

RECORDS OF THE FAITHFUL

PLAYER'S JOURNAL



A PLAYER'S RESOURCE FOR THE SPLINTERS OF FAITH CAMPAIGN

PLAYER'S JOURNAL

A RESOURCE FOR ADVENTURING IN THE SPLINTERS OF FAITH CAMPAIGN

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CAMPAIGN DETAILS

_____’s Journal

START DATE _____ END DATE _____

GM’S NAME _____

OTHER PLAYERS / CHARACTERS

ADVENTURE NAME / SUMMARY

GETTING STARTED

The following pages contain space for you to track your character's progress through the ***Splinters of Faith*** campaign.

► A blank character sheet is provided for you to fill in (and a couple of additional sheets are in the back of the journal if you need them).

► A section on new backgrounds follows, as well as details on weapons and armor unique to the setting.

► You'll find plenty of space for taking notes, tracking clues, and any other details you want to remember from the adventure.

► A section of blank graph paper is included for enterprising cartographers. We've included standard graph paper, hex grids, and isometric sheets.

► A final travelogue may be particularly useful for those following the ***Splinters of Faith*** adventures, as it provides plenty of additional details that could help your quest. If you believe everything written there ...

► And just for fun, we've thrown in a few surprises at the end because we know you can't be adventuring all the time.

SKETCH SPACE

SPLINTERS OF FAITH

ABILITIES

STRSCORE
()

MODIFIER

DEXSCORE
()

MODIFIER

CONSCORE
()

MODIFIER

INTSCORE
()

MODIFIER

WISSCORE
()

MODIFIER

CHASCORE
()

MODIFIER

PROFICIENCY
BONUS

SAVING THROWS

MODIFIER

MODIFIER

☐

STR

☐

INT

☐

DEX

☐

WIS

☐

CON

☐

CHA

PROFILE

Name

Player Name

Race

Class

Level

Background

Subclass

Alignment

XP

Languages

WEAPONS/SPELLCASTING

Name

Atk Bonus Dmg/Type

APPEARANCE

COMBAT STATS

Hit Points

Current

Normal

Hit Dice

Current

Normal

Temporary Hit Points

Inspiration

AC

Speed

Death Saves

Success

Failure

QUICK CHARACTER NOTES

SKILLS

PASSIVE PERCEPTION

☐

ACROBATICS (DEX)

☐

MEDICINE (WIS)

☐

ANIMAL HANDLING (WIS)

☐

NATURE (INT)

☐

ARCANA (INT)

☐

PERCEPTION (WIS)

☐

ATHLETICS (STR)

☐

PERFORMANCE (CHA)

☐

DECEPTION (CHA)

☐

PERSUASION (CHA)

☐

HISTORY (INT)

☐

RELIGION (INT)

☐

INSIGHT (WIS)

☐

SLEIGHT OF HAND (DEX)

☐

INTIMIDATION (CHA)

☐

STEALTH (DEX)

☐

INVESTIGATION (INT)

☐

SURVIVAL (WIS)

SPLINTERS OF FAITH

POSSESSIONS/TREASURE

Gold

Platinum

Electrum

Copper

Silver

TRAITS & RACE FEATURES

TOOLS/INSTRUMENTS

SPELL ATTACK BONUS

SLOTS TOTAL		SLOTS EXPENDED	
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64
65	66	67	68
69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76
77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92
93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100

SLOTS TOTAL	SLOTS EXPENDED
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65	66	67	68
69	70	71	72
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97	98	99	100

9

Ideals, Bonds, Flaws, Allies & Organizations, Etc.

NEW BACKGROUNDS

The following backgrounds can help tie your characters into the plot and setting of *Splinters of Faith*, placing them along the Reaping Coast or with direct ties to the interior of Southern Libynos. Backgrounds from other sources are acceptable as well and might be better suited to characters who travel to the region from distant homelands.

BUCCANEER

Piracy is endemic along the Reaping Coast. The many bays and coves, not to mention chains of islands just offshore, provide plenty of harbors in which pirates may hide. In port cities such as Bargarsport and Bucktown, a sailor can finish their outward-bound voyage, step off the ship, and find a berth on a pirate ship within a few hours. The pirates are not blatant, but they are common in dockside taverns and bars.

As a buccaneer, you have some experience with life and combat at sea. You have been on a few voyages hunting merchantmen in the Reaping Sea, raiding coastal villages, and committing other acts of maritime theft. These crimes may have been committed because of a lack of morals, desperation, impressment (forced by a pirate to join or die), or to get back at a merchant guild or nation that wronged you.

Skills: Athletics, Perception

Vehicles: Water

Languages: Any one of your choice

Equipment: loose-fitting clothes, bandana, marlin spike knife, canvas sack, 5 gp

FEATURE: YAR!

You know the sea and know her well. You might not be a proper hand at all work, but you are no landlubber. Often, you find the skills of a sailing life to be useful when adventuring. You can splice and tie rope, know how to get a work gang to pull together, have spent hours on watch scanning the distance, and can sleep comfortably in an 18-inch-wide hammock.

EXPLORER

The Reaping Coast and the Seething Jungle call out to be mapped, explored, and understood. You heard that call and came from a distant land to learn of this strange continent in order to bring back its secrets. Others came before, others lived here since time immemorial, so you are not discovering anything, but you are learning of features and phenomena of which your people are ignorant.

Yours is a hard life, for you must be inured to the rigors of alien lands while at the same time performing a scholarly study of them. All too often your observations and notes are debated, discounted, or ignored by the armchair-sitting fools back home, but you were there. You saw. You tasted. You heard. You learned.

Skills: Perception, Survival

Languages: Any two of your choice

Equipment: rugged clothes, notebook, ink, quills, walking stick, 15 gp

FEATURE: RUGGED DETERMINATION

You have faced many hardships exploring the world, hardships that would have sent lesser people home. Extreme heat and cold, virulent diseases, threats from brigands, constant rain — you've seen it all. You aren't immune to injury and sickness, but you are used to it and have overcome these travails in the past. You will overcome whatever the future holds as well.

NEW BACKGROUNDS

FAILED SEMINARIAN

You studied at the Theurgist Seminary of Thasizier on the island of Jah Sezar and failed. Perhaps you were unable to complete your studies due to misfortune, perhaps you just were not up to the task, or perhaps you failed on purpose just to get out of there. Whatever the reason, you were forced to leave and are not welcome back.

Your studies might be incomplete, but you managed to learn a thing or two. Magic might be beyond you, but there was more to learn there than the casting of spells. The city is home to great libraries, learned scholars, and artifacts from across the world. While the formal education was lost on you, you learned much despite your best efforts.

Skills: Arcana, Religion

Languages: Any two of your choice

Equipment: simple clothes, old school text, holy symbol, 10 gp

FEATURE: TREASURE OUT OF FAILURE

Sure, you failed at being a seminarian. Sure, they kicked you out and made you leave the island. Know what? You learned to be stronger for it, to take what knowledge and social contacts you gained at the seminary, and to apply it to something else. That same attitude will see you through the hardships ahead. Failure is not the end and, in your case, it was just the beginning.

SEMINARIAN ASPIRANT

You wish to be admitted into the Theurgist Seminary of Thasizier on the island of Jah Sezar. This would be a high honor, as only the best (or best connected) are chosen to attend, and few pass the strict requirements to graduate. First, you must prove yourself worthy of so illustrious an institution. You spent years studying, seeking enlightenment, and still are not considered ready to be admitted.

You have no idea why you were rejected, but at least the rejection was not total. You may apply again, and hopefully you will have met their conditions for admittance. What those are, you have no idea; the seminary does not share those details. Perhaps if you commit righteous deeds or discover some forgotten or new lore, your chances will improve.

Skills: Investigation, Religion

Languages: Any two of your choice

Equipment: simple robes, walking staff, a holy text, your rejection letter, 10 gp

FEATURE: HOPEFUL

One does not suffer setbacks on the path of enlightenment without learning a thing or two about hope. You have an aspiration, and you have the means of achieving it — the rest is luck. As you have learned, luck is based on hope, hope that the next attempt is better, hope that you can learn and grow, hope that the future is a bright land worth moving into. Hope is your calling and hope your constant companion.

NEW BACKGROUNDS

VILLAGER

You live a simple life tending your crops and livestock, gossiping with your neighbors, and avoiding trouble. Trouble often finds your village, be it a raiding party, drought, famine, or disease. When these ills befall you, there is not much you can do but wail and pray.

Maybe this is why you chose the life of an adventurer. Maybe something — perhaps something involving a chicken — spurred you to leave home. Perhaps the simple life was no longer palatable, if it ever was. Now you are out beyond the boundaries of your village, or the world you know.

Skills: Athletics and Insight

Tools: Any two artisan's tools of your choice

Equipment: simple clothes, tool set, wide brimmed hat, 5 gp

FEATURE: EVERYTHING IS NEW

The world is new and wonderful, at least when it is not filled with unimaginable horrors and sudden surprises. You might not know much about the world beyond your village, but you are eager to learn, or at least you have to learn. This naiveté is endearing to some, a weakness to be exploited by others. Because of this, you learned to trust your wits more than your knowledge, and gut instinct has seen you through more than one close call.

WASTREL

The Reaping Coast has attracted fortune hunters for decades. Not all who arrive strike it rich; indeed, most end up trying to scrape some sort of living out what little life they can build so far from home. Some struggle on, some get together the means to return home, and a few flock to the towns and villages to wait for their opportunity for fortune.

These wastrels take on odd jobs, chase down rumors of lost cities, and all too often spend their last silver piece on a map guaranteed to lead to a brighter future. When in luck, they run riot in the taverns, standing rounds for all and spreading their good fortune around. When this runs out, they go back to starving and sleeping rough while on the lookout for the next big score.

Skills: Perception, Survival

Languages: Any two of your choice

Equipment: Rugged but faded clothes, a memento from back home you can't part with (unless truly desperate), a guaranteed real treasure map, 1 sp.

FEATURE: OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

You have spent the better part of a year or more seeking your fortune in this strange land, and don't have much to show for it. There is vast wealth here, or at the least noble deeds and the promise of wealth. That you haven't found it yet is just your bad luck. So you stay vigilant. You keep your eyes and ears open. You have a taste of what opportunity feels like and you will be ready when it comes back around. Any day now.

NEW EQUIPMENT

ARMOR

Armor is not commonly worn in southern Libynos. The climate is warm and wet, making metal armor more a hindrance than a protection. Helms are common along the coast, but for most warriors it is the shield — often a variation of the cowhide Nguni — and agility that provide protection. The very wealthy might be able to afford armor made from plates of rhinoceros hide or the hide of the pangolin.

Armor	Cost	Armor Class (AC)	Strength	Stealth	Weight
<i>Light Armor</i>					
Cloth wraps	2 gp	11+ Dex modifier	—	—	5 lbs.
Helm, light	1 gp	11+ Dex modifier	—	—	2 lbs.
Leather coat	55 gp	12 + Dex modifier	—	Disadvantage	3 lbs.
<i>Medium Armor</i>					
Pangolin scale	75 gp	12 + Dex modifier (max 2)	Str 13	Disadvantage	35 lbs.
Rhinoceros plate	150 gp	14 + Dex modifier (max 2)	Str 15	Disadvantage	45 lbs.
<i>Shields</i>					
Nguni	10 gp	+2	—	—	5 lbs.

Cloth wraps. Some warriors prefer to wrap their torsos in thin bands of cloth as a means of protection. As this type of armor is very hot, it often is not used unless battle is imminent. For some of the cultures of the region, “wrapping the cloth” means to prepare for battle. These cloth wraps, often a dozen feet or more in a single strip, provide little protection other than holding the insides tight and hopefully in, but enchanted cloth wraps, being magical, do not need to worry about the weakness of cloth.

Helm, light. Often made from ox hide studded with antler, horn, or thin stone, these helmets can turn a blade. They cannot be worn with other armor and give a bonus to armor class; the heavier armor supersedes the slight advantage a light helm provides.

Leather Coat. Popular among the seafaring peoples of the Reaping Coast, this heavy leather coat provides better protection than most leather armors but is lighter than studded leather. Leather coats are easier to don and remove than other light armors, taking only 1 action to put on or take off, a great boon when suddenly in the water. However, it billows a bit and tends to creak as you move, making it less useful for sneaking around.

Nguni. This large shield is made of cattle hide stretched over a wooden frame. Although light in comparison to the metal shields of northern Libynos and Akados, the Nguni is tough, easy to repair, and light enough to be used as a parrying shield. The various cultures of southern Libynos all have their own shield designs and names, and the style of shield is often a symbol of membership in an ethnic group.

Pangolin Scale. Crafted from the scaled hide of the pangolin, this suit of armor is rigid, sturdy, and provides a good level of protection. It is, however, very hot to wear. The individual scales of the pangolin are stitched or riveted onto a thick leather backing, adding to the weight and lack of breathability of the armor. Increasing these factors, but also adding to its protective value, the suit has a high collar, a helm with draping sections that cover the face, and often a leering mask.

Rhinoceros Plate. Made from the thick, armored hide of the rhinoceros, this heavy suit of armor is hot, uncomfortable, and easily turns a blade or arrow. Few armorers know the secrets of making these, for the rhinoceros hide cannot be treated in the same way as leather, but those who do can sell their creations for high prices. Druids especially love this armor for it provides better protection than normal hide.

NEW EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS

Most of the weapons indigenous to the Reaping Coast and southern Libynos are much like those found in other parts of the world. They have a pointy end that goes in the other person, and a place to hold it. A few are either interesting variations on this theme or are so significantly different that they warrant a mention here.

Weapon	Cost	Damage	Weight	Properties
<i>Simple Melee Weapons</i>				
Marlin spike knife	2 gp	1d4 piercing or slashing	1 lb.	Finesse, light
Sickle knife	1 gp	1d6 slashing	3 lbs.	Finesse, light
<i>Simple Ranged Weapons</i>				
Rungu	5 sp	1d4 bludgeoning	1 lb.	Light, thrown (range 30/ 90)
<i>Martial Melee Weapons</i>				
Elephant goad	6 gp	1d10 bludgeoning	4 lbs.	Heavy, two-handed
Flyssa	10 gp	1d6 piercing	2 lbs.	Finesse, light
Hook	5gp	1d4 slashing	2 lbs.	Finesse, light
Iwisa	5 gp	1d8 bludgeoning	2 lbs.	Thrown (range 10/ 30)
Ixwa	15 gp	1d8 piercing	3 lbs.	Versatile (1d10)
Ngulu	50 gp	2d6 slashing	5 lbs.	Heavy, two-handed
Nsapo	10 gp	1d8 slashing or bludgeoning	3 lbs.	—
Zenzin sword	15 gp	1d8 slashing	3 lbs.	Versatile (1d10)
<i>Martial Ranged Weapons</i>				
Assegai	1 gp	1d6 piercing	2 lbs.	Thrown (30/ 120)
Mambele	15 gp	1d8 slashing	3 lbs.	Thrown (10/ 30)

Assegai. This short throwing spear, much like a javelin, is a popular weapon among the people of the Reaping Coast. It has a longer and wider head than most javelins, which makes it a useful weapon in melee. Many warriors carry two of these as well as a short melee weapon; they throw the assegai and then close in for the kill.

Elephant Goad. The forest elephants of the Reaping Coast are not nearly as large as their cousins to the north, but they are still elephants. These animals are used as beasts of burden and labor throughout the region, but rarely ridden due to their smaller stature. An elephant goad is a long wooden shaft with a metal beaked ball at one end and a spike at the other. While used to guide elephants, it can also be turned to use as a weapon should the mahout find themselves in danger.

Flyssa. This straight, single-edged short sword, almost an elongated knife, hails from central Libynos but has become popular along the Reaping Coast. It has a narrow blade with a dulled back, which allows it to be used as a tool as well as a weapon.

Hook. People often lose limbs at sea; they tend to get caught in ropes, caught in sharks, caught in whatever. A hook is the most common replacement. A hook can be used as a weapon to slash at your foes.

Iwisa. A common side weapon of the Reaping Coast, the spear in all its glorious forms is the main weapon of war. The iwisa is one such weapon, being a long wooden club with a round head and curved shaft. Often, these are highly polished weapons that lack ornamentation. The shape of the shaft allows the iwisa to be thrown or used in melee.

Ixwa. This short-hafted spear is meant for stabbing, often overhand, and is not well balanced for throwing. The spearhead is nearly a foot long, slender, with a tapered, leaf shape. In use, it is much closer to a sword than a spear, with trained fighters parrying, counter-thrusting, and even slashing.

NEW EQUIPMENT



WEAPONS

Mambele. These fanciful-looking throwing knives have a central, crescent-shaped blade and several secondary blades jutting from a central metal shaft. They are poor melee weapons, as untrained users are likely to snag or prick themselves on the jutting blades. But when thrown, they are accurate and deadly.

Marling Spike Knife. This folding knife is common among sailors and fishermen. It has two blades, one a single-edge blade for cutting that may or may not have a few saw teeth at the base of the blade. The other blade is a long, rounded, blunt-headed spike for working into knots. Both blades can lock open, which allows the knife to be used as a weapon if needed.

Ngulu. These elaborate, two-handed swords are sometimes called executioner's swords due to their use by several kingdoms in southern Libynos as the primary tool for beheading criminals. Often, these swords are ornate with curving spikes and engraved blades. The blade is not straight for its entire length; after about two feet, it curves into a crescent moon shape that is sharpened on the inner surface.

Nsapo. This hand axe is useful only as a weapon of war, as its construction makes it a poor tool for cutting wood. The axe head is often pierced and decorated with fanciful designs and is fitted to the shaft, leaving the back of the shaft head bare. This allows the nsapo to be wielded as a slashing weapon or a blunt club.

Rungu. Sometime during the past century, the rungu drifted south with traders, leading to an explosion of designs along the Reaping Coast for this simple weapon. Shaped much like the iwisa, the rungu is shorter with a smaller head. Like its larger cousin, it features a highly polished wooden shaft with the head formed from the same piece of wood. The rungu is too short to make an effective melee weapon, but its design allows it to be thrown with range and accuracy. It is often used to hunt birds.

Sickle Knife. Used for combat as well as brush clearing, these knives have a wide, curved blade that narrows to a point. The inside of the blade is sharpened to provide a long cutting surface. While the average sickle knife can be found on the belts or tucked into the sashes of most people who spend time in the forests, heavily ornamented ones are found in the hands of warriors. Nobles often wear even more ornate sickle knives, some so heavily decorated, sharply curved, and with pierced blades (for hanging the blade from a belt) that they are nearly useless for labor or fighting.

Zenzin Sword. The most common sword design of the Reaping Coast, the zenzin has a leaf-shaped blade that flairs toward the tip, sometimes with a flat tip instead of a point, a spiked pommel, and little to no guard. Different sword makers prefer different lengths; some are on the border between a short sword and a long knife, while others are comparable to an Akadonian longsword.

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This image shows a single sheet of cream-colored paper with horizontal brown ruling lines. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint smudges. There are 20 horizontal lines in total, evenly spaced across the page. The lines are a medium brown color. The paper is oriented vertically and appears to be a standard size for a notebook or ledger page.

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SPLINTERS OF FAITH PLAYER'S GUIDE

The *Splinters of Faith Campaign* is a wide-ranging adventure spread across the continent of Libynos in the Lost Lands. You'll end up in the desert, in the frozen tundra, and the deadly jungle. You'll delve underground and climb high into the mountains. Get ready to meet many different people from all walks of life, some good, some bad. Some just downright despicable. Some of them want to end your adventuring days right then and there. It's best to avoid those sorts. You'll know them when you see them. Or maybe you won't. You should learn to pay better attention.

The following information for the intrepid adventurer is culled from *Temples of Faith: An Expeditioner's Guidebook* by the renowned dwarven explorer and author Dunkirt Ashenchisel. Information has been supplemented from various other sources where appropriate. Don't expect a full accounting of each location, however. Dunkirt often rambled loquaciously about some places while ignoring others. But some things are best discovered through trial and error, right? Mostly error, but that's just how things go sometimes. The unfinished tome was the last volume in Dunkirt's 10-book series on the Lost Lands. Rumors vary on why he never finished it, but one incontrovertible fact is quite true: Dunkirt was tormented by strange dreams shortly before he vanished. His last line of the unfinished manuscript still stands as an unsolved mystery:

"My dreams are filled with yellow now, a sign of something I'm sure. I see the color creeping into the corners of my vision, corn-silk tendrils reaching across my sight. I hear the susurrating sounds of yellow leaves falling. I'm going away to find out why, dear readers. Pray I return to share the tale."



SPLINTERS OF FAITH: TRAVELOGUE

The following information is provided to help your character navigate the massive region of Libynos they will be traveling across. A few secrets are presented herein in, but don't trust everything you read; Dunkirt was notorious for stretching, folding, bending, and completely fabricating his facts when they fit his narrative.

INTRODUCTION

What can I say about Libynos that would interest you, my faithful, expeditioning adventurers? If you've been reading my volumes to this point, you'll already know that our world — it's called Lloegyr, remember? — is massive. And it's just one of the continents! It would take you months, probably longer, to travel from Teluvay on the southern tip to the uncharted lands north of the Ashurian Desert (although I've also not explored there yet, I'm sorry to admit). It takes much less time to go east to west, or west to east, depending on your preference. That's just on Libynos, mind you, not the whole of Boros. That trip would take much, much longer than we have in this volume.

But I'll leave the guidebook descriptions to my fellow cartographers to dissect and discuss. You're here for the temples, the shrines, and the general day-to-day divinities found across this expansive continent. Well, I'm not one to disappoint! Don't worry, however. I'm still going to throw in other places and people to visit — you know I can't resist — as well as a few taverns and trailside stops (mostly) worth visiting just for the meals they offer. I'm again using my diamond rating system — a 5-diamond rating is the best of the bunch — to let you know what you should try. I've also resurrected the coal scale for those places that aren't quite gemstone worthy; try them at your own risk. Maybe you'll find that diamond in the rough that I never did.

Many of the temples in Libynos are breathtaking creations, while others haunt my nightmares. But the clergy of these wondrous places? They are the true heart and soul of the structures. They will welcome you with open arms, heal your wounds, and feed your belly. Most of them. A few I saw (remember those nightmares I had?) did not seem like inviting places; I avoided them, and I recommend you do the same. So without further ado, here are some of the best places I can recommend as you crisscross this wonderful land.

— From the introduction to
Temples of Faith: An Expeditioner's Guidebook
by Dunkirt Ashenchisel

ANVIL PLUNGE

I have to say, I wholeheartedly agree with the outlook of my dwarven cousins living in Anvil Plunge. There’s nothing better than being under the open sky, with the sun overhead during the day, and the stars twinkling brightly at night. That’s a sight and a feeling you just can’t recreate underground. I’ve been in magnificent caverns carved by the extraordinary hands of the dwarves in the Stonehearts, but the most magnificent cavern is still just a cavern. Enclosed, confining, and cold. I much preferred drinking a fine mead in the open air and feeling the breeze in my beard.

And did I mention the mead? And the whiskey? And the hundreds of other drinks I never got a chance to taste? I could have spent a month or more in the walled village just sampling the best of the best from Anvil Plunge’s stills. If you visit, mention me to Dilgetta. She’s my cousin on my mother’s side, and definitely one of the most relaxed members of the Ashenchisel clan you’ll ever meet. And let me tell you, I was pleasantly surprised to find that Dilgetta had finally taken an assistant to help her with her craft. I still can’t contain my shock that said assistant was a grandmother from the small village of Lessef! But this bubbly woman known as Granny Cobb was just as animated as Dilgetta when it came to the brews. She literally danced around the shrine to brewing, pouring herbs into the vats to “improve their taste.” And she was right. I’ve never known someone with a skill on par with Dilgetta, but I believe Granny Cobb is running a close second.

I recommend the following:

Dilgetta’s Special Brew	◆◆◆
Old Crow	◆
Granny’s Cure-All	◆◆
Sin Mire Scotch	◆
Bubble Bochet	◆◆
Dargath’s Divine (Red Wine)	◆◆◆◆



Anvil Plunge is not your typical shrine — primarily because it’s a combination of a number of shrines. You’ll find separate temples venerating water, fire, earth, and air, as well as brewing, strength, mining, and smithing. They all work in conjunction around the central shrine, and all celebrate the dwarven god Dargath’s greatness in all things. Especially fine liquor. (Although it’s funny to find an aboveground group of dwarves honoring mining, but maybe they do so just to remember their heritage.)

The village sits on the edge of the Sin Mire Swamp, a sprawling morass of filthy water and forgotten ruins. The swamp spreads every year, growing outward and swallowing more of the land. Some blame the swamp’s existence on the dwarves of Anvil Plunge, but I just don’t see it. Brovok Ashenchisel, Anvil Plunge’s patriarch, doesn’t encourage exploration of the swamp, although that didn’t stop me! He may be another Ashenchisel (there’s a lot of us, I can assure you), but that doesn’t mean he can dictate my travels. (Honestly, I’m not even sure how we’re related, although the name definitely guarantees that we are.) He took me aside like a son before I set off on my raft, and he warned me of the dangers lurking in the ruins throughout the Sin Mire. He’s not wrong. I found myself rowing frantically away from a fallen silo when horrid things popped their heads out of the broken opening to take a peek.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- I met a ranger named Ruscart in the swamp, and he showed me a field of massive crayfish mud tunnels rising in the distance. Say hello if you meet him and make sure you pet Gravy and give him a scratch under his chin for me.

► I’m still searching for the missing Breath of Dargath bronze nozzle that was lost (stolen is probably the better word) during the gnoll raids of the past on Anvil Plunge. I hope someone finds that dwarven relic and finally returns it to the forges where it belongs.
- Brovok is a bit of a historian. He regaled me with stories from the early days of Anvil Plunge and the surrounding land. He claims the Sin Mire was much smaller back then, but that’s hard to believe. If you get the chance, he’s a wealth of knowledge about the region and its history.

► I didn’t want to alarm Brovok, but I’m sure I saw a sinewy shape flapping through the air over the Sin Mire. It headed off to the northeast.

BARGARSPORT

I’ve never been in a seedier city than Bargarsport. It’s a vile place, to be sure, filled with gambling dens, illicit trade, and back-alley cutthroats. It is not a place for the faint of heart or those with any kinds of morals. I sailed along the coast of the Reaping Sea, and the crew of the *Sunken Moon* warned me to keep my head down and my coins close when I disembarked.

Ostensibly a trade city, it is now a down-and-out stopover where no one stops for long.

I tried to picture what the city must have been like before the tsunami washed ashore from the Reaping Sea to bury the city in sludge, but the legends of grandiose buildings doesn’t fit with the current structures. The city has been rebuilt on muddy ground, but I still wonder what happened to the original buildings. I also wonder at the force necessary to wipe an entire city from the map. The Reaping Sea definitely earns its name.

I’ll again recommend you visit Ashenchisel Imports if you must visit the city. Olik runs a metal, mineral, and gem-importing business. He’s a gruff sort until you get to know him, but he can also be your best contact in the city. That’s not something to take lightly in a city that seems to be watching your every move. You can trust Olik, however.

I can’t say the same for the other families of the city. Scheming and plotting seem to come to them as naturally as breathing. I felt as if someone was always spying on me from the shadows of the corrupt city, always waiting for me to turn the wrong corner so they could snatch me away and I’d never be seen again. I’m sure such things happen in that horrible city. Bargarsport is not a place to walk the streets alone at night.

The city was supposedly once the center of worship of Ayianna, the fickle goddess of luck, but I can’t say I found any true temple to her outside of small shrines in the numerous gambling dens. I heard more people curse the goddess for their current streak of bad luck than praise her.

And I have to say, for a city that is trying to prosper, I was taken quite aback by the number of vagrants and homeless wandering the streets. They seemed to be underfoot wherever you turn. But ... and this is just a feeling I had ... these down-on-their-luck residents seemed to not be as down and out as I would have expected. They had a twinkle in their eye as if they knew some universal secret of the city that I wasn’t privy to learn.

One (almost?) worthy tavern within Bargarsport is Sahuagin’s Shank, though it definitely doesn’t compare to some of the more respectable businesses I’ve visited in similarly sized cities. The Alantyr’s run the Shank much like they do the rest of the city, with a heavy hand and by squeezing every last coin out of their patrons. I wasn’t impressed by the Shank’s menu, but it served in a pinch. I just warn you to eat and move on; I felt eyes sizing me up every second I spent there. I was careful to not show my coins when I paid my bill.

Sea Shank	2 gp	
Blubber and Beet Stew	1 gp	
Mystery Meat	6 sp	Probably safer to just avoid
Sahuagin Stewmeat	2 gp	
Shank Whiskey	4 gp	
Dockside Delight (Spiced Rum)	3 gp	

THE BEST AND THE WORST

DIAMOND SCALE

THE BEST EVER!



MOUTH-WATERING MEAL



YOU WON’T BE SORRY



A PLEASURE TO EAT

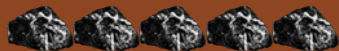


DON’T MISS IT

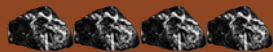


COAL SCALE

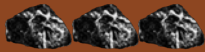
ALMOST EDIBLE



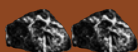
YOU MIGHT REGRET IT



STOMACH-TURNING



DON’T BOTHER



IS THIS ACTUAL FOOD?



THE COVET

I struggled whether to include this strange little roadside stop in this volume. But what the place lacks in amenities, it more than makes up for in religious curiosities and icons. I stared wide-eyed at the various items scattered throughout the Covet, marveling at the accumulated history before me. I noticed religious icons of various deities sitting high on shelves, and fabulous animal masks hung on the walls.

Lady Averlyne Du Vaine runs the two-story inn, and she’s a personality all to herself. She welcomed me with open arms, sat with me at my table as I ate, and even sang a song in front of the fireplace. I shared details of my travels, and she told me stories of a peculiar manor house nearby. She didn’t come right out and say it, but the timber of her voice led me to believe the house is more than it appears. I have seen many things in my travels, and I know better than to wander into haunted locales. I hated lying to the vivacious woman, but I admit that I did so when I left the Covet. I promised her I would indeed investigate the manor house, but I gave it a wide berth and continued on my way.

The patrons of the Covet were a rather dispirited bunch, to be sure, and I can’t recommend the food unless you are starving or might not eat for another few days (and even then, it’s a close call). They play at games of chance, but their dice rolling lacks the gusto of a patron of the casinos in Bargsport. I found it a rather sad affair, to be honest. If you do eat, don’t do so within view of the cook Hulman; he’ll turn your stomach so badly that you’ll not keep a bite down. I’ve never seen such a man, let alone one who

claimed to be a cook. His head is shaved, but coarse body hair sticks out in clumps through the chain shirt he wears. He gave me a smile at one point, and I swear that his teeth aren’t all his own — some even looked like animal fangs.

I’m not going to recommend you eat here, but if you must, here are a few things that might be edible (although I somehow doubt it). I can’t give anything sold here a diamond rating; I’ve changed it all to lumps of coal. That might even be too good for the Covet’s food, to tell the truth. One more word of warning: Beans & Things is as bad as it sounds, but worse when raw. I prefer my lumps of unrecognizable meat cooked.

Potato Mash	1 sp	
Beans & Things (Raw)	2 sp	
Beans & Things (Cooked)	4 sp	
Venison Stew	6 sp	
Pickled Quail Eggs	5 sp	
Warthog Anus	6 sp	
Warthog (Roasted)	8 sp	
Hulman’s Brew	2 sp	
Roast Quail	3 sp	

I don’t think I’ll be visiting the Covet again, but I can see the value for fortune hunters and religious experts. I might one day go back to investigate that manor house, however. I admit that it’s been on my mind since I walked away from the Covet, and I’m now more than a little curious what other treasures those walls might hold.



DARIKEER PEAKS

These ugly mountains are a spur of the Hollow Spires. They are all shale and granite, with steep and crumbling cliffs. I recommend avoiding them for the most part. Abandoned coal mines dot these peaks, but most played out years ago. I entered a few of the mines, but each and every one looked

on the verge of falling in on me. I can tell you that I was not going to be written about as a dwarf crushed by a collapsing ceiling because he misread the stone. The higher caves are the lairs of all sorts of flying monstrosities, so keep an eye on the skies when you wander close. If you must, make a run for the Kriegh Forest to hide from these predatory eyes in the sky.

DOAN

Doan sits near the southern end of the Darikeer Peaks, and it is the sole entry to the magnificent Lady of the Searing Waters temple located in the heart of the massive crater. In all my travels, I don't think I've ever visited a village so beset by tragedy, but its history is indeed fascinating. I'm unsure of the true cause, although I've heard speculation, but in short, the land dropped out from under half the town — that's right, *half* the town — during the Night of Fiery Hues. The current town sits right on the edge of the crater and its contained geyser field. In fact, some of the buildings actually hang *over* the very edge of the crater! It's amazing that anyone would still live in some of those buildings; I slept outdoors while I was visiting rather than taking a room in an inn built over the very brink of the cliff! They told me it was sturdy, but in my opinion, buildings should have solid ground beneath them — not support beams. The residents shore up their foundations using wood scavenged from homes that weren't so lucky and collapsed into the pit.

The entire community eats in the common house, a high-ceilinged warehouse with a makeshift bar and enough tables to seat around 70 people. I spent a raucous night with the villagers, and there's something magical about sitting near the windows and watching the geysers erupt randomly across the sunken caldera. Colors dance in the air, reflected from the flames of the lanterns marking a safe route through those dangerous wonders.

Jonus surprised me with his menu. Trappers and farmers bring in the meat, and Jonus and his daughter Jayme craft appetizing creations that would be worthy serving to some of the lesser royals of the land.

Pigs' feet in tomato sauce	3 sp	3 diamonds
Armadillo in light cream	1 sp	1 diamond
Armadillo chili	2 sp	2 diamonds
Slow-cooked squirrel	3 cp	2 diamonds
Squirrel stew with radishes	2 sp	2 diamonds
Scorpion snacks with garlic butter	1 sp	1 diamond
Fried rattlesnake bites	4 sp	3 diamonds

By the way, if you see Old Man Gus at his trading post, tell him I remember our deal. I'll write up a whole story for him about my latest adventures. I owe him that much for the coils of rope he gave me.

If you want to explore the geyser field — and you'll need to do so to visit the Lady of the Searing Waters temple — the townsfolk kindly built a staircase from broken stones that leads down from Doan into the geyser field. A path at the base of the stairs winds through the scalding geysers erupting throughout the crater. I'll tell you honestly that I found it slightly unnerving walking that path, with the geysers blasting steam into the air all around us. The priests of the temple mark the path with poles and flags, and I advise you to stay on the route. You risk certain death if you stray into the geyser field.



THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- There's a fascinating statue in the center of Doan formed from pure mercury. The statue's shape ebbs and flows, but generally resembles the goddess Ninevah. I swear that the statue smiled at me when I visited the town.
- I noticed a lot of insects — some small, some quite large — scuttling around Doan. I don't like bugs that much, and they sure do seem to have a lot of them.

- I heard rumors that some of the geysers lead deep into the ground — you just have to beat the regular blasts of steaming water to reach fabulous caverns of gold and jewels. I wasn't about to take that chance; who'd take up my quill if I was boiled alive?



HANGING GARDENS OF ISELEINE

I'm not immune to beauty, and there's nothing more beautiful to be found than the flowering vistas of the Hanging Gardens of Iseleine. Before I began searching, I'd heard wonderful stories of their flower-covered temple, but I truly had no idea what to expect when I journeyed into the Kajaani Forest. Anything I was expecting was still so far from what I found.

The Hanging Gardens sit on a stone column rising in a chasm of sheer cliffs. A stone walkway crosses from the chasm to the upper garden, where the main temple is a glass and stone structure rising to the sky. It sports a glass sphere at the top of the structure that somewhat resembles that sphere I saw atop the ziggurat of Seraph in the Kanderi Desert (more on that later). I'll have to investigate whether the two are related ...

Another garden surrounds the base of the pillar on which the upper gardens are located. A staircase of hundreds of steps winds around the stone pillar as it descends from the upper garden to the lower garden. I admit that I walked down all those stairs with glee to discover the hidden garden at the bottom of the chasm. Walking back up them? Definitely not as much fun. Those priests need to figure out a better system to get back to the top. (The answer is always "magic," my friends ... or at least hire a competent dwarf to build you a working winch.)

Speaking of the priests, I have not spent such a "trippy" visit with anyone before or since. I enjoyed one day just sitting in silence with a priestess who spoke only to a silver cat that wandered in and out of her garden. Another liked to stand so still that birds flocked to his outstretched arms. I wasn't so much into that day. Birds in the beard is not a pleasant experience.

I rather enjoyed the month I lived in the Hanging Gardens. High Priest Merom Castrinos welcomed me into the central temple almost immediately. The glass sphere is a wondrous creation that collects the rain to irrigate the garden. The priests sleep on glass bowers lined with feathers and grasses, always staying in the open air. I only saw everyone move inside the glass sphere when a threatening storm washed over the region. Even then, some of the priests stayed outside to protect the gardens from the worst of the winds and torrential rain.

High Priestess Aljena, Merom's wife, personally showed me around the statuary found in the lower garden. She is a beautiful soul who told me the tales of each statue and showed me the secrets of the garden itself. I fed carp from my palm in the gleaming lake, and a deer strolled right up to me without a lick of fear in its eyes. The lower gardens are an idyllic place. I highly recommend a visit!

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

► Visit the statues in the garden! Those are some finely crafted creations. They must hire dwarven craftsmen to do such fine work.

► I saw a unicorn in the Garden Below! It was grazing in a field of flowers. Such a magnificent creature. All sorts of wonders can be found there. But I thought I saw a dark little dwarf skulking beneath a massive fern, although I'm not sure I was seeing things as they were that day. Merom and I spent the morning in a fern tent with his incense fuming around us. That was some strong

scents, and I think they messed with my mind a bit. Nevertheless, that dwarven shape was there one moment, then gone the next. I'm not sure the priests know or care about everything living in their garden.

► The spring waters in the garden are curatives, as I found when I was instructed to dip a silver cup into a fountain. I instantly felt better, and a cut on my hand healed on its own. Such a miracle. But when you are there, keep an eye on those marble statues; I swear they were moving on their own when I wasn't watching.

HOLLOW SPIRE MOUNTAINS

This spine of mountains runs across southern Libynos, with the Ambicuaria Jungle to the east and the Seething Jungle to the west. The Kanderi Desert lies to the north, and a great pass blocked by the Shield Basilica cuts through the mountains. The Kriegh and Kajaani forests are to the south, tucked between arms of the mountain range.

I've climbed high into these dangerous peaks, and they are colder than cold. Snow gusts across thin ledges of ice, blasting through the spires like a sharp knife to the skin. My beard froze into long icicles, and I think it took me a full week in the Kanderi to thaw my bones. If you find yourselves caught in the peaks, remember this: The caves are your best bet for survival. Just make sure they are empty first. I stumbled into a cave to escape the bitter cold and found myself face to face with a sleeping drake. I slipped backward out of the cave quieter than a tiptoeing mouse on a feather mattress.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- I'm not sure where the Hollow Spires get their name, but I did find an unusual number of caves high in the peaks. I'm thinking of entering those caves again for my next volume. With plenty of hired muscle to back me up should I encounter something bigger and nastier than I want to meet on my own.
- You simply must visit the Shield Basilica that separates the southern forests from the Kanderi Desert. The fortress uses the Hollow Spires as its edge walls — no one is coming at that well-defended keep over those mountainous passes.
- I remember a legend my grandpappy would tell us about a mine with gold walls flecked with diamonds the size of a dwarf's head. One of our long-ago relatives lost the mine in a card game. He claimed it was somewhere in the Hollow Spires, but he wouldn't share more than that. It's a needle in a haystack, but it is what it is.



JAH SEZAR

I admit I’m not a fan of boats. The calmest waters cause my gullet to revolt at the unnatural rhythms of the waves. You can thus imagine my discomfort on my boat ride to the island city of Jah Sezar in the Reaping Sea. *The Damsel of Bargarsport* rose and fell in the storm-driven sea, and I held on for dear life. It was not my proudest moment. (As an aside, I wonder what happened to that dreadful ship? The last I heard, it just vanished from the waves and was never seen again.)

But once you set foot on the island, you’d never know the violence of the waters surrounding you. The mages of the island manipulate the weather so it is always pleasant, with a refreshing rain that falls to water the many plants growing up the mountainous climb to the Theurgist Seminary of Thasizier at the peak.

Those mages and clerics of the seminary don’t stay cloistered within their ivory towers atop the island’s peak. Instead, they wander down through the buildings on the various levels, healing, cleaning, and ministering to the sick. I didn’t see any crime or beggars when I was on the island. When you have an entire temple of healers and spellcasters living above you — all with a passion for helping those around them — you tend to live a peaceful existence. Some might see the island as a statement on hierarchy and caste, with the rich and powerful living above the underprivileged clinging to the island’s heights below them, but that would be true only if the members of the seminary were not so altruistic.

The piers are the lowest point on the island, and the waves slosh you with seawater if you tarry too long. But it’s odd to stand on the wooden piers and look out at the massive waves rolling around the island and wonder how they are not sweeping you into their embrace. Powerful magic,

indeed. The warehouses are right off the piers, and the island imports quite a bit that can’t be created or grown.

You’re not going to be surprised by this, but Harbormaster Gull Ashenchisel is an old friend of mine. Or more precisely, a not-so-distant cousin. We grew up together, and though he’s gruff, he’s a pleasant enough sort. Never liked water, so it’s surprising to find him directing the unloading of the ships along the wharf.

He and I caught up at a warehouse tavern called, simply enough, the Low Wharf. It served surprisingly good food and had a well-stocked bar. I’m told the chef was a young spellcaster who grew his own herbs to sprinkle into his dishes. His food was simply astounding. And it was at what you would consider a dive on the docks! Visitors to the island must pay for their supper, but residents of the island can eat anywhere for free if they contribute to the well-being of the community. More incentive for them to help the needy who end up on the island’s shores.

Buttery garlic crab on bread	2 gp	◆◆◆◆
Flaky biscuits (with garlic butter)	1 sp	◆◆◆◆◆
Butter and herb crab baked oysters	3 gp	◆◆◆◆◆
Stuffed mushrooms with clams	2 gp	◆◆◆◆
Lobster bisque	4 gp	◆◆◆◆
Fisherman’s stew	4 sp	◆
Roasted catch-of-the-day	4 gp to 8 gp	◆◆◆◆◆
Mariner’s Delight (scotch and rum)	2 sp	◆◆

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- I’m told a sea serpent circles the island like an angry warden. I watched the waves but didn’t have the courage to go sailing again in search of a monstrous beast. I have no idea if this is the imagination of the men who sail the Reaping Sea or a real creature.
- I’m also told that animals found roaming the island are usually the familiars of the mages in the seminary above. However, some are simply strays looking for a new master. Mages seeking a new familiar are likely to find it among these animals.



- The clerics of Thasizier supposedly favor those who help keep the island city clean. I had to move on, but I would have spent a week cleaning the walls of the city for this blessing if I’d had the chance.

KAJAANI FOREST

The Kajaani Forest is caught between two arms of the Hollow Spire Mountains. The trees rise along these slopes to the tree line, where conifers and other evergreens grow wild. Lower down, the heat within the forest is more like something in a tropical climate, warm and sticky and downright unpleasant for the traveler. I heard all sorts of animal noises within the forest, and I can tell you that wild things roam there. Hunters make daily trips into the woods to set traps and to check on what they've caught. The forest is dangerous, however, and many don't return from these excursions.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

► A great bear is said to live in the Kajaani, but locals aren't sure it's a natural thing. Or if it's even a bear. Hunters go missing every year, and some claim the beast takes them back to its lair at the base of the Hollow Spires to feast on — or worse.

► I spotted some loggers in the trees, and they warned me away from a collection of white ash trees that appeared to be ringed with green burns. They told me to leave those trees alone, as an evil witch marked them to curse anyone who so much as collected saplings for a campfire.

► Do trees remember when you chop off their limbs for firewood? We were camping, and I swear that those trees started swaying in ways that were against the wind. We set a guard that night, and things went smoothly, but I'm sure the trees were a little closer in toward our camp the next morning. I'm glad we moved on quickly that morning. I didn't want to see the trees moving unnaturally after us.

KANDERI DESERT

They say the Kanderi was once covered in lush gardens and beautiful waterways. I can't attest to any of that (I'm not *that* old!), but there's evidence in the sand of these past glories. Ruins are scattered throughout the dunes, and you can trace ancient riverbeds cutting through the dry climate.

Our trail led us to the temple of Seraph deep in the desert, but we never made it close enough to investigate that mysterious pyramid. We did discover ancient — and some not-so-ancient — ruins exposed by the wind then gone the next day. We also found an ancient amphitheater that remained above the sands throughout our visit, but hyenas skulking about it kept us away.

Bring plenty of water. The desert is unforgiving, and water is scarce. We stocked up on our way through Shieldfane, and that made all the difference. To go into that unforgiving place unprepared is to invite death.

One word of warning: Sand chafes. Beware those harsh grains getting between you and your armor. But know this: If you wear metal into the desert, you get what you deserve. I saw one of my traveling comrades collapse in a heap, his skin scorched and blistered from his metal weave. He died on the trail, and we buried him in the shifting sands. Hyenas dug up his grave in the night and stole his body.

KRIEGH FOREST

The pine trees of the Kriegh Forest are cool and calming, like being on a mountain plateau surrounded by the rustling sounds of nature. Don't let this fool you. The forest is nestled amid the dangerous Hollow Spires and the Darikeer Peaks, and ancient things still live within. Some say the trees themselves are ancient, living beings that can spout the wisdom of the ages if the proper question is respectfully asked.

I never met any talking trees in the forest, but I did see plenty of wild creatures that sought my blood. They weren't afraid of us, and definitely regarded us as residing much farther down the food chain than themselves. One truly massive bear stalked us from its cavern home and broke through the camp in the early dawn. It smashed a horse into the ground with its huge paws, then sent a porter flying into the branches. When the bear finally shambling off with another broken horse in its mouth, we looked for the porter. Something else had already made off with his body. We heard him screaming but never caught up to rescue him.



THE LADY OF THE SEARING WATERS

Here's my advice to you when you visit Chihule Evás in his magnificent temple: Stay on the path! Those explosive steam geysers are the real thing. A monstrous desert scorpion scrambled angrily across the rocks toward us as we neared the temple, and then *whoomp!* It rocketed into the air riding a scalding blast of steaming water. The creature crashed down near us, its claws twitching in death. Boiled scorpion tastes like chicken (3 coals, for those who care, if you can find someone to serve it up; maybe 1 diamond with a touch of garlic butter rubbed in).

The temple is a marvel, with a geyser that blasts through the center of the building and out the top. I watched it from outside first and then headed inside to see it from the temple's floor. You can walk right up to the dark glass inside the sanctum and feel the force of the geyser's eruption,

separated from you only by that thin pane. The entire building shakes with the power roaring out of the earth. I admit that I was shaking as I left; the thought of being inches from such ferociousness set my heart to pounding.

I wanted to visit the place where the marvelous glass was first found, but Chihule warned me away from making that trip. The Mines of Honn were shuttered years ago after the temple's panes of glass were retrieved to rebuild the temple to Ninevah in the middle of the geyser field. The original temple was destroyed along with much of the village of Doan during the Night of Fiery Hues when the land collapsed into a massive sinkhole. Chihule played a big part in rebuilding the new temple, and he still bears the scars from a blast of scalding steam.

I heeded his words, however, and ignored the mines, but I still wonder what other treasures are left to discover in those abandoned coal tunnels.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

► The priests of the Lady of Searing Waters mark trails through the geyser field, and I recommend staying on them unless you like being boiled in your own skin. Monstrous creatures scuttle amid the geysers, and for the most part they ignore travelers. Still, a few are bold and lie in wait amid the geysers of boiling steam. I'm sure there is treasure in that field of geysers, but woe to any who step in the wrong spot.

► Not all things walk around in the geysers. I swear I saw something carving an underground path through the rocky expanse, weaving in and out of the geysers. It

never broke through the ground, so I can only speculate at what it was.

► I don't like to judge people, but I couldn't help but feel something was off with a few of the priests when I was at the temple. They were too silent, their manners too secretive. It was nothing I could put my finger on, but I wouldn't want to share one of the small loft rooms with them. I think I'd sleep better in the geyser field than knowing that a few of those suspicious priests were beside me.

LESSEF

Can you make a living farming dirt? Having visited this small village, I wonder why you would even try. The farmers who live here are a poor lot, and their lives are hard, ground down by the constant toil to survive. I completely understand why so many flee the village; the cities of Storm Haven and Bargarsport offer so much more for so little work.

But still, there’s something for making a stand against the elements. I admit, however, that there’s something odd about the land itself on which the village sits. I was with a farmer named Ulruch when he unearthed an ancient helm decorated with iron winglets. He tossed it over his shoulder into his wagon. “Find ‘em ever’ day,” he drawled. I wonder if the entire town is built on a battlefield. It’s worth looking into, I guess.

Poverty’s Bethel looks down on the village. The small temple sits on a hill, one of the only hills I can remember seeing in the mostly flat farmland. Alмеры Burgand runs the small temple, and he’s assisted by two young children who are not his own. He told me out of their earshot that their father left for a better life but never returned. The priest is raising them as his own.

Alмеры let me stay in a rundown building known as Imelda’s Palace. First off, I can assure you that its name is more ironic than truthful. They had to unlock it to even let me inside. It was drafty and musty, but it was also a roof over my head for a few days. Alмеры cooked me meals in the small temple on the hill. He served a lot of chicken and potatoes.

The Pebble is the only real business in the small village. Sure, you can find some blacksmiths and woodworkers among the villagers, but they don’t usually charge for their services. Scaby’s Shack is the only place I found that actually had a menu and charged. The unctuous little man would be right at home in Bargarsport, but he’s decided to make his living taking the few coins he can from these poor farmers. I can’t recommend much, mainly because he doesn’t serve much to begin with.



Roasted chicken with peas	1 gp	
Fire-flaked Potatoes	2 cp	
Home Fries with Celery	3 cp	
Hard-boiled eggs	2 cp	
Potato Mash	1 cp	
Vinegar Eggs (x2)	1 cp	
Ale (definitely watered down)	1 cp (or trade)	
Sassafras tea	1 cp	

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- A kindly old woman named Fern made me corn muffins every day I was there. I miss those tasty treats. I might need to head back there to see if she’ll let me write down her recipe. If you need a meal, she’ll make sure you don’t go hungry.
- One of Alмеры’s wards told me he knew a secret and wanted to show me something in the temple’s

- basement. I never made it down there to see what he wanted, but I’m hoping he’s found something that will spark his imagination and lead him to a better life elsewhere. We could all use a little adventure in our lives.
- The cemetery on the hillside dates back hundreds of years, and I find it amazing that so many people lived — let alone died — in this out-of-the-way village.

THE MINES OF HONN

Chihule Evás bade me not to enter the Mines of Honn to explore; he claimed the mines had been shuttered to protect innocent people from getting lost in the rambling tunnels. I followed his suggestion and simply stayed another night at the Lady of the Searing Waters temple with him enjoying a fine meal.

He took the time to tell me the history of the place, and how the dark panes of glass within the Lady of the Searing Waters were first found in the depths of the mine. Coal was

pulled out of the mines for years — along with some more precious metals — but finally the dwarves who worked the tunnels decided it was time to move on. They sold the mines to the temple and left it for them to close. I'm sure I had a few cousins who traveled through those tunnels each and every day.

I passed the mine on my outbound trek, however, and I hate to tell Chihule, but those mines are open and active. Ugly creatures entered and exited, and I heard laughter and the sounds of digging from within. Something is working those mines again, and I fear for those around it, including the priests within the Lady of the Searing Waters.

THE MONASTERY OF WORLD SUNDERING

I still feel the frigid cold of the Wailing Glacier and the frozen wastes lingering in my old bones. No fire will ever make that chill go away, I'm afraid. I'll never understand why the priests of the Monastery of World Sundering live in such an inhospitable environment, especially since they could travel any direction and be in more friendly environments. But then again, after having met them, I'm not sure the motley collection of worshippers of Voard would be welcome in many places. (And to tell the truth, I don't even think Voard is a real god; no one I asked afterward knew anything about him.)

The monastery is run by Moovtu Huglish; there's no mistaking that there's some orc in his heritage. Even so, he was one of the most gracious hosts I've ever met; he greeted me with heavy wool blankets to stop my teeth from chattering. For that gift of kindness alone, I will forever remember him. I couldn't tell you much about the other monks at the icebound monastery, however. They mostly stayed out of sight while I was there. I can tell you one thing, though, there's a centaur among their number! How he stands on the thick ice, I'll never know.

Most of the monastery is encased in the frozen wall of the Wailing Glacier, but the wall is obviously melting judging by the streams of water I saw flowing through many of the chambers. The water is pure and clear with a slight mineral taste (1 diamond). The monks grow their own vegetables and can cook a hearty meal that definitely warms the spirit. There's even a monk encased in that wall; Moovtu said they were anxiously awaiting the day when the melting ice freed his body. They seem to think he's going to step out of the wall fully aware; they were such an odd bunch.

The massive statue of Voard withing the monastery is a strange marvel. The resting figure holds it palms before it to catch the miraculous tears streaming down its face. I saw no reason for these tears to exist; they simply do. It was late when Moovtu brought me before the statue, and I found it strangely calming. I can see why these forsaken monks live here. However, as we were standing peacefully before Voard's relic, a terrifying howl arose in the night. I felt a sliver of fear rise within me at the yowling. Moovtu looked similarly unnerved. Something walked the night; I'll have to remember to travel only by day in this frigid region. And not just because of the freezing winds that wail across the tundra in the dead of night.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- ▶ I'm told a gnome village sits farther along the ice wall. I was all set to search for them, but my mount finally decided it had had enough of the cold and just walked us both back to warmer climes. I can't say I tried all that hard to stop him.
- ▶ Ice caves dotted the Wailing Glacier's frozen wall. I wonder what lives within, but then again, I'm not sure I

really want to find out. The howls I heard across the ice are terrifying.

- ▶ The frozen forests near the glacier are home to a variety of people and things. I met an old woman who lived in a small hut at the edge of the forest. She was tending her own garden and waved as I passed. I wish I'd stopped to hear her story.

PHRYGIA VOLCANO

This active volcano stands out amid the peaks of the Hollow Spires, mainly because of the gray flakes of ash that fall on the land about it. At night, the fiery core of the volcano lights the sky above the peak. The slopes are steep and trudging up them was not something I really wanted to attempt. I stopped at a small village built on the slope. It was Crumblehome, wasn't it? No that's not quite right. Cromblehope? Crumbly Host? Whatever its name, it was a pleasant enough place, except ... something about it was

odd, just an inkling in my bones that I wasn't seeing the whole picture. The women there were too quiet, too sullen, walking around like their life had been stolen from them.

The village shakes with the contortions of the mountain, and lava flows wind down from the higher peaks. Rocks rain down from the mountainside in slides of scree. One old woman spent her time picking through this rubble, collecting stone with holes bored in them. She was a strange old lady. I collected a couple of the stones myself, however. She had to have a reason for wanting them.



REAPING SEA

I've already stated my disdain for the sea, and most of that stems from my short voyages across the Reaping Sea. I'm not exaggerating when I tell you it is a violent sea full of monsters. On one trip, we started with three fully loaded ships. A bank of fog rolled in over the stormy skies, the mist swallowing our vessels. When the fog finally lifted, only our ship remained; nothing was found of the others, no debris, no sailors in the water, nothing. We hadn't even heard a shout from the other ships, and we were sailing within spitting distance of one another. Not a sound. How do you sink an entire galleon without a sound? Let alone two?

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

- If you like storms, I wholeheartedly recommend the Reaping Sea. It's one storm after another, with nary a break between. The lightning flashes so close together that it might as well just be daylight.
- The Island City of Jah Sezar sits off the Reaping Coast, and that's one highlight found in this dreary, violent sea. How can a city survive in the midst of such devastation? Simple, it's magic. And very powerful magic at that.



SERAPH

I'm going to share a secret with you, if you promise not to tell anyone: I never made it into the strangely fascinating temple of Seraph in the Kanderi Desert. It sits near the ruins of Zendeth-Jan, an ancient city that apparently dominated the region before it became a desert. The ziggurat was a temple to Arden, the sun god slain by the evil Tsathogga, but I can tell you that nothing going in and out of the temple today was friendly. I know its glorious history, of how the great Shah Rasalt once called Seraph home during his days of the War of Divine Discord, but it's sad to see how far the place has fallen.

I braved the scorching Kanderi to find the temple, traipsing through sand that seemed intent on swallowing me whole, but I'm glad I didn't approach the pyramid once I found it. I crawled to the top of a dune of shifting sands about a mile from the place. What I saw chilled my bones, as if I was still in the frozen tundra of the Wailing Glacier. Packs of hyenas patrolled in wide circles around the ziggurat, and I'm sure

the creatures standing in the shadows at the top of the temple were gnolls. At least, they looked like gnolls. Are there other dog-faced creatures out there? I hope not; one gnoll is enough for me.

From what I could see, the most fascinating detail was a giant black sphere atop the structure. The gnolls milled about it, their eyes alert on the surrounding desert. I thought about getting closer when the sun fell, but the howls of the hyenas doubled when the stars finally shone high over the sands. I definitely didn't want to end up a meal for those mangy mutts.

Maybe I'll get inside that supposedly wondrous temple someday ... or maybe I won't. The Kanderi Desert is another place I've added to my list of places to avoid at all costs. One bad day in the desert can easily be your last. Why? Because that forsaken desert is a dry and dusty place, with dunes that rise and fall with the wind. But don't think that the desert is empty; ruins are scattered throughout it, although any offered shade is likely home to a new danger. Be wary if you attempt to brave those shifting sands.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

► The Temple of Seraph is only one of the ancient ruins found scattered throughout the Kanderi Desert. As I traveled, I saw a colossal arena poking out of the dunes, as well as a rising tower. I was so focused on finding the temple that I ignored them, thinking I'd have time to go back and explore. That never happened when I found my body nearly roasting away under the blazing sun. I barely made it back to the Shield Basilica; I was shaking and sweating and delirious. If I'd stopped, I probably wouldn't have left the desert at all.

► Not all of the desert is dry sand. I found an oasis of grasses growing green and vibrant. Is it still there? I

have no idea. That place might have been uncovered just for the moment I passed through the region. I stopped for water at a small pool, but I have to tell you that I never felt safe there. Honestly, I felt like prey crouching at the water just waiting for a predator to strike.

► Don't think that everything in the desert is death and despair. As I traveled, I swear that I heard beautiful, lilting music drifting over the dunes. It was so enchanting, like the voice of angels calling out to me. If I'd not been on a mission to find Seraph, I would have happily followed and found the source of those sweet sounds.

THE SEETHING JUNGLE

West of the Hollow Spires, the expansive Seething Jungle fills the southwest coast along the Reaping Sea. It is a steamy place where my beard curled from the moisture in the air. All that did was expose more of my neck to the bloodsucking mosquitoes and other gnats that flit around in thick, swarming clouds. Don't expect to see the sun once you enter the jungle; the canopy overhead blocks the rays from reaching the ground. I have no idea how so much greenery grows in such a dark place. I'd chalk it up to evil magic if I hadn't known my share of evil mages. But they were all more interested in taking over the world/city/ treasury than growing clinging plants in a tropical clime.

Don't think the jungle is all plants, however. Animals — and worse — scurry along hidden game trails among the monstrous plants and trees. You can always hear them, but you won't always see them. That makes it so much worse. But I can tell you that you better be extra alert when you stop hearing them; that's when they've found the perfect spot to leap out or down on you.

I saw scores of monkeys, birds by the dozen, and other creatures never before discovered. I named one the

Ashenchisel snoutnose since its nose reminded me of my cousin Kurgalin; my guide told me it was something called a tapir, but I think my name is a lot more appropriate. But worst of all are the snakes. I saw whole carpets of slithering serpents in that jungle, so many that you could walk across them without touching the ground. My guide made sure that never happened and kept us clear of the really dangerous vipers.

The jungle is full of surprises. Don't be shocked as you are cutting through the foliage and suddenly a clearing opens onto ancient ruins or a bustling village. They come out of nowhere, and the villagers must work daily to keep the jungle from reclaiming their homes. I'd swear the entire jungle was alive, actively trying to keep people out and shifting its paths to make their travels all the more dangerous.

My guide claims that countless ruins are lost in the jungle, and I believe him. I remember an old tale my grandpappy used to tell of an army marching out of a mysterious jungle to pillage the land. He claimed the knights of the Shield Basilica fought back the invaders, even going so far as to tear down the city brick by brick. I'll bet that city was somewhere in the Seething Jungle.



THE SHIELD BASILICA OF MUIR

One of the most amazing feats of engineering I have witnessed in our great lands is the entry into the Shield Basilica of Muir. I had heard descriptions of it, but to actually see it in operation was something else. I don't mind being underground — what self-respecting dwarf would ever admit to such a thing? — but some of my traveling companions became quite afraid when we entered that massive tunnel beneath the outer wall of the Shield. When we reached the center point of the tunnel, a massive grinding of stone on stone came from both ends of the tunnel as the knights sealed the tunnel — with us inside.

We stood in the darkness, only a few lit torches casting flickering orange light around us. Suddenly, a circular cylinder the width of the tunnel began to descend, revolving as it dropped toward the tunnel floor. As the cylinder turned slowly around and around, like a corkscrew slowly approaching the ground, two openings on either side were visible. When the cylinder finally settled, one of those openings faced us, and I presume the other faced the other side of the tunnel, which was now cut off from us. We entered the opening and found a ramp that spiraled upward along the wall of the cylinder. I again presume that the other opening had the same tunnel and ramp.

The ramp was big enough for a wagon to travel easily upward. I walked it, and it was an easy ascent. When we reached the top, another opening allowed us entry to the parade grounds of the Shield Basilica. After the tunnel below was empty, the knights walked around a huge wheel that raised the cylinder. When it was fully back inside the Shield, it was a nearly 30-foot-tall column of stone. They reopened the tunnel below the structure soon after to allow travelers to again pass beneath the keep. Not many do, however, as the northern opening leads directly into the Kanderi Desert. Most simply headed back into the lands to the south.

I was wearing my best chainmail when I entered the Shield Basilica, but I felt underdressed among those ranks of shining paladins and their squires. Even the blacksmiths were less sooty than those I've encountered in other places (except maybe in some elven conclaves, of course). The knights spend their days marching in formation, sparring across the grounds, and obviously shining their armor. They are a well-trained fighting force.

Shield Minion Vars Strine welcomed me into his manor home, a structure I'm told once sat in a pleasant valley near Hillport before Strine took the job as the Shield's commanding officer. The home was carefully taken apart and transported brick by brick to the Shield Basilica, where it was then rebuilt. I'm sure the dwarves had something to do in making sure that feat was done properly! Strine had a magnificent meal prepared for us, and he told me all about the region. Whatever you do, however, don't mention the gnolls in the temple of Seraph to the north. I made that mistake and had to sit through an hourlong rant about how those monstrosities should be wiped from the land. Strine is not a fan of gnolls, to say the least.

One of the fascinating bits of local history I picked up was some details about the "War of the Winds." What's that? You've never heard of it? To tell the truth, neither had I. Here's what I was told, but I have nothing to prove it happened. But who am I to argue with a bastion of armed knights? Anyway, a shrine of cultists supposedly established themselves near the Shrine Basilica in 3415 I.R., woe to them. The paladins marched on the temple as soon as they discovered the evil right on their doorstep. You know what came next, I'm guessing. Truthfully, I think they just wanted to get out and show off for a bit. The cultists apparently didn't know what hit them. The "war" ended within a couple of days, and most of that was simply the knights marching out of the Shield and then back home. I'll look for that destroyed shrine someday if I get a chance. It's somewhere nearby in the pinnacles of granite and stone.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

► The small city of Shieldfane sits outside, right against the Shield's southern wall. The place is home to retired warriors and knights, as well as others who hope to one day move into the Shield itself. Some have been there for years, I'd guess, and the city has prospered from the many new arrivals.

► I wasn't able to stay until the Shield's next annual call for knights who might be worthy of joining their ranks. I'm told it's a magnificent affair, with would-be warriors from across the lands and oceans traveling to prove their worth. Only the best of the best are accept-

ed, maybe one or two out of the hundreds who submit themselves to the trials. The honored are made knights in service to Muir.

► Muir's Sanctum sits within the walls of the Shield Basilica, a temple to Muir dedicated to the knights and their militaristic lifestyle. A 120-foot-tall gold obelisk to Muir sits on the top of the round temple, and tunnels lead underground. Shields of fallen knights line these entries, memorials to the dead. Militant priests of Muir live within these walls, ready to bring their goddess's justice to those who cross the Shield Basilica.

SHIELDFANE

Honestly, I'm not sure why the small city of Shieldfane isn't officially part of the Shield Basilica of Muir. The small city is built right against the outer wall of the fortress, and you'll find everything a fortress of knights might need to prosper. There are armorers, weaponsmiths, provisioners, you name it. If you need something, you'll find it in Shieldfane. The problem is, the fortress contains all of those services as well, and they are free for the knights within its walls.

So why does Shieldfane need those redundant services? They are built for the warriors and fighters and rangers who hope to one day make it into the Shield Basilica itself as potential knights. They also serve those who failed their tests of knighthood but decided to remain close to their desired goal — even if they knew they'd never get another shot at it. You'll even find a few retired knights who moved out of the Shield Basilica and now teach the younger generation, "showing them the ropes" of what it takes to be a true servant of Muir.

There's not much in the way of frills in Shieldfane. You'll find a few of the newer, self-proclaimed "knights" — really just warriors hoping for a better station in life — living it up on wild nights, but those are the ones who misunderstand Shieldfane's purpose. The entire town is designed to weed out those who won't be able to give themselves over to the knightly principles adhered to within the Shield. Get

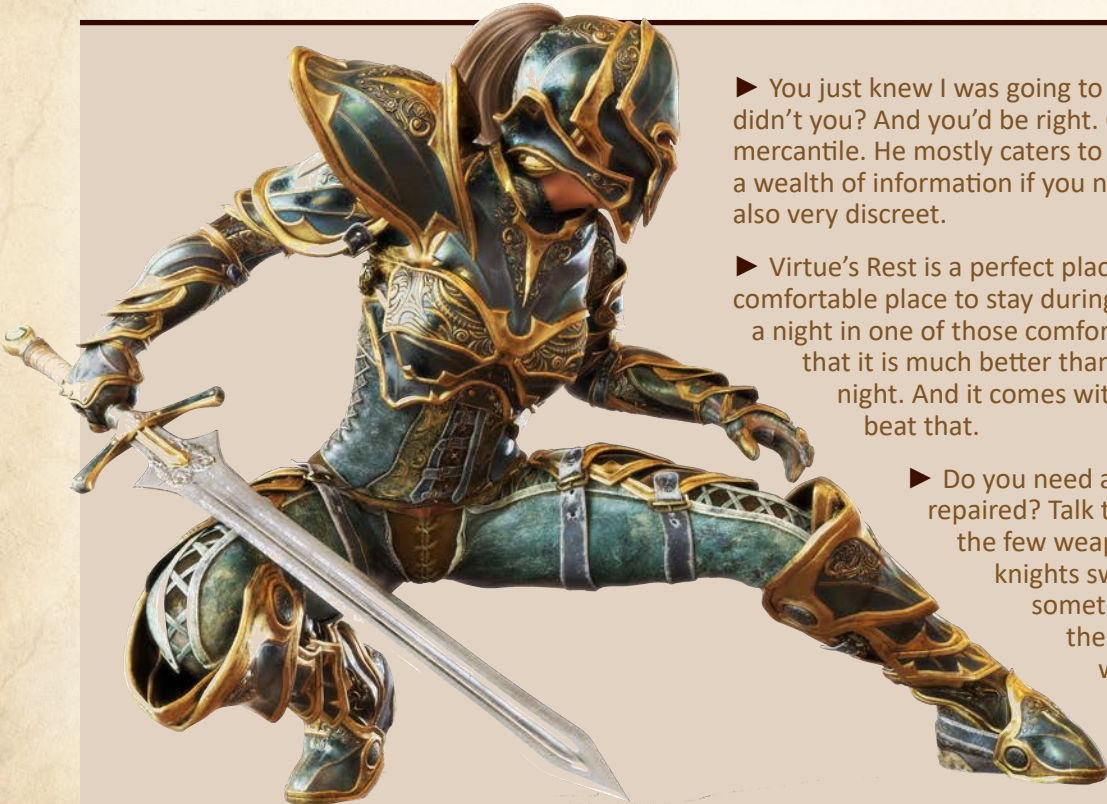
too drunk on a raucous night, and word of your actions are going to reach those in command. You'll never get an audience, no matter how great your deeds.

But some celebrations are allowed, in moderation. The Shield's Reach is the only true tavern in Shieldfane, and Lynd Hack caters to those who can keep their wits about them while in their cups. She knows when to cut people off before they go too far, and she is backed up by a massive mountain of a man named Corbert. Those who cross Corbert end up tossed into, and sometimes across, the street out front of the tavern.

Food is nothing special at the Shield's Reach and seems to follow what you might eat on the march with the knights. Still, Lynd can cook a decent steak, and the shepherd's pie is fulfilling. I was there when she was trying a few new items, but if you ask nicely, she might cook up a few for you as well.

Steak and potatoes	1 sp	 
Steak and potatoes with sage infusion	2 sp	  
Shepherd's pie	5cp	
Butter garlic herb steak	3 sp	  
Grilled flank steak	2 sp	   
Vegetable stew	2 cp	
Vegetable stew with steak	1 sp	  

THINGS TO SEE AND DO



- ▶ You just knew I was going to have relatives in Shieldfane, didn't you? And you'd be right. Check out my cousin Drobo's mercantile. He mostly caters to warriors (of course), but he is a wealth of information if you need to know something. He's also very discreet.
- ▶ Virtue's Rest is a perfect place for travelers looking for a comfortable place to stay during their Shieldfane visit. I spent a night in one of those comfortable beds, and I can tell you that it is much better than sleeping in the forest at night. And it comes with a free breakfast. You can't beat that.
- ▶ Do you need a weapon, or just need one repaired? Talk to Shrake Molton. He's one of the few weaponsmiths that the Shield's knights swear by when they need something that they won't trust to the smiths within the Shield's walls.



THE SIN MIRE

The Sin Mire isn't deep, but it is a wide morass where the dangers are hidden right under your feet. One of my guides was poling our raft, and the water erupted below him as a giant underwater spider erupted from the water and sawgrass. My fortunate-for-the-moment guide avoided that first horrible fate when a giant frog snagged the spider right out of the water with its elastic tongue. I thought we'd made it through that danger with nary a scratch until the

frog's mate caught the now-unfortunate guide with a flick of its own tongue. I don't have very good luck hiring guides, I can tell you that.

While most of the swamp is relatively shallow, some lowlands can be found beneath the waters, and these are the truly dangerous parts of the swamp. Entire villages were flooded and covered, but things still live there, things that like to hunt. Especially at night. Be wary if you build a fire in the dark; lurking swamp creatures are likely to come looking.

THEURGIST SEMINARY OF THASIZIER

I felt out of place among the grandeur of the Theurgist Seminary of Thasizier. Everywhere you look is spotless marble and robe-wearing spellcasters. Even their familiars prowl around with diamond-studded collars. They take their gardening seriously (although not quite as seriously as the priests in the Hanging Garden of Iseleine), and countless roses bloom around the grounds.

The seminary is built atop the peak of the island city Jah Sezar, high up amid the roiling storm clouds that surround the island. I don't know what spells they use, but the constant storms on the Reaping Sea never amount to more than a light drizzle of rain on the island. Even right among the lightning-spewing clouds.

The seminary is a teaching college for spellcasters, I'm told,

where priests and mages mingle freely. I'm also informed that not all follow the law to the letter, but I saw no sign of violence while I was within the place. Sure, I caught a few suspicious glances, but nothing brewed over into an all-out brawl as would likely happen in some of the taverns I've visited. Why do they stroll so closely together when they would likely fight tooth and nail away from the island? I'm told that a great collection of volumes on magic and all of its theories is contained in vast catacombs that honeycomb the island's interior. Quite simply, these priests and mages put up with one another for unfettered access to this vast store of knowledge.

One last thing before I move along. I'm not sure if just anyone can gain an audience within the seminary, but I highly encourage you to visit if you are welcomed. While I was within the vaulted chamber, I saw the most amazing sight: a giant crystal containing an angelic figure. I don't know the significance of that entombed angel, but I can tell you that it brought a tear to my eye to stand in its presence.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

► I've told you about the library ensconced within the depths of the island, but supposedly a trove of forbidden lore and spells is also stored deeper in the mountain peak. Only spellcasters are allowed access, and even then, they need special authorization from Ayire Jaysa, Master Scholar of the Mystic Erudite, to view certain materials.

► I always felt as if I was being watched on the island, and that's probably not far from the truth. It seems that the animals running around the island aren't all normal creatures. Most are familiars that do what they want ... but that report back any trespass on the island. Violence among the mages and clerics is prohibited,

and the same applies to their pets. You won't see a cat chasing a rat or an owl swooping down on a frog when you are on the island. I'm sure some of the animals loose on the island are normal creatures, but good luck telling them apart.

► A spellcasting companion of mine found her name on one of the many paving stones that surround the seminary. These innumerable stones are a mix of gold and white. Chelsae told me that the gold stones belong to living priests and mages; the white mark those who have passed on. She wouldn't tell me the significance of the few gray stones I discovered.

THE WAILING GLACIER

The Wailing Glacier is retreating across the land at mere inches per year, with each month revealing land lost ages ago. Hidden realms are slowly revealing their forgotten treasures as the massive wall of ice slowly melts. These tombs, temples, and treasures are again seeing the light of day not filtered through layers of blue ice.

If you travel in the glacier, pack for the cold. I ventured a short distance into an open tunnel but didn't get far before the freezing caverns of ice made my old bones ache and pop. I stopped to rest, and that pause saved my life. A bubble of ice burst ahead of me, releasing a lake of freezing water straight

down on the tunnel ahead. It slushed and sloshed away from me, or I might still be frozen in place in that icy tomb.

If you plan to venture into that massive glacial wall, I recommend dressing warmly, not lighting any fires, and keeping your eyes and ears open. Things live in that ice, and they don't welcome intruders in their frozen domain. I heard horrible howls and thought I saw a woman floating — *floating!* — through the tunnels. We turned down a different tunnel, but I really wanted to go in the woman's direction where I could hear the roar of a waterfall falling through the ice.

I won't forget my time walking in that blue and frozen world, where light and sound were warped by the tons of glacier pressing down around me.

SPLINTERS OF FAITH

ABILITIES

STRSCORE
()

MODIFIER

DEXSCORE
()

MODIFIER

CONSCORE
()

MODIFIER

INTSCORE
()

MODIFIER

WISSCORE
()

MODIFIER

CHASCORE
()

MODIFIER

PROFICIENCY
BONUS

SAVING THROWS

MODIFIER

MODIFIER

☐

STR

☐

INT

☐

DEX

☐

WIS

☐

CON

☐

CHA

PROFILE

Name

Player Name

Race

Class

Level

Background

Subclass

Alignment

XP

Languages

WEAPONS/SPELLCASTING

Name

Atk Bonus Dmg/Type

APPEARANCE

COMBAT STATS

Hit Points

Current

Normal

Hit Dice

Current

Normal

Temporary Hit Points

Inspiration

AC

Speed

Death Saves

Success

Failure

QUICK CHARACTER NOTES

SKILLS

PASSIVE PERCEPTION

☐

ACROBATICS (DEX)

☐

MEDICINE (WIS)

☐

ANIMAL HANDLING (WIS)

☐

NATURE (INT)

☐

ARCANA (INT)

☐

PERCEPTION (WIS)

☐

ATHLETICS (STR)

☐

PERFORMANCE (CHA)

☐

DECEPTION (CHA)

☐

PERSUASION (CHA)

☐

HISTORY (INT)

☐

RELIGION (INT)

☐

INSIGHT (WIS)

☐

SLEIGHT OF HAND (DEX)

☐

INTIMIDATION (CHA)

☐

STEALTH (DEX)

☐

INVESTIGATION (INT)

☐

SURVIVAL (WIS)

SPLINTERS OF FAITH

POSSESSIONS/TREASURE

Gold

Platinum

Electrum

Copper

Silver

TRAITS & RACE FEATURES

TOOLS/INSTRUMENTS

SPELL ATTACK BONUS

SLOTS TOTAL		SLOTS EXPENDED	
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64
65	66	67	68
69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76
77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92
93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100

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SPLINTERS OF FAITH

ABILITIES

STR

SCORE
()

MODIFIER

DEX

SCORE
()

MODIFIER

CON

SCORE
()

MODIFIER

INT

SCORE
()

MODIFIER

WIS

SCORE
()

MODIFIER

CHA

SCORE
()

MODIFIER

PROFICIENCY
BONUS

SAVING THROWS
MODIFIER MODIFIER

☐ STR ☐ INT
☐ DEX ☐ WIS
☐ CON ☐ CHA

PROFILE

Name

Player Name

Race

Class

Level

Background

Subclass

Alignment

XP

Languages

WEAPONS/SPELLCASTING

Name

Atk Bonus Dmg/Type

APPEARANCE

COMBAT STATS

Hit Points

Current

Normal

Hit Dice

Current

Normal

Temporary Hit Points

Inspiration

AC

Speed

Death Saves

Success

Failure

QUICK CHARACTER NOTES

SKILLS

PASSIVE PERCEPTION

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ _____ ACROBATICS (DEX) | ☐ _____ MEDICINE (WIS) |
| ☐ _____ ANIMAL HANDLING (WIS) | ☐ _____ NATURE (INT) |
| ☐ _____ ARCANA (INT) | ☐ _____ PERCEPTION (WIS) |
| ☐ _____ ATHLETICS (STR) | ☐ _____ PERFORMANCE (CHA) |
| ☐ _____ DECEPTION (CHA) | ☐ _____ PERSUASION (CHA) |
| ☐ _____ HISTORY (INT) | ☐ _____ RELIGION (INT) |
| ☐ _____ INSIGHT (WIS) | ☐ _____ SLEIGHT OF HAND (DEX) |
| ☐ _____ INTIMIDATION (CHA) | ☐ _____ STEALTH (DEX) |
| ☐ _____ INVESTIGATION (INT) | ☐ _____ SURVIVAL (WIS) |

SPLINTERS OF FAITH

POSSESSIONS/TREASURE

Gold

Platinum

Electrum

Copper

Silver

TRAITS & RACE FEATURES

TOOLS/INSTRUMENTS

SPELL ATTACK BONUS

6

4

7

2

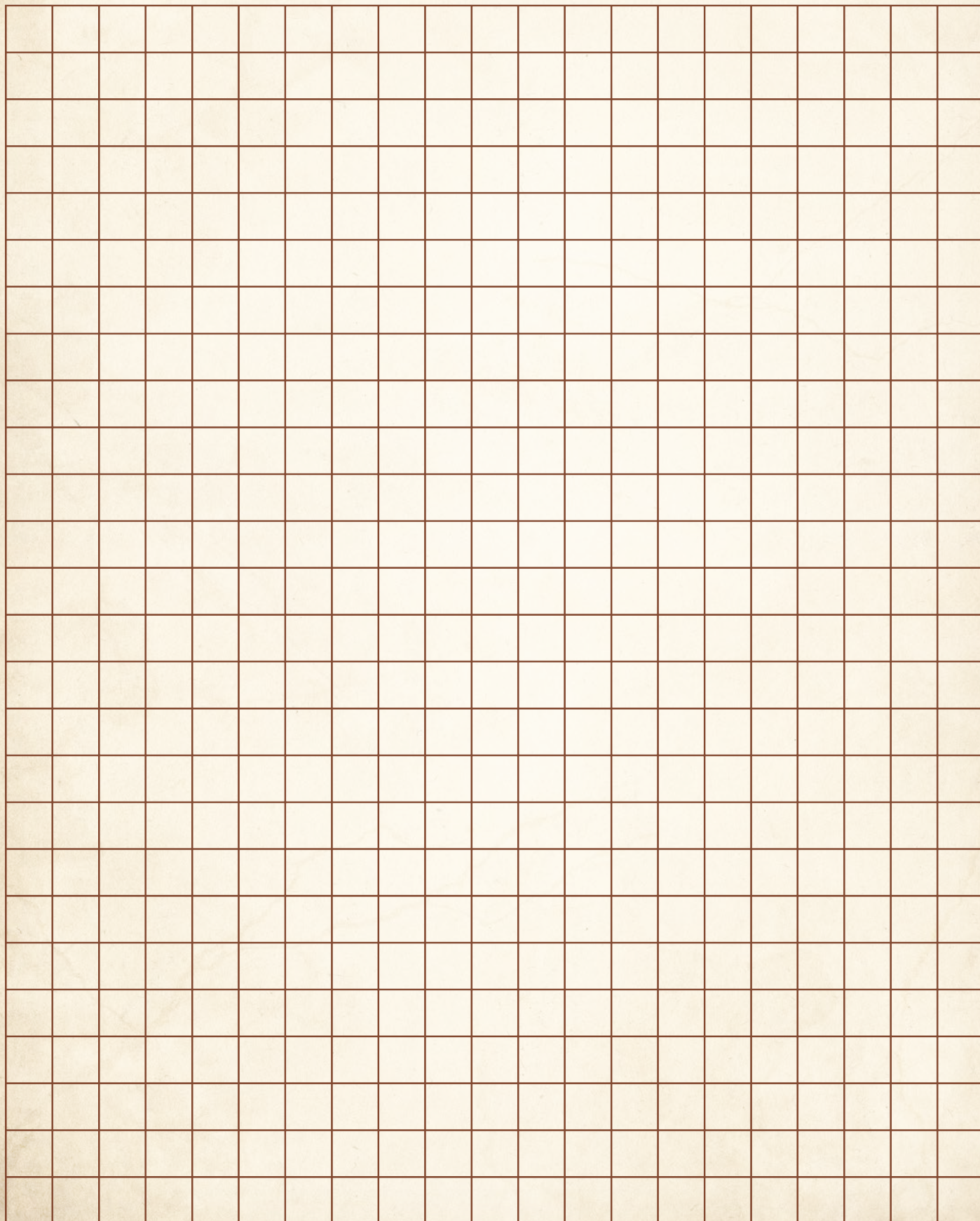
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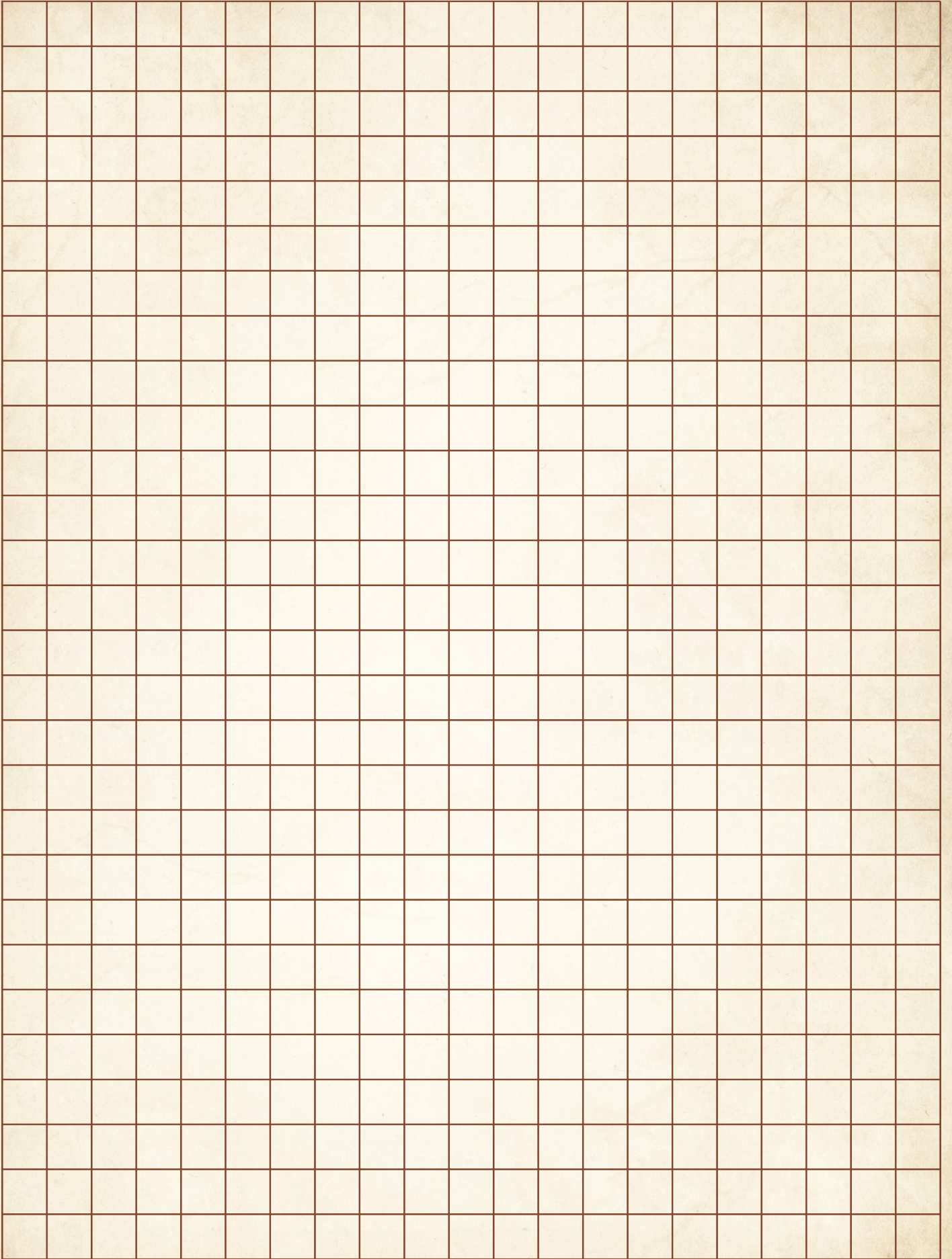
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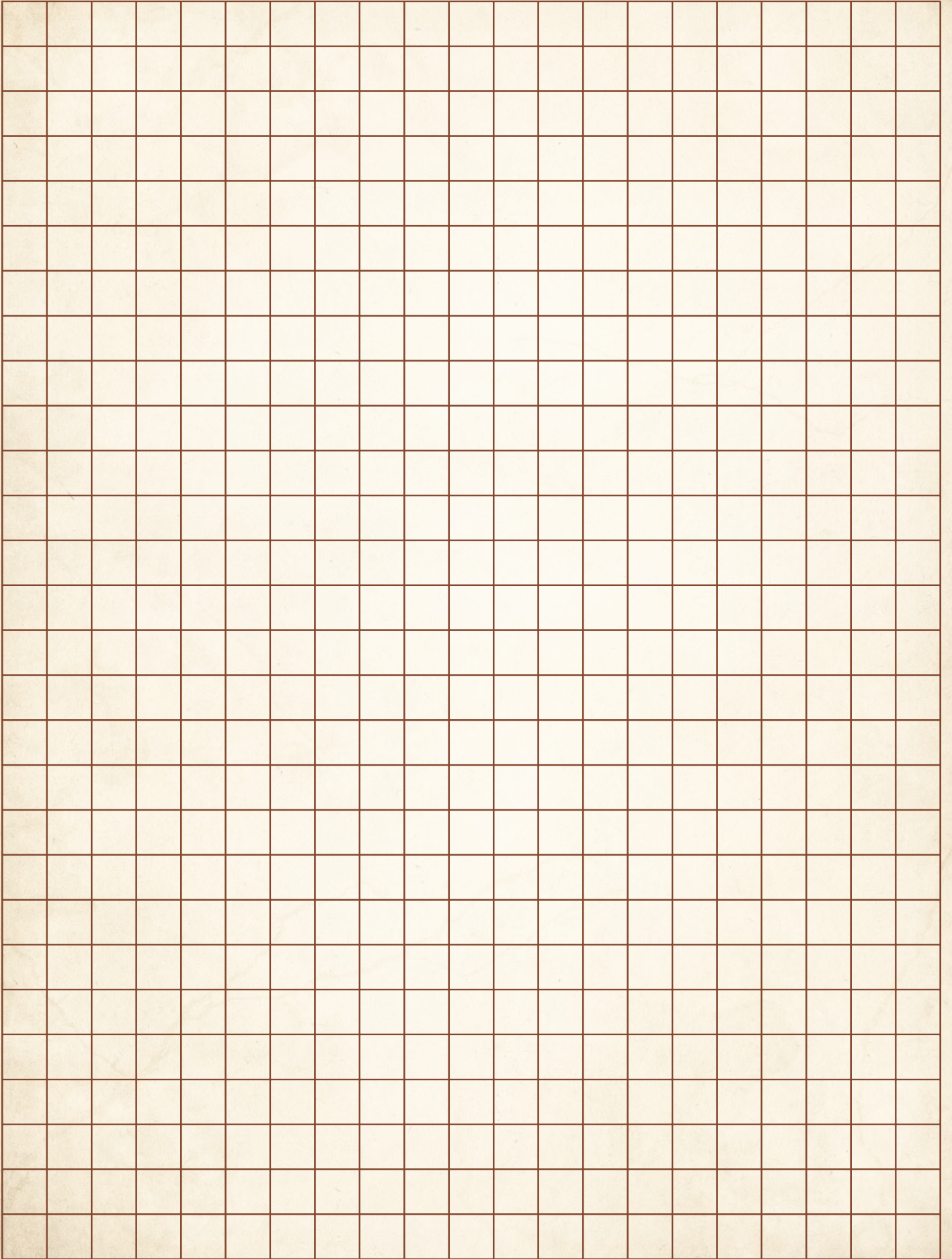
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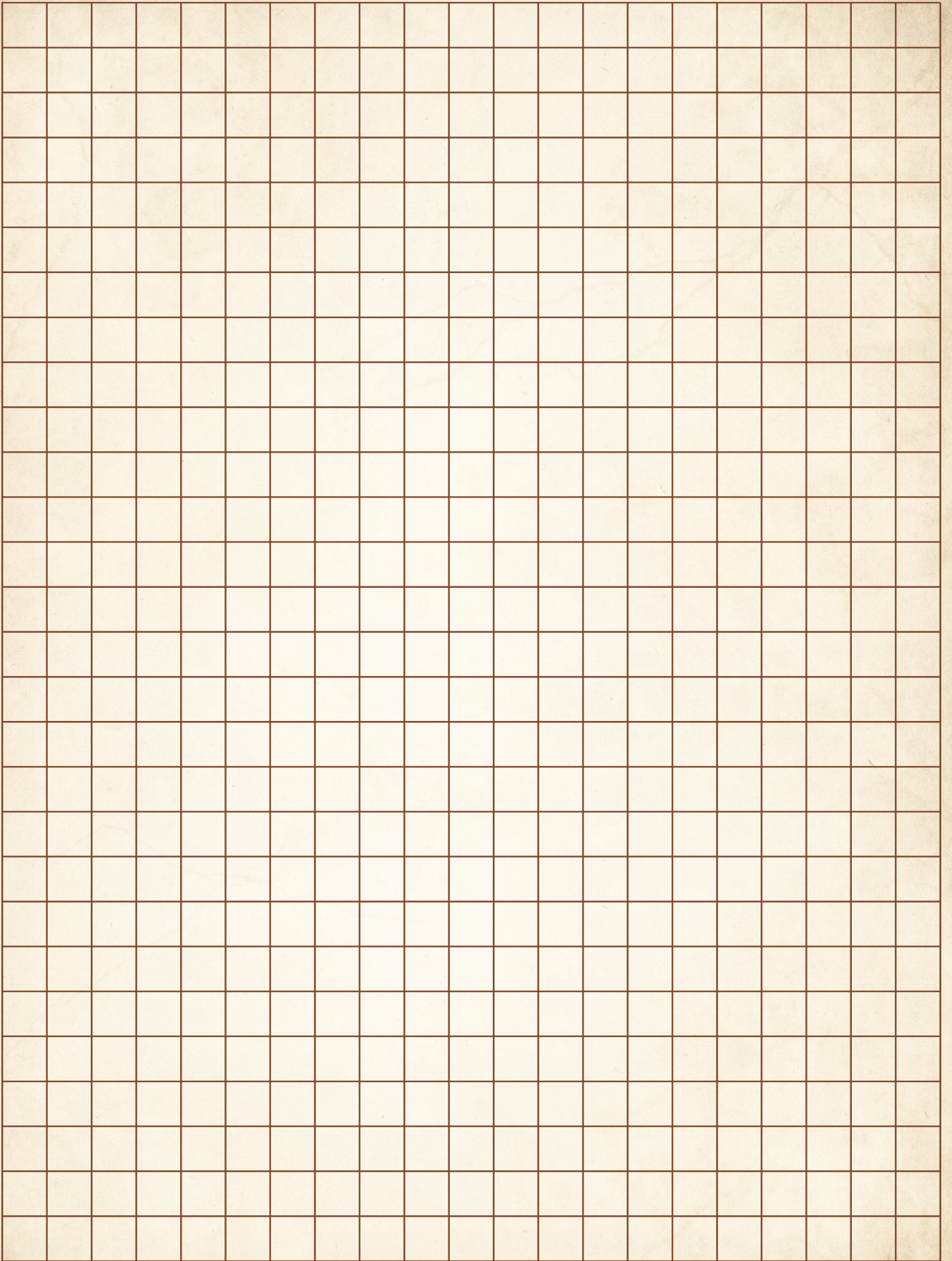


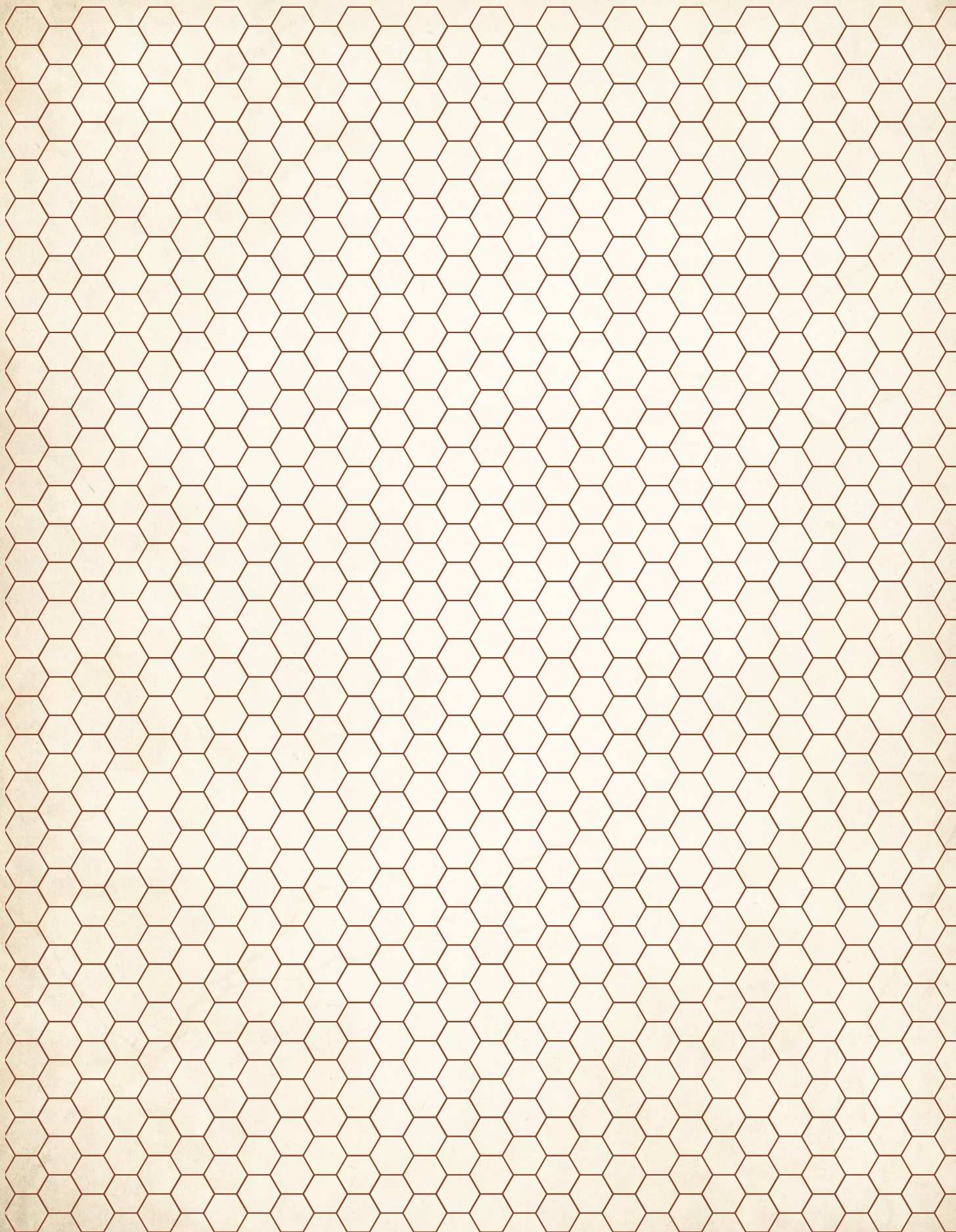
SKETCH MAPS

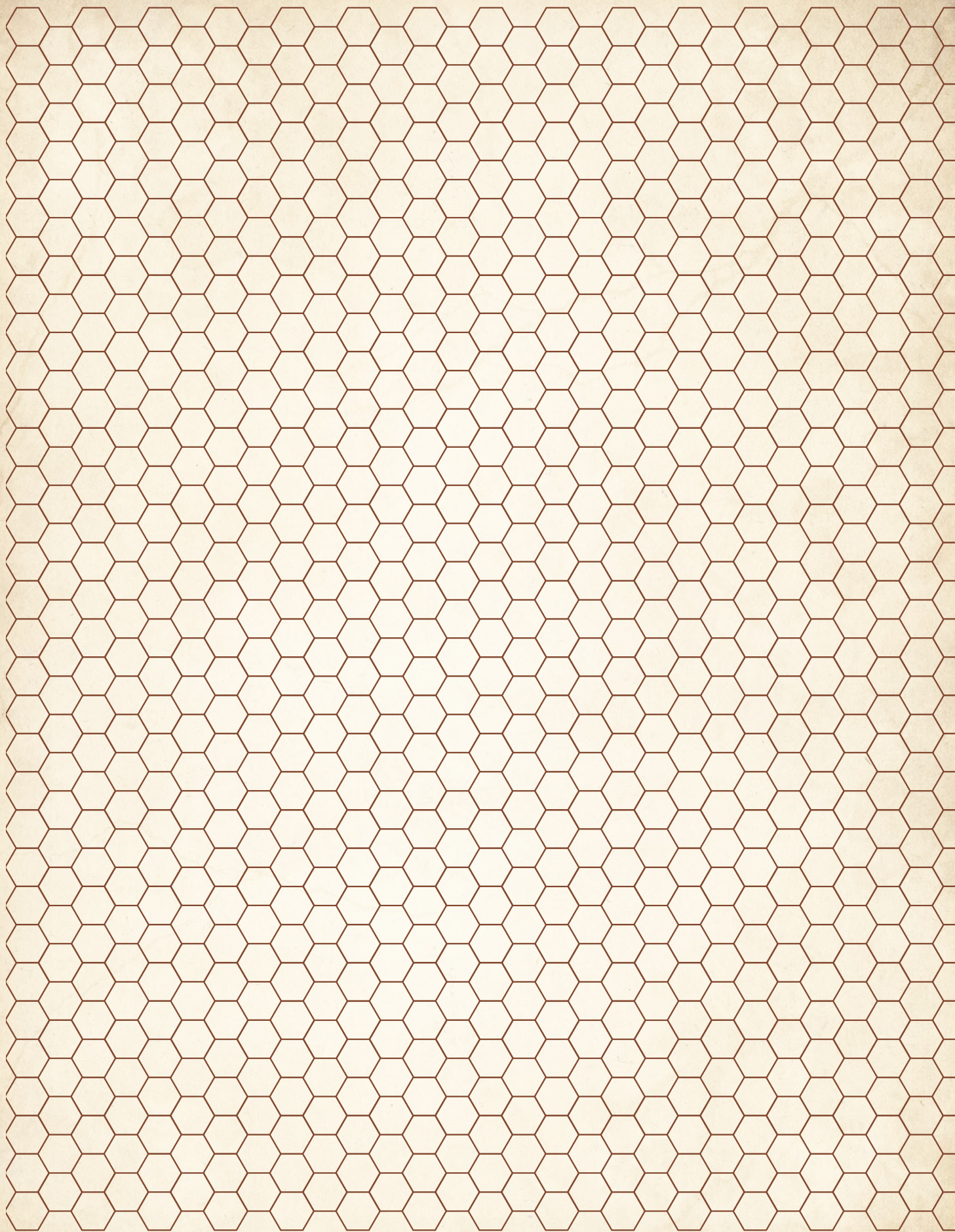


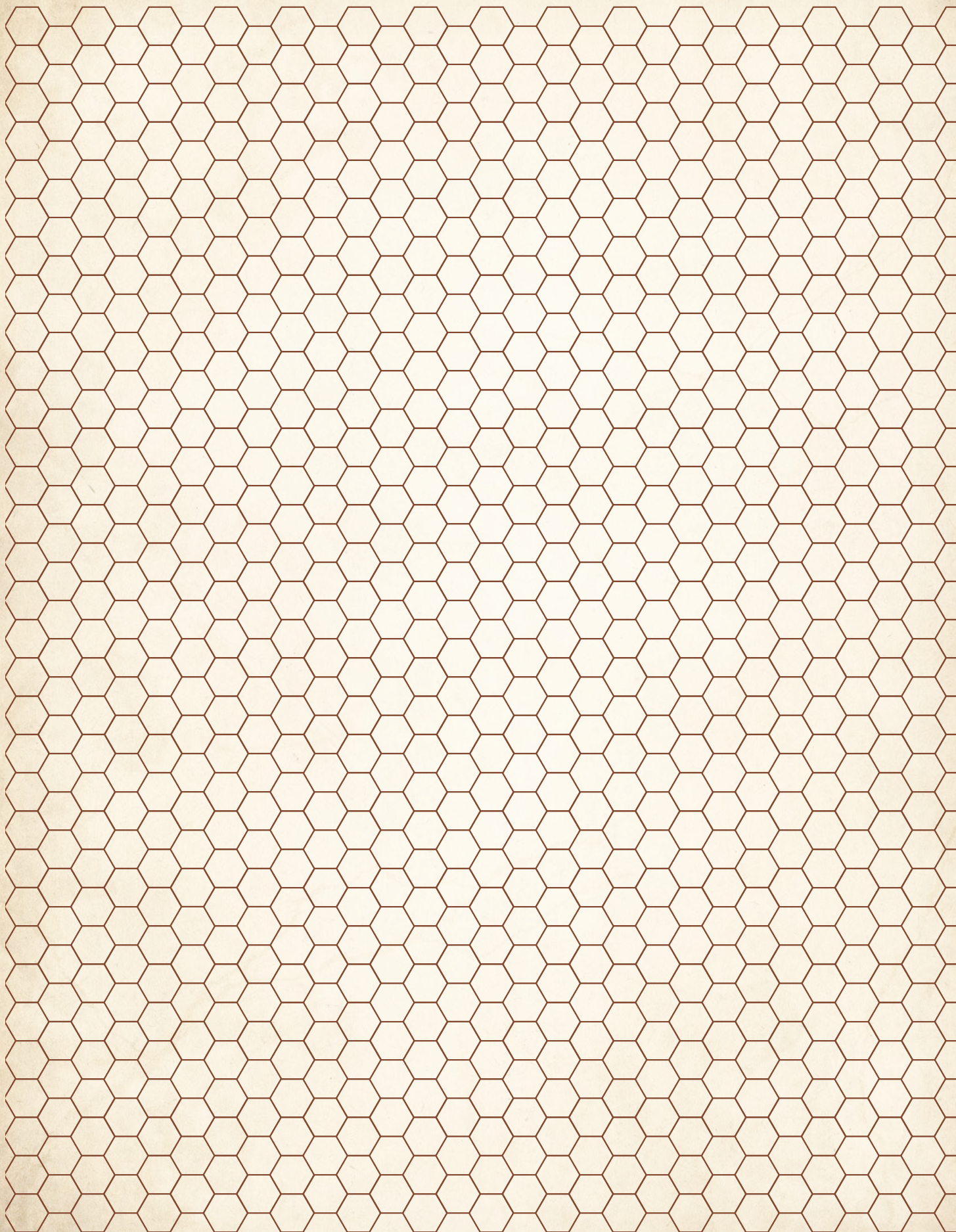


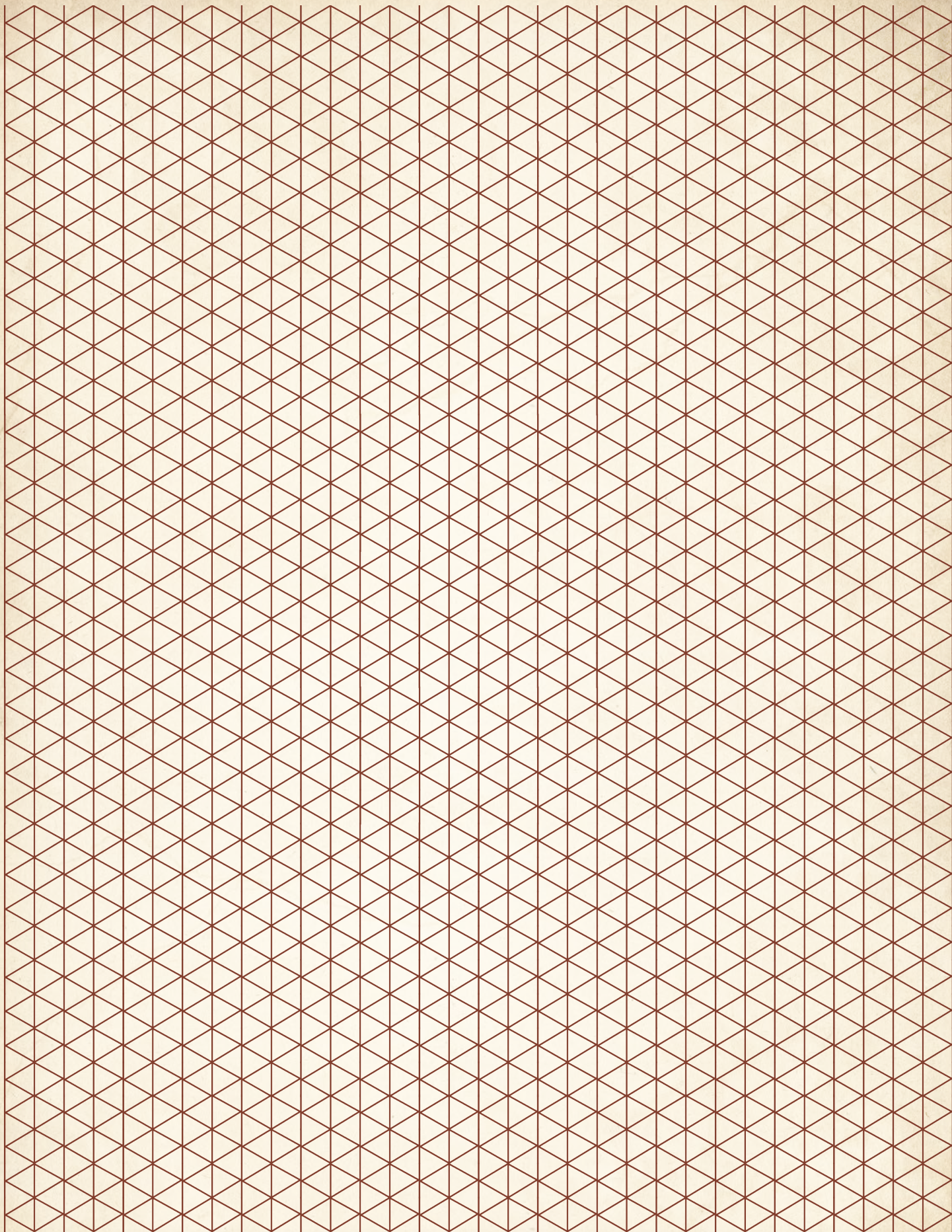


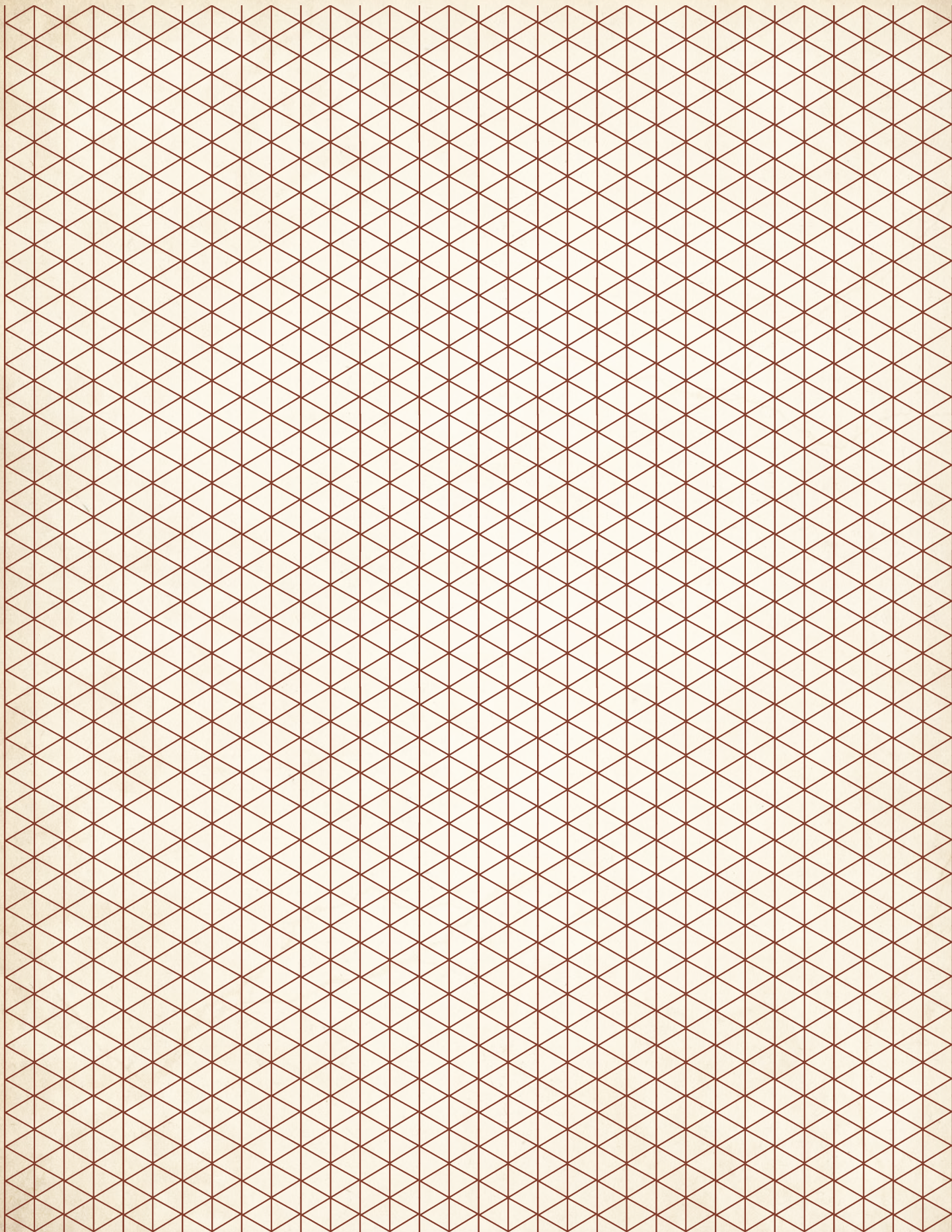












DRAW A DRAGON!



► Trace around your hand. Keep your fingers closed.

► Skip the tip of your thumb.



► Draw a curved tail. Add legs, feet and another wing.

► Add a vicious mouth and glaring eyes.



► Add details to body and wings.

► Almost finished!



► Add chiaroscuro shading and gouache highlights to finish off your dragon!*

► Share it with your friends!

* Thanks, Homestar Runner!



COLOR THIS!

Don't feel like drawing dragons?
Have fun with this instead.

