prejudice. This 'curse' allows the Bersk Clan to travel at great speed across the landscape, as fast as a dog-sled and for just as long. The Bersks can move through winter blizzards and heavy storms when all others have to take cover. Their stamina is legendary in llama form, and they can carry great weights upon their back. It is not rare for a Bersk ranger to be able to carry all their gear and a wounded ally back to safety from a mission in the hills. It is often said amongst the inhabitants of the Windhold Range that "*there is always a Bersk when you need one.*"

However, their stamina in facing cold and the resistance to damage that comes with their lycanthropy does not make them immortal. Particularly amongst the goblin clans, silver-tipped arrows and daggers are in plentiful supply and the Bersks are aware of the danger that they pose to them. Their family secret is reasonably well known in the region around Sleetford and northern Burgoshire and so precautions are made by those who would fight them. In a bad year, several Bersks will die, and the clan is careful to keep recruiting new members of the family to replace them. Generally focusing on orphans, the abandoned or unwanted children of the towns, or young survivors of massacres, they are given the opportunity to join a new family and find a heroic purpose.

THE HAG'S PRICE

However, this new life is not without its hidden risks. The Bersks have named this as 'The Hag's Price' and it is the most closely held secret, known only to the head of their clan and their spouse. If it were to be revealed, the effect upon the hard-earned reputation of the Bersk clan would be catastrophic.

The Hag's Price is paid when a new member of the Bersk clan decides to 'take the bite.' Not all of the adoptees choose to do so, and will remain as farmers, weaponsmiths and supporters of the family. Those that wish to be a ranger will choose to take the bite around 14, and join the natural-born Bersks in their endless vigil upon the Windhold Range. In most cases, taking the bite will pass along the 'curse' of were-llamarism, which rapidly infects the host and brings them into the lycanthrope rangers. In some very rare cases, the curse takes a different form and a ranger may become a were-bear instead.

But in a small number of cases the curse takes a different form. Without seemingly rhyme or reason, the result of taking the bite is a savage werewolf, wereboar and other irrevocably evil were-creatures. It is not known why this curse changes the nature of the creature being bitten - this is deeply unlike the common understanding of the curse of lycanthropy. The few wizards which have been consulted have been baffled by this effect. Even the most learned of arcane scholars have concluded that the change to the Hag's original curse, rather than it's removal, must have created this unexpected effect. But further study is forbidden - the secret is too dangerous to share so the Bersk family prevents such enquiries. This leads to the darkest and most secret taks of the Bersk family. The most senior ranger must go into the secret shrine below Eryi's Manor, take the silver greatsword there, and hunt down these newly-created monsters.

PAYING THE HAG'S PRICE

This hunt takes place in complete secrecy. The Bersk ranger cannot ask for help from their clan, lest this terrible fate be widely known. They will travel to the place where the child took the bite, and if possible, execute them before they are aware of their true abilities as a werewolf or other malicious, brutal creature. However, in some cases this is impossible. The newly made werewolf, enraged by this 'betrayal' will break out of it's confinement and go on the run. Perhaps they are aware that they will be hunted, or perhaps they flee in fear, knowing that they are a monster now. Whatever the reason, such a creature will leave a trail of devastation behind it. When they hear the screams at night, the Bersk ranger will follow, their silver greatsword held in a resolute grip.

There is a sick sense of irony in paying the hag's price. The Bersk ranger alone will face down their terrible foe and slay them, leading to adulation from nearby towns and villages. A werewolf or similar monster is an awful threat to everyone and the death of such a creature is something to be celebrated. But the Bersks could never tell the people from where the creature came from; nor the danger which they created in their midst. Any reward will be carefully returned to the villagers, as is traditional for this hunt. Then they will return to Eryi's manor to report to the clan chief. As yet, these hunts have always been successful. No one knows what would happen if they were to fail.



RECENT HISTORY OF THE BERSK CLAN

1378

After the battles of the Iron Fog, the Bersks return to their holdfasts in the Windhold Range. In what came known as the Blizzard Battles, the Bersks manage to push attacks from zombies and skeletons. The cost, however, is high. Thirty members of the Bersk clan lie dead. Worst follows; the Bersk clan chief is ambushed and murdered upon the road. The assassins are suspected to be Duergar from the Bleak Gloom Clan. He is succeeded by Artor Bersk as the new chief.

1384

A larger group of undead orcs rise in the south, moving towards the walls of Sleetford and the villages there. The Bersks, alongside the Mistwatchers, Coldsnapper and Oak Timber Frostkin, engage and destroy the undead before the garrison is even aware of the threat.

1388

An attempted ambush by a warband of goblins from the Dark-Spears almost kills Artor Bersk with silvered arrows. In revenge, the Bersks hunt them down and slaughter the entire band. The leader of the Dark Spears sends reparations in gold and jewels, and the matter is settled.

1390 - 1400

These are the Hunting Years, where gnoll packs continually try to break the cordon on the Windhold Range. Were-alpacas battle dog-headed figures in the woods, leaving many dead on both sides.

1404

The Bleak Gloom clan attack the village of Dara's Rest, where newly adopted children of the Bersks are training. In retaliation, the Berks hunt down the Duergars and kill them all. Dwarves are never seen again on the surface of Whitefaire.

1424

A curse from a necromancer slays Artor Bersk in revenge for defeating her horde of undead. Mela Bersk is killed in a gnoll attack. Narfi Bersk becomes the new head of the Bersk clan.

1450'S

The Bersks try to stem the foolishness of the Folly Mines, doing what they can to alleviate the mass suffering. Rumours reach them of yellow robe cultists being fought in the East.

1458

The Wintersbreath Storm Giant clan tries to break through into the south. Pre-empting their attack, the Bersk clan launch an expedition into the Mistral Plain with almost their full strength. Nearly two hundred were-llama rangers take on more than a dozen storm giants in a battle which lasts three days and rolls across a vast area. Eventually, the storm giants are killed or driven off; their leader Fangstaff is slain by the combined archery of three dozen Bersks. This expedition costs the lives of dozens of the rangers, including the entire Bersk-Halton family.

1460

Narfi Bersk sends several older members of the family, including Nanton Bersk, to recruit promising orphans from villages and orphanages throughout Whitefaire. Two dozen brave children and teens become Bersk rangers to replenish the clan's numbers. In addition, several weddings take place that year and bring new families into the wider clan. This includes the Bersk-Rikards, Bersk-Sperns, and Halter-Bersk. Many of those families send sons and daughters to join the Bersk clan's rangers.

1470

During that winter, the Bersks discover corpses of both the Hinterberg Prince and yellow-robed cultists in the woods around Lone Stand Tower. Surprised at these as-yet unknown forces in their territory, the Bersks dispatched senior rangers to all the towns of Whitefaire to find out more information on these new potential enemies.

THE BERSK CLAN TODAY

The Bersks have recovered from the Wintersbreath battles and have a strength of several hundred which are split across the three holdfasts they maintain across the Windhold Range. If their supporters and extended family are included in this, the total number of Bersks in the north is close to one thousand. Their centre holdfast, Eryi's Manor, is the core of their position. It is an extensive village, surrounded by a palisade wall, and contains the armoury, blacksmiths, granary, and various other structures.

The Bersks operate a spring-time ritual called 'The Spring Tide' where the family visits each village in the local area and collects what donations people are able to share.

This normally involves a gift of food or fabric, leather or goods. Isolated farming communities in particular are very generous, hearing the dangers which they live with howling at night. Some richer villages such as Sister's Kiss have been known to give gifts of gold as well, collected from their richer inhabitants. The Spring Tide is a strictly voluntary festival but all know that without it, the Bersks would not be able patrol. Traditionally, the Sleetford Garrison give a pair of long swords each year, known as the Sleetford Swords. Being given one of these weapons is an honour for a ranger. While these blades are not normally magical, they are still beautiful examples of their craft. Meanwhile, individual contributions from the people of Sleetford help fill the coffers of the Berks. In a final tradition, a small-framed stranger, arrived in the dead of night at midnight during the waxing spring moon. Unnamed and unchallenged, the figure leaves the gift of three silver ingots upon the steps of the manor. Traditionally they are then driven off by shouts and stones being thrown nearby them. No-one but the clan head knows who this figure is or what the meaning of this valuable, but insulting, annual gift.

The clan is currently led by Kuzco Bersk, (CG, **see stat block**) an older ranger retired from the field, and his wife Effi, (CG, **veteran**) an equally veteran ranger. They manage the clan, settle any disputes between the different family branches, and organise logistics for the expeditions. They are normally found in Eryi's Manor, which sits atop a spur of rock overlooking the Meltrush River. The chief rangers are the children of Narfi and Serenta, Mara Bersk (CG, **see stat block**) and her brother Marin Bersk (CG, **see stat block**) Mara is the chief in waiting, ready to hold the mantle of the Bersk for another generation. She is committed to their purpose of defending the south, and learned her trade fighting the Winterbreath Clan in the Mistral Plain. She is a veteran of three expeditions into the Mist and knows the area as well as any other individual alive. She is noted for her local knowledge, pathfinding and deadly eye with her bow, *Ten Steps*.

Her brother, Marin, is the opposite of his dedicated sister. Flighty and quick-moving, he is keen-eyed and as deadly with his bow as his sister. Marin is a romantic, easy with his money and his heart. Such affairs that he involves himself in often lead to him owing favours and small amounts of coin to many different people across the north of Whitefaire. It is one of the more frustrating jobs for Mara that she must settle these debts when she discovers them.



FROSTKIN

You cannot believe what I have seen in the north. These people who live in the deepest winter - my love, you would not credit what that can do. In the freezing ice and hail, these tribal people will walk fifty miles in the deep snow. They have some strange contraptions; strange shoes which look like a panhandlers net, or long planks which they knot to their feet with tied ropes. When they must move quickly, they rely upon their animals - knotting ropes around dogs or wolves and spurring them along with cries and shouts. They do not even stop, my love, when they are hunting. They use these long-haired dogs to chase down their prey, releasing arrows as they go. The strangeness of this frigid place amazes me.

Pavlo Recite, *Letters from a Northern Land*

The Frostkin were once human, and could still be, if one were to stretch the definition of human to its limits. It is unknown how long their tribes have been living in Whitefaire but there is no record of when the Frostkin arrived in the area. But they have been there for long enough to have stories of the 'old days.' These were times when the giants ruled the North and the Mistral Plain was a fortress, before being thrown down in ruin by some other force. However, as they have existed amongst the almost perpetual snow, ice and forests, they have changed into tough and hardy people whose ability to endure severe cold developed quickly. This innate trait, perhaps as a result of cold magic exposure from the Tower of Frost or altered by the effect of Amber, means they are different in several significant forms now from humans.

A TRIBAL PEOPLE

The key to every Frostkin is their family. Most Frostkin tribes are no larger than one hundred and fifty people, living in close proximity in the forest or tundra. While they have developed methods of using geothermal power to warm their lodges and cabins, Frostkin still group up physically close to each other. Huddling together for warmth in cabins, lodges and igloos is as natural to a Frostkin as breathing. They thrive on proximity and close bonds with the people around them. Emotionally and physically, they need the closeness of the tribe to thrive.



BORN OF THE SNOW AND WIND

The Frostkin are, unsurprisingly, masters of the snowy environment that they live within. This innate understanding almost surpasses learning; it is the product of growing up in an icy cold environment as well as the traits that were passed down from their parents. For the Frostkin, snow does not present the normal obstacles that it would for humans - they have been able to deal with this since they were small. They are expert ice-hunters and snow trackers, knowing instinctively where food and warmth can be found even in the middle of blinding sleet or a blizzard. The camouflaged game of arctic steppes and tundra are easy prey to their arrows. Moreover, they are simply very tough and have extreme endurance even in the worst conditions. Their grim humour is a reminder of this phlegmatic commitment to survival.



AN OUTSIDER IN THE CITY

The closeness of the Frostkin tribes mean that they tend to be uncomfortable in more urban environments. The business and noisiness of cities is a complete anathema to most Frostkin, as well as living in an environment where they are surrounded by strangers. Coming from a tribal land where knowing the names of everyone could be the difference between life and death to a place where virtually everyone is unknown is a shock to most Frostkin. Even while the wandering Frostkin may get used to it, almost all of those who live in the city still pine on some level, to return to the comfortable childhood existence.

HUNTERS AND RAIDERS

The forests in which the Frostkin are not safe for them, and every child grows up learning this. Simple animals such as boars, bears and moose are highly aggressive in the wrong situation, and most Frostkin know of tribal families who have been lost to these creatures. But beyond that, aggressive monsters such as goblins, gnolls and yetis are endemic to the woods of Whitefaire, and so weapon training is given to every Frostkin, regardless of their age or gender. Almost all Frostkin will have been in a skirmish with such monsters. The hunters within the tribe will be veterans of this perpetual gorilla war, and should never be underestimated as warriors amid the trees.

When called to fight more formally, Frostkin tend to suffer. Their natural desire to find cover and work in small independent groups ruins any chance of imposing military discipline on them. Frostkin make excellent skirmishers but terrible line infantry; their need to scurry and sneak is too ingrained to defeat without heavy indoctrination. Such hard training, ironically, removes the reason for them to be recruited in the first place.

LOYAL TO THE DEATH

The Frostkin are loyal to those they see as in their tribe. Having been taught from childhood that mutual reliance is the key to survival, they are slow to trust anyone who is from outside their tribe. Nonetheless, if they find that someone's skills are equal or complimentary to their own, a Frostkin will work closely with them.

If this bond solidifies, then that other person may be adopted into a temporary 'tribe.' This is an important moment for Frostkin, as it demonstrates a level of trust which goes beyond mere friendship. At that point, the Frostkin will put their life in the hands of the other person without question, and they can do the other to the Frostkin. If called upon, the Frostkin will sacrifice their life without thought for this person; for the good of the tribe outweighs the good of the individual. Every frostkin has been taught this and know it instinctually to be true.

CAREFUL AND SLOW TO WARM

What little knowledge the Frostkin have of other folk is from stories of old friendships and old grudges.

Dwarves: "What? There are no dwarves in Whitefaire. But the old stories say they were good and solid folk, loyal to their family like we are."

Elves: "Some of them fair folk are like us, living in the deep woods and hunting. They seem more frivolous than us, too easy with their lives and their craft. I wonder how they'd do in a real cold, dark winter."

Halflings: "Aye, that's not many that are better for a warm hearth and close friend than a halfling. They'll have a full larder and stocked woodpile for the winter; and they'll share it with you if needs be. Who could ask for more?"

FROSTKIN NAMES

A Frostkin has a first name and a tribal name. As all the tribe are in some way related, this will be the same name for the entire clan. In addition at age 12, they will have their clan symbol tattooed onto their wrist.

First names: Anita, Vudr, Snrt, Loccasa, Marin, Naro, Nurg, Velins, Vela, Cruco, Mara, Emru, Shaedi, Osokn, Btern, Crinyr, Syam, Drey,

Clan Names: Mistwatchers, Hunterdown, Pinebracken, Spitwood, Coldseekers, Laketakers, Sleetdigger, Oakside.

FROSTKIN TRAITS

Frostkin have a variety of natural abilities, based on their parents and the environment in which they grew up.

Ability Score Increase: Your Constitution score increases by 2 and your Strength score increases by 1.

Age: Frostkin reach maturity around 16 to 18 years old, and usually lives a human average lifetime, though sometimes lives to be 125.

Alignment: Frostkin generally live an intensely community-focused life which is based on the independence of the tribe and the individual's place within it. Frostkin tend towards lawful neutral and neutral alignments. Frostkin who leave their tribes by choice may be chaotic good or chaotic neutral, and those who are expelled due to behaviour may be chaotic evil.

Size: Frostkin tend towards being tall and stocky, with blonde hair and blue eyes, averaging five and half to over six feet tall. Your size is medium.

Speed: Your walking speed is 30 feet. You take no speed reduction for difficult terrain which involves icy or snowy terrain.

Born Cold, Grew Up Colder: You gain proficiency in the survival skill. You have advantage on stealth checks while in an environment which involves snow or ice in a significant fashion.

Ice in the Blood: You gain resistance to all cold damage effects, whether environmental, magical or otherwise.

Unceasing Stamina: You can ignore the effects of the first level of exhaustion.

Languages: Frostkin can speak, read and understand common. They also speak, read and understand their tribal language.

LOYAL COMPANION

Frostkin are famous for their closeness to their animals, much like the human farmers and herders in the south. Their preferred companion are their Frostkin huskies - brave and loyal animals which help them hunt, pull their sledges through the snow, and generally live a life in companionship with the Frostkin. They are large, muscular dogs, surrounded by warm fur which lets them weather the awful conditions that the Frostkin are used to. Just as importantly, these huskies have the same stamina as their masters; as bouncy bundles of energy they can run all day and will be happy to do so the following day.



You can choose to take a husky companion as a Frostkin. If you do so, you can use the husky as an NPC companion with the abilities and statistics as given in the stat block below. They will completely remain loyal to their master, but will add 1sp in living costs for the additional food the Husky requires.

The husky, as trained working dogs, will spy out things for the Frostkin and keep them aware of dangers in the vicinity. While they cannot communicate directly, barks, whines and body language will give Frostkin an idea of what is ahead. The Frostkin will need to take a DC10 Animal Handling check to understand what the husky is trying to express.

This husky can be added to a Dog Team for a sled (see the sledding rules for more detail) in which case the loyal hound will give the owner advantage of their animal handling checks while sledding.

FROSTKIN HUSKY

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	5 (-3)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +3

Damage Resistances cold

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Keen Hearing and Smell. The Husky has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Born in the Snow. The Husky has advantage on stealth checks in environments which features snow or ice in a significant way.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

HUSKY NAMES

As loved and loyal members of the clan, Huskies are given the clan name just as Frostkin members are. Their first names tend to be more descriptive though, or based on their dominant personality trait. Each husky knows their name, and will respond to it accordingly.

First Names: Hunter, Runner, Killer, Biter, Howler, Snowy, Barky, Nervous, Sleepy, Dopey, Lazy, Twitchy, Boss, King and Lord.

WERELLAMA

Much is known about the common creatures of the lycanthrope. The werewolf is rightly feared within Faerun and it's curse is one of the worst fates that can be inflicted upon someone. Other recorded types of these damned monsters include the weretiger, wererat and wereboar. Even the fearsome werebear has been known from time to time, though that creature has always seemed more like a stalwart guardian rather than a vicious monster. But other rarer types exist, where different animals have carried the lycanthrope's curse, and there are persistent rumours of such strange creatures of where llamas, werebuffalo, and werepanthers

Yinilst, The Strangest Creatures of Faerun

Lycanthropes are not common creatures in Faerun. They are rightly feared by the people of both city and hamlet, because the monster that is within them hides so well amongst these folk. Only during the full moon does this true horror of these monsters emerge, and they slay many in these rampages. Whole villages have been torn apart with suspicion and horror at the very fear of such creatures amongst them.

Interestingly, other less violent and threatening types of lycanthrope exist. Creatures such as the werebear, a solitary forest protector, or the wereweasel, whose chaotic goodness often leads to a drop in vermin in a local area. The werellama and were alpaca come under this category of more 'benign lycanthropes.'

FULL MOON BEHAVIOUR

During a full moon the werellama finds it harder to restrain their animal, bestial nature. If they should change unexpectedly, no grass or bush in the near vicinity is safe; llamas will nibble all of the plants they can find. In addition, as animals with a strong protective instinct, the llama will hiss, spit and bite at any that threaten their 'herd'. At worst, the werellama will demonstrate pack dominance behaviour within their 'herd' by picking small fights or silly arguments within their group, trying to climb up the social hierarchy. Whether transformed or otherwise, the werellama will experience these urges throughout the period of the full moon. However, as a placid pack animal a Llama does not experience the same rage and fury that a creature such as a wolf, boar or other predator might experience. The worst effect might be a hard kick or a bite to a vulnerable area.

CHANGING SHAPE

In more normal times, the werellama is able to control their transformation with ease. They can change their form at will, swapping between the three forms of human-looking, a hybrid form, and full llama.

Each of these forms has advantages and disadvantages, and the shape changer will be aware of each of these. The lycanthrope has long experience changing between these different forms. How they feel about doing so while people are present is a strictly personal question for the lycanthrope in question. Some believe it is intensely private while others have no shame about altering their form in public.

DM Note: If using a lycanthrope character in a game, this should also be a corresponding increase in magical weapons and silvered blades - enemies will learn that they are fighting a lycanthrope and act accordingly!





WARM WOOL, COLD LANDS

As mountain creatures, llamas prefer the cold spaces of high peaks and alpine meadows. Wrapped in their natural wool to keep them warm even in blizzards and heavy snow, these animals are naturally able to stay as warm as they can. However, this works both ways for the llamas. While they are comfortable in the cold, they do not do well in hot places. They will be uncomfortable even when shorn of their wool, and areas with high heat such as deserts or humidity may very well be fatal for them.

Llama lycanthropes suffer in the same way, and even in their human forms will really struggle with heat. Even when they are not encased in wool, they will habitually try and avoid areas of high temperature. If they are forced into these situations, they will sicken and die faster than a human being.

WERELLAMA NAMES

Werellamas will take the names that they have been given as a result of their culture. Many of those who have been 'cursed' with lycanthrope have little relationship with each other. Because of the nature of them as mountain animals, they are generally found in the north of Faerun and the Spine of the World mountains.

Northern Male Names: Gort, Nev, Jurin, Pavel, Igor, Zora, Bor, Aletha, Cafrey, Geth, Westra and Snrt.

Northern Female Names: Athera, Natali, Dina, Felicia, Danit, Venila, Rhond, Kireni.

LYCANTHROPE TRAITS

Lycanthropes have many racial traits, which are the result of their background and the effects of the curse that they experience.

Ability Score Increases: Your Dexterity score increases by 1 and your Constitution score increases by 2.

Natural Resistances: You are immune to damage from bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from non-magical attacks not made with silvered weapons. You have resistance to cold damage.

Natural Vulnerabilities: You are vulnerable to fire damage.

Shape Changer: You can use your action to polymorph into a llama-hybrid or a true llama. Your statistics, apart from your movement speed, remain the same in each form. Any equipment which you are wearing or carrying isn't transformed. In Llama and llama-hybrid form, you gain +1 AC to your natural armour and proficiency in your bite and spit attack. Your bite attack is an unarmed strike which does D4+Str bludgeoning damage. Your spit attack is a ranged attack. On a successful hit, the target must take a DC12 Dexterity check or be blinded for 1D4 turns. In true Llama form, your speed increases to 50ft. per round, and your size changes to large for the purposes of carrying weight.

Alignment: While it is not clear if the lycanthropy changes the mind of the victim, most werellamas naturally lean towards independence of travel and maintaining their own space. Most werellamas are therefore chaotic good or chaotic neutral.

Size: Werellamas, based on the race of those who were cursed, can vary widely in size from 3 ft. to over 6 ft. tall.

Keen Senses: You have proficiency in the Perception skill.

Languages: The Werellama can speak and understand the languages it was able to read and speak before they were cursed. This generally means that they can speak common and another language.

WHERE ARE THE WEREALPACAS?

Werealpacas are rare creatures even in the field of the lycanthropes. They are very likely to be found in the mountains and the colder lands for comfort. In particular, shepards have found the werellama curse as a useful benefit to their work, and those who work with the mountain flocks are more likely to be werellamas than others. If players should choose so, exactly the same rules apply to playing a werealpaca.

WHITEFAIRE CHARACTER OPTIONS

Whitefaire was, for a long time, an isolated outpost of humanity in the north. Because of this geographical separation, different cultures and traditions developed in the snowy wastes. These specific cultural skills were passed from generation to generation, and are represented by these additional subclasses. It should be noted that, though these subclasses are based on Whitefaire's specific background, there is nothing stopping them being applied to other characters from cold, snowy regions. Each of these character subclasses could easily be found in the Spire of the World mountains, amongst the barbarian tribes, the Ten Towns of IceWind Dale, or elsewhere in the Savage lands.

FROST STRIDER

Frost Striders are those explorers or wanderers who have grown up in the snowy wastelands of the north of Faerun. Unlike most, the snow, ice and blizzards of this inhospitable region do not scare the Frost Strider, but offer them opportunities to hunt, thrive and live within the glaciers, and tundra. Such rangers are often willing to act as forest guides and arctic hunters, knowing how to survive when others would freeze and die in the cold.

RANGER ARCHETYPES

At 3rd level, a ranger gains the Ranger Archetype feature. The following options are available for a ranger, in addition to those offered in the *Player's Handbook*: the Frost Strider.

FROST STRIDERS FEATURES

Ranger Level	Snow Strider
3rd	Chilled Shot, Snow-Watchers Gaze, Ice-Shroud
7th	Roping Up
11th	Ice Conqueror
15th	Arctic Hunter

FROST STRIDER MAGIC

Starting at 3rd level, you learn an additional spell when you reach certain levels in this class, as shown in the Frost Strider Spells table. The spell counts as a ranger spell for you, but it doesn't count against the number of ranger spells you know.

FROST STRIDER SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spell
3rd	Ice Knife
5th	Absorb Elements
9th	Elemental Weapon (cold damage only)
13th	Leomund's Tiny Hut (Ritual)
17th	Glyph of Warding (cold damage only)

CHILLED SHOT

At third level, you gain the ability to chill your arrow, bolt or other ranged ammunition to a deadly freezing point.

As a bonus action, you can alter the damage for this weapon's attack to cold damage, and the creature takes an additional 1D8 of cold damage from the attack. When you reach 11th level in this class, the extra damage increases to 2D8.

SNOW-HUNTER'S EYE

At third level, the ranger can identify if an animal is vulnerable to any particular type of damage. As an action, choose one creature you can see within 60 ft. of you. You immediately learn if this creature has any damage immunities, resistances or vulnerability, and what they are. If this creature is resistant to divination magic, you sense that it has no damage, immunities, resistances or vulnerabilities. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your wisdom modifier (a minimum of once). You regain all expended uses of it when you finish a long rest.

ICE-SHROUD

At third level, you gain the ability to camouflage yourself easily amongst the ice and snow of tundra, forests or arctic conditions. Any perception checks to spot you in this terrain are taken at disadvantage.

ROPING UP

At seventh level, the Frost-Strider knows the important uses of ropes in climbing and exploring safely. When making a sleight of hand checks involving ropes and knots, the ranger rolls with advantage. In addition, if someone is trying to untie these knots or ropes, they roll at disadvantage against the knot's DC.

ICE CONQUEROR

At eleventh level, the Frost-Strider automatically passes any skill checks they need for terrain. In addition, they become immune to cold damage. Any falling damage which they might take is halved, and then have advantage on athletics checks for climbing.

ARCTIC HUNTER

At fifteenth level, you gain the ability to use your natural affinity to summon a blizzard to strike and blow back any attacking enemy. As a reaction to an attack, you can summon mist and snow to blind your foe. This and any further attack rolls for that round of combat are at disadvantage. You can use this ability three times, and you regain this ability after completing a long rest.



ARCANE TRADITIONS

At second level, a wizard gains the Arcane Tradition features. The following Storm Caller option is available to a wizard, in addition to the options offered in the *Player's Handbook*.

STORM CALLER

The storm caller is a wizard who has grown up in the traditions of the northern tribes. These traditions of magical education would horrify those from more formal schools of arcane college. The learning is mostly oral teaching, learning the story of the tribe as well as the forms of magic which can be controlled by various words and gestures. While this is a very individual, non academic form of learning, it has real value for the Storm-Caller. They become one with their environment as well as their learning, able to control snow, ice, and the storms of winter.

Storm Callers are able to gather the cold around them and use it as a weapon. They use it for both attack and defensive, wrapping ice around them as a shield as well as calling down blizzards and sleet to hide their form from attack. When striking, they call down the power of the storm - deadly hails of frozen splinters, columns of icy water, and frost elementals to smash down their foes.

STORM CALLER FEATURES

Wizard Level	Feature
2nd	Ice Shield, Enveloping Cold
6th	Absorbing Cold
10th	Blizzard Shroud
14th	Ice-held Form

ICE SHIELD

At 2nd level, you have learned to conjure a round shield of ice to defend yourself with.

As a bonus action, you can summon a shield of ice which is held in one hand like a fighter's shield. You are classed as being proficient with this shield even if you are not normally proficient, and it increases your AC by 2.

ENVELOPING COLD

At 2nd level you find yourself more able to endure very low temperature because of your habitual use of the cold. You are resistant to cold damage. If you are already resistant to cold damage, you are immune to cold damage.

ABSORBING COLD

At sixth level, you are able to absorb the natural cold in the weave, wrapping it into your magic spell. When making a spell attack, you can impart additional damage when using cold magic spell, equal to your spell level. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your intelligence modifier (a minimum of once). You regain all expended uses of it when you finish a long rest.

BLIZZARD SHROUD

At 10th level, you have learned to wrap ice and snow around yourself in an instinctual spell of defence. As a reaction, you can gain a +5 bonus to your AC against all damage except fire damage. You can use this ability twice and all expended uses are regained when you finish a long rest.

ICE-HELD FORM

At 14th level level, you can use your bonus action to encase yourself in ice. Your size increases to large, attacks against you are at disadvantage and you get an additional temporary 25hp for the duration of the spell. However, the wizard cannot move for the duration of this spell which lasts one minute. You regain the use of this ability when you finish a long rest.



DIVINE DOMAINS



At first level, a cleric gains the Divine Domain feature. The following Domain option is available to a cleric, in addition to those offered in the *Player's Handbook*: Deep Domain.

DEEP DOMAIN

The miner, the delver, the hopeless dreamer and the phlegmatic worker are all workers whose underground lives hang in the balance every day. From mine collapses to gas explosions, monster attacks and to being trapped in the depths with no escape, miners and diggers face dangers which few adventurers will ever know. With such risks, almost all pray to the pantheon to control these terrors, exhorting their God for a safe shift beneath the earth. Deep Domain clerics assist those in these situations, helping to dig and move earth, ministering to those who do the same. They work in the darkness, often alone or in small groups, entering mines and dungeons to help the people there. The cleric's days might alternate between healing the wounds of ill-swung picks to using divine magic to reshape stone and wood. And, if it should come down to it, they will pick up their sledge hammer or adze and fight back the mine invaders which come to steal the underground wealth. Clerics of this domain often worship deities such as Moradin, Onatar, Helm and Gond.

DEEP DOMAIN FEATURES

Cleric Level	Feature
1st	Domain Spells, Bonus Proficiencies, The Skills of the Pitman
2nd	Channel Divinity: Miner's Strength
6th	The Digger's Strength
8th	Miner's Loss
14th	Miner's Loss x 2
17th	Avatar of the Earth

DEEP DOMAIN SPELLS

Cleric Level	Feature
1st	Identify, Dancing Lights
3rd	Heat Metal, Unseen Servant
5th	Knock, Darkness
7th	Conjure Minor Elements, Stoneskin
9th	Animate Objects, Wall of Stone

BONUS PROFICIENCIES

When you choose this domain at 1st level, you gain proficiency with miners tools and heavy armour.

THE SKILLS OF THE PITMAN

At 1st level, you gain the ability to find your way around underground, and move earth to assist you in doing so. You can roll with advantage when taking survival or athletics checks underground.

In addition, choose an area of terrain no larger than 10 feet square on a side within 40ft. You can reshape dirt, sand, or clay in the area in any manner you choose for one hour. You can raise or lower the area's elevation, create or fill in a trench, erect or flatten a wall, or form a pillar. The extent of any such changes can't exceed half the area's largest dimension. So, if you affect a 10-foot square, you can create a pillar up to 5 feet high, raise or lower the square's elevation by up to 5 feet, dig a Trench up to 5 feet deep, and so on. Because the terrain's transformation occurs slowly, creatures in the area can't usually be trapped or injured by the ground's Movement. This spell can't manipulate natural stone or stone construction. Rocks and structures shift to accommodate the new terrain. If the way you shape the terrain would make a structure unstable, it might collapse. It takes 1 hour for these changes to complete. You can use this ability twice, and regain all uses after a long rest.

CHANNEL DIVINITY: ENGINEER'S EYE

Starting at 2nd level, you can use your channel divinity ability to smelt ore and other metals to clear the impurities from them and leave them as pure. It takes an hour-long ritual to take impure metals - copper, silver, gold or platinum - up to a value of 200gp, and increase their value through smelt. The value of the coins are multiplied by d3, though they are returned in ingot rather than coin form.

THE DIGGER'S STRENGTH

Starting at 6th level, the strength of the mining Gods grants you further strength. You can the following ability: Once you have completed your action in a turn, you can take a second action. This does not include a reaction or a bonus action. This ability can be used once and can be regained after a short rest. When you roll a 1 on a damage die for an Attack you make with a melee weapon that you are wielding with two hands, you can reroll the die and must use the new roll, even if the new roll is a 1. The weapon must have the Two-Handed or Versatile property for you to gain this benefit.

MINER'S LOSS

You summon the spirits of slain miners to infuse your weapon with the terror of their last moments in the black. Once on your turns when you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can cause the attack to deal an extra 1d8 psychic damage to the target. When you reach 14th level, the extra damage increases to 2d8.

AVATAR OF THE EARTH

At 17th level, your affinity with the earth allows you to summon it and use it to protect you from harm. You gain resistance to psychic damage. Your Channel Divinity ability affects an area of 20 ft. square, and you can use it three times between long rests.





TRAVELLING IN WHITEFAIRE

Those few in the world outside Whitefaire that know of its existence are well aware of the defining feature of the environment, the cold. Ice and snow lay upon the ground throughout much of the year, and the closer which a traveller goes to the mountains, the colder and more inhospitable the region becomes. Around Sleetford, the winter seems to remain permanent with only a few. Places such as the tops of the Windhold Range, however, do experience some summer thawing of the regular permafrost. The Mistral Plain often has patches of snow throughout the year, and ice and snow remain permanently within and atop the ground. Glaciers make their slow progress down south, before collapsing into lakes and feeding the rivers that flow through Algore, Burgoshire and the other unmapped areas of Whitefaire which border the coast.

Lakes remain as icy stretches of frozen water for much of the year, and snow-drifts pile up to the height of a person or higher. This endless cold blanket covers many dangers - deeper snow drifts where holes or trenches are covered, or hidden streams which will engulf and freeze the unlucky soul who falls in.

Exposure is a constant risk. Stopping to camp during the freezing nights can be extremely risky, when soaked clothing freezes and body temperatures drop. Frost-bite is a constant risk. The endless chill nights will kill an uncovered, unheated person in a night. Even in a tent, the howling wind can steal away a body's warmth and leave the inhabitant frozen to death in the night.

Worst still, in the Windhold and the Spine of the World avalanches are very common. Whole exploring parties have been swept away by the great white waves cascading from the peaks, never to be seen again. It is said that, within the deep permafrost, monsters never seen before can be found frozen and perfectly preserved. The ice that entraps them stops the natural course of decay, and even great terrors of long-lost ages can be found within the ice's heart. It is not known whether such creatures are even dead. But anything which could have survived this long in the ice, trapped for a thousand years, would now surely be quite mad.

Even more dangerous are the glaciers which creep from the high mountains. They are jagged wastelands of slippery surfaces, where crevices might open up without warning and drop an explorer to their death. Ice-bridges, solidly dependable for a hundred years, might crack and shatter at any moment. Cliffs of frozen water, a hundred feet high or more, might block the way of the adventurers. Only the bravest will strap on crude crampons, take up an ice-axe, and seek to scale them.

Despite all the monsters within Whitefaire, the winter, exposure and accidents within the snow kill far more than the evil creatures ever could. Their frozen corpses remain behind as a warning to the foolish adventurers which might follow in their steps.

GENERAL NOTES FOR TRAVEL IN WHITEFAIRE

Travel in Whitefaire is generally difficult, regardless of the season. During the long winters there is snow on the ground from coast to peak, and the days are only slightly above freezing.

To survive takes specialist equipment and specialist skills. During that long winter, the snow is deep on the ground and this will slow anyone who wishes to walk or ride any distance at all.

Ponies, donkeys and other non-specialist pack animals can survive cold weather but they travel slower in the snow. Average movement speed without specialist gear for an adventuring party is half of the average given in the *Player's Handbook* for walkers and animals when walking in snow. In heavy snow - i.e. unpacked snow in deep forests - the walking speed is one fifth of normal travel speed in *Player's Handbook*. Walking in forests is a slow, arduous and difficult business without specialist gear.

In addition, if a character wants to sprint, they must make a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check, otherwise they move at half speed for the sprint move as well.

TRAVEL PACE IN SNOW

DISTANCE TRAVELED PER....

Pace	Minute	Hour	Day	Effect
Fast	120 ft.	1 & 1/4 Mi.	10 mi.	-5 to Passive Perception.
Normal	80 ft.	1 Mi.	8 mi.	No effect
Slow	40 ft.	1/2 Mi.	5 mi.	Able to use stealth

SNOWSHOES

The first piece of equipment that almost all travellers will use in Whitefaire when traveling across snow is a pair of snowshoes. These simple devices, which distribute the weight of the walker over a much larger area, allow them to move much quicker. When a character is wearing snowshoes, they can move at the speeds given in the *Player's Handbook* when travelling in snow. Please note that your characters cannot sprint while wearing snowshoes.

In heavy snow, the characters will move at the speed given for travel pace in snow. Characters also cannot sprint while they are wearing snowshoes in heavy snow.

If a character needs to tie their snowshoes in haste, for example while camping, they must pass a DC10 sleight of hand check to do so. Otherwise they will move at the normal character speeds in snow.

BLIZZARDS, SNOWFALL, SLEET, AND HAIL

The weather is as deadly an opponent as any monster, especially in the deepest of winter. Blizzards can fill the air and swirl around an adventurer, blocking their sight and chilling their bones. Snowfall can do all the same thing, but also sit like a blanket upon travellers and slow them yet further. Sleet is often worse, as it is often accompanied by a sharp wind, which soaks clothes and then freezes the people within them. Hail can be particularly brutal, a pelting rain of ice-shards which sometimes hit hard enough to cut skin and tear clothes. Adventurers who are hit by this kind of brutal shower will mostly seek cover from this weather. To push on would invite disaster. DM's can roll on the main table to generate the weather for each day in Whitefaire; and the specific rules for the effects of weather can be found below.

WHITEFAIRE WEATHER BY SEASON

D6	Winter	Spring	Summer	Autumn
1	Snow	Fog	Blue Sky	Grey Skies
2	Clear Day	Grey Sky	Rain	Cold Sunshine
3	Grey Cloud	Blue Sky	Blue Sky	Blue Skies
4	Blizzard	Grey Sky	Blue Sky	High Winds
5	Fog	Snow	Rain	Fog
6	Hail	Blizzard	Grey Sky	Snow

SNOW AND FOG

Snow fills the air and blocks sight and sound at any significant distance. Creatures have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight **and** hearing. Any survival check for tracking or navigating are at a disadvantage.

Fog merely swirls and blinds a character, but leaves their hearing still clear. Creatures have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight. Any survival check for tracking or navigating are at disadvantage.

BLIZZARDS

Blizzards wrap around a creature, blinding and deafening those unfortunates to everything around them. At the same time, the sharp wind and swirling snow chills the body sharply, causing injury to all of those who are not prepared - and often, even to those who are. Creatures trapped in blizzards have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight **and** hearing. Any survival checks for tracking and navigating are at disadvantage. In addition to this, the characters have to take a DC12 Constitution Check for every hour they spend within a blizzard without cover. On a fail, they take D6 cold damage.

RESTING IN THE SNOW AND ICE.

Without preparation and skill, resting in the snow at night can be lethal. If creatures try and sleep in the open air, they must all take a DC12 constitution check. If they fail, they do not recover any hit points for their rest and take 1D12 cold damage. If creatures are able to raise some light cover, such as a light tent or simple lean-to hut, then the resting creatures need to take a DC10 constitution check. If this check is failed, the creature awakens with a level of exhaustion. If the creatures are able to find substantial cover such as an existing cabin, raising an igloo, or spells such as *Leomund's Tiny Hut*, then they can rest as normal.

ICE LAKES

Ice Lakes are one of the most beautiful and deadly features of Whitefaire. Ranging from the simple banks of a small pond, to the great open spaces of the Melt-Basin lake to the North, they are an wide area of flat clear land amongst the hills and valleys of Whitefaire. Frozen lakes offer both lethal danger and excellent opportunity. During the winter, when the ice is solid, fisherman and ice hunters can find excellent prey beneath the frozen surface. Frozen rivers also work as highways for dogsled caravans, and huskies are easily able to make great time across these flat frozen areas. Nonetheless, the dangers are clear. Thin ice looks the same as thick ice, and it only takes a moment for a sled and a dog to vanish into the freezing water.

After this, frantic scabbling from beneath the ice will follow and then ... nothing else. There is rarely even a body to recover until the great melt of the spring. Such is the fate of those who fall in the deep, freezing water.

When the adventurers encounter an ice-lake, the GM can roll to find out it's condition. The adventurers should make a Wisdom (Survival) check every 30 ft. to see if anything gives way beneath them, based on the DC's given on the chart below.

CONDITION OF THE ICE

D6	Condition of the Ice	DC
1	Extremely thin.	DC18
2	Thinning ice	DC15
3	Beginning to show cracks	DC12
4	Solid and strong	DC8
5	Newly frozen	DC5
6	Rock solid permafrost	No check required

If the creature should fall in, then they are classed as drowning (see the *Dungeon Master's Guide* and will take an additional D6 cold damage for every round that they are trapped within the frozen lake. They will need to take another survival check at the same DC to see if they can escape from the ice, or swim back to the hole which they fell through.

When fighting on frozen lakes, damage to the lake's surface from fire spells or effects can lower the condition of the ice either in places or throughout the lake. Every 10 points of fire damage will lower the condition of the ice in that area by one category. Accordingly, the condition of the ice can be improved with the use of cold magics - refreezing the ice and strengthening it if it is weak. Every 10 points of cold damage will improve the condition of the ice in the affected area by one category.





GLACIERS

Glaciers carve their way from the Spine of the World down towards the plains of Burgoshire. These great ice-monoliths are the source of the Meltrush and most other rivers within Whitefaire. Dark blue ice seems to glisten in the sun as if lined by silver, and water is held in perpetual stasis where it froze to become this ice gargant. Bubbles, mineral layers, even fish can be seen trapped within the ice - and deeper still, greater creatures from another age. Within their great ice-flanks are gorges and crevices which can open up and swallow a person as easily as a dragon's mouth.

Glaciers are an ever changing environment, cracking as they move, fracturing again and refreezing as they continue their slow movements south. Though it is too slow to feel happening, creatures within the glacier will find that their path across it has to adapt, day by day. Upon the shattered, torn up surface of these ice-fields, creatures can hear the endless creak, crack and split of the ice as it continues its journey. Like a great monster, the glacier's creaking voice is deep and ever-present.

Within a glacier are cave passages, where tunnels can wind and wrap around each other like a snake's path cut through the ice. These blue-white tunnels are slippery and incredibly cold, frigid environments, with challenging footing and little to hold onto. The ever present risk of crevices remain, where the solid seeming floor could collapse beneath a creature's feet without warning. Great weights of ice sometimes sit poorly balanced above the cave's roof. Just a single knock, or even the brush of a warm torch's touch, can bring hundreds of tons of ice down upon anyone unfortunate enough to be beneath.

Ice caves are stunningly beautiful, frighteningly deadly, uniquely challenging environments, and only the bravest and best trained adventurers would think about journeying upon one.

When travelling through an ice-cave or upon a glacier, DM's should consider the following; how long is the journey within the ice-cave? The environment will change and cracks will appear in formally safe surfaces. Tunnels will collapse as they are moved, and floors will fall away as crevices appear beneath them. The geography of the dungeon will change as they travel.

Within or upon a glacier, the rules for moving in snow and resting in snow should be applied. However, there is no benefit to using snow-shoes while in glaciers. Instead, characters should purchase crampons to tie to their boots. These give the same benefits as snow shoes within ice environments.

SNOW CAVES/DUNGEONS

Other icy environments exist, including caves within high mountains where snow is present, or beneath frozen castles which are buried within an avalanche's cold embrace.

For these environments, apply the same rules as exploring within a glacier - while they might not grow and change in the same way, they are still similar enough to require the same skills to survive within! In addition, if characters are not wearing crampons while they are exploring anywhere with ice floors, every time they move they must make a DC12 Strength (Athletics) check. Otherwise their movement is halved.

ICE-CLIMBING

Sometimes the only way to reach certain areas will be to scale the ice-climbs that surround them. This is an exceptional dangerous operation, requiring in equal parts strength, skill and luck. Ice-sheets are known to collapse while being climbed, and one mis-placed axe blow can shatter a carefully frozen ice wall into a thousand pieces with a climber still upon it.

Holding a grip requires strength to drive an ice-axe into the wall over and over again, while trusting that the ropes that you are carrying will support your weight. Even for experienced climbers in Faerun, such as the Harlech Rangers, scaling an ice-cliff is something that is done with deadly seriousness and focus. Oft-times, all of those who start climbing will not get to the top, but end up as broken reminders of the ice-cliffs danger at its base.

Climbing an ice-cliff uses the rules for climbing as per the *Player's Handbook*, with the following additions. First, each climber must have an ice-axe or similar piercing weapon they can use in this role. Each climber must also have a set of crampons to climb with - otherwise the ice-cliff to be climbed is classed as impassable terrain. Even the best rock-climber could not climb the slippery and treacherous surface of an ice-cliff without the correct equipment.

The DM can then, if they choose, roll for the condition of the ice-cliff on the table below. This will give the DC of the Strength check and the Strength (Athletics) check that the characters will need to make every 30 ft. while they climb. If a character succeeds on their Strength check to drive their ice-axe into the ice surface and get a good grip, their Strength (Athletics) check will be at advantage. If a character fails their Strength (Athletics) check, then they will slip and start to fall.

CONDITION OF THE ICE CLIFF

D4 Condition of the Ice	DC
1 Very fragile, unable to bear weight.	DC 20
2 Thin Ice with obvious cracks	DC16
3 Solid but beginning to crack	DC13
4 Solid and undamaged	DC10

If a character should slip and fall, then the normal rules for falling apply, as per the *Player's Handbook*!

TRAVELLING BY SLEDGE

Easily the most efficient way to travel through Whitefaire during the long winters is by using an animal drawn shed. Dogs, wolves, reindeers and Llamas are popular choices. In addition, the choice of the number of animals in a group dictates how both the speed and how easy the group is to handle. Simple teams of one or two are easy for even an amateur to handle - but a large dog pack of wolves or larger, running at speed through deep snow, is a challenge even for an expert handler.

Packs of animals and sledges can be bought at most major supply stores; some animals are common but the most are uncommon or rare. Pack of animals can be combined with different weights of sled for different purposes. Each sled has a different purpose for a group.

SLEDGE ANIMALS

Animal Type	Number	Avg. Speed	Carry Weight	Difficulty Class	Price
Sled Dogs	1 - 4	5 mph	300lb	DC 8	150 gp
Sled Dogs	5 - 8	7 mph	600lb	DC 10	250 gp
Wolf Pack	1 - 4	10 mph	400 lb	DC 10	350 gp
Wolf Pack	5 - 8	12 mph	800 lb	DC 12	500 gp
Winter Wolf Pack	1 - 4	16 mph	600 lb	DC15	500 gp
Lama	1	8 mph	450 lb	DC 8	50 gp
Lama	2	8 mph	900 lb	DC 10	100 gp
Reindeer	1	7 mph	620 lb	DC 10	200 gp
Reindeer	2	7 mph	1240 lb	DC 12	400 gp

SLED TYPES

In addition to the cost of the animals, there are also various different types of sled available. The cost of the sled is separate to the cost of the animals. The sled weight is added to the weight of the adventurer and their gear for a total carry weight.

SLEDGE TYPE

Sled Type	AC	HP	Weight	Carry Capacity	Price
Snow Sled	12	30	30	1 person (exterior)	25 gp
Toboggan	15	45	40	3 person (exterior)	55 gp
Snow Sleigh	17	60	80	5 person (exterior)	100 gp
Ice Carriage	18	80	120	4 person (exterior), 2 person (interior)	175 gp

The combined weight of sled and adventurers upon it cannot be higher than the pack animal's carry weight. Otherwise the sled will move at half-speed even with a successful Wisdom check. The speed and type of animals can be found below.

To drive a sledge outside of combat, the nominated driver must take a Wisdom (Animal Handling) check for each half-day that they travel for. If this skill check is passed, then the sledges moves at the average speed given for the animals. If it is failed, the sledge moves at half speed for that period.

In addition to this, the living costs for the adventurers will increase each day by 1 sp or one additional ration pack per animal being used to pull the sledges. It is assumed that the weight of the sledge also includes the weight of the rations that that animals require.

Note also that in combat, the sled classes as a single character in terms of hit points. If the sled is destroyed, the animals which are with it are lost, slain or scattered never to return and are permanently lost. All sleds have resistance to piercing and slashing weapons, and are vulnerable to fire damage.

DM'S NOTE:

The aim of the animal sleds is a semi-realistic method for travel across Whitefaire, while keeping enough of a sense of the land to be different from other settings. Feel free to invent names for the animals, and remain that they are trained animals but still have personalities. Feel free to throw fights between dogs; while they are a pack they still fight and get distracted from their main job of drawing the sledge.



FIGHTING FROM SLEDGES

The wilderness of Winterfaire is not a peaceful place, even when snow blankets the land. Though activity is easier and safer during the region's quicker summers, the cold does not stop the people who live there from living their lives. Travelling as they do, they will sometimes come into contact with those who would fight them. RAFT traders, Frostkin hunters, goblins bands, all will fight upon the snowy fields from the backs of animals and sledges. Such conflicts can range for miles as sledges chase and pursue each other, exchanging arrows and bolts as they try to disable their enemy's sledge or driver.

In other times, a sled may choose to run instead of fight. Long chases across the snowy and windblown tundra can break out, where the strength of the animals and the simple endurance of terrible conditions can mean the difference between escape and capture, or live and death. Such chases, which can often last for days of arduous bouncing and rocking, can test the strength of any of those amongst even the Frostkin.

FIGHTING ENCOUNTERS WHILE ONBOARD SLEDGES

Sledge combat encounters will generally start when a sledge is attacked or chooses to attack another. During the initiative step at the beginning of combat, one player character must be declared as the driver. This character is in charge of the sled's direction and the animals which are pulling it.

During the driver's turn, the sledge and anyone upon it will move. As a bonus action, the driver must make a Wisdom (Animal Handling) check, based on the DC of normal travel for their sledge. If this test is passed, the driver can make the sledge move in the direction they choose. In addition, they can make a normal action, but any skill check is taken with disadvantage. The speed of the sledge per per turn is shown below:

SLED SPEED PER TURN

Sled Speed (Mph)	Movement per turn (ft.)
4 mph	30 ft.
5 mph	35 ft.
6 mph	54 ft.
7 mph	60 ft.
8 mph	72 ft.
9 mph	78 ft.
10 mph	84 ft.
11 mph	96 ft.
12 mph	102 ft.
13 mph	114 ft.
14 mph	120 ft.

Failing a Wisdom (animal handling) test indicates the driver losing control of the sled, thus the sled only moves half distance in during that round. In addition to this, the occupants of the sled must take a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check to hang on to the sled as the driver struggles to regain control. If they fail, they are flung for the side of the sledge and will take D6 bludgeoning damage from the impact on the floor. They are classed as prone until their step on the initiative phase.

MAKING TURNS DURING COMBAT

Though fast in a straight line, sleds are not particularly maneuverable. The sled is capable of turning up to 45 degrees to its previous angle of travel in a single round while moving (and under control). If it is moving at half-speed or less then a sled can make a 90 degree turn. If the sled is brought to a halt, it can make a up to a complete 360 degree move and then start moving again in the following turn.

LOSING CONTROL

If the driver of the sled is incapacitated in any way, through being restrained, held or some other form, the sled will move in the same direction as it had in the previous round, at the speed the same as the previous round of movement. Then the Sled will coast to a stop, and will not move until another driver takes over.

If the driver is blinded, then the sled cannot turn during the turn in which they are experiencing this condition.

FIGHTING ONBOARD A SLED

While fighting aboard a sled, all warriors within a sled are classed as being in three quarters cover (+5 AC), as long as the sled moved in the previous round of combat. If creatures wish to remain upon their sled while it moves, they can remain upon the sledge and it will move them as normal during the driver's turn. Otherwise, all other rules for combat apply as per the *Player's Handbook*.

RAMMING

Ramming with a sled is not a remotely advisable move: with the pack in front is hard to organise a good impact without hopelessly entangling the sleds and their animals. However, it has been known, and shunting between close sleds has also been seen in chases and combat. If a creature decides to run their sled into another sledge or other target, this classes as a full action in combat. The Driver must first take a Wisdom (Animal Handling) test at disadvantage - the animals don't want to do this, even if the driver does. If this test is failed, it is the same result as failing a normal driving action test. If this test is passed, then the target of the ramming action will take bludgeoning damage equal to the speed at which they were hit during the driver's turn, as per the table below.

SLED SPEED PER TURN

Movement per turn (ft.)	Sledge Weight	Damage Dice
30 ft. - 54 ft.	250 - 450 lb	2d6 bludgeoning.
30 ft. - 54 ft.	451 - 850 lb	4d6 bludgeoning.
30 ft. - 54 ft.	851 +	6d6 bludgeoning.
60 ft. - 99ft.	250 - 450 lb	2d8 bludgeoning.
60 ft. - 99ft.	451 - 850 lb	4d8 bludgeoning.
60 ft. - 99ft.	851 +	6d8 bludgeoning damage.
100 ft. - 130 + ft.	250 - 450 lb	2d10 bludgeoning damage.
100 ft. - 130 + ft.	451 - 850 lb	4d10 bludgeoning damage.
100 ft. - 130 + ft.	851 +	6d10 bludgeoning damage.

SLED CHASES

The more common conflict for sleds is chases - chases between sleds and other sleds, or sled and cavalry. The RAFT in particular is known for its fighting sledges, battling warg riders as they race south through the forest. Exchanging arrows, spears and bolts as they go, goblin chases can go for twenty miles before the RAFT sled is disabled or the warg riders give up and pull back to their caves.

SLED CHASES RULES

Chases on sledges follow the rules for chases as given in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* (page 253-55), with the following additional rules.

During a chase, the sled driver can use the dash action a number of times equal to 3 + it's constitution modifier. The constitution modifier for each animal pack can be found beneath. Each dash action after that requires a DC10 constitution check for the animal pack pulling the shed - using the stats in the table below. If the pack takes two levels of exhaustion, then the driver must take a DC18 animal handling check. If this is failed, the pack will stop running to rest and the sled will stop. Otherwise, the rest of the rules for chases apply as normal.

CONSTITUTION MODIFIER PER ANIMAL

Animal Pack	Constitution modifier
1 to 4 Huskies	+1
5 to 8 Huskies	+2
1 to 4 Wolves	+1
5 to 8 Wolves	+2
1 to 4 Winter Wolf	+3
Lamas	+2
Reindeer	+2

CHASE COMPLICATIONS

Just like chases throughout the rest of Faerun, sled chases are not predictable affairs. DM's can use the below table to apply complications to their chases. These complications will affect the driver and the sled who is next in the initiative order. The sled driver who is affected can use an inspiration point to negate the complication which affects them.

WHITEFAIRE CHASE COMPLICATIONS

d20 Complication

- 1 The snow ahead covers a deep ditch, and your sled dives into this hidden obstacle. The driver must take a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check, otherwise the sled's movement for this turn is halved.
- 2 You hit a patch of black ice and the skid slips madly. Everyone on the sled must back a DC10 strength check, otherwise they are thrown from the sled and take D6 bludgeoning damage as normal.
- 3 A sudden distraction strikes the animals leading the sled. The driver must take a DC12 (strength) Animal Handling check, or the sled will make an uncontrolled 45 degree turn. Roll a D6. On a 1-3, the turn is to the left. On a 4-6, the turn is to the right.
- 4 A sudden swarm of animals envelops your sled. Use the statistics for a swarm of insects (available in the *Monster Manual*). This swarm will make an opportunity attack on the driver and any occupants of the sled. It will then disperse.
- 5 A great gout of snow or ice envelops the sled. All occupants must take a DC10 Dexterity check or be blinded for the round as ice strikes them and causes them to cover their eyes.
- 6 A sharp branched tree clutches at you as you pass. The drive must take a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check or take D4 slashing damage.
- 7 A sudden small animal bursts out of nearby bushes, and then shoots across the sleds at the front. The animals pulling the sled take fright. The driver must take a DC12 Wisdom (Animal Handling) or the sled's speed for this round is halved.
- 8 The sled hits a hidden patch of frozen water; perhaps a frozen pond or ditch. All occupants must take a DC10 dexterity check, or slip and tumble from the careening sledge. Those who fall will slide D6 feet in a random direction when they strike the ground.
- 9 Out of the undergrowth or from beneath a hidden patch of ice, a creature from the Whitefaire wildlife list bursts out and starts chasing the sled. The DM should select an appropriate creature for this encounter.
- 10 Low sun catches the snow and throws glare into the eyes of the driver of the sled. The driver of the sled must take a DC12 Dexterity check or be blinded for D3 turns.
- 11+ No complications.



DUNGEON MASTER'S GUIDANCE

The Region of Whitefaire is intended to be a playground for your own ideas, however, along with the potential for deep and flexible storytelling (as guided and created by the DM), we also offer a range of pre-written narrative themes and questions to use as jumping-off points. Should you find yourself required to produce a coherent narrative for your players at short notice (toward the end of a beverage perhaps), please find a number of convenient plot-driving thematic questions and discussion points that are pre-built into the frozen earth of Whitefaire. If you as a Dungeon Master are going to try and use a particular theme for your campaign, we have some suggestions below you can use as adventurer hooks. These ideas can be used for your main plot or for engaging sub-plots, bringing depth to the region of Whitefaire. Ultimately though, it is up to you to create your own excellent and unique adventures amongst the trees and mountains of Whitefaire.

Whitefaire as a setting does lend itself to 'difficult' or challenging questions, if the DM wants to try and explore that. In particular, the theme of colonialism is present - the exploitation of the land's natives for the profit of others through the RAFT and other groups is a notable part of this. The RAFT supports many in the towns with its wealth and goods, while at the same time exploiting the Frostkin and their isolation. How do the PC's respond to this?

Whitefaire can also be used to explore the theme of self-determination. With Dreamer II nominally in charge but the towns and clans being independent, how does this affect the relationships between them? Does a unified country with a single leader make Whitefaire stronger, or does the complexity of different groups all pulling in different directions allow people to express themselves more freely.

These questions have no easy answers, and so it would be up to you and your players to explore them and see which way your characters will go in this journey. Below are eight more specific suggestions of themes and adventure hooks which can be used.

As a small region, the adventurers actions will echo across the realm. This is one of the joys of a Whitefaire campaign - to see how people respond to the ripples of change across the country. The adventurer's action will have an effect far beyond themselves, and the people of Whitefaire will change their minds and opinions based upon these actions - or the stories of them ...

THE ABSENT QUEEN

At the start of the year 1471, Regent Dreamer II is not present in Whitefaire. She's not even known to the people there, having only visited once in the past. Her family is losing its wealth and her authority is nominal at best. Dreamer has decided to bet all of her family future on a dangerous gamble. As soon as the winter icebergs are gone, she will be arriving from Neverwinter with the company Hinterburg Prince. Meanwhile, the power groups in Whitefaire have to decide upon how they will receive her, or if they will fight against this southern 'invader'. This adventure will help decide the future of Whitefaire, and can often be based very clearly upon the player character's actions.

Are they going to be loyal servants of this absent lord? Will they stand against her for the people of Whitefaire? Or will they seek some kind of compromise?

Hook: The Regent returns to Whitefaire with the Hinterburg Prince. The Frostkin have withdrawn to the forest to discuss what to do next. The PC's are asked by the Regent to go and find them, and find out what Dreamer can do to bring them into her new 'kingdom'.

BLOOD AMBER

The Amber trade is why Whitefaire is important, and the RAFT have cornered the trade in this valuable asset. They know how to exploit the value of it and keep prices high. However, smugglers, thieves and pirates all know how much amber is worth as well, and will do almost anything to get their hands on it. But the Regent's Amber, Fur and Timber company is a vengeful organisation, and will be equally ruthless in getting amber back from these criminal types.

Hook: A mysterious individual approaches the PC's and asks if they can assist in stealing a large amount of gemstone amber from the RAFT. At the same time, the RAFT asks if the PC's are willing to help escort the very same RAFT caravan to Whitefaire Haven safely.

Hook: The Frostkin Cloudsinger clan have ambushed a caravan and stolen their goods. The adventurers are hired to go to the Cloudsinger clan and recover the stolen goods, in any way they can.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW

There are many different power groups in Whitefaire, all opposed to one another. The Frostkin, though a scattered people, are politically unified in their aims and they seek self-determination and the right to control their own tribal lands. Opposing them is the RAFT, the merchant company who seeks to exploit Whitefaire for its own profit and to the gain of the people in the southern towns and further. How will that tension be settled? Can it be settled while one or the other of these two groups still have equal power?

Hook: A RAFT caravan has been attacked by 'bandits' and is under siege within a village. The 'bandits' are a frostkin tribe tired of being exploited by the RAFT. The adventurers are hired by the RAFT to go and attack the 'bandits' and bring the RAFT caravan back to Whitefaire safely.

THE MOTHER CULT

Dorokhali is preparing his great plan. He needs several devices from the south in order to help charge the vast amounts of amber he has collected. He will also need four sources of specific magic - the Skarn's Node, The Gem of the Unquiet Dead, The Everflame of Helm's light, and Cea, the Blizzard Witch. With these in hand, he can charge his amber device and then explode it, causing all the amber beneath Whitefaire to erupt. Failing this, he will drop the device into Rurapentha and cause this volcano to erupt. His final plan is to launch a great attack upon the towns of Whitefaire with his cult. All of these plans are in motion, and so the PC's could be involved in discovering and ultimately, stopping these machinations.

Hook: The disappearance of Lieutenant Savinon needs investigating, as he and his entire mission vanished in the winter of 1470 without leaving much trace of where and why they have left. The PC's are hired by the Hinterburg Prince to go north and find out where he has gone.

THE SLEETFORD WARS

Goblins are massing within the Windhold range and further north, having finally worked out the terms of an alliance between the three kingdoms. The goblin lords are looking greedily south, and their first target is the fortress of Sleetford. However, the commander of the North Hold is aware of this alliance and is bracing for an attack. Captain Zectela is sending raiding parties north, trying to disrupt this new alliance. She knows she cannot defeat them in an open battle; but maybe she can break the trust of the Goblin nations and get them to defeat each other? ,br>

Hook: The PC's are hired by Captain Zectela to attack a nearby group of Sun-Spiter goblins, preparing to launch a raid upon the North Hold. However, they must make this attack look as if it was other goblins doing so.

THE MISTRAL WIND CALLS

A good basis for an exploration campaign would be using the uncharted Mistral Plains as the area which needs to be exposed. As a very dangerous area, there are untouched ruins from an ancient age which are both historically interested, and filled with valuable artefacts. In addition, the Mistral Plain is home to evil wizards and monsters, all of which will guard their riches fiercely. Such a campaign would probably involve several assaults upon the Mist, after which the adventures could flee down the Meltrush back to Sleetford. Needless to say, each expedition would become more and more dangerous the deeper the adventurers explored. Moreover, the monsters in the land would become aware of this invasion, and seek to stop it from happening once more.

Hook: A travelling wizard is sure that a long lost, but incredibly powerful book, the *Codex of Futo'xrah*, is within a ruined tower just on the edge of the Mistral Plain. They hire the PC's to guard them as they seek to get it back.

THE OLD GODS AND THE NEW

As a domain of endless cold and brutal weather, both Auril the Ice-Maiden and the Ice Skarn have felt dominion over Whitefaire for generations. However, in recent centuries their followers and supporters have been drawn away by the 'upstart' southern deities of Lmater and Helm. These gods and their followers are not willing to accept these new religions and their dogmas, nor accept followers of these faiths to go about Whitefaire, seeking and converting those who would listen to them. These old Gods of Whitefaire are willing to use any means, including violence, to chase the new gods from their cold and frigid land. In response, the new Gods are looking for champions to embody their faith and so strike back at these old and uncaring deities.

Hook: A cleric of Helm approaches the PC's and asks for their help investigating the disappearance of another cleric within the western forests.

THE STRIFE OF TOWNS

The tension between the towns of Whitefaire is one great place to start. They have contradictory aims and objectives, each seeking to forward their own interests over and above the other. They will come to blows even while they need each other - and sometimes a form of limited warfare can break out between these three settlements. They are perpetually trying to undermine or take each over, in a secret war of shadows.

Hook: Pirates from Waiting Cross have taken over a ship from Whitefaire Haven. This ship needs to be retaken, but Boyarian Ardani wants a wider response as well - do the adventurers take the job to become her instrument in Whitefaire?



THE BLOOD RED SNOW

This short introductory adventure is designed to give an opening adventure for DM's, and is suitable for 4-5 level 2 characters. By the end of this adventure, these characters should be level 4 and ready to adventure further in the cold lands of Whitefaire. In addition, it will provide a good opening to the Mother Cult adventure line, if you as a DM chooses this to be part of your campaign.

This dungeon can be found approximately twenty miles north of Whitefaire Haven, where the main road follows alongside the Meltrush River. This area is often contested by Goblins and other such monsters, as well as the constant threat of bandit attacks upon the barges going up and down the river. This area is where Lieutenant Savinon and the other soldiers from the Hinterburg Prince went missing, and it is rumoured that some have been seen in this area recently.

The adventurers could come across this dungeons for a number of different reasons;

- They have been asked by Boryarina Ardani to investigate the disappearance of the soldiers. Ardani is worried that people will suspect that Whitefaire Haven has something to do with this strange vanishing, and so she is looking to show that they have done everything in their power to find them again. She offers a reward of 500gp to find out what happened to Lieutenant Savinon and his mission
- A representative of the Hinterburg Prince has approached or recruited the adventurers into their company. As such, they have been ordered to retrace the Lieutenant's footprints and find out what has happened to him and his soldiers.
- A group of Frostkin have asked the adventurers to investigate the situation. They have seen that a battle took place upon the borders of their land, but they do not want to look like they were directly involved. Therefore, hiring the adventurers will allow them to find the answer without taking any risks. They offer a 1/2lb amber gemstone as a reward for doing so.

Otherwise, you as a DM can create another hook to get the adventurers on their way to this dungeon, to explore it's depth and find out if Lieutenant Savinon is within.

GENERAL NOTES

The Dungeon has several different factions, including two different nations of goblins fighting each other. The Sunspiters have always known of this dungeon, and the Dark Spears recently attacked through a different tunnel. This has nothing to do with Savinon and the attack upon him by the Cult - they are the 'background' to that specific action. In the weeks between Savinon getting ambushed and the adventurers discovering this place, one group of Sun Spiter Goblins had taken over the mine. In the hours before the adventurers arrived, the Dark Spears have dug into this complex and attacked. The Dark Spears wear yellow while the Sun-Spiter wear red. They will fight each other without mercy - and they will even choose to fight each other over the adventurers.

In addition, this dungeon is cold and there are patches of ice upon every floor. Adventurers who wish to sprint as an action should take a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check. If they fail, they can only move at half speed as they slip and almost fall upon the stonework.

When you are ready to go, read:

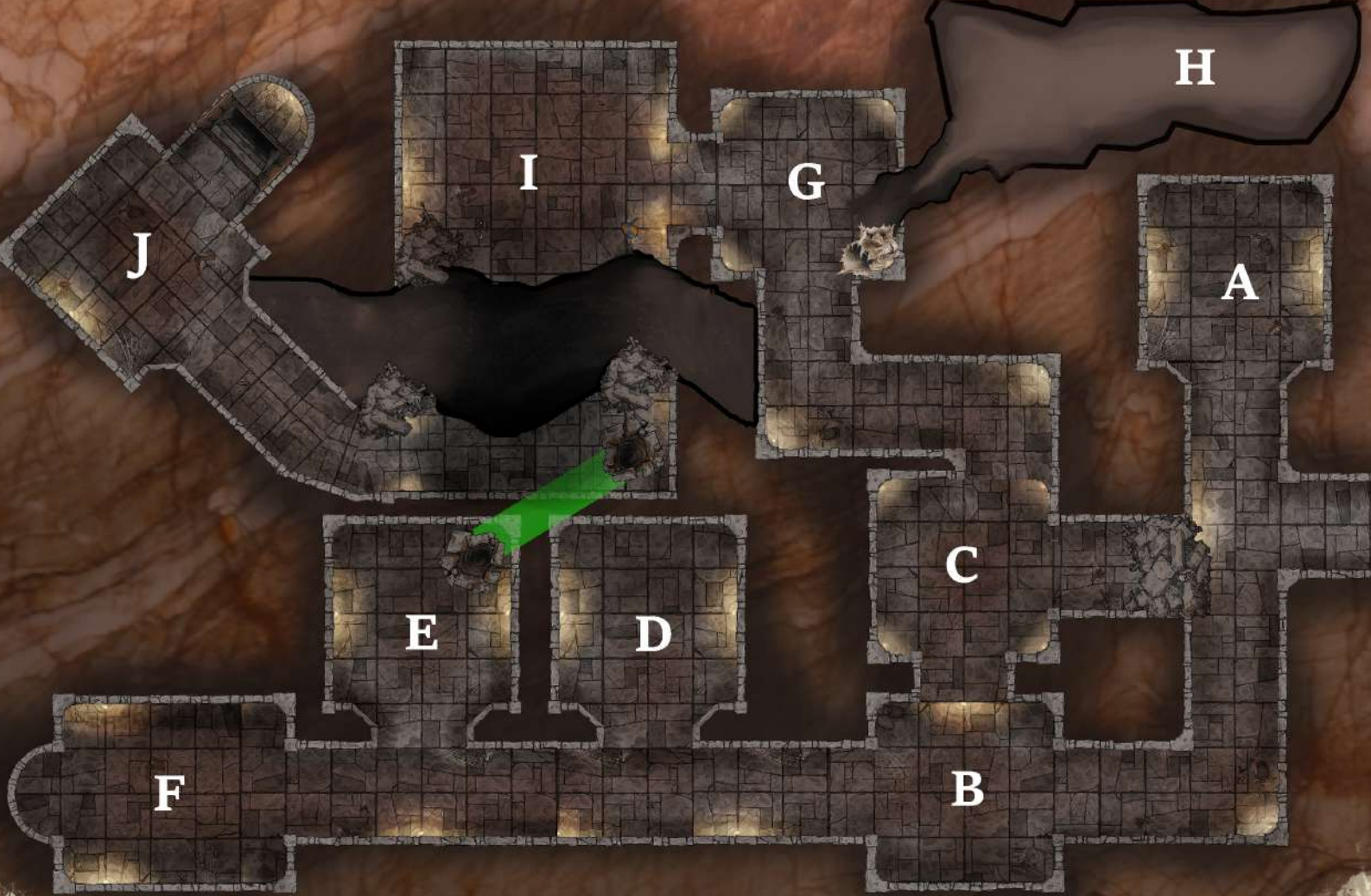
Two cold days of travel have passed since you left Whitefaire Haven. The icy wind seems to bite into your very bones as night begins to fall. The river, flowing strongly south, is on your left, offers little comfort or cover, but you press on nonetheless. Reaching the spot that was described to you, it seems like nothing is there. But, digging beneath the snow, you find the remains of a broken dagger. The work is clearly goblin, crude and worthless. Next to it, however, you find the broken hilt of an axe, marked as coming from Neverwinter. This weapon is probably one that is brought by the soldiers of the Hinterburg Prince. A mis-match of tracks lead away into the cracks of a nearby cliff, where goblin feet and boot prints can be seen retreating.

At this point, the players can double check the battle site. If they pass a DC10 Intelligence (Investigation) check they can recover D3 daggers and a longsword. All these weapons are marked with the sigil of the Hinterburg Prince. All show marks of use, and having been discarded in a hurry.

If and when these have been discovered, read:

Following the tracks leads past of a spur of rock and into a deep crack in the cliffs. Somehow, the wind is even closer, biting exposed skin with a sadistic glee. But salvation is offered by a deep cave, almost invisible from the riverside. The tracks, frozen now in the mud which they had once disturbed, lead deep into the darkness. Almost immediately, you realise that this is no ordinary cave. Stepping upon cut stone, you realise this is an ancient place of some kind - a refuge perhaps - now long abandoned. From the echoing dark ahead, goblin cries and the clang of weapons ring out.





A: THE OPENING DEEP

Seemingly empty, this room echoes from the footsteps as the adventurers enter. Stone walls and stone floors, trash strewn on the floor, and mold grows through the cracks upon the floor. There is a recent dug tunnel in one wall, with stones and dirt that have erupted out of it. Goblin footprints litter the floor, enmeshed seemingly in chaos. A dead goblin, speared through the belly, bleed a dark pool across the floor.

Trap: There is a falling stone trap upon the junction, which can be triggered by a tripwire across the eastern corridor. It can be detected with a DC12 Wisdom (Perception) or a Intelligence (Investigation) check. If this is failed, the trap will caused 2d10 bludgeoning damage, halved for a successful DC14 dexterity saving throw.

Treasure: A successful DC10 Intelligence (Investigation) check will reveal that the dead goblin has 2gp stashed in a little pouch upon their belt. The body is splattered with yellow sulfur stains

Development: The tunnel has recently collapsed, and it would take hours of digging to unseal it. However, a successful DC10 Intelligence (Investigation) will show that this tunnel is very new and twenty creatures came through.

B: THE DARK PORTAL

The door of this room has already been broken down with weapon blows, and the cries of battle can be heard within. Goblin screams and goblin shouts ring out as they fight mercilessly to the death.

Enemies: There are six **goblins**, one Bone Soul (see **statblock**) and one Stink Goblin (see **statblock**) in this room. Four of these are dressed in red tinged armour or have red cloaks, while the other four are wearing armour and clothing with yellowing colouring upon it. If the player characters wait for the battle to end, the goblins will continue to attack each other until one side or the other is dead. The DM should use the horde attack rules in the *Dungeon Masters Guide* for this fight until the player characters are involved. Each turn, one goblin from each side will take D6+1 damage. These goblins will turn to fight the PC's if attacked, and split their attacks against the PC's and the enemy goblins.

Treasure: These goblins have a combined 5gp and 25sp upon them, plus their weapons. If the players intervened before the fight was victoriously ended for one side, one of the slain goblins has a **healing potion** on their belt.

Development: Once this fight is concluded, the four goblins in Room C to the north will start to fire arrows blindly into this room as well. These shots will only hit on a critical strike because of the blind firing - but arrows will bounce crazily around the room from this panic fire.

C: GOBLIN'S RANGE

It is hard to see into the adjoining room, as the entrance has been strongly barricaded by the goblins within. They are screeching in their echoing, high-pitched voices, clearly panicking about these new 'enemies' amongst them.

Terrain: The doorway between room B and room C is blocked by a barricade of barrels and nailed boards. This gives the creatures behind it three quarters cover. This barricade can be climbed over with a successful DC10 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check. It can be broken down with a DC15 Strength Check, and it will collapse into pieces which no longer provide any cover.

Enemies: There are three **goblins** of the Sun-Spitters Clan and one Bone Soul (**see statblock**) within this room. They will try and retreat to the north and room H if their barricade is destroyed.

Treasure There are three barrels of normal arrows laying throughout the room - PC's can pick up 2D20 arrows each, up to a total maximum of sixty arrows. The goblins have only 10cp each on their belts. On a successful DC15 Intelligence (Investigation) check, they can find a small gem in the pocket of one of the goblins. This black shard of onyx is worth 20gp.

D: THE BOSS'S HAUNT

As you creep along the corridor, this whole corridor seems eerily quiet to you. There are scattered bodies, and pieces of bodies, lying across the floor. As you approach the door, you can hear the slight snarling of goblin bodies behind the door.

Enemies: There is one **goblin boss** within this room, and two Stink Goblins (**see statblock**). They wear the yellow clothing of the Dark Spears. They can choose to attack with their sulphur bombs, which is a ranged attack. If this ranged attack is successful, the target must take a DC12 Dexterity Saving Throw. If this is failed, the target is blinded for D3 round by the sulphur powder.

Other Creatures: There are three other wounded goblins within this room, lying helplessly on the floor. They will not fight back, have 1hp each, and PC's do not gain experience for killing them.

Terrain: This room has a central table where the PC's can find a crude goblin map of the dungeon. If any of the PC's speak goblin, you can give them a little insight into some of the rooms.

E. THE OTHER WAY

The rushing of wind strikes you as soon as you enter this room. This strange underground gale comes from a deep hole in the rooms edge, where industrious creatures have dug their way through the stonework. There is only silence, broken by the wind, for any who stare down it. Dangers seems to radiate from the hole, filling the empty room's air with a strange dread.

Development: In this room, the PC's can find the first clue that the Hinterburg Prince were in this dungeon at some point. A dagger, stuck in the mouth of the tunnel, also carries the crest of the Hinterburg Prince. In addition, a successfully DC12 Knowledge (Investigation) check will show that human finger prints in the mud have been dragged into the hole, as if trying to hang on to the mud.

The Tunnel: This dark, muddy passage joins Room E and Room I (indicated by the green corridor). It is wet and dark, the floor and ceiling equally muddy and frail looking. It is only large enough for PC's to go through the tunnel single file, bending down. Halfway down the tunnel, they find the half-chewed body of a soldier, wearing the Hinterburg Prince uniform. Though much of him has been consumed, his jacket shows his rank badge as a Sergeant, not a Lieutenant.

At this point, they will be attack by a **Carrion Crawler** which emerges from the mud beneath the body. They can detect it's movements on a DC15 Wisdom (Perception) check, otherwise the Carrion Crawler will get a surprise attack round in the tunnel.

F: THE HOLLOWED GOD

This broad room was at one time a chapel, with a high vaulted ceiling and wide, cracked stone floor. A light comes from a brazier at one end where a red-robed goblin figure can be seen, raising their hands to the light in some profane ritual. His assistants, red-eyed, red clothed and brutal looking, all stare with implied violence at the intruders to their sacred rites.

Enemies: There is one goblin Warpriest (**see statblock**) and two **goblins** armed with spears (piercing damage, long, versatile d8) and shields. They fight to defend the profane altar and their Earpriest at the end of the room, not moving to attack directly.

Terrain: There is a **Profane Altar** at the end of the room, which will cast Sacred Flame at step 20 of the initiative round each turn. This spell will target the adventurer nearest to the altar. It is AC12 and has 9HP. If it is destroyed, for the following turn, all goblins within this room will have the *Berserk* special rule (**see Monster Manual**, page 344.)

Treasure: The Goblin Warpriest has a golden crown worth 75gp if it traded or melted down for scrap. They also carry a +1 quarter staff. Their assistants carry 25sp each in decorative jewelry.

G: THE HUNTING GROUND

Torn cobwebs lying upon the floor of this room like a carpet, or are hanging in great streamers from the ceiling. Tiny spiders, smaller than an adventurer's hand, scuttle away from the light as you enter the room. The room appears to be empty, even while it seems to welcome the shadows in the rooms corners

Development: This room is empty, but if the adventures complete a DC15 (Intelligence) investigation check, they will find the scattered bones of many creatures deep beneath the carpet of webs. There is an old, dead giant spider leg on the floor, seemingly discarded. It has been dead for several weeks. There is a broken saber wrapped up in webs upon the floor as well, and a gold ring with the mark of the Hinterburg Prince. If the PC's try and pull out the shattered saber, they will attract the attention of one of the giant spiders from room H.

Treasure: The gold ring with the mark of the Hinterburg Prince is worth 5gp. There is also a **silvered dagger** within the carpeted space.

H: THE WEB PIT

This large stone room is lined with thick spiders webs, and bound forms of animals, trapped in these thick masses, lie upon the floor. The heavy is dry and harsh, almost papery in it's texture. This is clearly the realm of some kind of monster. Thick webs hang like curtains across the room, gossamer thin and uninviting.

Enemies: There are two **giant spiders** within this room. They can be detected, hiding twenty feet up in holes upon the roof, with a DC15 (Wisdom) Perception check. While in their holes, they are classed as having three quarters cover. They will not respond to their intrusion unless the adventurers disturb their webs in some way - hacking or breaking a lot of them - or by making a large amount of noise. Regardless of if they are fighting or otherwise, the spiders will stop attacking the PC's if they leave room H.

Treasure: There is the body of an ancient looking warrior, who has a Battleaxe +1 at their side. In addition, another body has a small pouch containing a 0.5lb amber gemstone. If the PC's complete a DC15 Intelligence (Investigation Check), they can find a small pouch of 15 platinum pieces.

I: THE CHASM OF THE SHATTERED FLOOR

The wind almost lifts up the adventurers, catching cloaks and other clothing and throwing them into disarray. Ahead, the floor of this wide room has collapsed into a deep pit, where only blackness remains. Deep below, echoing up, comes the endless rumble of running water.

Development: As the adventurers enter from the North-East entrance, the four goblins upon the southern side of the chasms finish cutting away their side of the rope ladder. It was already hanging loosely down the chasm, but with a final scimitar blow, the bridge falls away into the deep. If the adventurers enter through the tunnel from the south, the bridge is not yet cut away. It still hangs down the chasm side already.

Terrain: The chasm is twenty-five feet wide, and has piled masonry on either side of the drop. The depth of the Chasm is 450ft. There are chunks of stonework, which, if hidden behind, provide three quarter's cover, on both sides of the chasm.

Enemies: There are four Sun-spiter **goblins** in this room. Their aim is not to fight, but retreat deeper into room J. They will fire arrows at the PC's until they are engaged in melee, and then disengage and flee out of the room. However, if any are slain within this room, it will be one less to fight in room J.

Treasure One of the goblins has an corroded gold amulet of helm, worth approximate 5gp.

J: THE FINAL REFUGE.

Another barricade, this one of stone, has been erected ahead of the entrance to this room. Beyond, goblins can be seen running to and fro, panicking as they do. This must be their last fortress, a final place to flee from.

Terrain: There is a stone barricade which blocks three quarters of the north-east entrance. It is stone which has been pried from the wall in a single, heavy block. There is barely space for goblin to run through, and any creature medium size or larger will have to ground double. In the room beyond, there is a large chest in the distance.

Enemies: There are four Bone Souls (**see statblock**), and a Sunspiter Warpriest (**see statblock**) They will not retreat but fight furiously - this is their last gasp and their treasury within these walls. There are also any survivors from room I who escaped that room.

Treasure: Within the chest, there is a pile of 250gp, and a *ring of protection +1*. Upon the head of the warpriest is another crown, with the crude image of Maglubiyet upon it. It is worth 25gp.

Development: Within this space, the adventurers can find the other boot from Savinon, marked with their name. In addition, old human blood stains are set around the trapdoor into the floor. These bloody finger-prints, dragged along the stone down into the trapdoor, are still clear. The lieutenant has fought their way and tried to stay out of the lower deeps.

SECOND LEVEL: HISTORY'S REMAINS

A: THE WELCOMING SHADOWS

Dropping down into this cavern, you are encased in darkness so thick it almost feels alive. To the South-West, you can hear the thundering of a waterfall as water crashes into a pool. The air is alive with spray and mist, soaking anyone within the wet walls of the cavern.

Terrain: The waterfall thunders down with ice-cold water, and the floor is slippery and slick. All movement must take a DC10 Strength (Athletics) otherwise the creature loses their footing and is classed as being prone for that round. The noise is so loud that all Wisdom (Perception) checks which involve vision and hearing are at disadvantage.

Enemies: There are two **shadows** hiding in the darkness.

Development: A DC10 Intelligence (Investigation) check reveals the bloody fingerprints of someone trying to grab onto the floor, pulled in streaks towards room B. There are also large footprints in patterns of three deep in the mud.

B: THE LAKE OF LOST TEARS

This large cavern, 30 feet long by 60 feet wide, has fragments of floor still remaining over the deep pits below. The echoing drip of water from the stalactites high above is echoed by the splash as they hit the surface of the lake deep beneath.

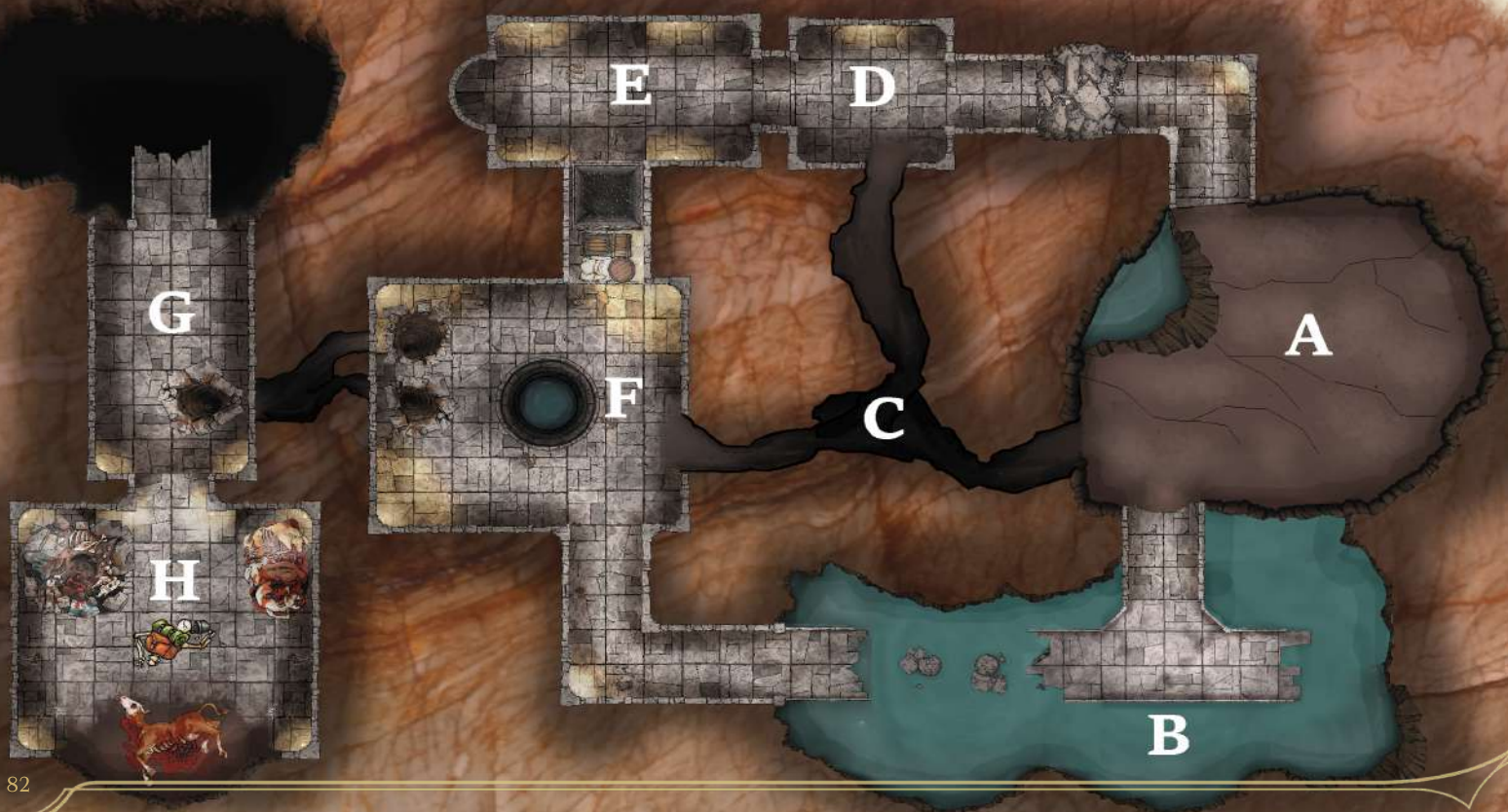
Description: This room has a deep lake beneath it. The water is 60 feet deep and frigid cold, as described in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. The water is empty of any life, and the bottom of the lake is a broken up rock surface. There are small holes where the water enters and leaves this cavern. The tunnels are dark beyond. The slow current draws the water from the north-east to the south-west.

Terrain: The broken stone columns can be climbed, though they are wet and slippery. To grab them, the PC's must be successful on a DC12 Strength (Athletics).

Enemies: There are six **giant bats** sleeping up on the roof. They will awaken if the PC's make a lot of noise in this cavern, swooping down to attack before sweeping back up the ceiling.

C: THE TUNNELS OF THE FATES

These tunnels are low and difficult to work their way along; the roof seems to cluster down upon them. While stable, these tunnels were not made by the hands of sentient creatures - they twist and turn through the dark like a snake's twisting path.



Description: These tunnels are wide enough for two people to walk abreast. A DC12 Intelligence (Investigation) check will reveal that there are heavy footsteps and tentacle marks - like that from an octopus.

Enemies: There is one **Ochre Jelly** and one **Gray Ooze** in the junction of the two tunnels. The Ogre Jelly is hiding upon the ceiling, while the Gray Ooze is hidden as a medium sized rock within this junction.

F: THE SICKENING WELL

A strange green glow seems to emanate from the stone circle in this room's centre, staining the air with a sick, unhealthy light. Strange shadows lie in the room's corners, seeming to move even as you look at them.

Terrain: There is a circular well in the center of the room, approximately 30ft. deep. The water at the bottom is a greenish, brackish water, that glows slightly from some unearthly effect.

Enemies: If the adventurers look down the well, they will hear a low voice asking for help. The voice is low and soft, almost seductive. The voice will spin a tale of tragedy, of being cursed to be trapped beneath the water by some horrible enemy. If the adventures succeed on an opposed (Charisma) Deception vs Wisdom (Insight), they will pick up the slight air of lying in the voice.

If they disturb the water in any way, the **Green Hag** which is living down the well will be released from the well and come to attack them. If the hag is badly wounded, she will use her invisible passage ability to flee towards Room B, and jump into the water there.

Tunnels: The tunnels connecting room F and Room G are the same as those in room B. They have similar octopus-like markings as well as the scraping of a large body which has been left scrape marks along the walls and floor. On a successful DC10 Intelligence (Investigation) check, the PC's can find the scraps of uniform on the floor - and recognise part of a Lieutenant epaulet.

G: THE END OF A TIME

Wind rushes through this room as you exit the tunnel, filling the air with whispers. Any voice within this room echoes down the great chasm at one end, where an ancient bridge has fallen away into the endless dark below. The stone beneath the feet of the adventurers seems to creak somehow. A single figure, alone and seemingly frozen with fear waits in the room's center. A thick smell of rotting meat and carrion comes from the south, where another door awaits.

Development: In the centre of the room is a wounded **troglydte**. As the adventurers enter, a tentacles from the **Otyugh** sweeps from room H and makes an attack upon it. If this attack is successful, it will grapple and pull the troglydte into the gloom of its lair in room H.

Description: The chasm at the room's north is impassable. The bridge that was clearly once spanned it is broken and the other end cannot be seen in the darkness beyond. The chasm is at least five hundred feet deep - if not deeper - and there is no obvious other side for the adventurers to travel to. This chasm continues underneath this room, though it is covered by the weak stone slabs on the floor.

Terrain: The floor is unstable and the stonework wobbles as the adventurers move over it. If a PC successfully passes a DC15 Strength check, they can dislodge a stone slab to see that much of the floor covers another great drop beneath!

Enemies: The **Otyugh** will choose to fight the adventurers in this room rather than it's lair, and if it detects their approach it will come charging out. If the Otyugh misses with it's tentacle slam attack, the DM should roll a DC14 Constitution saving throw for the stone floor (+2 modifier). If this save is failed, a stone floor slab 2ft. by 2ft. wide is knocked away and plunges into the depth, opening a hole into the chasm beneath this room. The PC's will need to use their reaction as a DC10 Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) to escape this hole, or risk falling into it.

In addition, this Otyugh has one legendary action (see the *Monster Manual*) which it can use during the turn. This can be the choice of a tentacle attack, a bite attack, or a stamp upon the floor with it's two front legs. This stamp will require the floor just ahead of the creature to take a DC16 Constitution saving through (+2 Modifier). If this is failed, a 5ft. by 5ft. section of the floor within 10ft. off the Otyugh falls away into the chasm, with the same rules as given above.

H: THE OTYUGH'S HIDEOUT.

This room reeks of death and decay. From the piles of scattered bones and rotting meat, this is the place where the Otyugh dragged its prey before taking it's time to consume them. There are goblins bodies, the bodies of humans and other animals - all the meat that a large monster needs to survive. But, beneath the layer of filth and rot, the glint of valuables and gold can be seen spread throughout this room.

Development: This is the resting place of Lieutenant Savinon. He entered the dungeon before the goblins ever arrived, fleeing from the ambush by the mother cult. He and his men were slain by the Otyugh which was also within the dungeon, and then dragged back to the creature's lair to be consumed. Some time after that, the goblins occupied the top layer of the Dungeon and their war started when they were attacked.

Enemies: If the **Otyugh** did not detect the adventurer's approaching through Room G, then it will fight the adventurers in this space instead. The rules for legendary actions still apply, but the floor within this room seems much more stable and will not collapse.

Treasure: In the room's centre are the half-consumed remains of Lieutenant Savinon, his corpse having been chewed over and slowly eaten. From the state of his body, it is clear that he has been here several weeks, and there are

other scraps of equipment which are from other soldiers in the Hinterburg Prince. In the remaining hand of the Lieutenant is a necklace with a strange symbol upon it, the **Mother Cult** symbol. They can also take whatever evidence they need from Savinon to show that they found him and he was dead.

In addition, spread throughout the room under piles of filth, manure and rotting detritus, the PC's can find 212gp in scattered gold pieces, one **potion of speed**, one **potion of heroism**, and 6lb bag of amber ore.

CONCLUSION

Once the adventurers have found what remains of Lieutenant Savinon, they can retrace their steps back to the surface, and return for their hard earned reward. From here, there are many questions to be answered, all of which can be used as a hook for the next adventure.

- The adventurers could find someone to identify the strange necklace in the Lieutenant's hand. Why did the Mother Cult choose to ambush the Hinterburg Prince on their way north.
- Goblins have moved much further south, well beyond the North Hold and much further than is usual. Why have they done so? What has driven them out of their normal holds beneath the windhold range.
- Why are the Sun-Spitters and Dark Spears fighting over this location? Is it important to their goblin god Maglubiyet? Is that why they came to this place, and might there be more important 'temples' that the goblins are searching for?
- And any other questions which might have arisen from this adventure!

WHERE TO GO NOW?

This is the jumping off point for you as a DM; you can take your adventure in any way you like from here. There is no 'incorrect' adventure path for you and your parties exploration of Whitefaire. Here is some general advice for DM's running a Whitefaire Campaign; Whitefaire is a small region, and so the adventurer's choices should have direct consequences. There are many moving parts in Whitefaire, which will move unless they are interrupted. The choice of the adventurer's to investigate or pursue a certain avenue will lead to other actions and responses. In addition, as a small region, as the power of the adventurers grows, so will their influence. As they reach higher levels, what they can do for others will become more and more apparent. Power groups will reach out to them, whether for good and evil means. The adventurers will become known, in legend if not in person - though their reputation depends on their actions. Unlike many areas where adventuring parties can leave and go to other cities where they are unknown, Whitefaire is interconnected. What the PC's do in one town and one place will directly affect how people treat them in another place!



CREATURES OF WHITEFAIRE

In the table below, Dungeon Masters and players can find a list of appropriate monster, by challenge rating, to use in their Whitefaire campaigns. This should not be thought of an exclusive list, but a suggestion of the beasts and monsters which could haunt the forests and tundras of Whitefaire.

CHALLENGE RATING 1/8 (25XP)

Cultist
Kobold
Gnoll Witherling
Bandit
Tribal Warrior

CHALLENGE RATING 1/4 (50XP)

Acolyte
Kenku
Goblin
Zombie
Wolf
Stink Goblin

CHALLENGE RATING 1/2 (100XP)

Gnoll Hunter
Gnoll
Hobgoblin
Ice Mephit
Orc
Scout
Thug
Worg
Moon Watcher Goblin Raider
Goblin Warpriest
Goblin Bone Souls

CHALLENGE RATING 1 (200XP)

Gnoll Flesh gnawer
Dire Wolf
Ghoul

CHALLENGE RATING 2 (450XP)

Guard Drake (white)
Bandit Captain
Beserker
Druid
Ghast
Gnoll Pack Lord
Griffon
Orc Eye of Gruumsh
Orog
Polar Bear
Whitedragon Wyrmling

CHALLENGE RATING 3 (700XP)

Vampiric Mist
Basilisk
Hobgoblin Captain
Manticore
Wight
Winter Wolf
Yeti

CHALLENGE RATING 4 (1,100XP)

Warlock of the Archfey
Gnoll Fang of Yeenoghu
Orc War Chief

CHALLENGE RATING 5 (2,300XP)

Air Elemental
Earth Elemental
Half-White Dragon Veteran
Hill Giants
Revenant
Water (Ice) Elemental
Young Remorhaz

CHALLENGE RATING 6 (2,300XP)

Warlock of the Great Old Ones
Hobgoblin Warlord
Invisible Stalker
Mammoth
Wyvern
Young White Dragon

CHALLENGE RATING 7 (2,900XP)

The Lost

CHALLENGE RATING 8 (3,900XP)

Shoosuva
Assassin
Frost Giant

CHALLENGE RATING 9 (5,000XP)

Flind
Frost Salamander
Abominable Yeti
Young Silver Dragon

CHALLENGE RATING 10 (5,900XP)

Winter Eladrin

CHALLENGE RATING 11 (7,200XP)

Djinni
Remorhaz

CHALLENGE RATING 12 (8,400XP)

Frost Giant Everlasting One
Bone Claw
Dorokhali

CHALLENGE RATING 13 (10,000XP)

Dire Troll
Adult White Dragon
Storm Giant

CHALLENGE RATING 16 (15,000XP)

Storm Giant Quintessent
Adult Silver Dragon

CHALLENGE RATING 17 (18,000XP)

Death Knight

CHALLENGE RATING 20 (25,000XP)

Nightwalker
Ancient White Dragon

WHITEFAIRE MONSTERS AND NPC'S

This section details creatures and non-player characters that are mentioned in this book and don't appear in the *Monster Manual*. That book's introduction explains how to interpret these stat blocks.

Some of the creatures mentioned in the book can be found in *Volo's Guide to Monsters* and DM's will need to refer to that publication for the details of that creature.

STINK GOBLINS

These goblins are the chosen soldiers of the Dark Spears clan. They scuttle through the darkness, aiming to ambush their enemies with a hail of sulfur pots to blind them. With their target disabled, they pepper it with arrows or leap upon it and try to slay their helpless foe with their blades.

STINK GOBLIN

Small humanoid (goblinoid), neutral evil

Armor Class 15 (leather armor, shield)

Hit Points 10 (3d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +6

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Goblin

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Nimble Escape. The Stink Goblin can take the Disengage or Hide action as a bonus action on each of its turns.

Sulfur Pot. The Stink Goblin can throw a Sulfur Pot as a bonus action on one of its turns. The goblin must make a ranged attack. If this is successful, the target must make a DC12 Dexterity Saving Throw, and if this is unsuccessful the target is blinded for 1d3 turns.

ACTIONS

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) slashing damage.

Shortbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

GOBLIN BONE SOULS

Bone Souls are the elite of the Sun Spitters, and are notable braver and more militant than your average goblin upon Faerun. They stand as an example to the other goblins of their nation, and lead the battlegroups that range against the other goblins and enemies they fight. They wear the bones of the enemies which they have slain, such as bears, other goblins and even the Frostkin they have killed in battle. Such bones often work better than the armour they wear, and can protect them from further damage.

GOBLIN BONE SOULS

Small humanoid (goblinoid), neutral evil

Armor Class 16 (Bone Armour, shield)

Hit Points 14 (4d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +7

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Goblin

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Clattering Bones. The goblin can choose to use their bone armour as an reaction to an attack. These bones reduce the damage inflicted by an attack by 1d3.

ACTIONS

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Light Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 3) piercing damage, loading, two-handed weapon.



MOON WATCHER GOBLIN RAIDER

The Moon Watchers have long mastered the art of the raid and the ambush, focusing on the wealth of the other nations and the villages throughout. As such, they concentrate upon a stealthy approach, attacking first with a hail of blow darts. These darts are lined with poison, and they can throw out a hail of such deadly projectiles before their target even knows that they are there.

MOON WATCHER GOBLIN RAIDER

Small humanoid (goblinoid), neutral evil

Armor Class 14 (leather armor)

Hit Points 17 (5d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +7

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Goblin

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Nimble Escape. The goblin can take the Disengage or Hide action as a bonus action on each of its turns.

Naturally Stealthy. The goblin rolls with advantage on its Dexterity (Stealth) check.

ACTIONS

Multi-attack. The Goblin Raider makes two melee attacks or two ranged attacks.

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Blowpipe. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 piercing damage + 1D4 poison damage

GOBLIN WAR PRIEST

All of the Whitefaire Goblin Nations have priests of Magulbiyet ministering to their people. Though their faith is normally one of sensible cowardice, the War Priests still have a role in their society, remaining the other goblins that their god is looking down for them. Such terrible proclamations will often scare a goblin into line; they do not want to end up fighting for Magulbiyet in his endless battles.



GOBLIN WARPRIEST

Small humanoid (goblinoid), neutral evil

Armor Class 15 (leather armor, shield)

Hit Points 21 (6d6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

Skills Stealth +6

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Goblin

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Nimble Escape. The Goblin War Priest can take the Disengage or Hide action as a bonus action on each of its turns.

Spellcasting. The Goblin War Priest is a 2nd level spellcaster. It's spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC11, +3 to hit with spell attacks). The War Priest has the following spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *light, sacred flame.*

First level (3 slots): *Cure wounds, guiding bolt, sanctuary.*

ACTIONS

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

GENERAL SNARTAK THE LICKER

The Head of the Sun Spitters nation, the General is a brutal warleader who despises the Dark Spears far more than any human enemy. As a leader they are deadly, but they are equally skilled in individual combat. Their voice can inspire other goblins around them, getting them to fight that much harder in terror of their General.

GENERAL SNARTAK THE LICKER

Small humanoid (goblinoid), lawful evil

Armor Class 18 (chain mail, shield)
Hit Points 54 (12d6 + 12)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	17 (+3)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common, Goblin
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Nimble Escape. Snartak the Licker can take the Disengage or Hide action as a bonus action on each of its turns.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Snartak makes 3 melee attacks

Frost's Delight. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 4) slashing damage, plus 1d6 Frost Damage

REACTIONS

Parry. Snartak the Licker adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. To do so, the Snartak must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

Snartak the Licker can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Snartak regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

We'll Defeat Them Together! Snartak the Licker can inspire their goblins to fight that much harder. Any goblin within 30ft can make a normal move action, or a normal attack action.

With a Whirl of Blades! Snartak the Licker spins into a great whirl of blades. They can make a weapon attack against all enemies within 5ft.

THE BITER OF SWORDS

The Biter of Swords is the Leader of the Dark Spears Nation, and a careful and clever soldier. They've been leading the nation in their warfare for far longer than other goblin leaders. When not upon campaign, they spend their time crushing any ambitious goblin that might want to usurp their power - smashing them with their morningstar before they even realise the danger!

THE BITER OF SWORDS

Medium humanoid (goblinoid), Neutral evil

Armor Class 19 (splint, shield)
Hit Points 66 (12d8 + 12)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)	11 (+0)	9 (-1)

Skills Stealth +8, Survival +3
Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10
Languages Common, Goblin
Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Brute. A melee weapon deals one extra die of its damage when the Biter of Swords hits with it (included in the attack).

Surprise Attack. If the Biter of Swords surprises a creature and hits it with an attack during the first round of combat, the target takes an extra 7 (2d6) damage from the attack.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Biter of Swords makes 2 melee attacks or 2 ranged attacks.

+2 Morningstar of Kaddom. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d8 + 5) piercing damage.

Javelin. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 30/120 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (2d6 + 2) piercing damage in melee or 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage at range.

REACTIONS

Parry. The Biter of Swords adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. To do so, the Biter of Swords must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

The Biter of Swords can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The bugbear regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

From the Shadows. The Biter of Swords can make a hide action with their Dexterity (Stealth) check at advantage.

Melee attack. The Biter of Swords can make an additional melee attack.

Kicking Attack. The Biter of Swords lashes out with a foot at a single target within 5ft. The target must take a DC13 strength check or be knocked back 10ft. and be knocked prone.



BIG CHIEF LONGPOCKET

The leader of the Moon Watcher clans, Longpocket is more focused upon the money his clan can make than to open battle. If he has to fight, he will use both his expensive gear and his great wealth to escape any such melee.

BIG CHIEF LONGPOCKET

Small humanoid (goblinoid), Neutral evil

Armor Class 19 (splint, shield)

Hit Points 54 (12d6 + 12)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	16 (+3)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)	11 (+0)	9 (-1)

Skills Stealth +9, Survival +3

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Common, Goblin

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Hail of Gold. As a bonus action, Big Chief Longpocket throws a great hail of coins at their foes. Select an area 10ft. by 10ft within 30ft. Every creature in that area will take D6 bludgeoning damage, halved for a DC13 Dexterity saving throw.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Big Chief Longpocket makes 3 melee attacks or 2 ranged attacks.

Rapier +2. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (1d8 + 5) piercing damage.

Heavy Crossbow +2. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 12 (1d10 + 5) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Parry. Big Chief Longpocket adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. To do so, the Chief must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

Big Chief Longpocket can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Big Chief Longpocket regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

A Bounty for my life! The Chief weaves a tale of the gold he'll pay an attacker to stop fighting. Choose one attacker within 10ft. of the Chief. They must take a DC12 Charisma check, and if they fail, they cannot attack the Chief for this round.

Melee attack. Big Chief Longpocket can make an additional melee attack.

Kicking Attack. Big Chief Longpocket lashes out with a foot at a single target within 5ft. The target must take a DC13 strength check or be knocked back 10ft. and be knocked prone.

WAITING CROSS PIRATE

These individuals can be found throughout Waiting Cross, whether on the sea or within the taverns of the town. They are agile fighters, springing and fighting with slashing sabers and the bravery that is expected from such rakish sailors.

PIRATE

Medium humanoid (any race), any alignment

Armor Class 14 (leather armor)

Hit Points 33 (6d8 + 6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)	11 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +5

Skills Acrobatics +5, Perception +5, Sleight of Hand +5

Senses passive Perception 15

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Swashbuckling Dash. The Pirate has advantage on Dexterity (Acrobatics) checks and saving throws.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Pirate makes two melee attacks.

Scimitar. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Hand Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, ranged 150/600ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage.

THE SMUGGLER KING

The Smuggler King is the alternative leader of Waiting Cross. Though his background is mysterious, his gang is powerful and growing, and he himself is an experienced combatant. While fighting, he will always lure his enemy to his own ground, and then use wit, tricks and traps to defeat them.

THE SMUGGLER KING

Medium humanoid (Human), Neutral Evil

Armor Class 14 (chain shirt)

Hit Points 78 (12d8 + 24)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	13 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +3

Skills Acrobatics +3, Perception +2

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Swashbuckling Leap. As a bonus action, the Smuggler King can leap 10ft. backwards. This leap will not provoke any attacks of opportunity.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Smuggler King makes two rapier attacks.

Rapier. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) piercing damage.

Pistol Shot. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d10 + 1) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Parry. In response to an attack, The Smuggler King can raised their AC by 2. The Smuggler King must be able to see their opponent to do so

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

The Smuggler King can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The Smuggler King regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Reaction shot. The Smuggler King can make an additional Pistol Shot.

Distracting Wink. The Smuggler King distracts an enemy with a distracting wink, putting them off balance. Select an enemy within 10 ft. and they must take a DC12 Charisma check. If they fail, their next attack roll is at disadvantage.

Hidden Trap. With a flourish, the Smuggler King unveils a hidden trap. Select one enemy within 30 ft, who must take a DC12 Dexterity saving throw. If this is failed, the target is knocked prone and classed as restrained.



STORM'S CLAW BRIGADE RIDERS AND BEARS

The Storm's Claw are the elite riders of the Sleetford Garrison. They ride their bears in great ranging patrols around the North Hold, battling whatever enemies they might encounter there. With the claws of their mounts, they are some of the most terrifying combatants in the North of Whitefaire.

STORM CLAW BRIGADE RIDER

Medium humanoid (any race), Neutral Good

Armor Class 17 (splint)

Hit Points 52 (8d8 + 16)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	11 (+0)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Con +4, Wis +2

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Rider. The Storm's Claw Brigade Rider rides a war bear. The war bear acts at the same time as the rider.

Charge. The Storm's Claw Brigade Rider rolls an additional damage dice in a turn when they have moved more than 30 ft. before attacking.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The rider makes two Cavalry Pike attacks.

Cavalry Pike Attack. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d10 + 3) piercing damage.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d10) piercing damage.

REACTIONS

Parry. The Rider adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. To do so, the knight must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

STORMS CLAW BRIGADE WAR BEAR

The mount of a Storm's Claw Rider, their bear is an equally skilled and terrifying combatant. They strike with teeth and claws, ending the life of any who might threaten them or their master.

WAR BEAR

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 18 (plate)
Hit Points 60 (8d8 + 24)
Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
21 (+5)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	4 (-3)	13 (+1)	7 (-2)

Saving Throws Con +5
Senses passive Perception 11
Languages —
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Keen Smell. The bear has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Trained. The War Bear is trained to understand the commands of its master in common.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The bear makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d6 + 5) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (2d4 + 5) slashing damage.

ENDRAIN

Endrain was once an adventurer, who eventually decided that all the magic in the world would not save him if he got hit by a goblin arrow. He retired to a safer spot and has focused on being a Whitefaire businessman.

ENDRAIN

Medium humanoid (human), Chaotic Good

Armor Class 12 (15 with *mage armor*)
Hit Points 99 (18d8 + 18)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	20 (+5)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Int +9, Wis +6
Skills Arcana +13, History +13
Damage Resistances damage from spells; non magical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing (from *stoneskin*)
Senses passive Perception 12
Languages any six languages
Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Magic Resistance. Endrain has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Spellcasting. Endrain is an 14th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 17, +9 to hit with spell attacks). Endrain can cast *disguise self* and *invisibility* at will and has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *fire bolt*, *light*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *shocking grasp*
1st level (4 slots): *detect magic*, *identify*, *mage armor**, *magic missile*
2nd level (3 slots): *detect thoughts*, *mirror image*, *misty step*
3rd level (3 slots): *counterspell*, *fly*, *lightning bolt*
4th level (3 slots): *banishment*, *fire shield*, *stoneskin**
5th level (3 slots): *cone of cold*, *scrying*, *wall of force*
6th level (1 slot): *globe of invulnerability*
7th level (1 slot): *teleport*

* The archmage casts these spells on itself before combat.

ACTIONS

Shortsword of Terror. *Melee Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 4) piercing damage. The target must take a DC12 Charisma Saving throw, or be *frightened* for their following round.





MARIN AND MARA BERSK

The new generation of Bersk, the chief's twin son and daughter will often patrol the Windhold Range. With their matched bows and flashing blades, they are deadly fighters in the forests of Whitefaire. The pair will travel great distances in their llama form, surprising foes who thought that they were safe in their hideouts. *Note: this statblock is applicable for Mara or Marin, not both together.*

MARA & MARIN BERSK

Medium humanoid (human), Chaotic Good

Armor Class 15 in humanoid and hybrid form, 12 (natural armor) in llama form

Hit Points 75 (10d8 + 30)

Speed 30 ft. (50 ft. in llama form)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	18 (+4)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Con +6

Skills Athletics +5

Damage Immunities bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage from nonmagical weapons that aren't silvered

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages Common (can't speak in llama form)

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Shapechanger. Mara & Marin Bersk can use their actions to polymorph into a llama-humanoid hybrid or into a llama, or back into their true form, which is humanoid. Their statistics, other than its AC and speed, are the same in each form. Any equipment they are wearing or carrying isn't transformed. They revert to their true form if they die.

Llama Strength. Mara and Marin Bersk have advantage on Constitution Checks.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Mara and Marin Bersk can make 2 ranged or melee attacks in humanoid or hybrid form.

Bite (Llama or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with werellama lycanthropy.

Spit (Hybrid or Llama Form Only). *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. On a successful hit, the target must make a DC12 Dexterity check. If this is failed, the target is blinded for D3 turns.

Longsword +1 (Humanoid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage, or 9 (1d10 + 3) slashing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Ten and Eleven Steps. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 60 ft./320 ft. one creature. *Hit* 10 (D10 + 5) piercing damage and 1d6 Thunder Damage.

KUZCO BERSK

Kuzco is the leader of the Bersk clan. While he is officially retired, he has remained training and his natural skills make him a deadly combatant.

KUZCO BERSK

Medium humanoid (human), Chaotic Good

Armor Class 15 in humanoid and hybrid form, 12 (natural armor) in llama form

Hit Points 58 (9d8 + 18)

Speed 30 ft. (50 ft. in llama form)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Con +5

Skills Athletics +5

Damage Immunities bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage from nonmagical weapons that aren't silvered

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages Common (can't speak in llama form)

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Shapechanger. Kuzco Bersk can use his action to polymorph into a llama-humanoid hybrid or into a llama, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its AC and speed, are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Llama Strength. Kuzco has advantage on Constitution checks.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Kuzco Bersk can make 2 ranged or melee attacks in humanoid or hybrid form.

Bite (Llama or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with werellama lycanthropy.

Spit (Hybrid or Llama Form Only). *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. On a successful hit, the target must make a DC12 Dexterity check. If this is failed, the target is blinded for D3 turns.

Longsword +1 (Humanoid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage, or 9 (1d10 + 3) slashing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Longbow +1 (Humanoid Form Only). *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 60 ft./320 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 10 (1d10 + 4) piercing damage

LORD VARIL SHISK

Shisk is the half-orc lieutenant of his Lord, and a leader within the order of the Clenched Gauntlet. He prefers being on the road, patrolling alone or with his squires, solving problems and bringing justice to those who need it.

LORD VARIL SHISK

Medium humanoid (Half-Orc), Lawful Good

Armor Class 18 (plate)

Hit Points 130 (20d8 + 40)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	15 (+2)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Str +8, Con +5

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Brave. Lord Varil Shisk has advantage on saving throws against being frightened.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Lord Varil Shisk makes three melee attacks.

Greatsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d10) piercing damage.

Spellcasting. Lord Varil Shisk is a 7th-level Paladin. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). Shisk has the following spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *light, sacred flame, thaumaturgy*
1st level (4 slots): *cure wounds, guiding bolt, sanctuary*
2nd level (3 slots): *lesser restoration, spiritual weapon*
3rd level (2 slots): *dispel magic, spirit guardians*

REACTIONS

Parry. Varil Shisk adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, Shisk must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

GRAND MASTER SICA ITAL

Grand Master Sica Ital is the leader of the Order of the Clenched Gauntlet. While most of his job involves organising his soldiers and squires within his Adisfort, he will also lead his knights into battle when a strong response to a threat is required. He is a veteran of many wars, both inside and outside of Whitefaire.

GRAND MASTER SICA ITAL

Medium humanoid (Human), Lawful Good

Armor Class 18 (plate)

Hit Points 143 (22d8 + 44)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	15 (+2)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Str +8, Con +6

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Inspiring Presence. Grand Master Sica Ital and any creatures within 30ft. of them are immune from being *frightened*.

Divine Smite. As a bonus action, Sica Ital can expend a spell slot to cause its melee weapon attacks to magically deal an extra 10 (3d6) radiant damage to a target on a hit. This benefit lasts until the end of the turn. If Ital expends a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the extra damage increases by 1d6 for each level above 1st.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Lord Sica Ital makes 3 melee attacks.

Maul of Justice +2. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 12 (2d6 + 6) slashing damage.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d10) piercing damage.

Spellcasting. Sica Ital is a 9th-level Paladin. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). Shisk has the following spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *light, sacred flame, thaumaturgy*
1st level (4 slots): *cure wounds, guiding bolt, sanctuary*
2nd level (3 slots): *lesser restoration, spiritual weapon*
3rd level (2 slots): *dispel magic, spirit guardians*

REACTIONS

Parry. Sica Ital adds 4 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, Shisk must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.





HEAD RANGER RILLINGTON HARLECH

Rillington Harlech is the most experienced member of the Harlech Rangers, and has led the troop of rangers which have defended their homes for almost two generations now. He aims to be killed without ever being seen; such is the way of the Harlech Dwarves. Only through this cold blooded murder will their secret be retained.

RILLINGTON HARLECH

Medium humanoid (Dwarf), True Neutral

Armor Class 15 (studded leather)

Hit Points 78 (12d8 + 24)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +6, Int +4

Skills Acrobatics +6, Deception +3, Perception +3, Stealth +9

Damage Resistances poison

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages Common, Dwarvish, Goblin

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Assassinate. During its first turn, Rillington has advantage on attack rolls against any creature that hasn't taken a turn. Any hit he scores against a surprised creature is a critical hit.

Evasion. If Rillington is subjected to an effect that allows him to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, he instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.

Sneak Attack (1/Turn). Rillington Harlech deals an extra 13 (4d6) damage when it hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 ft. of an ally of Rillington that isn't incapacitated and Rillington doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Rillington makes two hand axe attacks.

Hand Axe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage, and the target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 24 (7d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 100/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d10 + 3) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 24 (7d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

CHIEF HOMINGFOR HARLECH

Homingfor Harlech is the leader of the Harlech clan, and rules his people with both discipline and resolve. As the most senior survivor of Iron Fog wars, these almost forgotten events are still in his mind and drive his conservatism when dealing with anyone else. However, if his people or their secret are threatened, then he will bring his deadly axe and combat skills to the battle.

HOMINGFOR HARLECH

Medium humanoid (Dwarf), True Neutral

Armor Class 18 (plate)

Hit Points 135 (18d8 + 54)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	11 (+0)	16 (+3)	11 (+0)	11 (+0)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Con +6, Wis +3

Senses passive Perception 10

Languages Common, Dwarvish, Goblin, Undercommon

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Inspiring Presence. Homingfor and any creature within 30 ft. of him is immune to being frightened.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Homingfor makes three melee attacks.

Great Axe of Fire +2. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d12 + 5) slashing damage and 1d6 Fire damage.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d10) piercing damage.

Leadership (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest). For 1 minute, Homingfor can utter a special command or warning whenever a nonhostile creature that it can see within 30 ft. of him makes an attack roll or a saving throw. The creature can add a d4 to his roll provided they can hear and understand Homingfor. A creature can benefit from only one Leadership die at a time. This effect ends if Homingfor is incapacitated.

REACTIONS

Parry. Homingfor adds 4 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, Homingfor must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

SPECIALISED EQUIPMENT

In this section you will find details for the various specific weapons and equipment which adventurers can find and use in Whitefaire. This equipment is available in many of the towns, along with the wide range of other gear that is available throughout Faerun.

WEAPONS

Weapon Cost Damage Weight Properties

Ice Axe	1gp	1d6 piercing	1lb	This axe gives advantage when used in conjunction with a Strength (Athletics) climbing check.
Ice Spike	1sp	1d4 piercing	3lb	This spike gives advantage when used in conjunction with a Strength (Athletics) climbing check. Single use only. Finesse. Thrown (30/50).
Frostkin Axe	10gp	1d8 slashing	3lb	Thrown (10/30)
Boar Spear	5gp	1d8 piercing	3lb	Versatile (1d10)
Snowball	0	0	1/8lb	Thrown (30/90)

EQUIPMENT

Item	Cost	Weight
Climber's rope	1gp	3lb
Warm cloak	1gp	1/2lb
Winter Furs	2gp	1lb
Snow shoes	5sp	3oz
Set of cross-country skis	5gp	5lb
Snow Shovel	1gp	2lb
Storm Tent	3gp	12lb
Snow Goggles	5sp	1/2lb
Snow Wanderer's Pack	6gp	1/2lb

Climber's Rope: Any Strength (Athletics) climbing checks or Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) checks used with this rope will be at advantage.

Warm Cloak: These warm furs allow a wearer to add 2 to the results on Constitution checks or saving throws in relation to the cold conditions.

Winter Furs: These padded and warm clothes allow a wearer to roll with advantage on checks or saving throws when suffering cold damage.

Snow Shoes: When a character is wearing snow-shoes, they can move at the normal speeds given in the Player's Handbook when travelling in snow. In heavy snow, the characters will move at the speed given for travel pace in snow. Characters also cannot sprint while they are wearing snowshoes in heavy snow. Please note that your characters cannot sprint while wearing snowshoes.

Set of Cross-Country Skis: Character can move across clear snowfields at double their normal travel speed, if they pass a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check. If this is failed, they move at normal speed.

Snow Shovel: When making any Wisdom (Survival) checks involving building or moving snow (for example, building an igloo) the check can be made with advantage.

Storm Tent: Any character resting within the storm tent counts as being protected from all weather conditions during the night. The maximum occupancy of the tent is four.

Snow Goggles: When in snowy or icy conditions, this character does not suffer any disadvantages to their Wisdom (Perception) checks from these conditions.

Snow Wanderer's Pack: This pack contains a climber's rope, a warm cloak, snow shoes, snow goggles, five ice spikes and one ice axe.

SNOWBALL FIGHTS

Snowball fights are a staple of Whitefaire entertainment, and people of all ages enjoy these racous affairs at the start of winter. Entire villages will have snowball fights as mid-winter festivals, enjoying the short sunshine of the day. Snowball fights take place in the same manner as any other combat, with the following rule changes: Snowballs cause no damage to hitpoints and follow the rules given in the weapons section. However, when someone is struck by a snowball, they must make a DC3 Constitution saving throw. Each additional snowball they are hit by increases the DC of this saving throw by D3, and this is a culmulative score as the snowball fight continues. When a character fails their Constitution saving throw, they are out of the fight because they are too cold to continue. Combat continues until there is only one, rather cold, fighter left! *DM's are free to award experience points if they feel they are appropriate!*



Welcome to Whitefaire

The Land of Whitefaire is a cold and snowy place, full of strange creatures, goblin nations, and other horrors which lurk beneath the trees. Beneath the hills and mountains is a unique source of wealth, which draws brave adventurers and greedy opportunists like little else

Such riches tear apart loyalty and turn people against each other; conflict is inevitable. What side will you choose and can you survive your adventures in the cold trees and snowy landscape of Whitefaire?

This Dungeons and Dragons adventure source book will give you all the the information you need to create a campaign in the land of Whitefaire. It includes all the characters, equipment and enemies to populae your campaign. It also includes original rules for sleds, ice-climbing and all the other gear you will need to survive Whitefaire's endless, snowy cold.

