

Tales from the Green Dragon Inn

Leomund's Life

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Scribed this 14th day of Goodmonth 6105 S.D. (590 Common Year)3

Gentle reader, if you are quite ready, let us go forth.

The time is ripe to tell a little of my lowly life, I suppose, and to clear up some confusion about what I have and I have not done, where I've traveled and where I've been during the Greyhawk Wars (I am delighted that I missed them).

Always let the record be reasonably accurate. That simple statement leads me to my basic philosophy and I may as well address it now as later. Measurements (including *detect alignment*) have always shown me to a Lawful person with a definite Neutral position on Good versus Evil. Well, okay, that is not accurate either. I have a bit of a Good spot in me but I often ignore it when it troubles me too much or gets in the way. In any case I have viewed The Law as a way of adding structure to things. Without Law there is Chaos and I hate that! The Spirit of the Law is far more important than the Letter of the Law. Many an amateur lawyer has wanted to nitpick me to death and beat me over the head with a book or books. If a person is consistent in interpretation, while reserving the right to change his/her mind, then everything is okay. And if that's not good enough, er lawful enough for you, then; "Oh Well!"

I was born on Fireseek the 3rd 479 CY (5994 S.D. – for those of you who are civilized) "... in a forest somewhere", or so my mother told me. She was not very clear on exactly where and I never did press the issue. My guess is the Celadon Forest since she once said that she lived in Beetu in the Kingdom of Nyrond for a dozen or more years. When I visited Beetu I found it populated by a number of full-blooded elves as well as a number of people who are a mixture to human and elf.4

Mother lived in Irongate for a couple of years after I was born but I remember nothing of the city and she told me very little. The exception was a sign of one

of the thief's guilds that existed in the Iron League. These rogues were of a lawful nature and politically inclined as well. Years later I came to know a number of them personally and they helped me with the organization of my own 'guild'.

Mother took ship to the Spindrift Islands, far away from the turmoil of the Flanaess, during the fall of 482 CY. I passed my early years in the town of Kroten5 and then on a small farm on the outskirts of Lo Reltarma6 on Lendore Isle.

I never met my father but as the years passed I discovered that he was part elf, likely a quarter elf7 as best as I can determine. His heritage manifested itself as a very slight resistance to <sleep> and <charm> but more importantly by giving me a limited form of <infravision>. Being able to see a source of heat in complete darkness, when that source is about ten feet away, has saved my sorry rear end on more than one occasion! A least I did not get pointed ears out of the deal. Thanks dad. His heritage has also helped when it comes to my life span. I'm 111 now and I only feel like I'm 50 or so, not too bad for an old duffer like me.

My mother, Elsieadar, was a pure blooded Suel. She was born in the Duchy of Urnst but found that her profession "... was not always welcomed with open arms", and, therefore, she decided to move to a more receptive locale. She had a typical Suel pale complexion, purple eyes and light curly red hair. She usually dressed in clothing that was bright red and orange splashed with yellow. My earliest memories of my mother were that she seemed to be aflame when she often wore her bright red town cloak. The cloak was red at the hem and gradually changed into reddish orange, orange and became yellow by the time it got to the neck and shoulders. The garment, at a distance, made the wearer look as though they were bathed in fire. I

liked the look a great deal and copied it later in my career when I dabbled with “pyrology” and founded the Red Star League⁸.

I had the look of a Suel male. I was thin and pale with dark blue eyes and reddish blond hair, which, alas, began to fall out when I was the tender age of 29. I topped out at 5’11 and have stayed below 150 pounds my entire life. I, like my mother, like to dress in red and orange but while adventuring I learned that a dark green or dark gray cloak is far more practical⁹.

Mother was a devout worshipper of Norebo and because of her I took up the profession of cleric at the age of ten. (Mother was a thief, I mean rogue, just in case you were unclear.) However, I did not become a cleric of Norebo. When I attended a Church of the Big Gamble I was torn between laughter and protecting my purse. Even at ten years of age I discovered Norebo’s house of worship to be a ludicrous place. Instead I found that Lendor was a bit more to my liking. His temples were clean and orderly and somehow that produced a feeling of tranquility that I found refreshing.¹⁰

The years of study at Lendor’s temple showed me that being taught to read was the most important aspect of religion, or, at least, it was too me. I was often discovered in the temple’s library at times when I was supposed to be praying or doing other tasks. This desire to read everything I could get my hands on made Rallyman, my clerical mentor, both upset with me and proud as well. After the early years of my training had past he gave me the job of librarian. Soon I knew more about the odd hundred scrolls and eight score books that the temple owned than any one else in the clergy. I liked being locked up in the library and reading every text three or more times. I liked the opportunity of being the first to read a new scroll or book that came into the possession of the temple as others of the clergy adventured and traveled in the Spindrifts and the Flanaess.

Rallyman had to literally kick me out on my first adventure just after my 16th birthday. At the time I was told it was an opportunity to go down the road about thirty miles and get a book given to us by the Sage Elesar ‘a Bendar, who lived in Kroten¹¹. A new book! Okay, that was motivation I suppose. So off I went. Well read, poorly trained (with a weapon I should say), armorless, but with high hopes of being the first to read the new tome, off I went. I took along a couple of the sons of Rallyman’s old adventuring party, a fighter named Sormat and a roguish fellow named Tegger or Toggar or something like that. I’m sure I carved it correctly on his grave marker, which is, after all, the only thing that matters.

We got the book all right and were on the way back when the little band of thieves hit us. Tegger was surprised by the first volley, surprised to see three arrows protruding out of his belly. Sormat and I were lucky to be missed by arrows as we watched Tegger go down to his knees and then kiss the ground. I pulled out my trusty hammer and dropped it. Sigh. I guess I should not tell every agonizing blow in this melee but when it was done there were five dead thieves (including Tegger) and Sormat was cut up badly enough to be unconscious. I was fortunate that the thieves took Sormat as the threat and not me. Thank you Lendor. I did have a cure and after some work I got him bandaged enough to get back on the trail.

I did learn my first lesson in being a scavenger from this melee. I got a reasonably good fitting set of leather armor out of the deal and a few coins as well. More importantly I found the scrap of parchment with the map to the place where the thieves were to drop the book off. Sorehead, I mean Sormat, wanted to avenge poor Tegger and since I absolutely needed a guard I had little choice. It also taught me not to tell everything that I discovered to a fighter in the party while we were still on the adventure. “What an idiot!” I thought to myself – I called him an idiot actually but then he punched me in the nose and this reinforced the lesson of not speaking to fighters.

That little foray of revenge cost Sormat his right ear (snicker) but we did gain a lot of experience during it. We arrived back at the temple two weeks later but with the book intact! I had a new hammer, two books I found at the site where the thieves were suppose to rendezvous, and I had a chance to practice a number of spells. My first promotion came from this adventure and it only cost both of the books I had recovered for training. However, since the books went into the library and I was the librarian I can’t really say I lost them. (This taught me how to pay for something with treasure but keep contact with the treasure anyway.)

Rallyman kept sending me on adventures. I can’t say those years were unprofitable because I did gain the *ring of protection* +3 that I wear to this very day¹². Boring you with my progression up the clerical ladder will put us both to sleep, so I won’t.

I made one life long friendship during those years. That was with my companion Amosnandy¹³, a Druid of Phyton. He is still alive and well and living in the Celadon Forest which was another reason for my frequent visits to Beetu over the years. However, by the time I was twenty-three and a 5th level cleric¹⁴ I decided that the cleric life was just not for me. Spell

casting took too long even with the bonus that Lendor gave his clergy at 7th level. I did not get to study and read as much as I wanted to and there was no research into things at all. I wanted to create new spells and even craft magic items. When I asked if new Prayers could be offered to Lendor Rallyman fell to the floor in a faint. (A rather loud impact I might add – politely.)

I decided to leave the active clergy and I went to work for Elesar ‘a Bendar who had subsequently moved to Loreltarma. He was a practicing Sage at the time but he had been a Mage first. He told me that I could have access to 90% of his library in exchange for a lot of grueling work and copying to and from texts and scrolls. That was fine with me and my next four years were spent learning the basics of magic¹⁵ and copying until my hand was numb and my eyes were watering. To this day I cannot read by candlelight for more than ten minutes without getting a headache.

Elesar was a prominent citizen in Loreltarma and in 506 he was appointed to the Council of Five¹⁶ that ruled the city. I had become a 5th level Mage by that point in time. This allowed me full access to both my clerical and magical spells and abilities! Because of this fact he began to send me on adventures in the Spindrifts, The Lordship of the Isles, Medegia and in the Iron League.

I did not go alone or I would never have lived though this thirty-year period. Usually I was a member of a party of from three to six members. While I was not the ‘leader’ I was the representative of the person (Elesar) who was funding the projects. Two of my companions who accompanied me on all thirteen of my major adventures during this period of time¹⁷ were Harper¹⁸ and Rogan¹⁹. We saved each other more times than I can recall and became steadfast friends. Both are now gone, of course. Harper was cremated in his boots by an old red dragon with one more breath to take. I was just a little too slow that day and I will always regret it. Rogan is dead too; well, actually I do not know that for a fact. I suppose he could still be alive. After all he was alive when I left Oerth before the Greyhawk wars. By then he was a bit too old to accompany me on adventures anyway.

A notable adventure when I was 37 years old and an 10th level Transmuter²⁰ occurred in the Hold of the Sea Princes. As you know the Sea Princes had mostly ‘retired’ by this year (516CY). A few, who did not live along the coast, had taken to keeping and selling slaves. It is a popular misconception that all the ‘princes’ held slaves. That is not the case. Many of the coastal nobles abhorred slavery but they were not powerful enough in the central plain and western

mountain valleys to stop the practice. Also the Island Fleet Commodores still favored slavery as well.

Elesar sent the three of us to meet with Prince Jeon (the 1st). He was to direct us to the probable location of a book of great potency that was carried from the Suel Empire and had somehow made its way into the possession of the Plar of Hool. The Plar, then Yestiman ‘ad Grep, was a fat, totally detestable fellow with blotchy skin who constantly scratched at himself in many uncomely ways. Yestiman was in Monmurg at the time for an annual festival celebrating the Hold’s former seafaring prowess. We tried to negotiate with Yestiman and offered the splendid diamond our master had given us (fully worth 20,000GP) to buy the book. He was intractable. He did, however, send an assassin to kill us in our sleep at the palace of the Prince. The assassin was truly amazed that a little halfling coming up behind him could do that much damage but his amazement was short lived. He died in the next few minutes. The Plar had already left for Hool. A place I did not want to visit! Accompanied by a few select mercenaries provided for us by Jeon we took off after the Plar. Poor Yestiman was last seen floating in his beloved Hool Marsh and we did get the book Elesar sent us for.

Yestiman’s treasure trove contained a *cloak of displacement*. I had, a few years before acquired a *cape of blending*. Much to my joy they seemed to work together, one over the other. This combination worked well for me for three full years and then something went terribly wrong.

Perhaps I should not have trusted to my luck a second time vs. a cyclops I was foolishly battling. He had just missed me with a boulder about twenty minutes before. Had he been binocular I might not be here writing this now! I was using the *cape* to hide along a mountain path. I hoped that the cyclops would pass by me by and then I could enspell him. I unblended from the rock wall just as he turned to face me. He was very fast, I have to give him that, and he flung a rather large bolder at me in the next few seconds. This caused the magic of the *cloak* to operate. I stood there beginning to cast a *lightning bolt* at the cyclops when I realized the boulder was headed right for me. I was going to take a major hit without the support of Harper or Rogan to bail me out. But then the strange thing happened. The boulder ‘hit’ just as I was about the finish the spell. To my astonishment the boulder went right through me! I was so shocked I almost forget to finish the evocation I was working on. Off went the *lightning bolt*. “Off” described it very well. It headed right at the cyclops and passed right through him! However, he was not only not affected, he was staring at me with his one eye

in total disbelief. He came running toward me and as I wielded my staff to thwart him he overran me, literally. He ran through me while madly swinging his cudgel and looking about wildly. I realized that he could not see me at all and that somehow I was not on the prime material any more.

I was, in fact, on the ethereal plane. As I took a single step everything began to turn an opaque gray color and my frame of reference vanished. As I took a few steps I realized I could no longer see my surroundings at all. I stopped. After 20 or 30 seconds the gray haze began to clear and I could see the mountain again but I could only see a limited distance. Objects beyond a few hundred feet away began to dissolve into a gray haze. “Fantastic!” was my first thought but it was replaced by “and now what?” as I realized that I could not just step back to the prime material. It in fact took me two full days to figure out the secret of the *ethereal doors*²¹.

Upon returning to Lendore Isle I put down my ethereal notes and observations into a book I called my “Tiny Hut”, after the magic spell I created a few years before. My notes on the inner planes were published and spread far and wide over the years. With the notes were the text to *<Leomund’s secret chest>*, another spell I researched to take advantage of the ethereal plane.

I should probably stop here for a few minutes and talk about the pupil I took in the year 539 CY. I had turned 60 but looked 39, or so my more polite friends told me. An earnest young mage named Guy Gas came to me for what turned out to be two years of additional training²². As coincidence would have it, if you believe in coincidence, Guy Gas looked very much like me at the time. Not identical by any stretch, he was a little taller and heavier and his hair was a brighter shade of red than mine. However, people not knowing both of us, often thought he was I and would call him Leomund. I had somewhat of a reputation at that time (no, not that reputation – the good one), and Guy Gas seemed to like the recognition.

I left Oerth in 541 and began an adventure on the Dwaerth World. I went with a good dwarven friend named Dobfur. Dobfur’s god, Fortubo²³, had selected him to free a large segment of his people from slavery on Dwaerth. It was success on that adventure²⁴ that made Dobfur a High Priest.

Guy Gas now traveled to Greyhawk where he set up shop and began to mingle with fellow mages there. That would have been fine but he took on my persona and identity! The faux Leomund even went so far as to join the Circle of Eight! He retired there, as me, in the year 576 CY!

I came back from Dwaerth in 542 but did not learn of Guy Gas’ impersonation of me. I simply settled back in Lorelterra for an extensive period of research²⁵. These were years when I was on the Council of Five, replacing Elesar the Sage whose library I inherited. I did hear, just before I left this world again, that Guy Gas had cloned himself but those clones were claiming to be me! In fact I think I met one of them once in 579. He said he was I but I refuted him with a dazzling burst of logic. He looked dumbfounded by it all, but he was the clone of an imposter after all, what did you expect?

In 580 I made history. I had just gained enough knowledge to begin dabbling in 9th level magic. I was so overjoyed that I started work on a special *hourglass* that I had thought about creating for a few years. My studies were going well and I was about to cast *enchant an item* on the *hourglass* when I got a visitor. She was a female elf mage named Delorn, as she introduced herself. She said she had “heard of my research” and that she was here to help and warn me. Well, I have always been an idiot when someone praises me and I did not realize that I had not talked of my research on the *hourglass* to anyone. We worked together for six months. Her knowledge of temporal mechanics, as she called them, was breathtaking! On the 1st day of Brewfest 580 (6095 SD) I turned the *hourglass*, which I had named *Lendor’s Matrix*, over for the first time.

Two things happened. Delorn *shapechanged* into a robust bearded man in his 80’s or so. I happened to recognize him, since I cleaned and polished his statue more times than I would like to remember some 90 years before! It was Lendor! “Success”, he said. “You will be just in time to save some of my people. Fare well!”

I had plenty to say at that point but then the second thing happened. I teleported through time and space and arrived in the highest pinnacle of a tall silver-blue building. I looked around and found that I was alone in this small circular room that had nine equally spaced windows around its perimeter. The room had a nine-sided table in its center and upon it stood the *Matrix*, its sand still running. On the table were a number of books and a supply of inks and quills. The decorations on the walls were ornate and looked as though they were made of real, inlaid, silver. I saw a trap door in the floor but no other exit. I paused to look out of the windows. The city that I as in was huge and stretched as far as I could see in every direction. Many of the multi-colored stone buildings had four or more stories. There were a number of temples to the gods of the Suel. Lendor’s temple, about 250 feet away from me, could not be mistaken. The city had the ancient

Suel Empire look about it. “Good grief! I realized that I was in one of those ancient cities, probably the capital. I went to the one chair in the room and sat down. Before me was a large book with a silver and red cover. Written upon it an ancient Suloise was the title **Tome of the Scarlet Sign**.

The trap door opened and an amazed man paused on the ladder he was climbing and stared at me. “Who are you? What are you doing here?” he said in Suloise. The pronunciation was not quite what I expected but I understood him. “I am here because of Lendor’s labor. That is the item that brought me here.” I pointed at the hourglass. “It is called *Lendor’s Matrix*. It teleported me and took me out of my time.” The man was about to reply when we both noticed that the last grain of sand in the glass was just running out. I dematerialized immediately and reappeared on a large ship in the center of a huge body of water, land was not in sight in any direction but two other ships were traveling with us on our starboard side. The crews did not seem to take note of me. They were all looking astern at a wall of dark black fog that was rolling over the water and moving after the ships. The roiling fog had lightning flashes escaping along its length.

I was dressed in no more than the simple robe I had worn while testing the *Matrix*, which, by the way was not to be seen. The only items I had were my +3 *ring of protection* and my +2 *dagger*. I was not wearing my robe or cape nor carrying my staff since, after all, I was not planning an adventure. I was also wearing the ring is used to summon my *secret chest* from the ethereal plane.

I also had, as luck would have it, a large gem in my pocket. Now how did that happen? I had acquired the gem as payment for casting a *symbol of fear* on a book of dogma for my friend the High Priest of Jascar. I just had not thought about putting it away in a proper place. My thoughts were not on the gem at this point, of course.

“What is that cloud?” I said. A few of the men on board turned around to face me. More than one drew their weapons. “Hold on hold on, I’m not an enemy”. Then I looked at them to realize that they had not understood a word I was saying. I quickly tried five other languages, one after the other as four of the men began to approach me in a menacing manner. Then I tried elfish. One of the crew, who I had not really noticed, spoke aloud to the crew. He came toward me. I was obvious that he was an elf, but like no elf I had ever seen. His hair was black, as were his eyes while his skin was olive. He came towards me. Whatever he said to the crew at least had put them off from immediately attacking me.

“Do you know what that black fog is?” he said in elfish.

“Well no”, I didn’t. “Where on Oerth are we?”

“Oerth? What is Oerth? This world is, as all know, Dyrth”.

Oh boy, I was on another world. Charming. All of this wonder was put on hold as the black fog boiled and flashed up closer and closer and began to overtake the ship farthest from us. In another two or three minutes it would be upon our ship.

“Have you tried to *dispel* it?”

“Yes we have, to no avail.”

I stepped down from the bow and moved to the stern. No one hindered me. I conjured a *dispel magic*²⁶ just before the fog caught us. To my great joy the fog that was about to overtake us evaporated into a white mist. The black fog, as it turned out, just a wall of fog and it was only a few dozen feet thick. We were on the other side of the wall of darkness and it was rolling away at the same speed. The hole I had created in the Fog was ‘healing’ itself as the wall moved on and in another minute the gap was gone. I had ‘saved’ our ship from the consequences of the fog and my popularity suddenly changed. I was hoisted aloft and, thank Lendor, NOT cast into the ocean. Once the joy subsided we looked to the other two ships that had taken the full brunt of the wall. We were still sailing at full speed and chasing the wall, which was already a mile beyond our ships. We maneuvered closer to one of the ships over the course of the next few minutes.

We looked at the crew of the ship that was now only twenty feet away. A few of the men were standing their, mouth agape, with no emotion showing on their faces. A few others were administering to fallen men and another few were still handling the ship. A man known to our captain called to us. Nine men were dead (all were low-level sailors / fighters or rogues) and another seven seemed to have their minds erased (these were all spell casters – mages or clerics)! Everyone had been ‘wounded’ by the fog in one way or the other. We were going to slow down when a lookout cried from above. He had seen land at the horizon when the black fog had finally disappeared. Everything else was again of secondary importance as the three crews took control of the ships and headed for landfall some fifteen miles away. We arrived along the lush coastline in about three hours just as the sun was beginning to set. We saw that we could come in fairly close to the shore and we took the opportunity to anchor and move parties from all three ships to the land.

While I was confused and amazed I found that my companions, all 107 of them that were still alive and sane, were standing on land that “did not exist”. This was the “Land That Is Not” according to prophecy.

The undiscovered continent seemed to answer the prophecy according to the shiploads of people that had just landed there. When all was tallied 21 had died and 7 had been erased out of a total embarkation of 135. Twenty-four of the crewmembers were women, a fact that would take on more importance soon.

We landed and established a small town even though we did not have too many of the items we needed to accomplish the task. I was told that the people of Dyrth did not have open ocean navigation skills. While this knowledge existed on Oerth I was not a navigator and did not know the secret of the skill. Well, you can't know everything! In any case the ships were badly battered and many sails were torn. Were we to embark again only one or two of the ships could leave. The mages in the group, there were three left untouched²⁷, tried to use *clairvoyance* to contact their homeland but to no avail. Some barrier existed to their spells. I learned that the mages topped off 6th level and when they learned my level they were stunned. Men on this world had only learned 3rd level magic!

It would take time, but time we had in abundance, to learn their language to a high enough level of proficiency to begin teaching them the magic I knew. They did have blank spell books so I could scribe the spells I had memorized that fateful day into a book to have them as a permanent record. That process alone took me over three months! Since I know many other spells it was just a process of trial and error to get the majority of them to work here and to be scribed in their language.

Throughout this process the people had to build up our small town in preparation for winter. There were more than enough tasks for everyone including forays into the nearby area to learn what was there. We were not looking for any engagements of course, but we had to know if animals, monsters or intelligent beings were close enough to be a hindrance to us. There was always the hope of finding help but that hope was a tiny one.

The drudgery of day to day life is not the stuff of adventure and I'll not go through it with you. The patrols that went out about five miles in each direction did discover an array of animals similar to those native to the known continent. The few that were new were not major predators and provided either a source of food or, at worst, annoyance. We found no sign of civilization of any kind but we did discover a very nasty monster. This beast was a two-headed canine about the size of a very large wolf. What made them 'monstrous' was that like the winter wolf of Oerth these beasts had a breath weapon²⁸.

There is much to say of this long adventure but I have been sworn not to say it. At the end of the 9th

year of it Lendor appeared to me in the form of an old crippled man. He told me not to speak of the time after the black fog. I had done my job on Dyrth; I had revealed the secret of 4th, 5th and 6th level magic to my pupils. Now it was up to them, natives of this world, to either fulfil their destiny or be consumed. I was being asked to LEAVE.

However, Lendor confided that I was asked to be away from Oerth because otherwise I would surely have died in the Greyhawk Wars. My own Red Star League was compromised on many levels by the Scarlet Brotherhood and I would have had great difficulty sorting out who was true friend and who was a spy. But my Master was good to me and gave me a Red Eye Cusp that I now wear in my left eye. It allows me full infravision out to 90 feet, how nice, no more of this having to get within ten feet. More importantly it allows me to see an aura of yellow around Lawful Mages who are NOT part of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Thus I can do some traveling in the next few years and sort out who's who in the various strongholds of the League. Knowing whom you can really trust is very important after all.

So that is what I can safely tell you of my travels and can recall from memory (which is getting worse and worse over the years). Individual questions may be asked. I might even know the answer!

Where am I now? Well, in the Spindrifts, of course. I am a friend to the High Elves and Lendor put in a word with Corellon that gets me into most places where the High Elves still exist. I did rescue my library without losing a book and I've been known to do a good Sage job from time to time. I'll be more visible in the next few years if the damn assassins from the Scarlet Brotherhood don't catch up with me. The last time I saw the Master of Obedience we agreed not to agree. I am a Suel but I'm not a Suel who believes in any supreme race, thank you.

Well then, GOOD NIGHT.

1 “Leomund” was my character in a campaign played in the early 1970s; actually it might have been 1969.

2 During the 70s the game was three slender booklets that were called DUNGEONS & DRAGONS. GREYHAWK was about a year away from publication. It was a time when each game session produced questions the rules did not answer; at best they alluded to a solution. Therefore, it was essential to put some meat on the bones of the rules. Because of my involvement with friend E. Gary Gygas (we were both in the INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF WARGAMING – that ran the first GEN CON) I got a lot of input into the new ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS – being one of its rule editors. It was also a time when I became a regular contributor to the DRAGON authoring “Leomund’s Tiny Hut” for a number of years. In any Case D&D, AD&D and GREYHAWK are copyrighted © 1999 et. al. by **Wizards of the Coast** and include all of the copyrights by **TSR Inc** over the course of many years.

3 This history follows the Time Line published in the Wizards of the Coast product The Scarlet Brotherhood © 1999 TSR Inc. The Suel Time Line can be found on line at <http://members.xoom.com/cogh/info.html> Version one is in Journal #1 but an update, I hope, is forthcoming in a later Journal. [Oerth Journal #11]

4 The term ‘half-elf’ is seldom used in the Spindrifts. “Hulf” (for Human – Elf) is the common term.

5 In the north-central portion of the Isle.

6 Prior to 576 the city was called Loreltaarma. The ‘change’ was due to a cartographer named Darlene. She was part of a new movement in cartography that put maps on hex paper instead of locating things by latitude and longitude. She could not put a city on a map unless it was in the middle of a hex – whether it belonged there or not. Pluffet Smedger should have had her boiled in oil and had a new map drawn but it was 576 CY and his Glossography was already late. Once the Glossography was established and became a standard the name of the city became Lo Reltarma to most of the Flanaess and that name stuck. She also moved the entire city for those of you who care. Loreltaarma is on the upper northeast peninsula of Lendore Isle, not on the southwestern belly as shown on her map. Numerous sailors arrived on the southwest coast of Lendore Isle thinking some great magic had lifted the city off of the face of the Oerth. Off the face of ‘the map’ would be more accurate.

7 “Qulf – for those of you tracking that sort of thing – is used for a person is ¼ elf and ¾ human. Since you were going to ask a ¾ elf – ¼ human is referred to as an “Elqu”

8 The Red Star League was formed by me to cull out and gather a group of LAWFUL mages together for the dual purpose of studying ‘pyrology’ (the magic of elemental FIRE) and the simple commonality of philosophy. A person belonging to the League has access to one or more magic books in the League stronghold as well as use of any teleporter(s) the facility might have on the premises. The symbol of the league is the Red Seven Pointed Star. Details of the League and all of its pursuits are still SECRET.

9 Leomund, hm*, M**19/C5, AC –1 (*bracers of defense AC 4, ring of protection +3, Dex Bonus and special*); MV 12; hp 60; THAC0 10 (*staff of power / dagger +2*); Str 14 Dex 16 Con 17 Int 18 Wis 17 Cha 13 Com 14***; SA spells plus Staff; SD *cape of blending and cloak of displacement*; AL LN(g). Magic Items Numerous; XP 3,375,000 *1/8 elf 7/8 human ** Transmuter *** Comeliness – yes there was such a score at one time

10 Lendor’s temples are few and far between but there was one in Loreltaarma.

11 He moved to Lendore Isle from Irongate a few years before.

12 I have to admit that the melee with the two trolls was not my finest hour but I was the last one alive at the end and therefore I got the pick of the trove. I did pay for two *raise dead* spells – always take care of your adventure mates!

13 Amosnandy, Hulf* D 13: AC 2 (leather +2, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 44; THAC0 12; #AT 1 or special; Dmg 1-6 +2 (Staff +2); SA spells; SD as druid; SZ M (5’9” tall); ML 13; Str 13 Dex 18 Con 15 Int 12 Wis 17 Cha 15 Com 15; XP 1,500,000. Personality: rambunctious, ornery. Special Equipment numerous magic items. * see above, “Hulf” = ½ human ½ elf

14 Progressing to fifth level as a cleric saved me more times than any other ability I ever gained. There was a great deal of profit in the ability to cast clerical spells once I had become fifth level as a mage as well! I may not have been a devout cleric of Lendor but I kept up his worship to this very day and, having met him face to face on two occasions, I’m glad I picked him as my God.

15 My First Spell: Leomund’s Points of Light, Level 1, Range: Touch, Duration: 1hr + 10 minutes per level, Area of Effect: see below, Components: V M, Casting Time: 1, Saving Throw: Special. The mage recites the short verbal component and then for 10 rounds plus 1 round per level he/she may touch an object or the open air and a small point of light will appear there. The light is dim but five *points* close together are just enough light to read by. Living beings get a save vs magic or the *point* dispels. Magic items save at 12 (DM may enhance). Once another spell is cast or a carried magic item activated (does not include permanent magic items in use like a *ring of protection*) no more *points* may be cast. Otherwise three *points* may be placed per round for the spell’s duration. The number of *points* obtained is five plus one per level of the mage.

16 The Council of Five was very balanced and also a little strange. The meetings of the Council were, for that reason, often hair raising. To be on the council the person had to be 9th level in his/her profession of choice. Four of the five were Lawful with two at most, at any one time, being either Good or Evil. The fifth person was chaotic and that person might have any sub alignment. However, if there were two Good Lawful members the chaotic person would be Neutral or Evil. The object was never to have three Good or three Evil members on the council at any time. The right hand man (woman) of the Council Member – usually his/her advisor or protector — had to be at least 7th level – or have 7 or more Hit Dice. Yes, a vampire has been on the council. So they met at night for a few years. It was fun, I am told, to watch the Good Lawful cleric attempt to *turn* him every now and then when the arguments got out of hand.

17 Listed is Harper’s and Rogan’s statistics when they began. Then they are

relisted to show their accomplishments over the 30 years of adventuring

18 Harper, hm R 3: AC 2 (Chain & Shield, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 27; THAC0 16; #AT 1 or 2(ws); Dmg 1-8 +2(ws)+1(str) (1 swd) 1-6 (arrow); SA none; SD none; SZ M (6'2" tall); ML 14; Str 17 Dex 16 Con 17 Int 13 Wis 11 Cha 13; AL GN(L); XP 4500. Personality: loquacious, impulsive in melee. Special Equipment nil.

30 yrs later: Harper, hm R 11: AC -3 (Chain +3 & Shield +2, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 63; THAC0 4; #AT 2 to 4; Dmg 1-8 +2(ws) +8(ggs) +2(mag)(1 swd +2); SA as Ranger; SD as Ranger; (stats as given) XP 900,000. Special Equipment *girdle of giant strength* (+3/+8); potions: *Xheal, speed, levitation; long sword +2, chainmail +3, shield +2/+4vs missiles*

19 Rogan, halfling T 4: AC 4 (leather, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 14; THAC0 20 (not back stab); #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (s swd) 1-4 (h ax); SA Back Stab x2; SD as halfling; SZ S (3'3"tall); ML 11; Str 12 Dex 18 Con 15 Int 15 Wis 8 Cha 9; AL CN; XP 5000. Personality: Inquisitive, cautious, and steadfast. Special Equipment. Nil. Thief abilities: PP 15, OL 67, FRT 23, MS 65, HIS 45, DN 20, CW 20.

30 yrs. Later: Rogan, halfling T 16: AC -2 (BraceD AC 2, Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 40; THAC0 10(not back stab); #AT 2; Dmg 1-6 +3 (s swd+3) two 1-4 +2(h ax +2), SA Backstab x5; SD as halfling; (stats as given) Special Equipment: *short sword +3* (purpose slay Evil fighters(paralysis) *cure lght wnds* 1/day *dark* 1/day *silence* 1/day *teleport wo error* 1/wk; *ring of invisibility; boots/levitation; lockpick +7%*. Thief abilities: PP 140*, OL 99**, FRT 99**, MS 99, HIS 99**, DN 50, CW (boots of levitation) */** first edition AD&D

21 See DRAGON #42, Inner Planes

22 I considered his name to be a rather smelly pun.

23 On Dwaerth Fortubo is known as Felgar, dwarven god of war. You did know that many of the gods exist as different 'powers' on different worlds, didn't you? Phaulkon is Thax on Dyrth, for example.

24 This is the adventure where I met a strange mage who called his magic 'science'. He possessed a magical box of great potency. It was larger on the inside than the outside and it had the ability to *teleport* in the current Prime Material. He claimed it could move in time as well! The Doctor was quite an interesting soul and he was helpful in freeing the dwarves from slavery. I wish I had a scarf like his too.

25 I did not create *Leomund's lamentable belaborment* by the way, that was Guy Gas. I did pen the following: *affect normal fires, jump, wall of fog, ventriloquism, Leomund's trap, forget, fool's gold, scare, Leomund's tiny hut, feign death, Leomund's secure shelter, fire charm, dig, fire shield, fire trap, Leomund's secret chest, stone shape, guards and wards and incendiary cloud.* — at least that is my best recollection. The original texts have long ago be lost that would prove who wrote what. This could have an error or two and I know there are a few more I'm forgetting. Sigh. There are a number of others, generally unknown, that I might publish in the future.

26 It's been said that a Transmuter can't cast *dispel magic* since it's an Abjuration, from the "Opposite School". Nonsense. Any mage can cast *dispel magic*. It is a universal spell just as low level Divinations are allowed to ALL mages. Many have found that the Opposite School "Rule" is not always true, but that is a whole story unto itself.

27 The 'erased' spell casters were re-educated, by the way. The process took about a quarter of the time it normally would have taken. Language came back to them very quickly.

28 Two Headed Wolf, AC 5; HD 2+2; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg d6 +1 / d6 +1; SA breath*; SD surprise only on a 1, exceptional smell and sight, infravision, highly intelligent (rate as intelligence 4 or 5).

*Save vs. poison or victim becomes 'sluggish' which manifests itself as a -2 on all initiative dice as well as an effective reduction in dexterity of four full points. The victim is sluggish but not incapacitated. A victim cannot run for more than a few minutes without experiencing a great feeling of fatigue. Strength is also effectively reduced by two full points while the breath affects the victim – for 4-16 rounds rolled separately. There is no actual loss of dexterity or strength of course and both of these effects disappear with time. A <cure light wounds> or <remove paralysis> negates the effect (the cure does NOT cure any damage in this case, it just removes the sluggish effect). A subsequent fail Vs poison while fatigue is still in place will cause the victim to fall over in a deep sleep. (elves and half elves apply their resistance to sleep on all saves Vs this breath)

All physical benefits to those with exceptional strength and/or dexterity are of course lost while the effect is in place.

XP: 140