

Player's Guide to Saltmarsh

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Primary Sources:
The LIVING GREYHAWK™ Gazetteer
Ghosts of Saltmarsh

Additional Sources:
WORLD OF GREYHAWK™ Fantasy Setting
The LIVING GREYHAWK™ Journal
Mordenkainen's Tome of Foes
Player's Guide to Greyhawk
Volo's Guide to Monsters
The Scarlet Brotherhood
DRAGON Magazine #225, #241, #268, #269, and #270

Additional Maps:
Anna B. Meyer
<https://www.annabmeyer.com/>

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The GREYHAWK® campaign depicts a magical land at the crossroads of countless possibilities. The most fantastic of many worlds, Greyhawk's world of Oerth is a place where powerful creatures contest with humanity and other races, where good folk struggle against evil, and Law wrestles with Chaos, Oerth is a world of magic, mystery, and the imagination.

The gem of this world is the city of Greyhawk, a teeming metropolis that attracts heroes and villains alike. Warriors, merchants, wizards, beggars, clerics, sages, and thieves fill its streets in search of high adventure.

The GREYHAWK® campaign centers on the Flanaess, a multinational land heading into a dark period of war. Its people face each new day with growing apathy, as evil lurks in shadowed caverns and decadent courts. The final outcome of this intrigue is ever in question, and new heroes must always be found to keep their realms from destruction.

Heavens and Oerth

The world of GREYHAWK® encompasses the Flanaess, the easternmost portion of the vast continent of Oerik, on the sphere of Oerth. Scholars from the Flanaess are certain that Oerik is the greatest of Oerth's four continents, and that four great oceans surround these lands, as do four layers of the heavens and four depths of the underworld. Yet, even in this benighted age, almost nothing is known of the lands beyond the Flanaess, and little is understood of the regions above and below. Such knowledge is of small importance, claim the high and the mighty, for clearly the lands around Greyhawk form the center of all enlightenment and civilization. Some folks question this assumption, and they yearn to explore their world and its challenges.

Oerth is but one world among many, separated either by the gulfs of space, the invisible ether, or

the fragile veils of reality. The craft and persistence of magic defines the nature of Oerth. Throughout recorded history, magical conflict and restoration have shaped this world. Some of these magic-driven events touch upon the history of other worlds, and portals sometimes open between Oerth and alien spheres. Few other worlds boast the magical profundity of Oerth, and many strange beings are found there, drawn by the lure of the supernatural. The majority of such entities make their homes far from the sunlit skies of Oerth's surface, preferring to live secretly in lightless caverns below, where they may thrive and plot unseen.

If the paths of the underworld are hidden from view, the wise may still turn their attention to the heavens. All know that the sun travels once around Oerth every 364 days, visiting the Twelve Lairs of the Zodiac in an appointed round that never varies. The pale Great Moon, called Luna, waxes and wanes in fixed cycles of 28 days each, upon which the months are based. The aquamarine Lesser Moon, Celene, follows a path that reveals her full beauty but four times each year, thus showing the time for civilized festivals. Both Mistress and Handmaiden, as the greater and lesser moons of Oerth are also known, are held to be worlds in their own right, though few claim to have met any visitors from those lofty realms (or, for that matter, to have visited those alien worlds personally).

TABLE 1: STANDARD WEEK (FLANAESS)

Day	Task
Starday	Work
Sunday	Work
Moonday	Work
Godsday	Worship
Waterday	Work
Earthday	Work
Freeday	Rest

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TABLE 2: DOZENMONTH OF LUNA AND THE FOUR FESTIVALS

Common	Elvish	Nomads	Season
<i>Needfest</i>			Midwinter
Fireseek	Diamondice	Tiger	Winter
Readying	Yellowwillow	Bear	Spring
Coldeven	Snowflowers	Lion	Spring
<i>Growfest</i>			
Planting	Blossoms	Frog	Low Summer
Flocktime	Violets	Turtle	Low Summer
Wealsun	Berrytime	Fox	Low Summer
<i>Richfest</i>			Midsummer
Reaping	Goldfields	Snake	High Summer
Goodmonth	Sunflowers	Boar	High Summer
Harvester	Fruitfall	Squirrel	High Summer
<i>Brewfest</i>			
Patchwall	Brightleaf	Hare	Autumn
Readyreat	Tinklingice	Hawk	Autumn
Sunsebb	Lacysnows	Wolf	Winter

Each month has 28 days. Each festival is seven days long.

Climate and Seasons

The Flanaess is exceptionally blessed in regard to its weather. Outside of the norther latitudes, the winter temperatures seldom fall below freezing, except during the two winter months, and at night during early spring and late autumn. In the depths of winter come a few days when the temperature reaches the freezing point, then gradual warming begins. The northeast and north-central regions tend to be considerably colder, for the seas of those regions cause winter to linger about twice as long as it does in the heartland of the Flanaess. An important exception to this is the Dramidj Ocean, whose strange, warm currents moderate the climate of the lands that border it.

Autumn, winter, and spring are rather short seasons, but summer in the central Flanaess lasts five or more months. Prevailing winds are from

the north-east in the winter and autumn, and the east and south-east at other times. Most areas of the Flanaess have sufficient rainfall to assure abundant crops.

Geographic Divisions

The focal point of the GREYHAWK® setting is the Flanaess, with the city of Greyhawk near its center. The Flanaess can be divided into nine broadly defined geopolitical territories, most of which coincide with old national identities that once dominated those regions. The exception here is the southern region of isolated lands, some of which are not part of the Flanaess proper (for example, Hepmonaland).

Baklunish West (former Baklunish Empire)

Survivors of the *Invoked Devastation* settled these temperate prairies, forests, and coastal lands about one thousand years ago. Largely separated from the rest of the Flanaess by the great Yatils, Barrier Peaks, and Crystalmist Mountains, these realms are a stronghold of Baklunish culture.

Bitter North (“Old Blackmoor”)

The lands north of the Yatil Mountains, from the Dramidj coast to the Dulsi River, make up the Bitter North. The climate in this region of steppes and coniferous forests varies from cool to frigid, making this a sparsely settled area home mostly to nomads, orcs, and goblins, except in Perrenland.

Western Nyr Dyv (“Old Ferrond”)

The lands from the Nyr Dyv to the Yatils are an old stronghold of Good in the Flanaess. Humans of Oeridian and Flan descent, dwarves, and elves contribute to the vigor of these nations. The rich soil and the pleasant climate, combined with healthy trade relations with their neighbors to the east, south and west, make this a strong and wealthy region.

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Sheldomar Valley (“Old Keoland”)

The fertile Sheldomar Valley is almost completely enclosed by mountains until it reaches the Azure Sea. Two great rivers, the Sheldomar and the Javan, water these lands between the Crystalmists and the Lortmils. The climate here is warm and mild, and many elves, dwarves, gnomes, and halflings live in peace alongside Suel, Oeridian, and Flan farmers and lords.

Empire of Iuz (“Northern Reaches”)

The evil demigod Iuz has expanded his territory from his original realm north of Lake Whyestil to include most of the land from the western edge

of the Vesse Forest across the north-central Flanaess to the current war zone of Tenh. These lands are generally wilderness dotted with ruined human towns and active orc lairs, with a cool to temperate climate.

Thillonrian Peninsula (“Barbarian North”)

This isolated, mountainous region at the northeastern edge of the Flanaess is home to many barbarians. These northern Suel call their land Rhizia, which has a ruggedly beautiful landscape of high mountains, coniferous forests, and deep fjords. The climate is subarctic, with rocky soil and a brief growing season.

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Old Aerdy West (“Old Nyronnd”)

These lands between the eastern Nyr Dyv and the line marked by the southern Rakers are temperate and fertile. Folk of Oeridian, Suloise and Flan heritage dwell in relative harmony here.

Old Aerdy East (“Great Kingdom”)

The lands south and east of the Rakers and north of the Vast Swamp, off to the Solnor coast, are the heartland of Aerdy, the Great Kingdom. These lands are rich and their climate pleasant. Many orcs and goblinoid races live among the numerous, warlike Oeridians here.

Isolated Realms

These strange lands include the deadly Sea of Dust, the jungles of the Amedio and Hepmonaland, the Tilvanot Peninsula, and many islands along the eastern coast. These regions are little known to most inhabitants of the Flanaess. People of Suloise descent are found throughout, particularly on the Tilvanot Peninsula, but other races of humanity are also present (for example, the Touv of Hepmonaland). Most of these southern regions are hot and suffer frequent storms. Hepmonaland is actually a minor continent, the smallest of the four on Oerth.

Folk of the Flanaess

Humans

Seven major races of humanity share the vast Flanaess with numerous nonhumans. Unmixed human races exist in several enclaves, but for the most part the Suel, Flan, Oeridians, and Baklunish have mixed to form a variety of blended types.

Race is given little importance by intelligent folk, particularly in the central lands, though some royal courts promote particular racial types. Each race appears to have developed ages

ago in isolation from all others, with its own pantheon of deities, language, and culture. In practical matters of exploration, trade, adventure, and war, color and race have little meaning.

Baklunish

The Baklunish have skin of golden tones, and straight, fine-textured hair that is universally dark, ranging from dusky brown to bluish black. Their eyes are usually green or gray-green; hazel and gray eyes are rare. They tend to be long of limb and facial feature, with high cheekbones.

The Baklunish once held a great empire on the western side of the Crystalmists and Barrier Peaks. The *Invoked Devastation* ruined their empire, for which the Baklunish retaliated with the *Rain of Colorless Fire*, burning the Suel Imperium to ash. Most surviving Baklunish moved north or west, to the borders of the old empire and beyond. The inhabitants of Ekbir, Zeif, Ull, and the Tiger Nomads typify the straight Baklunish strain, while the Tusmites and the Paynims show mixed ancestry. The Wolf Nomads are often darker from intermarriage with the Rovers of the Barrens. The Ketites are the least typical Baklunish, having pale yellow, golden-brown, or tan complexions as a result of Suloise and Oeridian ancestry.

The Baklunish, unlike the Suloise, retained much of their culture after the fall of their empire. Honor, family, generosity, and piety are fundamental virtues. Use of their classical language, Ancient Baklunish, in religious observances, higher learning, and the fine arts have preserved their ancestral traditions. The Baklunish have many customs and taboos derived from their great knowledge of astrology, and their dependence on horses adds many beliefs and traditions regarding their honored steeds, particularly among the nomads. Singing and dancing are widespread in their culture, and trade and exploration are major pursuits.

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Settled Baklunish favor bright patterns and gaudy colors in clothes, typically with gowns and robes or else long coats with short breeches. Lower classes use the same colors with a long one-piece garment supplemented with other garb. Nomadic Baklunish prefer clothes with several pastel colors, enjoying fancy garments enhanced with puffs, slashes on sleeves to show contrasting colors underneath, and superfluous trim. When traveling or making war, the nomads instead wear rough items of leather, hide, or cloth, bearing shields or banners indicating clan allegiance.

Many skilled wizards are Baklunish, including experts in elemental magic, divination, and summoning and binding spells (used on extraplanar beings). Cooperative spellcasting is practiced by many of the clergy, particularly among the desert mystics.

Flan

Pure Flan have bronze skin, varying from a light copper hue to a dark, deep brown. Flan eyes are usually dark brown, black, brown, or amber. Hair is wavy or curly and typically black or brown (or any shade between). The Flan have broad, strong faces and sturdy builds.

The Flan were the first known humans to live in eastern Oerik, and it is from them that the Flanaess gets its name. Although evidence exists that they once had settled nations, those vanished long ago. The Flan had been a nomadic people for many centuries when they were displaced by Suloise and Oeridian invaders. Large pockets of Flan live in what are now Geoff, Tenh, and the Barrens. The Tenha are pure Flan, and the coppery Rovers of the Barrens nearly so. The people of Geoff and Sterich also show strong Flan heritage, as do the Stoneholders, Palish, and certain Perrender clans.

The Flan have always been strongly tied to the natural world, as they were nomadic hunter-gatherers for so long. They see nature as an

entity to be respected but not controlled, and this is reflected in their myths, legends, and culture. Many Flan believe the season of a child's birth affects later life, and certain customs and taboos must be observed annually. Modern Flan still have a preference for the outdoors, and those who live in cities usually raise gardens and flower beds. A tree is planted at the door of a Flan home, and the health of that tree is believed related to the welfare of the family. Storytelling is a favorite pastime, and most families have ancient oral folklore and legends to pass on.

The ancient, nomadic Flan wore simple clothing of animal skins: belts, breechcloths, capes, robes, and footwear (boots and hard-soled slippers). Body painting and tattoos were common methods of personal decoration, and these traditions are still practiced by the Rovers of the Barrens (who prefer yellows and reds). Modern Flan tend to dress in what is currently fashionable, but they favor bright primary colors in solid arrangements.

Flan wizards normally work in harmony with nature, avoiding destructive magic. A few delve into the necromantic arts of the ancient Ur-Flan, but such practices are shunned by respectable folk. Many prefer protective and divinatory spells, a practice that stems from their traditional roles of guarding nomadic tribes and helping them survive. Flan clerics are often druids, who are more accepting of agriculture than they once were. Like the sun god, Pelor, many Flan deities have strong "natural" aspects.

Oeridians

Oeridian skin tones range from tan to olive; brown and auburn hair are common, though some individuals have hair as light as honey or as dark as coal. Likewise, eye coloration is highly variable; brown and gray are seen most often. Oeridians tend to have square or oval faces and strong jaw lines.

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After inhabiting what is now Ull for generations, barbaric Oeridians were driven east by orcs and goblins employed as mercenaries by the Baklunish and Suel. The migrating Oeridians were able fighters and battled their way across the Flanaess, driving the Suel before them and allying with the Flan, elves, dwarves, and other peoples. Nearly pure Oeridians are seen in Perrenland, Furyondy, the Great Kingdom, Sunndi, and Onnwal.

The most powerful empire in the modern Flanaess was created by a conquering tribe of Oeridians, the Aerdi, who subjugated and assimilated all who opposed them. Ancient Oeridians were fierce warriors, yet they also were self-sacrificing and loyal. These traits are not as evident today, but many Oeridians do remain temperamental and prone to violence. They have a preference for strict social order, usually fitting themselves at the top, and their military traditions are strong. Aggression is often channeled into political conflict and subterfuge. The Oeridian skill at warfare is unsurpassed, and many folk have a hard-learned respect for it. In peacetime, they are practical, hard working, and not inclined to intellectual pursuits.

Oeridian dress normally consists of a short tunic and close-fitting trousers with a cape or cloak, tailored for ease of movement. Aerdi and Nyronal Oeridians favor plaids and checks, with ovals or diamonds in the south and west. Colors and patterns once showed clan allegiance, but this practice is fading in favor of personal color preference.

Following their warlike tendencies, magic-using Oeridians focus on battle-oriented spells, as well as the enchantment of magic items useful in combat. Spellcasters have a hard-nosed, practical attitude, and they are generally hawkish and outgoing. Many strive to be leaders or masters. Magic is often used for pragmatic purposes, too, such as construction, irrigation, and iron-forging.

Olman

The Olman have skin of a rich red-brown or dark brown color. Their hair is always straight and black, and their eyes are dark, from medium brown to nearly black. Olman have high cheekbones and high-bridged noses, a trait less strong in those of common birth. Some nobles still flatten the foreheads of their young, for a high, sloping shape is considered beautiful.

The Olman originated on Hepmonaland, raising a number of city-states from the jungles of that land. Through centuries of warfare, they built an empire that spanned northern Hepmonaland and reached across the Densac Gulf to include the Amedio Jungle. Internal strife and wars with another human race, the Touv, caused them to abandon their old cities. Many Olman migrated to the Amedio, where they maintained their civilization for several more centuries. Ultimately, these cities also fell to the curses of civil war and supernatural upheaval, until most Olman reverted to barbarism.

The Olman are now concentrated in the jungles of Hepmonaland, the Amedio, and their namesake Olman Isles. Many are enslaved in lands held by the Scarlet Brotherhood. Others have escaped to otherwise uncontrolled regions such as the western end of the Sea Princes' lands, which they now control and defend.

What sort of culture the Olman originally had is obscured by their early adoption of the ways of alien gods. These beings made the primitive Olman their followers, encouraging them on the bloody path of ritual warfare and human sacrifice. The Olman Empire was a hybrid of monarchy and theocracy, with hereditary emperors and warlords ruling alongside clerics and astrologers. Modern Olman have a tribal culture, with a cleric or hereditary chief leading each tribe. Many still practice annual human sacrifice to the dimly remembered Sky Gods,

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while lesser ceremonies require simple bloodletting and the offering of animals and plants. Their warlike nature is persistent but unrefined, colored by their harsh jungle environment. They still practice ritualized warfare, often collecting heads or animating corpses, but they prefer to use stealthy raids and ambushes against their enemies.

While Olman clothing tends to be simple and monochlor, such as a split skirt, loincloth, or shawl-like upper garment, they have fantastic methods of decoration, using beads, stones, feathers, bones, metal, and wood. These items decorate their clothes, weapons, and especially ceremonial items such as elaborate headdresses.

The Olman favor magic that damages many opponents in visibly graphic ways. They also choose divination spells that allow them to understand the world around them and perhaps comprehend the omens of their distant gods. Magic that protects or heals others is very rare.

Rhenee

The complexion of Rhenn-folk ranges from olive to tan; their hair is usually curly and tends to be black or dark brown. Most have eyes of gray, blue, or hazel, but green is known to some families. The Rhenee are generally short but strong and wiry, with men averaging 5 ft. 6 in. and women less.

The Rhenee are not native to Oerth; rather, they are accidental travelers from another plane or world, citizens of a lost homeland they call Rhop. Their legends say that they appeared first in the Great Kingdom, in or near the Adri Forest. Pursued by monsters and hostile Aerdi, they fled west to the shores of the Lake of Unknown Depths, where they took to life on the water. They now expertly ply the great rivers that cross the Flanaess and migrate between the three great lakes (though Whyestil Lake is lately unsafe for travel). Rhenee are fairly common on the

waterways of the central Flanaess and near inland shores and banks. A few secret, inland encampments are said to exist, and here may also be encountered their rare, land-dwelling cousins, whom they derogatively refer to as the Attloi. The mutual distrust and antagonism between the Rhenn-folk and other peoples of the Flanaess have kept the Rhenee relatively unmixed with other races, though the Rhenee do bring children of other human races into their families.

Little is known of the original culture of the Rhenee, as they were absent from the Flanaess before 425 years ago and entered their current lifestyle to escape persecution. The Rhenn-folk are masters of inland sailing and navigation, and they love their nomadic and adventurous life. Music and gambling are beloved amusements. Certain Rhenee say they are nobles and have great authority among their kind. Men nearly always become warriors; some women become sorcerers, “wise women” whose skills and knowledge make them the subtle masters of Rhenee society. Rhenee men can be quite chauvinistic, and their women manipulative.

Rhenee have a wide reputation as thieves, and most do learn roguish skills as children, practicing them primarily upon outsiders. Their secrecy and bad reputation cause most people to dislike the Rhenee, and the feeling is mutual. They survive by ferrying goods and passengers, fishing, hunting, and selling their crafts, and illegal means (theft and smuggling), although they put forth the least amount of work needed to accomplish their goals. They follow a code of conduct that has different restrictions for dealing with others of their kind versus non-Rhenee outsiders, who may be lied to and cheated.

These people dress in muted colors, and each adult male has a set of homemade leather armor of good quality. The cut and style of their clothing is simple and functional, eschewing the fashion-

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minded concerns of other races. Their leatherwork is exceptional. Of the Rhennee, only the female students of “wise women” become spellcasters. (Clerics are unknown among them.) Wise women prefer charms and illusions, practicing divination as well. They like spells that deceive or confuse people, especially enchantments like love potions or (very) minor protective charms that can be sold to the foolish, unwary, or greedy.

Suloise

The Suel have the lightest coloration of any known human race of the Flanaess. Their skin is fair, with an atypical proportion of albinos. Eye color is pale blue or violet, sometimes deep blue or gray. Suel hair is wiry, often curly or kinky, with fair colors such as yellow, light red, blonde, and platinum blond. The Suel tend to be lean, with narrow facial features.

The Suel Imperium was located in what is now the Sea of Dust. Wicked and decadent, this empire was destroyed during a war with the Baklunish when the latter brought down the *Rain of Colorless Fire*. Suloise survivors fled in all directions, many crossing the Hellfurnaces into the Flanaess, where they met other Suel who had fled the long war much earlier. Some evil Suel were forced into the extreme corners of the Flanaess by invading Oeridians. The barbarians of the Thillonrian peninsula are pure Suel, as are the elite of the Scarlet Brotherhood. The people of the Duchy of Urnst and places in the Lordship of the Isles are nearly so.

The Suel Imperium was governed by contesting noble houses, and the fleeing bands that entered the Flanaess were often led by nobles with their families and many retainers. The modern Suel retain this affinity for family, although they often use a very narrow definition of the word to include only siblings, parents, and children. A few Suel can trace their lineage all the way back to the days of their empire.

The ancient Suel Imperium was exceedingly cruel. This trait surfaces in the modern day, for more than one Suel organization openly plots against other people of the Flanaess. Fortunately, most Suel have avoided this dark legacy, having inherited the relatively minor flaws of being opinionated, selfish, and blunt. Many also tend to be prideful and unwilling to admit flaws or personal hardships. They have a passion for study, especially in regard to magic, and many Suel wizards become incredibly powerful.

Traditional Suel dress includes wide-legged pantaloons and loose blouses (vests in the south), both in solid colors. Most individuals use one color only, with nobles using two or more as appropriate to their House. The style of clothing is adapted to the climate; Suel in the far north wear furs or thick wool, with capes, mittens, and furred boots. The Suel like large pins, brooches, emblems, and other adornments, a few of which are ancient heirlooms.

Heirs of a highly magical society, the Suel still have an aptitude for most types of spellcasting. Suel wizards often become masters of spells that involve transmutation. They also perfected a number of binding spells and created many items used for controlling and dominating other beings. For instance, it is thought that a long-dead Suel emperor made the ancient and terrible *Orbs of Dragonkind*.

Touv

The Touv people of Hepmonaland, which they call Melavi, “the bountiful place,” have dark brown or black skin, blue or brown eyes, with black eyes being rare, and straight or wavy hair. They have rounded facial features and are typically shorter than most people of the Flanaess, with the tallest Touv reaching about 5 ft. 10 in. in height. While most Touv males do not have facial hair, certain subgroups can grow narrow beards from their chins. Women's figures are often rounded and lush.

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Two-and-a-half thousand years ago, tribes of Touv wandered the savanna and lower jungles of Hepmonaland, farming small plots and chasing herds of wild cattle. They collected into larger groups and formed permanent settlements. Though there were a few fights over land and cattle, the majority of the Touv worked amiably with their distant cousins. A charismatic tribal leader named Onatal convinced three of the larger tribes to combine into one, and the agglomerate tribe took great leaps in metallurgy, farming and herding. The remaining tribes quickly joined the large one, and Onatal proclaimed himself King of the Cities. The Kingdom of Kunda was born, lasting a little over 1,200 years.

The Touv have advanced knowledge of ironworking, and their metals are normally ornately engraved, often with colored enamel set into them. They use a variety of weapons derived from their needs as herders and farmers as well as those learned from living in the jungle. Likewise, the common people are all considered equal, whether farmer, miner, merchant or craftsman; the core belief of the Touv religion is that things change with time and prosperity may come to anyone, so everyone should be respected as at least a potential equal or superior. The nobility work closely with their subjects, and cannot afford to think too highly of themselves, since they might be replaced with other members of the royal family more sympathetic to the public voice.

The spirits of the Touv pantheon maintain contact with their worshipers through clerics and shamans. There are numerous lesser spirits such as those of individual land features, plants and animals; many shamans learn the ways of the lesser spirits critical to the survival of their people rather than following the more generalized, greater spirits.

The Touv prefer their heads bare, although men and women tie up their hair with metal or wooden pins or braid it into a thick tail. A loose

vest-like shirt protects them from the sun, and short leggings or a loose skirt covers the lower half of the body. They decorate their clothing with bright needlework, and their shoes are made of stiff leather painted with geometric designs. They wear jewelry in their ears, and around their arms and wrists.

Touv artwork is very abstract—straight and curved lines, dots, and circles are used instead of more complex forms. People and animals are drawn with minimal strokes. These images adorn their armor, weapons, clothing and most any surface that could be improved by decoration.

Elves

The elves (“olve” in Flan) are slight of stature (averaging 5 ft.) and fair of complexion. Hair and eye coloration vary by kindred. High elves are usually dark-haired and green-eyed. The noble gray elves have either silvery hair and amber eyes, or pale golden hair and violet eyes (the second type commonly called faerie or fey elves). The hair color of wood elves ranges from yellow to coppery red, and eye color is a shade of hazel or green. Wild elves are the smallest of the elven folk, but otherwise resemble the wood elves. Finally, the valley elves appear to be taller versions (of nearly human height) of the gray elves.

Elves were present in the lands east of the Crystallist Mountains for uncounted centuries prior to the rise of the first human kingdoms there. Slowly driven from open country to more secluded and better defended strongholds by the growing strength of both human and nonhuman folk, elves still held a number of forest and upland realms at the time of the *Twin Cataclysms*. The invading humans, orcs, and others pressed them further, until some prominent elven realms made military and political alliances with dwarves, gnomes, and halflings, and even with certain major human tribes (usually Oeridian). Today, elves are dominant in Celene, Sunndi, Highfolk, the Vesve Forest, and the Lendore Isles.

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Elves are concerned with life itself and spend long periods contemplating natural beauty. Long-lived and curious, they enjoy exploration and remember much. Their frolics are usually joyous events, though some gatherings have a melancholy tone. The fine arts are much appreciated. Elves measure kinship in terms of broad, ethnic divisions, though family bloodlines, particularly among the nobles, often cross these ethnic boundaries. Valley elves are unique in that they have no social relationship with other elves in the Flanaess, being hated by them for unknown reasons.

Elves normally attire themselves in pale forest hues, though they favor more intense colors in urban settings. Generally, males wear a blouselike shirt over close-fitting hose and soft boots or shoes, while females favor a frock with sash, or a blouse with an ankle-length skirt. Hunting garments are typically in neutral colors like shades of brown, tailored for silent and easy movement. Gray elves wear complex gowns and flowing robes of pure white, sun yellow, and silver and gold set off by polished leather of contrasting colors, accented by jewels. Wild elves usually wear kilts, boots, and rough shirts. All elves favor cloaks, especially when traveling, typically gray or gray-green.

Elves are fascinated by all types of magic, especially illusions and charms. They also produce superior and elegant magic garments, weapons, and armor.

Half-elves are the offspring of humans and elves. They are highly versatile but not always welcome in elven or human society. They are disproportionately represented among adventurers as a result.

Dwarves

The dwarves, called the "dwur" by the Flan, have two main subdivisions. The more common hill dwarves have complexions of deep tan to light brown, with hair of brown,

black or gray. Eyes are of any color save blue. They are solidly built, though seldom exceed 4 ft. in height. Mountain dwarves are somewhat taller, with lighter coloration. All dwarves are bearded.

The dwarves do not speak of their origins to outsiders, so little of their ancient history is known. However, it is understood that they once had great underground halls in the northern Crystalmists that were destroyed by the *Invoked Devastation*. Their last High King perished in the aftermath, and the clans have ever since been sundered. Led by lords and princes of differing noble houses, the dwarf clans allied with elves and gnomes during the Suel and Oeridian migrations, and even joined humans of reliable disposition to defend their territories. In the present day, dwarves are found in rugged mountains and hills, particularly in the Lortmils, Glorioles, Crystalmists, Iron Hills, Principality of Ulek, and Ratik.

The dwur are perceived as materialistic, hard working, and humorless. They tend to be dour and taciturn, keeping themselves separate from other folk, but they are also strong and brave. In wartime they are united and willing to see victory at any cost, but prone to avenge old slights and reject mercy. They jealously defend the honor of their clans and families, and greatly revere their ancestors, building elaborate monuments to them. Yet, their chief love is precious metal, particularly gold, which they work with great mastery. Some dwarves suffer from an affliction called "gold-fever," when their desire for this substance becomes so overwhelming that it consumes their souls. The tradition of dwarven honor demands that leaders dispense treasure to their loyal followers, and the inability to do this is a sure sign of gold-fever. Dwarves also place great value on their long beards, often braiding them and twining them with jewels and gold wire. It is a terrible dishonor to be shorn.

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The traditional garb of dwarves is woolen trousers and a belted linen tunic, with a hooded cloak or cape worn over all. Their boots are of heavy leather, with or without buckles. Colors are a mixture of earth tones and loud, check-patterned hues. They also favor leather accoutrements, fitted with as many jewels and precious metals as they can hold. Females and males usually dress identically, except on certain ceremonial occasions where females wear a tabardlike overgarment, while males don their best embroidered work aprons.

Dwarven elders hold the secrets of their race's magic, best exemplified by their magnificent armor, weapons, and tools. They also oversee the construction of monuments and tombs, many of which have magical traps and curses of great cunning.

Gnomes

Gnomes ("noniz" in Flan) are solidly built and muscular despite their height. (Most gnomes stand just over 3 ft. tall.) Two major groups of them exist: rock gnomes (the most commonly seen) and deep gnomes (who live far underground). Rock gnomes are brown-skinned and blue-eyed, and almost all adults have light hair with a tendency toward male baldness. Males are most often bearded, though not so much as their dwarven cousins. Their facial features are a bit exaggerated compared to human norms, with prominent noses and eyebrows and leathery skin. Deep gnomes are hairless and wiry in physique, with gray or gray-brown skin.

Rock gnomes of the Flanaess have their origins as trappers and herders in the remote wooded highlands of the north. Their southward expansion began only a few centuries before the *Invoked Devastation*, bringing them into lands populated by other races. Their lairds and chieftains recognized the authority of elven or dwarven sovereigns, but discouraged any

mingling of peoples until the Suel and Oeridian migrations encouraged cooperation between races. Most gnomes inhabit great burrow communities in the Lortmils and Kron Hills, and east in the Flinty Hills.

The history of the deep gnomes is unknown to others, as they are so isolated and little seen. Their homeland is said to be a vast kingdom within a miles-deep cavern, where they are ruled by a wise and brooding monarch.

Gnomes are possessed of sly humor and earthy wisdom. Measuring the practical value of things as seen by the gnomes against the pretensions of other cultures, their wit is often revealed in inventive and embarrassing ways. Their creativity is not limited to practical jokes. They are fine craftsmen who appreciate precious stones and make beautiful jewelry, along with woodwork, stonework, and leatherwork of excellent quality; they invent and experiment often. Seldom avaricious, gnomes take equal pleasure in music and story, food and drink, nature and handmade things. Most gnomes are not prone to cruelty, though their lively jokes may sometimes make things appear otherwise.

Rock gnomes in the Flanaess tend to dress in dark colors, favoring earth tones but enjoying stripes and brightly dyed hats, belts, and boots. Males usually wear high-collared shirts or blouses with trousers and boots, and a double-breasted coat worn over all. Females wear high-necked blouses with aprons or ruffled skirts, often with a matching jacket. Their hunting garments are colored with mottled greens and browns intermixed. Deep gnomes are almost never seen unarmored, but are known to wear simple, dark tunics and aprons in their dwellings.

Famed primarily for their use of illusions, some gnome magicians are also master toymakers and artificers. Others are superb weavers, dyers, or tailors who can create clothing that will improve the appearance of the wearer or even alter it completely.

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Halflings

Halflings, called “hobniz” by the Flan, have three distinct types. The primary group is the lightfoot, the typical halfling found in the Flanaess. Lightfoots average just over 3 ft. tall and are ruddy faced, with hair and eyes in various shades of brown. The next most common sort are the stouts, somewhat shorter than lightfoots, and having broad features and coarse hair. Last are the tallfellows, who are taller, slimmer, and have fairer complexions than lightfoots. Most halflings have wavy or curly hair. Some, particularly stouts, also grow hair on their cheeks.

Halflings originally occupied small settlements in the river valleys of the west-central Flanaess. They spread slowly into other territories, so that by the time of the Suel and Oerdian migrations, few were north of the Gamboge Forest or east of the Harp River. They are common in much of the Sheldomar Valley, interacting freely with humans, dwarves, elves, and gnomes. Historically, they prefer to dwell in stable nations ruled by stronger folk. Today, halflings are found in much of the Flanaess, but they still favor the central and western regions from the Urnst states to the three Uleks.

Halflings are clever and capable, whether they are hard-working farmers or tricky rogues. Most halflings are curious and daring, getting themselves into trouble as often as they get themselves out of it. They have great appetites for food, drink, and collecting things. They love fun, get along well with almost anyone who will at least tolerate them, and enjoy travel and opportunities for excitement.

Halflings prefer to wear knee-britches and tunics or shirts, often with vests. Males wear coats and high-collared shirts on formal occasions, while females dress in a bodice-covered shirt and long skirts. Shirts and britches are often striped in alternating bright and dark

colors. They dress themselves in gnome style when hunting or at war, wearing clothing of mottled greens and browns.

The best-known halfling magic is culinary. Many halfling foods are made to retain their freshness for lengthy periods, and they use herbs with healing and other medicinal properties. However, most halfling spells are defensive and protective in nature.

Gnolls

Gnolls, which the Flan call “kell,” are big, nocturnal, hyena-headed scavengers who band together very loosely. Their packs are riddled with infighting and treachery. Filthy and vile, gnolls are also strong and roam widely through every clime, threatening outlying areas. They take slaves but always look for more, as gnolls tend to eat them. Some of their largest and most feared warbands include the Scarsavage, Gashclaw, Lowgorge, Foulpelt, Retchtongue, and Battlehowl. Many gnolls dwell in the Pomarj and in Bone March.

Hobgoblins

Hobgoblins, also called “hoch jebline” (“high goblins”), are larger and more disciplined than orcs. Their tribes always fight to determine dominance, but once this order has been established the tribes frequently work together. Some of the most successful tribes are the Rippers, the Leg Breakers, the Skull Smashers, the Flesh Renders, the Marrow Suckers, the Flayers, and the Slow Killers. A great many hobgoblins live in the western part of the Empire of Iuz, and some in Bone March.

Orcs

Evil orcs, or “euroz,” are all too common across the Flanaess. Undisciplined, bestial, and savage, orcs have severe tribal rivalries and do not cooperate unless controlled by a very strong leader. Major tribes include the Vile Rune, the

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Bloody Head, the Death Moon, the Broken Bone, the Evil Eye, the Leprous Hand, the Rotting Eye, and the Dripping Blade. Orcs are frequently encountered as mercenaries in the Empire of Iuz, Pomarj, Bone March, and across North Province. Orc-ogre crossbreeds are particularly dangerous and are known in several areas.

Half-orcs (the children of orcs and humans) are usually born under unhappy circumstances in border areas between orc and human cultures. Dark of mood and nature, many half-orcs achieve renown despite their rejection by their parents' folk and many others. In this regard, they are similar to the much rarer half-ogres.

Goblins

Goblins, or "jebli," are insidious nighttime raiders averaging 4 ft. in height. More powerful creatures usually dominate them, though all goblins swear fealty to the name of the local goblin king. The names of their best-known tribes include Night Terror, Death Feast, Black Agony, Poison Wound, Bitter Ruin, and Dire Oath. Goblins are scattered across the Flanaess in hundreds of places.

Kobolds

The kobolds, also name "celbit," are small, vicious, reptilian scavengers, picked on by every larger race. Their most numerous tribes include the Torturers, the Impalers, the Gougers, the Crippleers, the Mutilators, and the Tuckers. Like goblins, they are found in many places.

Other Folk

Certain huge, wicked races gather only in loose bands that are highly unstable, though often large in size. Members of these races are strong and fierce, and some prefer to ally with or dominate other wicked folk rather than associate with their own savage kindred.

The most vicious of these beings are the trolls, called "truknt." Trolls are without fear and often band together with the "eiger," as ogres are known; trolls can also be found as guardians in gnoll dens. Stupid, huge, murderous ogres readily join orcs or gnolls to raid and plunder. "Buchveer," the hairy goblinoid bugbears, assume mastery of smaller goblin communities whenever it suits them.

Beyond these groups are centaurs, sprites, giants, dragons, lizardfolk, bullywugs, and uncounted other nonhumans on the fringes of civilization. Most do humanity no good, though some ignore the civilized world in the main and a few, such as centaurs, are sometimes allies.

Languages

Five primary languages are spoken across the Flanaess, with Common the most prevalent. Most folk are multilingual, though barbarians and uneducated often speak but one tongue. Adventurers always know Common and learn additional languages in the usual manner.

Baklunish, Ancient: An ancestor of Common, Baklunish bears its offspring little resemblance. Many colloquial Baklunish dialects (some used by the Paynims) are based upon the classical language and collectively called Low Baklunish. Ancient Baklunish, however, is the standard literary form of the language and is used in religion, mythology, and poetry. It is also the language of all official documents and courtly proceedings west of the Yatils. Despite this, Common is widely known and used in the west, especially by traders and the educated.

Common: A combination of Ancient Baklunish and the dialect of Old Oeridian spoken in the Great Kingdom was the basis of this traders' tongue. Beginning centuries ago as Middle-Common, the language contained many obviously Oeridian

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elements, and the contributions of Baklunish grammatical structure and vocabulary are clearly identifiable. Regional variations were also pronounced, but all these elements became blended and standardized during the years of Aerdi dominance, resulting in the birth of the Overking's Common Tongue, later simply called Common. Any traveler must learn Common or be greatly handicapped. Very often, a language must be translated into Common before it can be translated into another language.

Flan: Doubtless the oldest language still spoken to any considerable extent, Flan is used by the Tenha in a corrupt form, and Rovers of the Barrens have a strange version of it. A stagnant language, it is hard to translate modern concepts (such as magic terms) into Flan.

Oeridian, Old: A young language, Oeridian took in few outside influences until a few centuries ago. As a result, translation into any language except Common is difficult at best. Many books and documents of the Great Kingdom were written in Old Oeridian, and in the far east the language is still widely known and used in speech and writing.

Suloise, Ancient: This ancient and widespread language became all but extinct after the *Rain of Colorless Fire* destroyed the Suel Imperium. Today it is rarely spoken, even by the few scholars who know the tongue. The only known modern speakers of Ancient Suloise are the members of the Scarlet Brotherhood (where it is the only language permitted within its hierarchy), and the lawyers of Greyhawk. It exists in its written state for those who would delve into the surviving arcane tomes of the Suel people. Transliteration into modern tongues or alphabets is difficult, and dangerous when used in spellcasting, for the significance of certain inflections has been lost over the centuries.

Dialects and sublanguages worthy of note follow. Those who speak related languages have some

chance to understand dialects, but little chance to comprehend distorted, mixed tongues.

Amedi: Only Suel natives of the Amedio Jungle speak this corrupted form of Ancient Suloise. Its few written symbols are Suloise alphabet characters.

Cold Tongue: This dialect, also known as "Fruz," is Ancient Suloise with Flan admixture, spoken by Ice, Snow, and Frost Barbarians. It has no relation to Common, and even speakers of Suloise find it difficult to understand.

Druidic: The druids' tongue of the Flanaess shares roots with Flan, but it is specialized and static, focusing only on the natural world and agriculture.

Ferral: Ferral is an old Oeridian tribal language spoken only by officials of the Iron League. Ferral is used for military command and identification purposes and is not a living language. Many fear that infiltration by agents of the Scarlet Brotherhood has compromised this code-tongue, but a magic-laced version is being developed in Irongate.

Keolandish: This widespread dialect of Old High Oeridian has local admixtures. It is spoken in and around Keoland.

Lendorian: This obscure dialect of Ancient Suloise (influenced by Common and full of nautical terms) is spoken by the human inhabitants of the Lendore Isles. It has no relation to the Cold Tongue and is not written.

Lendorian Elven: A peculiar new tongue that only high and aquatic elves of the Lendore Isles know, this might be a divinely inspired language. It is thick with religious and philosophical terms, and it cannot be learned in the normal manner. It seems to appear in the minds of elves who go to the Lendore Isles.

Nyrontese: This High Oeridian dialect of Common is spoken in rural areas of Nyron. It is the primary language of peasants, shopkeepers, and other common folk who distrust outsiders. Learned folk speak Common as well.

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Olman: Olman slaves taken by the Sea Princes or Scarlet Brotherhood speak this strange tongue, as their masters hated it. Its huge, complex “alphabet” is really a vast set of pictographs. It is heard most often in the western Sea Princes' lands and in the Amedio Jungle.

Ordai: This dialect shared by the Wolf and Tiger Nomads bears some resemblance to Ancient Baklunish, but it is most similar to dialects spoken among the distant Paynims. Its written form is based on Baklunish script.

Ralat: Ralat evolved as a result of interactions between speakers of Touv, Olman, and Ancient Suloise. Limited in scope to barter, weather, directions, and money, Ralat has a very simple written form and is the closest thing to a Hepmonaland “common tongue.” This language is only used if the speakers have no other languages in common.

Rhopan: The language of the Rhennee, Rhopan is also called “Rhenee cant” because it borrows many terms from other languages, including the argot of several thieves' organizations. It is not related to any Oerthly tongue.

Touv: A polyglot of many tribal tongues, Touv is a complex language with many words that mean the same thing. Extensive trade among the Kundali nations kept the language growing and universally comprehensible, although there are noticeable regional differences. Touv is an easy language to learn in small pieces but difficult to master. Its written language is phonetically based. It is spoken in all the former nations of the Kingdom of Kundali still under human control.

Ulagha: The language of the Uli is a debased form of colloquial Baklunish.

Velondi: This Old Oeridian tribal tongue is known to rural folk near the Furyondy-Veluna border. Those who speak only Common cannot understand it. It has no written form.

The Path of History

The commonly understood history of the Flanaess begins just over one thousand years ago, when the great conflict between the ancient Suloise and Baklunish empires forced massive migrations eastward across, around, and even under the western mountain ranges. This resulted in the mixture of races and cultures that defines the modern Flanaess.

Tales of the era before the migrations are fragmentary and poorly understood. Did monstrous creatures rule Oerik before the advent of humanity? Did the great races of humans, elves, dwarves, and the like arise by fiat of the gods or journey here from elsewhere? Did the elves raise humanity to civilization, or did humans achieve this on their own? Did the Flan once have their own empires and civilizations? Who built the oldest tombs in the Cairn Hills, the half-buried ruins in the Bright Desert, or the deserted stone cities in the Griff Mountains? Where were the fabled realms ruled by Johydee, the Wind Dukes of Aaqa, Vecna the Whispered One, the High Kings of the dwarves, or the elven King of Summer Stars? What became of the mysterious Isles of Woe, and who dwelled there? No one knows with any certainty.

Even histories of the early years of the migrations are unclear on many points. The Oeridian tribal realm of Thalland was so thoroughly absorbed by the kingdom of Aerdy that it survives only in name as the Thelly River. The ancient kingdom of Ahlissa, ruled by the Flan and easily conquered by Aerdy, is known today only for its founding wizard-queen, Ehlissa the Enchantress, and a magical nightingale she made. (The Flan here have almost vanished through intermarriage.) So it goes for much of recorded time.

What is presented here is a history of the land accepted by most learned authorities and understood by almost anyone with a rudimentary education.

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The current time is the Common Year (cy) 576, which is also 1220 OR (Oeridian Record), 6091 SD (Suloise Dating), 5038 OC (Olven Calendar), 3235 BH (Baklunish Hegira), 2726 FT (Flan Tracking), 1984 TC (Touv Count), and 1380 OL (Olman Lunar).

Note: When calculating Common Years prior to the Declaration of Universal Peace in 1 cy, remember that Common Year reckoning has no “year zero.” Thus, the time elapsed between 5 cy and −5 cy is only nine years, not ten.

Disaster and Migration

The root cause of the animosity between the Suel Imperium and the Baklunish Empire is lost in time, but the end result of their final war haunts even the modern day. After decades of conflict, the Suloise Mages of Power called down the *Invoked Devastation* upon the Baklunish, resulting in an apocalypse so complete that its true form remains unknown. Entire cities and countless people were purged from Oerth, leaving few signs of the great civilization that thrived from the Sulhaut Mountains to the Dramidj Ocean.

In retaliation, a cadre of Baklunish Holy Magi, gathered in the great protective stone circles known as Tovag Baragu, brought the *Rain of Colorless Fire* upon their hated enemies. The skies above the Suel Imperium opened, and all beings and things beneath this shining rift in the heavens were burned into ash. So terribly did these attacks plague the world that they have come to be called the *Twin Cataclysms*, a term understood by nearly every resident of the Flanaess. The Dry Steppes and the Sea of Dust are geographical reminders of this unbridled magical power, now lost to all people—perhaps for the better.

Thousands survived the early years of the Suel-Baklunish conflict by fleeing east over the Crystalmists. The Oeridians, a confederation of barbaric tribes in close proximity to the warring empires, took the wars (and attendant raids from orc and goblin mercenaries in the employ of both sides)

as a sign to migrate eastward in search of their ultimate destiny. They were the first large group to enter the lands of the Flan, which they termed the Flanaess.

Suloise refugees soon followed, sometimes working with the Oeridians to pacify the land, but more often warring with them over which race would dominate it. For over two centuries, Suel and Oeridian fought for control of the region from the Crystalmists to the Solnor Coast. Many Suloise were debased and wicked, and they lost most of these battles and were pushed to the periphery of the Flanaess.

Though some Baklunish folk migrated eastward, many more fled north toward the Yatil Mountains, or to the shores of the Dramidj Ocean, where their ancient cultures flourish to this day. The very nonhuman mercenaries the Oeridians had sought to avoid found themselves swept up by these migrations. Many of the foul creatures that now plague the Flanaess arrived following the Oeridians and Suel. These renegade mercenaries trailed after human migrants in search of plunder, food, and slaves.

Keoland and Aerdy

The most successful union of Suel and Oeridian came in the Sheldomar Valley, where Keoland was founded eighty years after the *Twin Cataclysms*. The Suel Houses of Rhola and Neheli joined with Oeridian tribes on the banks of the Sheldomar and pledged themselves to mutual protection and domination of the western Flanaess, an agreement that set the course of history for the region for the next nine centuries. Of all the new realms formed during those tumultuous days, only Keoland remains.

Farther east, the most powerful of all Oeridian tribes, the Aerdi, reached the Flanmi River. From there they spread outward again, conquering indigenous peoples and fellow migrants alike. In time, the kingdom of Aerdy ruled the whole of the eastern Flanaess and moved its borders westward.

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One hundred and ten years after the defeat of the last meaningful threat to Aerdi sovereignty, at the Battle of a Fortnight's Length, the leader of Aerdy was crowned as overking of the Great Kingdom. Overking Nasran also marked the birth of a new calendar, and with the Declaration of Universal Peace, the sun arose in the east on the first day of the first Common Year. The writ of imperial Aerdy eventually encompassed holdings as far west as the Yatils, controlling the southern Nyr Dyv with a small garrison at an insignificant trading post known as Greyhawk.

From 213 cy on, the Aerdi overkings grew lax, caring more for local prestige and wealth than for the affairs of their vassals in distant lands. This period was called the Age of Great Sorrow. As each sovereign passed, he was replaced with a more dimwitted and less competent successor, until the outer dependencies of Aerdy declared their independence. The viceroyalty of Ferrond led the way, becoming the kingdom of Furyondy. Other regions also broke away from the ineffectual government of the overking over time, creating their own governments after achieving success in their wars of rebellion.

By 356 cy, the ruling dynasty of Aerdy, the Celestial House of Rax, had grown especially decadent. In response, the western province of Nyronnd declared itself free of the Great Kingdom and elected one of its nobles as king of an independent domain. Armies gathered from all loyal provinces of Aerdy to suppress this brazen act. At this time, however, barbarians from the Thillonrian Peninsula raided the Great Kingdom's North Province, forcing the overking to divert troops from the western front. Nyronnd easily survived and thrived.

The Kingdom of Keoland awoke from a long slumber in the third century, expanding to dominate its neighbors. This short-lived Keoish empire lasted almost two centuries before far-flung wars and internal strife laid it low. The outer dependencies declared their autonomy, and Keoland resumed its peaceful isolation.

The Ivids and Iuz

The darkest chapter in the history of Aerdy began in 437 cy. In this year, the upstart House Naelax murdered the Rax overking, inaugurating a series of gruesome civil wars called the Turmoil Between Crowns. Within a decade, Ivid I of Naelax was recognized as the undisputed overking of all Aerdy. As Ivid was rumored to be in league with powerful evil Outsiders, the Malachite Throne of the Great Kingdom became known as the Fiend-Seeing Throne, and the once mighty and upright empire became a bastion of evil and cruelty.

The lands of the Flanaess soon became acquainted with an altogether less subtle form of evil with the rise of Iuz, in the Northern Reaches loosely aligned with Furyondy. In 479 cy, a minor despot in the Howling Hills left his domain to his "son," a being known as Iuz. Within a handful of years, Iuz had conquered his neighbors, setting up a small realm for himself. Tales told by refugees entering Furyondy spoke of unmitigated evil: Iuz was building a road of human skulls from the Howling Hills to his capital, Dorakaa. Worse, divinations and rumors marked Iuz as the offspring of an unholy union between necromancer and demon; he was seen to be a half-fiend towering 7 ft. in height, driven by a thirst for blood, destruction, and conquest.

Political struggles within Furyondy prevented the king from acting decisively in this period, when the evil of Iuz might have been permanently checked. Instead, the cambion lord flourished until 505 cy, when he appeared to vanish from Oerth. In truth, Iuz was imprisoned beneath Castle Greyhawk by the Mad Archmage Zagig Yragerne, former lord mayor of Greyhawk. In Iuz's absence, orc tribes and disloyal former subjects squabbled for control of his lands, allowing the forces of weal to rest for a time.

Three developments kept Furyondy and its allies from complacency. First, part of Iuz's leaderless realm soon broke away to be ruled by a nearly equal evil, the Horned Society.

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Second, the notorious Horde of Elemental Evil arose, a collection of cultists and villains headquartered at a temple south of the town of Verbobonc. The Horde was the puppet of Zugtmoy, Iuz's abyssal consort, who instructed it in bizarre teachings at the behest of her absent lover. The Horde's banditry was finally vanquished in 569 cy at the Battle of Emridy Meadows, where Prince Thrommel of Furyondy led forces from Furyondy, Veluna, Verbobonc, and other realms in victory and the destruction of the temple.

Third, faithful orc and human servants of Iuz became zealots dedicated to their absent lord. In time, the leaders of these cults devoted to Iuz displayed magical power, igniting Furyondy's worst fears. In 570 cy, a meddlesome warrior-adventurer named Lord Robilar freed Iuz from his imprisonment. Iuz returned to his lands more powerful and wicked than ever before, with an unholy priesthood leading his forces in his unholy name.

Storm Clouds

The years since Iuz's return has been seen as the prelude to current conflicts. Several destabilizing forces have come into play, upsetting the old balance of power in the Flanaess. The most insidious of these powers is the Scarlet Brotherhood, a secretive monastic order first reported in 573 cy, the same year in which Prince Thrommel of Furyondy, hero of Emridy Meadows, vanished from the world...

Keoland

Proper Name: Kingdom of Keoland

Ruler: His Peerless Majesty, the King of Keoland, Kimbertos Skotti (LG male human veteran)

Government: Feudal monarchy with rulership that passes between two or more royal houses

that are primarily descended from ancient Suel nobility with many Oeridians and some elves, gnomes, or halflings in Council

Capital: Nirole Dra

Major Towns: Cryllor (pop. 8,400), Flen (pop. 11,900), Gradsul (pop. 49,400), Nirole Dra (pop. 21,600), Saltmarsh (pop. 5,000)

Provinces: More than two dozen major and many minor duchies, counties, marches, territories, and baronies.

Resources: Foodstuffs, cloth, gold, gems (100 gp – 500 gp)

Coinage: [Keoish standard] griffon (gp), lion (gp), eagle (ep), hawk (sp), sparrow (cp)

Population: 1,800,000 — Human 75% (Suloise and Oeridian majority, Flan minority), Elf 8% (sylvan majority, high minority), Gnome 6%, Halfling 5% (lightfoot), Half-elf 2%, Dwarf 1%, Other 1%

Languages: Keolandish, Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling

Alignment: Lawful Good, Neutral Good*, Neutral, Lawful Neutral, Chaotic Good

Religions: Heironeous, Phaulkon, St. Cuthbert, Fharlanghn, Ehlonna, Lydia, Osprem, Zilchus, Kord, Xerbo, Norebo, Olidammara, elf pantheon, Trithereon

Allies: Gran March, Sterich, the Ulek states, Geoff, Bissel, Iuz (distrusted, but presently tolerated)

Enemies: Pomarj, Scarlet Brotherhood, nonhumans and giants in Crystalmists and elsewhere, Sea Princes (all factions), Celene (greatly disliked), Valley of the Mage (distrusted)

Overview: Older even than Aerdy in the Flanaess is ancient Keoland, mainspring of the Sheldomar Valley. The foundation of Keoland, represented the birth of the first postmigration human kingdom in the Flanaess. For nearly a millennium, the Keoish heartlands have spanned the lands from Gradsul at the Azure Coast to the Rushmoors in the north, between the great Sheldomar and Javan rivers in the east and west.

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These lands are some of the most provincial and bucolic in the Flanaess, having been largely untouched by war and conflict for centuries. The climate is customarily temperate year-round and the soils of the central valleys are rich, allowing the kingdom to grow wheat, rye, and other grains in great abundance. The country has never been rich in terms of mineral wealth, and perhaps for that reason it has always conducted a brisk trade with its neighbors, to whom it supplies staples such as foodstuffs in return for hard coin.

The folk of the land can be friendly and generous, but they are primarily noted for their superstitious natures, particularly their wariness of foreigners. The people are a mixture of Suel and Oeridian bloodlines, well blended for the most part in the provinces of the nation, except in certain rarefied circles such as the nobility and other closed societies. Flan still exist in small pockets in the kingdom, no longer numerous in the heartlands and now driven to the peripheries of the valley. The common tongue is spoken here, but the primary dialect is called Keolandish. The speech of the common folk is highly recognizable for its accent.

For most of Keoland's history, the study of magic was banned to its citizenry, and its practice was restricted to secret societies and certain nobles. Little evidence is seen by the causal observer of powerful wizards' magic, as commoners fear those who practice spellcraft. Many priesthoods are present in the realm, though religion was never a dominant force in the kingdom, either.

Keoland is a true monarchy in that its kings rule for life and have great powers and authority at their disposal, but officially the government is a permanent regency. Ruled in the trust of the noble houses, the matter of succession has always resided in the Council of Niole Dra. This deliberative body, composed of the major nobility and heads of certain long-established guilds and societies in the kingdom, has the

responsibility to authorize succession and oversee matters dealing with the nation's founding charter. It is the founding charter, penned some nine centuries ago, that ascribes rights and obligations on the part of all the citizenry of the country, whether lowborn or high. The Throne of the Lion, as the office of the king is referred to in Keoland, is currently held by Kimbertos Skotti. The monarch is besieged by factions who constantly demand his attention, making changes or decisions often painfully slow in coming. Most of these petitioners are peers of the realms, who have varied and often conflicting self-interests.

Over two dozen political subdivisions exist in Keoland. The major provinces follow, with their capitals and rulers.

Axewood, Barony of

Linnoden

Baron Anladon of Neheli (LG male half-elf eldritch knight)

Cryllor, County of

Cryllor

Count Ignas Manz (LN male human knight)

Dorlin, Duchy of

Dorglast Castle

Duke Cedrian III of Neheli (CN male human war mage)

Flen, County of

Flen

Countess Allita Elgarin (N female human priestess of Xerbo [Tempest domain])

Good Hills, Union of the

Black Top

First Speaker Blaif Rinnar (NG male gnome swashbuckler)

Gradsul, Duchy of

Gradsul

Duke Luschan VIII of Rhola (LN male human war mage)

Grayhill, Barony of

Dourstone

Baron Markos Skotti (NG male human veteran)

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Middlemead, March of

Middlebridge

Margrave Kharn (LN male human knight)

Nimlee, County of

Craufield

Countess Lissen Rheyd (NG female human priestess of Lydia [Knowledge domain])

Niole Dra, Royal Capital and District of

Niole Dra

Lord Mayor Pugnace Dillip (LN male human knight)

Salinmoor, Viscounty of

Seaton

Viscount Marik Feldren (CN male human knight)

Sedenna, March of

Plampton

Margrave Erlich Derwent (LN male human knight)

History: “The Chronicle of Secret Times” is a book banned by the Keoish crown, a strange set of affairs for a work that is said never to have existed. Nonetheless, numerous apocryphal copies are said to be in certain clandestine collections, including the Great Library of Greyhawk. The book’s sometimes lyrical prose tells of the Suloise survivors of the *Rain of Colorless Fire*, beginning with how Slerotin, the Last Mage of Power, led eleven tribes out of ruin and into the valley of the Sheldomar. As the story continues, the Magus, nearly consumed and at death’s door from his exertions, bids the most powerful noble houses to set aside their rivalries and unite to make a home in this valley and be at peace with its inhabitants. He prophesizes that they will one day combine with a noble people and together will lay the foundations of an exalted kingdom. Slerotin enjoins them to look for signs and portents, and to act upon them in the noblest tradition of their ancestors. The Last Mage of Power then quits the ken of mortals in a thunderclap that levels the surrounding trees and scatters them into the form of a glyph pointing toward the northeast, or so the tale goes.

History records that it was only a few years after their arrival in the Flanaess that the refugees fought each other and went their separate ways, disregarding the Last Mage’s words. The powerful Zelrad family withdrew to the northeast, departing from the Sheldomar Valley entirely to settle in what became South Province of the Great Kingdom. The tales also recount how the vile House Malhel fled toward the Dreadwood and was consumed by its own evil after trying to summon up powers of the earth in a desire to resurrect the Suel Imperium. Similar groups suffered other malign fates, while others fled across the Azure Sea, never to return.

The remaining Suel Houses fought the local Flan and abundant nonhumans for control of the rest of the land, which was dominated by the near-mythical Empire of Vecna in the north. The nobles of House Rhola made for the Azure Coast, where in –368 cy they founded the city of Gradsul. While they began settling the southern coastal lands, the nobles of Neheli took their chance in the northern valleys, heeding the apparent words of the Last Mage and striking for the northeast. Their much feared Seers, who were among the few powerful apprentices of Slerotin to survive the cataclysm, closely advised the leaders of Neheli in all things. Niole Dra was founded by them within ten years of Gradsul’s creation. The next few seasons brought many changes to the land, as the Oeridian tribes entered the Sheldomar Valley from the north after a great upheaval appeared to bring down the Empire of Vecna from within. The Oeridians were the first people to encounter the Neheli, settling within the latter peacefully.

Keoland was officially founded in the year 303 OR (–342 cy), a union between the Neheli, Rhola, and minor Oeridian nobles who came to control large swaths of the central valleys between the holdings of the Suel. This series of disjointed states between the rivers Javan and Sheldomar became one nation after a series of

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brief struggles with the Flan. Nirole Dra was taken as the capital and its first king, a nobleman of House Neheli, was chosen to rule by a consensus of the peers of the realm.

By -242 cy, Keoland had expanded beyond the Good Hills, allied with the inhabitants there, and entered a period of rapid expansion characterized largely by the peaceful annexation of new lands and territories. Sterich was soon founded in the west, followed in -161 cy by the Gran March, as the kingdom expanded the northern border beyond the city of Shibolet to Hookhill. The Order of the Knights of the Watch was awarded the fief to defend the northern borders by the duke of Dorlin. In -96 cy, the Yeomanry was brought within the kingdom, and its freeholders were given a voice in council in Nirole Dra.

The expansion of Keoland came to a slow halt by the middle of the first century cy, after the death of King Malv III of the Rhola. In 49 cy, the throne reverted to House Neheli, where it remained for nearly two centuries. A long stagnant period in Keoish history ensued, during which the country remained a benevolent, if slumbering and introverted land.

Keoland awoke from its long slumber during what is generally regarded as its imperial phase, beginning in the late third century of the common era. When the last Neheli king died without issue in 286 cy, the summer conclave of the following year recognized the ascension of the first Rholan king in more than two centuries, King Tavish I. Tavish, the duke of Gradsul, was the scion of his house and its most formidable leader. He was determined to make the aspirations of Keoland rival that of the Aerdi and the nascent Furyondy, both of which already dominated the neighbors of Keoland and its rivals in the north and across the Azure Sea.

Tavish immediately brought a cosmopolitan air and youthful dynamism to sleepy Nirole Dra when his court assembled the following year in the

capital. He quickly reversed the course of the nation and raised armies in great numbers. He accelerated castle-building across the frontiers of the nation and abolished certain magical prohibitions that had stood for centuries amid the strong opposition of the anchorites of the Lonely Tower, the Silent Ones.

Tavish's early maneuvers were subtle efforts to marshal the resources already at his fingertips by treaty. In 289 cy, Keoish forces verged on the Fals Gap, where the city of Thornward was founded by the Knights of the Watch as a northern outpost to ward and tax the trade roads between the Baklunish and Furyondy. While a brief skirmish was fought with the Baklunish of Ket, large-scale actions were as yet unknown. In 292 cy, Tavish negotiated a treaty to formalize the union of the Ulek states to Keoland, bringing them into closer cooperation with the Throne of the Lion. Keoish ambassadors were dispatched even to Enstad, and distant outposts were soon tolerated by Celene and its fey court. Tavish accomplished the near total confederation of the Sheldomar Valley, from the Crystalists to the Azure.

Following the death of Tavish the Great in 346 cy, the throne was taken by his eldest son, Tavish II (called "The Blackguard"), a move that was grudgingly approved by the Council of Nirole Dra. During the early summer of 348 cy, the new king made his so-called "Wealsun Proclamation," over the objections of the members of the Council. In it, he asserted the manifest destiny of the Keoish to hegemony over the Sheldomar Valley and all its borders. Within a handful of years, Keoland had marched armies into western Veluna and annexed the Pomarj from the prince of Ulek.

Using the added support he gained from early victories in Veluna, Tavish II quickly drove the ill-prepared rulers of Ket to the Tusman Hills. In late 362 cy, he ordered the extension of a formal trade road from Thornward to Molvar and

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eventually to Lopolla. Earlier the previous year, the Yeomanry had closed its borders to the Keoish, withdrawing its forces in protest against the “wars of aggression,” while Celene expelled royal garrisons from within its borders. The Ketite expedition began unraveling within a few years. The next three decades were rife with fits and starts that amounted to a slow retreat to Bissel.

By the year 400 cy, the forces of Keoland had completed their final withdrawal to Thornward, fortifying the Fals Gap and making Bissel the northern frontier of the kingdom. Keoland's aggression took a lengthy hiatus under the rule of Duke Luschan, the new regent who had no stomach for war. In 414, the old regent became ill and died, and his young nephew assumed the title Tavish III. In 438, the Small (sometimes called the Short) War between Furyondy and Keoland ended Keoish influence in Veluna. Furyondians and their armies advanced on Thornward and south to nearly the city of Hookhill, as the Knights of the Hart captured Bissel before Tavish III reinforced the northern border in disgust. Keoland's influence north of the Gran March came to a complete end.

Troubles for the Throne of the Lion continued unabated in the south. In 433 cy, Tavish III's errant younger brother and the heir to the duchy of Gradsul disappeared, and reports placed the duke as lost in the Amedio, the victim of pirates or other foul play. The old king attempted to salvage some dignity in a doomed expedition to reclaim the south, culminating in the Siege of Westkeep, 453 cy. In a prolonged battle against the insurgents, King Tavish III was himself slain.

The king's surviving son was crowned Tavish IV, assuming the throne immediately following the death of his father on the battlefield. Recognizing the disastrous policy that had propelled the dependencies of the kingdom to fly apart and resulted in the death of his brothers

and father, young Tavish IV reversed the course of the nation. He recalled and disbanded expeditionary forces from the frontiers, sending home men who had not worked their ancestral lands for their entire lives. In 460 cy, the Yeomandry League was formally recognized as an independent realm and relations were reestablished. However, despite the best efforts of Tavish IV, many of these changes came too little and too late for others. In 461 cy, the realms of Ulek and Celene severed formal ties with Keoland, the former gaining complete autonomy. Two years later, seeing their opportunity, minor Suel nobles in the Pomarj forswore their fealty to the prince of Ulek and took Highport as their capital. This act went unchallenged in Niole Dra, which was tired of war.

In 488 cy, a prematurely aged Tavish IV died without issue, a lonely and broken monarch. The Throne of the Lion fell to an heir of the House Neheli the next year, who promptly turned a blind eye to foreign affairs. Keoland soon reverted to the more peaceful, even complacent state from which it had departed for nearly two centuries. This sudden introspection drifted into isolation a few years later when the Keoish monarch refused to engage in the Hateful Wars that raged between the Ulek States and the nonhumans of the Lortmils and Suss Forest. When the Suel barons of the Pomarj suffered a crushing invasion at the end of the conflict, their pleas for assistance fell upon a suddenly oblivious bureaucracy. Illness and misfortune befell the Neheli line over the next few decades to such disquieting proportion that, by the late 550s, it became doubtful it could put forward an heir to old King Trevlyan III when he suddenly passed away in 564 cy.

The Council of Niole Dra entered into prolonged debate the following winter and emerged with a surprising announcement. The new king was introduced as Baron Kimbertos Skotti of Grayhill, an obscure ranger lord from a

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small province near the Dreadwood with little-known blood ties to the throne. Lashton of Grayhill (LN male human archmage), a wizard of some notoriety and exceeding ambition, came to serve the new Royal Court as its magical councilor, seen by some as an exceedingly influential schemer.

Conflicts and Intrigues: Relations between Keoland and the Prince of Ulek are strained from the latter's economic alliance with the Lordship of the Isles, so support of the latter's Pomarj campaign remains tepid. Duke Luschan wants to build a dozen new frigates to contend with naval threats on the Azure Sea, and he courts an alliance with Irongate. Rumors come out of Dorlin about cases of madness in certain families of the Neheli. Monsters plague the southern frontier.

Saltmarsh

Saltmarsh is a nondescript fishing village tucked away on the southern coast of the Kingdom of Keoland. For several generations, Keoland was a formidable military power. Its superior cavalry and bold knights pushed the kingdom's borders outward to the north, west, and east. Each successful campaign increased both the crown's wealth and power, and each one in turn drew the kingdom's attention even farther north. The southern coastal regions of Keoland remained a backwater.

The crown's benign neglect allowed piracy and banditry to flourish. Saltmarsh and similar towns kept to fishing, content to maintain a low profile and avoid governmental entanglements. Decades ago, the pirates who prowled the waters off Saltmarsh grew strong enough to create their own realm, a loose confederacy known as the Hold of the Sea Princes. With the rise of that nation came increased raids on Saltmarsh and its neighbors. The Sea Princes' raiding ships pillaged

the coast for more slaves to support their growing realm, and Saltmarsh suffered heavily. The memories of those times loom heavily over the area, and the locals' hatred of the Sea Princes runs deep.

In time, Keoland's victories in the north gave way to a string of defeats in which its neighbors pushed the kingdom back to its original boundaries. With the world closing in, King Kimbertos Skotti looked to the south and saw unchecked banditry and a rising pirate nation. The crown struck peace treaties with its former foes to the north, raised a navy, and dealt a sharp check to the ambitions of the Sea Princes—but the conflict is by no means over.

King Skotti has decreed that the pirates must be put down, the sea lanes secured, and trade cultivated. If Keoland cannot prosper as a military force, it must grow mightier as a center of trade.

Saltmarsh, remote though it might be from the center of power in Keoland, is entering a new phase of its life as it reacts to the king's plans. The crown's agents want to expand the village's port and make it a prime location for trade with the world beyond. In another recent development, a band of dwarves—bearing a decree from the king himself—have arrived and begun to excavate the hills and seaside cliffs near town, looking for precious metals. If their work bears fruit as expected, the mine stands to become a major factor in the village's—and, indeed, the entire region's—prosperity.

Naturally, not all of Saltmarsh's residents feel the same about the recent developments in and around their community, which is the key issue that affects their lives and livelihood. Although the recent changes stand to bring new prosperity to the area, many locals don't want to see their home changed. At the same time, as an undercurrent through all the goings-on, agents of the secretive and mysterious Scarlet Brotherhood work to thwart Keoland's ambitions while advancing their own.

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Politics and Factions

Saltmarsh's future rests in the hands of three factions that compete for supremacy. Two of the factions represent the opposing sentiments that have grown in town in recent years. The third is a secret group that seeks to undermine Saltmarsh and seize control of the region. These factions' struggles play out in the day-to-day lives of the townsfolk and the political maneuvering of Saltmarsh's town council.



Traditionalists

The traditionalist faction is an alliance of the prominent fishing families and merchants in town, along with the workers who rely on those industries for a living. The traditionalists

remember the terrible times during the Sea Princes' raids and have no desire to see the crown's ambitions lead to open war. The smugglers who operate in the area tend to be traditionalists. Most pose as merchants and rely on their local contacts to move goods through the region without interference from the town guard or royal agents. Smuggling has long been an easy way to make money in Saltmarsh, and locals generally look the other way, seeing it as a victimless crime.

The traditionalists would like to see the dwarves' mining efforts fail and interest from the north wane, so that Saltmarsh's dependable fishing trade can thrive and the smugglers in the area are left alone. They resent the intrusion of outsiders seeking to transform Saltmarsh and undoubtedly drain power from the fishing families to give to dwarves and merchants.

This faction relies on two council members for representation. Eda Oweland leads the faction

and can count on Gellan Primewater to back her up. Anders Solmor is young and unpredictable, but he has supported the traditionalists' viewpoint on most issues.

At their best, traditionalists are community-minded folk who want Saltmarsh to return to its old way of doing things, arguing that the town has survived for a century by sticking to its original priorities. They suffered mightily due to the Sea Princes' depredations and remember the days when the crown turned a blind eye to their troubles. Their loyalty to the king runs second to their desire for peace and quiet.

Eda Oweland: Eda (CG female human noble) is the current senior member of the town council, as well as the owner of three large fishing boats. She has lived in Saltmarsh all her life and has been elected to the council three times. She is a gruff, pragmatic woman whose graying hair is cut short and whose face bears the marks of a life lived outdoors. Eda is keenly interested in expanding Saltmarsh's fishing industry, her sights set on a wild section of the coast where she hopes to build a new dock. She is suspicious of the dwarves' mining enterprise and doubts it will amount to much.

Gellan Primewater: Gellan (NE male human noble) is a well-spoken, dapper older gentleman with a neatly trimmed beard and a fancy wardrobe. With his cunning instincts, he has positioned his family to become the most prominent merchants in town, but he now faces an intractable problem. Gellan made his fortune through smuggling, his textile and lumber exports serving as a cover for his illegal activities. When Saltmarsh was a sleepy backwater, he could operate with impunity. Now that Saltmarsh has attracted attention from the outside world, he sees business growing more difficult and less profitable.

Because Gellan is the wealthiest man in town, he garners a great deal of popular support from the many feasts, entertainers, and other

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diversions he supports with expenditures and donations. He pretends to care little for the daily functions of the council, defaulting to throw his support behind Eda's position. In truth, this deference is a ruse he uses to mask his efforts to shield his smuggling operation.

Anders Solmor: Young Anders (LG male human noble) recently inherited his family's fleet of fishing boats after the untimely death of his mother, Petra. He's the youngest person ever to be elected to the council. Brash and inexperienced, Anders is a slight man with sharp features and a toothy smile. His recent forays into trade have made him a local celebrity. Since Anders owns both a fishing fleet and several trading vessels, he can sell his catch at a highly competitive price. And he can offer better prices for the other fishers in town to sell to him, since his catch brings in so much more profit.

Everyone involved in the town's fishing industry supports Anders, and his energy and ambition have made him something of a folk hero on the docks. On the other hand, his open opposition to smuggling and his hatred of the Sea Princes' practice of slavery makes him a thorn in the smugglers' side.



Loyalists

The loyalists consist of newcomers who arrived from the northern reaches of Keoland, loyal to King Kimbertos Skotti. They feel that the town should focus on becoming a useful

asset to the crown and value the good of the kingdom before the good of the region. The town guard, the dwarves, and the local farmers are generally loyalists.

The loyalists care about security. They want to keep Keoland's enemies at bay while ensuring

law and order. They see smuggling as a key problem, as it enriches the Sea Princes at the cost of the royal treasury and the efforts of honest merchants.

Above all else, the members of this faction put their faith in law. They exert influence through the town guard, though they remain within their legal authority.

At their best, the loyalists want to grow Saltmarsh into a trading hub with a higher standard of living and improved security. If the Sea Princes are held in check and the sea lanes cleared of threats, Saltmarsh can grow to become the envy of the world.

At their worst, the loyalists see the people of Saltmarsh as a barrier to growth. The locals are little more than allies of the Sea Princes, traitors who for too long have evaded the crown's notice. If they were to do as the loyalists tell them, then perhaps this fish-reeking pile of a town could become something respectable.

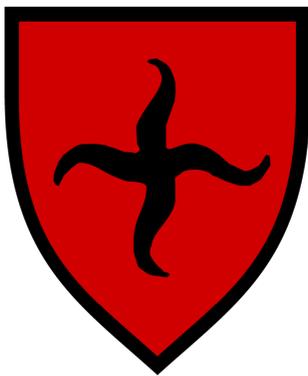
Eliander Fireborn: Eliander (LN male human gladiator) fought in the Knights of the Watch, where he earned a name driving the wild things of the Dreadwood away from the settled lands. Eliander suffered a tremendous injury to his leg in a battle against an owlbear and now walks upon a finely carved wooded peg. Despite his injury and advancing age, the burly captain of the Saltmarsh town guard remains an imposing figure. Eliander is a local celebrity thanks to his facility with languages, and he is often called upon by the town's various organizations to assist with translations. He is fully literate in Keolandish, Common, Dwarvish, Gnomish, Elvish, and Halfling; he can also speak and understand Orc and Draconic.

In a crisis, Eliander Fireborn might put the good of the crown above local rule. He possesses a royal writ that allows him to seize authority over the town guard in case of an emergency. He is loath to use it, as the locals might react to his seizure of power with an open revolt.

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Manistrad Copperlocks: The leader of the newly established mining operation in Saltmarsh is an iron-willed dwarven woman named Manistrad (LN female dwarf veteran). She runs the mining outfit from a small office near the edge of town. Manistrad is a competent leader, as well as a savvy miner with a knack for pulling off impossible jobs. She's convinced that the veins of silver found in the cliffs near Saltmarsh are indicative of more valuable stones deeper in the rock. She was once a fearsome warrior, and she's not above delivering a few well-placed blows to ensure her orders are followed.

Manistrad occupies an awkward place on the council. She was placed in her position by royal decree; the crown decided that if Saltmarsh is to support a mining operation, the miners would need a political voice. A more diplomatic figure might have smoothed over the tension, but Manistrad has little patience and sees the rest of the council, save for Eliander, as rustic dullards.



Scarlet Brotherhood

The Scarlet Brotherhood claims that the bloodline of its followers traces back to an ancient empire, the Suel Imperium, and their goal is to restore the old Suloise noble houses to prominence in the

world. As scions of a realm that once enjoyed unmatched arcane power and a vast dominion, its members see themselves as superior to all other folk and the only ones fit to rule.

For decades, this group has been concocting a conspiracy to spread fear, chaos, and uncertainty across the land. When the time is right, the Brotherhood will strike to seize the reins in kingdoms all across the world. Already its assassins have slain those who might oppose

their sinister plans. In almost every court in the land, from the most remote backwater barony to the imperial courts of world powers, the Brotherhood's agents have quietly assumed positions of influence.

Unlike the other factions in Saltmarsh, there is no good side to the Scarlet Brotherhood. As unrepentant megalomaniacs, they are villains through and through.

Saltmarsh Overview

Saltmarsh's roughly five thousand residents are predominantly human, with the dwarven mining contingent of about two hundred workers the largest non-human faction in town. Elves and halflings draw no special notice, since the Silverstand hosts a wood elf enclave and a few halfling villages are tucked in the hills around town. The residents react to other visitors, especially tieflings and dragonborn, with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

Law and Order

Saltmarsh is a bastion of civilization in the midst of an untamed region. Without its stout defenders, it might have long ago fallen to the depredations of outsiders.

Militia and Defense: One hundred trained warriors serve in the town guard. Each of them wears studded leather armor marked with a town guard's badge—the green reed of Saltmarsh—and is armed with a club while patrolling in town. The guards work in pairs, operating from two guardhouses built near the road into Saltmarsh. A smaller station at the docks quells the fights that break out there nightly. The captain of the town guard is Eliander Fireborn.

The guard also patrols the area around Saltmarsh on horseback. Groups assigned to this duty are more heavily armed and armored; they wear chain mail and wield longswords and heavy crossbows.

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A militia of five hundred residents can be mustered to take up the defense of the town if it comes under attack. The militia members have undergone minimal training, since they are expected only to keep an enemy at bay until the king's forces arrive.

A small force of marines watches over the docks and, if needed, can take to sea to meet the threat of a pirate ship or sahuagin incursion. The marines are hardened veterans of several battles against the Sea Princes. They are led by a married couple, Tom and Will Stoutly, veterans who have fought dozens of engagements against pirates, raiders, and monsters.

The guard is seen as something of a meddlesome force, since most of its members are drawn from the military veterans who migrated here with the crown's blessing. Townsfolk tend to see them as brutish thugs, though they are quick to call them when trouble arises.

Local Law Enforcement: The town guard arrests lawbreakers and imprisons them in the town jail. In most cases, criminals pay a fine and are let go. Those who cannot pay are required to work off their debt, usually put to work sweeping streets or helping with construction projects. If a crime requires a trial, the town council hears evidence and renders a verdict. Crime breaks down into three basic categories in Saltmarsh.

Petty Crime: Public unarmed brawling, pickpocketing, and other crimes that cause up to 50 gp in property damages are classified as petty crimes. The accused pays a fine of 2d6 gp, or one day of hard labor per gold piece owed.

Minor Crime: Armed assault, defined as any nonfatal attack made with a weapon, along with any other assault or property crimes that cause more than 50 gp in damages, but less than 250 gp, are minor crimes. The perpetrator must pay a fine of 100 gp and serve 1d4 years in prison or at forced labor.

Major Crime: Crimes more severe than those outlined above, including murder, are major

crimes. The criminal faces 2d10 years of imprisonment, though serious cases earn the death penalty. In most instances, these crimes are dealt with in Seaton, the provincial capital located east of Saltmarsh.

Commerce

Saltmarsh might be encrusted in sea salt and reek of rotting fish guts, but there is gold aplenty in the coffers of its citizens. For more than a century, the ships of Saltmarsh have worked the rich fishing grounds along the coast. Trade ships from near and far have been using the docks to unload their goods, and lately more ships have come to call as the dwarven mining operation grows. Smuggling has also long been a profitable business here.

The dwarven mining operation promises to bring about a rapid growth in Saltmarsh's fortunes. Whether that's a good or a bad thing depends on who you ask. The merchants look forward to more business, but the fishers don't see how the mines will do anything to enrich their coffers. If anything, they fear that competition for fish will become more ferocious as the town grows.

Fishing: More folk in town work in the fishing industry than any other, and it has been the backbone of Saltmarsh for generations. The wealthier families own their own boats, while less well-to-do folk hire out to work as deckhands. The work is difficult and dangerous, but a smart deckhand can save money for several years and eventually buy their own boat. That promise of earned prosperity is important to the townsfolk, and they see newcomers as a threat to it.

Trading: The wealthiest families in town own large trading vessels that they use to ship goods across the Azure Sea. Saltmarsh exports other foodstuffs from the farms around town. Most manufactured goods, except for rope, nets, and other items created locally to support the fishing industry, are imported into town.

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Smuggling: As a sleepy backwater town, Saltmarsh has long been an ideal market for illegal goods. Pirates, agents of the Sea Princes, and Keoish nobles looking to evade the king's taxes have all helped fuel a bustling local black market. Some fishing boats meet ships at sea to load and unload illegal goods, while other cartels conduct business at isolated points along the shore near town. The locals see smuggling as a victimless crime and resent the crown's growing insistence on cracking down on it.

Mining: The mine outside town is a new development. Despite the skepticism of the locals, the mine has started to yield silver in growing quantities, and the dwarves are convinced that the nearby cliffs are rich with gold. If the mine takes off, Saltmarsh could transform into a sprawling boomtown overnight.

Docks

The docks of Saltmarsh are the beating heart of the town. The fishing trade and related commerce that keep the town alive are based here.

The docks have recently undergone a series of expansions intended to lure larger merchant vessels into the port. Two primary piers are used to load and unload large ships, while a series of smaller ones accommodate humbler vessels.

This part of Saltmarsh is almost constantly busy; it's rare to see the large piers unoccupied. Guarded warehouses are a common sight in this district, and it is considered suspicious behavior to walk near those places at night.

The docks are a hotbed of rumors and gossip. The sailors and laborers who frequent this area are bored, eager for news, and inclined to share what they have heard. A person who spends a few hours asking for news can learn the current scuttlebutt.

Mood of the Town

Saltmarsh is a place of constant energy. Few of the common folk are so affluent that they can

afford to sit idle. At sunrise, the docks bustle with fishers preparing to venture out for the day. When they return, they spend time unloading their catch, mending nets, and repairing their vessels. The merchants move their ships into the docks once the fishing fleet is out for the day, and dock workers rush to load and unload goods before the boats return.

The daily energy and bustle carries over into rowdy nights. The fishers chug ale and swap stories, each seeking to outdo the other with their tales of the sea. Fights erupt as rival crews cross paths, and the town guard keeps a high profile in hopes of maintaining the peace.

The quantity and quality of the catch in recent days goes a long way toward determining the town's mood and general atmosphere. A bountiful catch for a few days in a row puts all the fishers in a celebratory mood, while a poor harvest that lasts more than a couple of days leads to frayed tempers and brawling.

Locations in Saltmarsh

Here is a summary of the notable places in Saltmarsh:

1. City Gate: Saltmarsh was built on the ruins of a much older settlement, sometimes called Old Saltmarsh or the Old Harbor. One sign of this is that the town has a small stretch of wall and a single town gate secured by two or three guards. The wall is old, crumbling, and badly worn by centuries of rain and wind coming in from the Azure Sea.

The garrison at the gate consists of older guards, those nearing retirement and unwilling or unable to walk patrols. Their eyes are sharp, and they are prone to gossip. A pull from a flask of whiskey or a few silver pieces can persuade them to provide information on recent visitors.

2. Barracks and Jail: Built on a low hill, the Saltmarsh barracks are also its jail. It is one of the few structures in Saltmarsh with an

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underground level. The jailer, Kraddock Stonehorn (LG male human gladiator), is an old comrade of Eliander. He is a stickler for the rules, and Eliander trusts him with his life.

The jail in the cellar consists of two sections. A single large chamber holds drunks, brawling fishers, and other troublemakers who need to cool off for a few nights. The lock is high quality (requiring a successful DC 20 Dexterity check with thieves' tools to pick), and the door is built of stout wood with a small window to allow guards to check in on their charges.

A side passage holds six individual cells with higher-quality locks (each requiring a successful DC 25 Dexterity check with thieves' tools to pick) and solid doors that lack windows. One cell was long ago warded against both teleportation and divination magic. Spellcasters are kept here, blindfolded and manacled. Occasionally Eliander uses this cell to conduct meetings that require the utmost secrecy.

The jail is used to hold prisoners with sentences of up to a year, but those facing longer terms or sentenced to hard labor are transferred to the prison at Seaton, a larger, heavily fortified port to the east.

At any given time, 2d4 guards, led by a veteran, keep watch here.

3. The Wicker Goat: Bearing the dubious honor of being the oldest tavern in town, the Wicker Goat is owned by Lankus Kurrid (NG male human guard), a retired officer of the Keoish army who caters to the dwarven miners and town guard. The two-story building has sleeping quarters for rent on the upper floor, usually sufficient to accommodate the slow stream of travelers making their way through Saltmarsh on the way to somewhere else.

Those who seek an audience with Manistrad Copperlocks can find her here when she's not working at the mine. She sometimes has need for adventurers to help keep the mining operation secure.

4. Eliander's House: Tucked at the edge of town and overlooking the sea, Eliander's home provides him with a relaxing sanctuary away from the bustle of Saltmarsh. Eliander maintains the largest library in town; during his days of military service, he made a hobby of collecting rare books. If anyone needs information on the history of Saltmarsh, they might find it in Eliander's archives.

5. Mining Company Headquarters: Once a mansion owned by a local noble family, this building was purchased by the crown and serves as the dwarven mining company's headquarters in Saltmarsh. Manistrad stays here when she must do business in town; otherwise, several dwarf clerks work here during the day, logging deliveries at the docks to be transported to the mine and arranging for the processed ore to be loaded on trade ships bound for distant ports.

Rumors abound of a vault hidden beneath the building. In the cellar, the dwarves have dug a chamber in the earth that is sealed with a heavy iron door and a fine lock (requiring a successful DC 25 Dexterity check with thieves' tools to pick). The dwarves keep their funds here, guarded by four suits of animated armor and a rug of smothering left in the vault. The constructs do not attack dwarves and can be disabled for 10 minutes if the command word is spoken to them.

6. Keledek Tower: This three-story tower is home to the town's resident sage and wizard, Keledek the Unspoken (LE male human mage), a close associate of Gellan Primewater. Keledek's dusky skin, bald head, and bright red silk turban—not to mention his height of nearly 7 ft.—make him an unmistakable figure in town.

Keledek came to town years ago from Ket, a distant Baklunish kingdom held in a mix of contempt, mistrust, and fear by the locals. Rumor around town claims that speaking his name aloud allows Keledek to eavesdrop on a conversation for a short time. In truth, Keledeth relies on his familiar, an imp named Zivmal, to spy on the townsfolk.

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7. Faithful Quartermasters of Iuz: A trade delegation led by Captain Xendros (CE female tiefling priestess) has come to Saltmarsh to acquire large quantities of fish (salted and preserved for transport) in the name of Iuz, a mighty cambion and demigod who rules much of the distant north. Iuz's realm does not produce enough food to feed all its citizens, so it relies on imports for the rest, and Saltmarsh is one of its major suppliers.

The minions of Iuz have only rarely come into direct conflict with Keoland, and its ongoing war with Keoland's rivals makes the nation an acceptable trade partner in the eyes of the king. The emissaries from Iuz pay on time and they buy shiploads of fish at once, so no one inquires too closely into the captain's sepulchral voice or her penchant for wearing gold jewelry etched with grim designs.

Xendros sometimes has need for adventurers. She is particularly interested in tracking down an *apparatus of Kwalish*. If news of one reaches her, she offers magic items to those willing to recover it for her (short of an artifact, she can supply anything if given enough time to send word to Iuz).

8. Empty Net: Partially supported by stilts driven into the harbor waters, this rickety tavern is purportedly a haven for smugglers, mercenaries, assassins, and even pirates. The owner, Kreb Shenker (NE male human thug), takes coin from anyone and asks no questions. Troublemakers are thrown out the door, over the railing, and into the reeking harbor. People looking to carouse find this the best place for a rowdy night of drinking and brawling. The town guard comes here only if called.

Kreb works with Gellan Primewater to screen prospective buyers and sellers for smuggled wares. He also recruits local toughs and sailors for Gellan's ventures, but he prefers those who are business-minded and less likely to cause trouble.

9. Green Market: A strip of open land that is the place for everything that isn't fish, salt, or nautical wares, this market stretches among a dozen stalls down to the bridge. A few goats, eggs, cloth, marsh plants, and pots are available, as well as the occasional mule or ox for hauling carts.

10. Sharkfin Bridge: This single large bridge spans the river, with shops and homes along its length. The bridge predates the village and is large enough for laden carts to pass two abreast. Elves and fey folk feel vaguely nauseated when they cross the bridge, owing to an ancient curse placed on it before Keoland rose to existence.

11. Kester's Leather Goods: Kirona Kester (LN female human commoner) runs this tannery, where she produces smooth, colorful leather for every purpose and sells both the cured hides and items she fashions from it. Kiorna is keenly interested in acquiring hides from exotic creatures to craft into expensive leather. She pays a fee in gold pieces equal to 100 times a creature's challenge rating for the intact hide of any beast or monstrosity of challenge rating 3 or higher. Harvesting the hide from such a creature requires an intact carcass, an hour of work, and a successful DC 15 Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) or Wisdom (Survival) check to preserve it in top condition for Kiorna's purposes. On a failed check, the hide does not meet Kiorna's standards but can still be sold for a lesser price.

12. Hoolwatch Tower: This 60-foot-tall tower was the first defensive building of Saltmarsh, and it still serves as an armory and lookout as well as the official base of the town guard. Eliander spends most of his time here in his duties as commander of the guard. He sometimes has need for adventurers, and at such times he posts jobs on a board hanging by the tower's entrance.

13. The Snapping Line: This popular inn and tavern is built from the planks and hulls of half-a-dozen decommissioned fishing ships. Its decor is predictably nautical in theme, and its sleeping rooms are plain but comfortable renditions of a

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ship's cabins. The smell of fish has never been scrubbed from its walls, and those who stay the night find their belongings steeped in the scent, which lasts for several days. Sailors and fishers gather here to trade stories and drink into the night.

The Snapping Line is run by a young woman named Hanna Rist (NG female human commoner), who comes from a family of well-known lobster catchers. The Rist family also makes a spirit from lobster meat and potatoes called claw wine; it is, to put it mildly, an acquired taste. Hanna employs several former dockhands to keep peace in her bar.

14. Council Hall: This large brick building contains the offices of the town council and the chamber where they meet to discuss the town business. The hall is built from sturdy stone from the nearby cliffs and a variety of hardwood from the nearby Hool Marshes. A wooded sign depicting a net filled with fish hangs above the double doors leading into the hall. A small tower rises from the building, housing a horn at the top, which is blown to announce the beginning of a council session or other significant events.

The town has a sturdy but weatherbeaten platform and gallows in front of the hall for use in the event of an execution. Such punishments are rare, but when they do occur, they draw a large crowd. In any given week, there is a 2 percent chance of an execution, usually of some bandit or other non-native ne'er-do-well.

15. Weekly Market: Built around the first well dug for the fishers in the town's early days is a large market square where merchants of all descriptions gather on the first day of each week to sell their wares. Initially established to sell fish, the market has grown to include a wide variety of goods. The center area of the square contains a dozen long tables where shoppers can eat communally. Items from the *Player's Handbook* costing up to 150 gp are available for purchase here.

16. Primewater Mansion: Gellan Primewater maintains a large mansion right on the docks, allowing him to oversee his ships from his upstairs window. He sometimes leans out to shout orders or answer questions for his captains and crews, his booming voice echoing over the docks.

The mansion's most notable feature is its grand entryway and feast hall. Gellan hosts at least one extravagant feast per week, headlined by food and drink bought in distant ports. His cook, a young gnome named Feliza, sometimes hires adventurers to find rare herbs, meats, and other ingredients for her dishes.

17. The Dwarven Anvil: The blacksmith's forge has a single anvil with a clear sign of dwarven origins, and a backlog of orders ten miles long. The human smiths make hooks, nails, harpoons, knives, fishing weights, and much more all day. Their master smith is an elderly, dark-skinned woman named Mafera (LG female human commoner); her son, Jasker (LG male human commoner), is her best journeyman. A small shrine to Moradin can be found under the eaves as well, though it is somewhat neglected.

18. Fishmongers' Plants: The large fish-processing buildings in this area reek of prosperity (and fish). All are engaged in salting or bringing the catch brought in by the fleet. Most of the time these places are busy, and the workers have little time for chatter.

19. Oweland House: The Oweland family has owned this sprawling mansion for generations. Despite the family's wealth, the building is a sprawling collection of new construction, expansions, and additions. Each generation of the family has added to the building to accommodate the clan's growth. The family takes in fishers who have fallen on hard times, sharing their wealth with others until they can recover.

The sprawling, mazelike interior of the Oweland house has spawned rumors of hidden passages and secret chambers within it.

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20. Solmor House: The Solmor family owns several buildings in this modest complex. The largest is the personal mansion of the Solmor family. Three smaller buildings house servants, employees of the family's trading fleet, and secure storage for expensive goods.

21. Mariners' Guildhall: The mariners' guild serves all the towns along the coast, providing a bunk and a meal for sailors passing through. Sea captains in search of a crew stop here, as do others seeking news from afar. The guildhall is an excellent place to discuss seafaring, as well as the various threats to navigation along the coast.

22. Ingo the Drover's House: Ingo (LN male human gladiator) has a reputation as a good source of guards, marines, and muscle when sailing through difficult waters. He keeps a shield guardian in his home for protection, and keeps campaign medals tied to the distant Great Kingdom of Aerdy.

Ingo tries to keep a low profile. He avoids taking sides in any conflict, but if he comes under pressure, he can be compelled to throw in with one faction or the other. He has a good friendship with Eliander. The two sometimes meet for a drink and share stories of their experiences in the military; however Ingo's stories are vague, and Eliander has begun to suspect something.

23. Carpenter's Guildhall: Run by a snobby gnome named Jilar Kanklesten (N female gnome commoner), the carpenters' guild has plenty of work building houses, assembling fish barrels, repairing docks, and much more. The whole building is a marvel of workmanship, made without a single nail. Jilar is obsessed with rare woods; she pays handsomely for adventurers to make expeditions in search of specific trees in the Hool Marshes, the Drowned Forest, and the Dreadwood.

24. Crabber's Cove: Just east of the docks, built along the shores of a secluded bay, are a handful of buildings known collectively as Crabber's Cove. The buildings are weathered, abandoned by the residents of Saltmarsh years ago. Since then,

thousands of crabs have taken up residence in the crumbling remains. Crabbers from Saltmarsh are cautious about the cove, as more than one overeager fisher has disappeared into the clacking darkness, never to be seen again.

25. The Leap: The Leap is an outcropping of rock nearly a hundred feet above the churning water below. Several stone benches stand near this precipitous edge, and a few stone markers sit in the tall grass nearby.

Traditionally, the people of Saltmarsh leap from the cliffs into the water below when a loved one drowns at sea. The jump is usually not fatal; the water below the Leap is free of rocks, and it is a short swim back to dry land.

26. Temple of Procan: Services at this long-standing sea god's temple are well attended. The congregation is led by a one-legged former whaler: Wellgar Brinehanded (CG male human priest), an older human man with a sharp memory for every storm, lost ship, and enormous catch ever brought into Saltmarsh harbor. He knows many fanciful stories of shipwrecks, lucky escapes, and famous captains. Matters ashore rarely interest him, but the temple and its bell tower are also served by a half-dozen novitiates and laypeople who keep things running smoothly.

Wellgar uses the blessings of Procan to seek out shipwrecks in order to recover the remains of sailors for a proper burial. He is willing to trade cleric spells of up to 5th level, including *raise dead*, in return for recovery of the remains he seeks.

27. Saltmarsh Cemetery: The town's cemetery is well-kept, but many of its graves are little more than memorial stones laid for those who died at sea. Krag (NG male half-orc commoner) is the town gravedigger, as well as something of a town historian and local loremaster. He has conducted extensive research into the folk buried here and events in the region. He can be an invaluable resource for adventurers seeking information and is especially helpful to those who can help him with his research.

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In his spare time, Krag helps organize and translate Eliander's library. He keeps a room in the guard commander's home, and the two are close friends.

28. Winston's Store: The owner of this establishment, a retired rogue, knows a great deal about the Hool Marshes. Winston (N male halfling bandit) spent years as an outlaw lurking in the marshes before a raid on an army payroll caravan netted him enough loot to open a business. The increased presence of law enforcement in Saltmarsh has Winston on edge, and he is rather concerned that his involvement in the heist will emerge. In the meantime, he does business with sailors, adventurers, and those who need "solid goods at honest prices," as he often says. Winston has a few maps of the Hool Marshes, and those who intend to explore that area often consult with him for guidance.

29. Sea Grove of Obad-Hai: Open to the air and set in a grove outside town, the sea-grove is a gathering place for seagulls, sailors, and swamp folks, as well as an information market for traders and trappers. Ferrin Kastilar (NG male halfling druid), a somewhat melancholy individual of middle years, tends the shrine with his bullfrog companion, Lorys.

Ferrin always keeps an eye out for rumors of aberrations in the wild. He also has contacts with the elves of the Dreadwood, and they send word to him if a monster escapes that forest and heads in the direction of Saltmarsh. If news of an aberration reaches him, he hires adventurers to stalk and kill the creature.

30. Standing Stones: Two enormous runestones stand on this island. In ages past, a siren was chained to the stones here and sacrificed by an evil human tribe as an offering to the sea. Since then, the fishing in the region has flourished. The siren's spirit was captured in the stones, and her captivating song continues to echo through the weave and draw fish to the sea.

31. Spirits of Saltmarsh: This large building has long served as the residence and business for the Brauer family of Saltmarsh. Today the operation is run by the young but experienced Korinthe Brauerin (NG female human priestess), a buxom and boisterous servant of Wenta. Her elder brother Ludwig Brauer, a Knight of the Watch, was killed in battle during Keoland's northern campaigns, all while Saltmarsh was besieged by pirates. A staunch traditionalist, Korinthe works alongside her jolly (and often inebriated) foreman, Rudolph Stein (NG male human commoner), and her "little strudel," Bimz the pseudodragon, to provide the taverns with innumerable libations, most notably her sea salt laden trademark, Hausgebräu.

Downtime Activities

Saltmarsh provides a haven for adventurers between expeditions, and the characters can spend that time engaged in various tasks around town. The following options build on the downtime activities discussed in the *Player's Handbook*. Characters can pursue them to make some additional money or strengthen their ties to Saltmarsh.

The activities given here are based on the ones presented in *Xanathar's Guide to Everything*. If you have that supplement, consider using the guidelines for rivals and the complications attached to some of the activities given in that book. The ones detailed below are specific to Saltmarsh.

Buying and Selling Magic Items: Captain Xendros of the Faithful Quartermasters of Iuz has magic items for sale and can also broker the sale of magic items.

Buying Items: Xendros asks for a 50 gp retainer to engage her services as an item broker each week, and the process consumes a character's effort for a week as it involves multiple meetings to haggle over prices, specific desired features, and so on.

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If the characters want a specific item, Xendros can fulfill a request with 1d4 weeks of work. Her asking prices is based on the item's rarity, but she might also be willing to part with an item in return for a favor. She especially wants to see Keoland's ambitions for Saltmarsh foiled, and she might try to enlist the characters in a plot to ruin the mining efforts.

Selling Items: Xendros is always on the lookout for magic items she can buy for resale. Since she must make a profit on any item she buys, she offers half of her standard asking price for any items offered by a character. Completing the transaction takes a week of effort from the character; before the deal can be made final, Xendros uses her magic to ensure that the item is authentic and arranges for a ship in port to transport the magic item to the distant Empire of Iuz.

Carousing: Saltmarsh has several taverns that provide plenty of opportunities for adventurers to spend their money on fine food and strong drink. Carousing gives the characters a chance to make contacts in town.

A week of carousing costs 2d10 gp as you lavish money on food and drink for yourself and others. When carousing, pick a single tavern in town to frequent. At the end of the week, you earn a contact in town. You can have a maximum number of contacts in town equal to 1 + your Charisma bonus (minimum of 1). The nature of the contacts depends on the chosen tavern, and these contacts act as trusted friends and offer help as necessary, though they are unwilling to risk their life or possessions.

TABLE 3: CAROUSING CONTACTS

<i>Tavern</i>	<i>Contact Type</i>
The Snapping Line	Fishers, sailors, laborers
The Empty Net	Smugglers, criminals
The Wicker Goat	Dwarves, town guard

Research: Krag is always open to recruiting someone to help organize Eliander's library and take care of things in the graveyard. In return for help with his day job, Krag grants access to the library and can help conduct research. His expert command of local history makes him a useful contact. He has no shortage of semi-interesting tales about notorious fish and monstrous pirates.

Wages and Research: You can spend a week working with Krag, helping tend the graveyard during the day and organizing Eliander's library in the evenings. You earn enough money to afford a modest lifestyle. You also learn one piece of lore regarding the region around Saltmarsh. That lore is the equivalent of one true statement about a person, place, or thing found within 25 miles of town. The referee is the final arbiter on the exact information learned, but it is likely something that helps you solve a problem or make progress with a task.

Employment: Characters who are interested in making a fair wage for little risk can find jobs around town. Having a job can also enable a character to come to the attention of one of Saltmarsh's leaders. The employment opportunities below are tailored to each of those individuals, including:

- Hiring on with the Oweland family to work on a fishing boat
- Joining the guard and report to Eliander Fireborn
- Taking short-term work in Gellan Primewater's smuggling operation
- Mining or other forms of manual labor with the dwarves led by Manistrad Copperlocks
- Laboring on the docks, loading and unloading ships for Anders Solmor's trading company

For each week of employment, you earn the coin needed to sustain a modest lifestyle. There is also a chance that you attract the notice of the prominent person associated with your job.

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At the end of each week, make a DC 15 Charisma check. On a success, you earn the opportunity to request an audience with that person.

Mercenary Work: Ingo the Drover is always on the lookout for skilled mercenaries to fulfill the contracts offered to him. He has a particular need for those who can serve as caravan guards, personal protection for merchants, and sentries aboard docked ships.

For each week of mercenary work, you earn the coin needed to sustain a modest lifestyle and an extra 2d10 gp. Additionally, roll a d20 at the end of each week. On a 19 or higher, you earn a bonus of 3d20 gp due to the unexpectedly dangerous nature of your most recent assignment.

Saltmarsh Region

The land near Saltmarsh is safe for travelers, as are the roads that cut through the region. Small farms and manor houses dot the area, many maintained by army veterans who were granted land by royal decree. A number of small halfling villages are scattered around the area, located just off the main roads. Such locations consist of several farmhouses clustered around a pub that provides a warm welcome to visitors who come in peace. Once one journeys off the beaten path, however, a variety of threats emerge from the swampy wilderness.

Roads and Pathways: The roads around Saltmarsh are heavily patrolled, part of the crown's effort to make its influence felt in the region. Travel along these thoroughfares is usually safe, with most encounters involving merchant caravans, guard patrols, and fellow travelers. Small farms and manors cluster near the roads, relying on passing guard patrols for their safety. Where these settlements grow more widely spaced, bandit raids become more likely.

Points of Interest: Beyond Saltmarsh are a number of locations that characters can visit. Providing in-depth detail in for all of them is beyond the scope of this document, but enough information is provided to create a foundation for further development.

Burle: Burle is a fortified outpost that is always on guard for monsters emerging from the Dreadwood. It serves as a key stopover point for travelers venturing inland from the southern coastal region. The community is dominated by a small keep set atop a hill that overlooks the forest it borders. A few farms cluster around it, the locals relying on the royal garrison to keep them safe from marauders.

Burle's most distinctive feature is the small copse of trees that grows in the middle of the keep. An ancient treant named Wander Root dwells in the keep and acts as an informal ambassador between the humans of Keoland and the wood elves and good-aligned fey of the Dreadwood. Years ago, the Knights of the Watch helped the denizens of the forest defeat an incursion by cultists worshiping elemental evil fire. Since then, the elves, the treants, and the Throne of the Lion have observed the Wild Flame Pact—a treaty that calls for mutual defense against the Dreadwood's horrors.

The outpost is commanded by its castellan, Kiara Shadowbreaker (LG female half-elf knight), who has led many successful raids into the Dreadwood. Kiara is a grim figure, always cognizant of the threat posed by the forest's denizens. She sees trouble behind every piece of news, and she keeps the warriors and rangers headquartered here ready to fight at a moment's notice. She is especially keen to hear news about the Scarlet Brotherhood. Kiara is convinced that the organization poses a dire threat to the region but has failed to uncover concrete evidence of its meddling. She suspects that Viscount Feldren of Seaton has been compromised by Scarlet Brotherhood agents, and she surreptitiously seeks to hire spies who could investigate him in search of proof.

Burle provides a safe resting place before and during expeditions into the Hool Marshes or the Dreadwood. Kiara offers a bounty equal to 5 gp per Hit Die for any aberration, elemental, or

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outlaw slain in the region. She keeps a bounty board just outside Burle's gates, which occasionally offers larger rewards for the capture or killing of specific monsters or criminals.

Dwarven Mine: Dwarven prospectors have toiled in this new mine for the past three years. Soldiers from Keoland's royal army are stationed here for security alongside dwarf fighters from the Copperlocks clan. Travelers in need of shelter can rest on cots in the guard towers that surround the place, but only those with business related to the mine are allowed inside the gates without supervision.

The mine is a broad shaft dug into a steep hillside near the shore. Stone walls encompass it, with two guard towers overlooking the main gate and three other towers spaced evenly around the perimeter. The inner area contains a small village with warehouses, workshops, and houses, all erected during the time when the excavation was beginning and enormous amounts of stone became available for building.

The laborers also took the time to build a tavern, the Miner's Respite, and spend their off hours there drinking, swapping tales, and gambling. The game of darts has become an obsession among the bored miners and soldiers, and anyone with real skill at the game has a chance of talking their way past the guard at the door to engage in a match.

Seaton: The folk of Saltmarsh point to Seaton as an example of the fate they want to avoid. For years, Seaton was about twice as large as Saltmarsh and enjoyed prosperous fishing and shipping industries. When King Kimbertos Skotti turned his attention south to deal with the Sea Princes, his admirals chose Seaton as the location for an important military port. Today, Seaton has been transformed from a robust fishing town into a drab fortress. Seaton's harbor is heavily fortified, and a large garrison of naval ships, infantry, and cavalry serves as the primary defense point for the region.

Viscount Marik Feldren (CN male human knight) rules over the town in his capacity of governor of the southern province that includes Seaton. King Skotti actually granted Marik's older brother, the war hero Obertus Feldren, governorship of the province. But the affable viscount's reign was short-lived, for he fell ill and died a year later. The title fell to Marik, a sheltered hothead eager to surpass his brother's legend. He considers the natives of the region as cowards who hid away in their isolated villages while the north suffered its losses. He further believes that his brother, who had a genuine fondness for the local fishers and traders, was laid low by traitors in service of the Sea Princes.

Viscount Feldren intends to raise taxes to fund an aggressive expansion of the royal navy and launch raids against the Sea Princes' domain. The Scarlet Brotherhood, for its part, is delighted by Viscount Feldren's plans to keep the pot stirred. If the opportunity arises, the Brotherhood might plant evidence of plots against him to feed the viscount's suspicion of the locals and, with luck, spark civil unrest that tempts the Sea Princes into making incursions into the area.

Tower of Zenopus: The wizard Zenopus once dwelled in this tower on the cliffs outside Saltmarsh. He built his lair next to the remains of an ancient graveyard rumored to be haunted.

Once night, the tower was engulfed in a fiery green aura. A few brave folks from town investigated the tower and found it abandoned. The door at the base of the cellar stairs was covered with strange symbols and wrapped in silver chains. An explorer tried to open the door, but a jolt of lightning from the door's runes nearly killed her. Shortly afterward, strange spirits and capering fey were seen atop the tower. After a few travelers went missing nearby, the town council asked a Keoish galleon to bombard the structure with catapult fire until it was battered into rubble.

Since then, the ruins have been largely forgotten...

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Geographic Features: The lands around Saltmarsh are filled with peril, since much of the region is untamed wilderness. Even though the Kingdom of Keoland has grand ambitions, its focus in the south remains on the sea. The crown does its best to make sure the roads are safe, but otherwise it is generally content to leave the monsters and vicious tribes of the wilds alone as long as they remain in their habitats.

The Dreadwood: Long a home of horrid monsters and vicious raiders, the Dreadwood hides within its borders a multitude of terrors. Keoland maintains ranger patrols that sweep through the outer reaches of the forest periodically, while several wood elf clans dwell at its edge. The two forces are generally successful at keeping the monsters of the Dreadwood in check, but at times a threat that avoids them or overcomes them emerges to wreak havoc across the land.

The inner depths of the Dreadwood are a place where the planar bindings between Oerth and the Shadowfell are thin. Undead creatures and villainous monsters that seek to tap into the essence of the Shadowfell thrive deep in the forest. Its innermost reaches mingle with that dark realm, forming a warped mirror version of the Dreadwood that extends into that plane.

One of the Dreadwood's most powerful denizens is a truly ancient night hag named Granny Nightshade, who dwells in the deepest depths of the forest. She commands magic as well as a mighty wizard does and has struck bargains with several dukes of the Nine Hells. Her twisted fortress, Castle Spiral, stands at the next point between the Shadowfell and Oerth, and from its gates emerge skeletons, zombies, shadows, and other horrors to threaten the land.

Granny Nightshade counts jackalweres as her foremost minions, and she has also acquired the services of goblins, orcs, hobgoblins, ogres, and trolls over the years. Green hags bound to her service act as baronesses who enforce her will

over their section of the forest, and an elite guard of twenty-three oni act as her personal messengers and enforcers. She keeps three consorts, powerful vampires that struggle among themselves for her favor.

The outermost reaches of the Dreadwood are as lightly wooded as those of any other forest and extend five to ten miles into the woods. This part of the forest is as safe as any other woodland, thanks to frequent ranger and elf patrols that keep the denizens of the deeper forest at bay if they try to encroach here. Owlbears, wolves, and a few bandit gangs that elude the notice of the patrols represent the most common threats to explorers or travelers.

Inside the outer fringe, the forest takes on an increasingly sinister character. Even on the brightest days, the thick canopy of greenery threatens to devour the sunlight. Throughout this middle area, bright light extends no more than twenty feet from any source of illumination, with the normal area of bright light beyond that range reduced to dim light and dim light turned to darkness. Those who travel without a source of light during the day find that the thick canopy casts everything in dim light, and in some areas the growth overhead is so thick that the area below is dark.

In the heart of the forest, natural light is unknown. Each step a traveler takes when moving through the middle reaches toward the center seems to dim the sun's light a little more, until one enters the dreaded deeps, where the forest growth is so heavy that it blots out the sky. Sources of bright light shine out to only a 10-ft. radius, with any normally bright illumination beyond that turned to dim light and dim light made dark. Even darkvision suffers, since it functions here at a maximum range of thirty feet.

Drowned Forest: Perched at the edge of the Hool Marshes, the Drowned Forest was once a verdant region. A few decades ago, the marsh began to encroach on this area. As the water level

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rose, the forest was transformed into a more foreboding place. Shambling mounds and blights appeared in the forest in increasing numbers while the water rotted away the trees themselves. In time, strange mushrooms and fungus sprouted throughout the woods.

Today, the Drowned Forest is perhaps the most dangerous location in the region. The trees remain standing, but they long ago lost their foliage and are little more than dead, rotting timbers projecting out of the mud. Mushrooms and other fungi sprout everywhere. A thick cloud of spores fills the air and bops out the sun, allowing the unnatural growths to flourish.

The Drowned Forest is the site of an ongoing Abyssal assault. Years ago, a group of cultists dedicated to Zuggtmoy shambled into the forest. They had long ago succumbed to the fungal spores that made them into thralls, and Zuggtmoy had a plan in mind for them. The cultists possessed a twisted *decanter of endless water* that tapped into the seas of the Abyss. By shattering the vessel, they created an unstable portal to that awful realm. Luckily for the folk of the region, Zuggtmoy was imprisoned in the ruins of the Temple of Elemental Evil before her plan was complete. Without their mistress' direction, the cultists fell to infighting. Today, Abyssal portals still sometimes draw demons to the world, and the fungal spores spread by the cult have transformed the forest into a deadly realm.

Hool Marshes: The treacherous Hool Marshes are notorious for pools of water that seem easy to cross but hide deep wells and layers of mud. The area is full of tall, sickly trees and great swarms of biting insects. None but the desperate venture into this place, making it the ideal hiding place for outlaws or raiders.

The vast number of mosquitoes and other pests in the marshes makes camping difficult. If the party tries to take a short or long rest, one character must make a DC 15 Wisdom (Survival)

check. On a successful check, the group gains the benefit of the rest. On a failed check, the insects prove too bothersome and the group gains no benefit from the rest.

Dunwater River: The Dunwater River meanders its way into the Azure Sea. It is a broad, slow-moving body of water, choked with reeds and too shallow in many spots to allow boats other than rafts to traverse it.

The Dunwater's nature makes it an ideal stalking ground for bandits. Outlaws and evil humanoids build temporary forts along the river, keeping a watch out for anyone trying to make their way along its length. Some gangs stretch chains across the water to impede the path of a boat or raft, leaving it vulnerable to an attack.

Somewhere along the river (accounts vary as to the exact location) stand the overgrown ruins of a tower that once housed an order of alchemists. The alchemists came to an explosive end when an experiment caused the tower's upper level to explode and several vats of chemicals to burst and flood the tower's basement. The resulting mixture attained a vague sentience, transforming into a great number of oozes that now plague the river. The oozes encountered in the river have swimming speeds equal to their normal speeds and can breathe both air and water.

Silverstrand: This forest got its name from the silvery sheen that marks the leaves and bark of its trees. Long ago, elves from the Feywild crossed the planar boundaries to settle here. Today, several wood elf clans dwell in elegant, wooded structures built among the forest canopy. Not a single creature enters or leaves the forest's boundaries without the knowledge of the elves.

The elves of the Silverstrand periodically send war parties to patrol the outer reaches of the Dreadwood. The Wild Flame Pact—an alliance struck between the elves, the kingdom of Keoland, and the treants of the region—

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commits all three groups to repelling the monsters that emerge from the forest. At rare times, the elves organize patrols into the deepest, deadliest regions of the Dreadwood in hopes of defeating threats in their nascent state.

Azure Sea: The Azure Sea has long been a turbulent body of water in every sense. Its storms have sent countless ships to their doom, and warfare of one sort or another is conducted across its surface all the time. Pirates affiliated with the Hold of the Sea Princes, along with independent marauders, prey on ships that attempt to cross the ocean. Strange monsters, including vicious dinosaurs from the Amedio Jungle in the far south, emerge from below from time to time.

Despite all these actual and potential dangers, several realms rely on the sea for waterborne trade. By tracing a route in and through the Azure Sea, merchant vessels can reach almost every important trading realm in the world of GREYHAWK®.

Shipwrecks: The waters of the Azure Sea have claimed many ships, whether through natural causes or as the result of naval combat. Some shipwrecks are notable for the treasures they hold. Located in shallow, coastal waters, these wrecks are accessible to those who have the magic, cunning, and courage needed to loot them.

Located in just fifteen feet of water, a small fishing boat, "Sinker," is named for the exquisite, silvered fishing pole its prior owner once possessed. The fishing pole rests with the wreck.

The sailing ship, "Escape," was a renowned blockade runner before it was run down and destroyed by ships of the Sea Princes. Its wreckage is scattered at a depth of thirty feet.

The galleon, "Curiosity," belonged to the mage Mordenkainen, who dispatched it to a distant shore in search of treasure. The ship sank in a mysterious and especially ferocious storm. The ship sits approximately 100 feet below the waves.

Thereax Guldeer (LE half-red dragon veteran) took command of the warship, "Gnasher," several years ago when her father was slain in a duel with an admiral in the Keoland Navy. The young half-dragon is merciless, and her greed is as strong as that of any red dragon. She alone can sound the dragon's horn, a monstrous instrument mounted to the prow of her ship. When blown, it roars like a massive dragon.

Gnasher is crewed by uncouth humanoids who fear and admire Thereax, amounting to twenty-three orcs, forty goblins, four hobgoblins, twelve kobolds, and two bugbears. An ogre named Yem serves as the ship's first mate, and Yem's method of discipline tends to be fatal. A red dragon's wing emblazoned on a black background flies from the mast of Gnasher.

An old ship whose faded hull and rat-gnawed sails belie its speed and the ferocity of its crew, "Pale Prow" is a ramshackle warship with an ornate rudder made from bone and wood. The rudder is not attached to the ship's wheel and is instead operated by a team of six vampire spawn, who turn it at the command of its dread captain. Pale Prow doesn't sail under the sun, and its appearance is always preceded by a heavy fog that appears without warning. It is said that Pale Prow has never been touched by a shipwright, despite its many injuries. By what means the ship is repaired, none can say.

Pale Prow is commanded by Captain Ineca Sufocan (LE male elf vampire), who sails from an island hidden by fog, where his harbor and mansion have fallen into disrepair. Ineca searches for a heart made of pearl, which contains drops of dried blood from his true love. This pearl heart has exchanged hands for decades, and the undead captain desires it above all things.

The remainder of the crew of Pale Prow is composed of undead servants, both corporeal and ghostly. Necromancers are drawn to Pale Prow whenever it nears land, and it is common

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for them to take up residence in the dark cabins below deck. A specter serves as lookout in the crow's nest.

A silver skull embroidered on a white field and trimmed with silver fangs flies from the tall mast of Pale Prow.

“Dreadnaught” is a heavy warship covered in scorched iron plates laid over coal-colored wood. No portholes or oar slits mar the perfect surface of its riveted hull; no mast can be seen to rise from its sooty deck. A cabin, reinforced with steel bars, sits toward the aft, a dull red glow pulsing from within.

Dreadnaught's captain is a mad tinkerer and wizard named Vigr Thrass (CE male human mage). Vigr's madness arose from his discovery of a dark tome that described rituals used to animate constructs. The wizard now sails the Azure Sea, stealing wealth and arms from merchant and navy vessels alike. Vigr wears a suit of magic plate armor, granting him supernatural strength and speed while allowing him to cast his spells unhindered. He is known to mingle in the seaside communities, where he pretends to be a kind-hearted merchant in need of a few crew members. In reality, the captain is looking for suitable slaves to clean and repair his magic automatons.

Dreadnaught's crew includes twelve automatons (animated armor) brought to life by Vigr's magic. Various tools, weapons, and implements (flying swords) flit about the ship performing tasks. A dozen humanoid slaves are kept aboard to accomplish the tasks Vigr's automatons cannot perform.

Saltmarsh Backgrounds

Part of the fun of a Saltmarsh campaign lies in playing characters who have ties to the town and the area around it. This section presents new backgrounds suitable for creating such characters, along with notes on adapting characters who have backgrounds drawn from the *Player's Handbook*.

Acolyte: A character with this background might be a follower of Procan or a missionary of some other god sent to establish a new temple in town. Saltmarsh has never been an overly religious place, but its prospects for growth make it an ideal target for expansion.

Acolyte of Procan: If you are a follower of Procan, your Shelter of the Faithful feature applies to the temple of Procan in Saltmarsh. Wellgar Brinehanded is a friend and mentor. He expects you to represent the temple of Procan in all you do.

Missionary: If you revere a different deity, you own a small building in Saltmarsh and have been charged by the elders of your faith with establishing a shrine here. You live in the building and have a staff of 1d4 locals who have already been recruited to your faith. Your Shelter of the Faithful feature applies to a temple located in Seaton, the provincial capital east of Saltmarsh.

Charlatan: As Saltmarsh grows more prosperous, it becomes a more attractive place for grifters such as yourself. If you want to do business in town, you're going to cross tracks with Winston, the eponymous owner of Winston's Store. The halfling merchant is always looking for new wares to add to his offerings. He knows the people of Saltmarsh well and gives you advice on how to walk the line between making a profit and angering the locals.

Criminal: Saltmarsh might be a sleepy town, but many see it as the ideal place to enter Keoland without drawing notice. As a criminal in town, you are likely involved in smuggling and have done business with Kreg Shenker at the Empty net. He hires crews to manage pickups on the coast for the smuggling kingpins in town.

Entertainer: Bards and performers are always in demand in Saltmarsh. You can use your By Popular Demand feature to find work at the Wicker Goat or the Snapping Line. The Wicker Goat is popular with the town guard and

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the dwarves who work the mine outside town, while The Snapping Line is frequented by fishers, sailors, and laborers who work the docks. Choose one of them as your preferred venue. The staff, owner, and regulars there treat you as a friend.

Fisher: You have spent your life aboard fishing vessels or combing the shallows for the bounty of the ocean. Perhaps you were born into a family of fisher folk, working with your kin to feed your village. Maybe the job was a means to an end—a way out of an undesirable circumstance that forced you to take up life aboard a ship. Regardless of how you began, you soon fell in love with the sea, the art of fishing, and the promise of the eternal horizon.

Skill Proficiencies: History, Survival

Languages: One of your choice

Equipment: Fishing tackle, a net, a favorite fishing lure or oiled leather wading boots, a set of traveler's clothes, and a belt pouch containing 10 gp

Feature: Harvest the Water: You gain advantage on ability checks made using fishing tackle. If you have access to a body of water that sustains marine life, you can maintain a moderate lifestyle while working as a fisher, and you can catch enough food to feed yourself and up to ten other people each day.

Fishing Tale: You can tell a compelling tale, whether tall or true, to impress and entertain others. Once a day, you can tell your story to willing listeners. At the referee's discretion, a number of those listeners become friendly toward you; this is not a magical effect, and continued amicability on their part depends on your actions. You can roll on the following table to help determine the theme of your tale or choose one that best fits your character. Alternatively, work with your referee to create your own fishing tale.

TABLE 4: FISHING TALE

d8	Tale
1	Lobster Wrestling. You fought in hand-to-hand combat with an immense lobster.
2	It Dragged the Boat. You nearly caught a fish of monstrous size that pulled your boat for miles.
3	Fins of Pure Gold. You caught a sea animal whose fins were made of pure gold, but another fisher stole it.
4	Ghost Fish. You are haunted by a ghostly fish that only you can see.
5	Nemesis Clam. A large clam containing a pearl the size of your head claimed one of your fingers before jetting away; one day, you'll find that clam.
6	It Swallowed the Sun. You once saw a fish leap from the water and turn day into night.
7	Dive into the Abyss. You found yourself in an underwater cave leading to the Abyss, and your luck has been sour ever since.
8	Love Story. You fell in love with a creature of pure water, but your brief romance ended tragically.

Suggested Characteristics: Fishers succeed only if they spend time at their jobs. As such, most fishers have a strong work ethic, and they admire others who earn their living honestly. Fishers tend to be superstitious, forming attachments to particular fishing lures or special fishing spots. They have a connection to the bodies of water in what they fish, and they think poorly of those whose actions adversely affect their livelihood.

TABLE 5: FISHER PERSONALITY TRAITS

d8	Personality Trait
1	I am unmoved by the wrath of nature.
2	My friends are my crew; we sink or float together.
3	I need long stretches of quiet to clear my head.
4	Rich folk don't know the satisfaction of hard work.
5	I laugh heartily, feel deeply, and fear nothing.
6	I work hard; nature offers no handouts.
7	I dislike bargaining; state your price and mean it.
8	Luck favors me, and I take risks others might not.

TABLE 6: FISHER IDEALS

d6	Ideal
1	Camaraderie. Good people make even the longest voyage bearable. (Good)
2	Luck. Our luck depends on respecting its rules—now throw this salt over your shoulder. (Lawful)
3	Daring. The richest bounty goes to those who risk everything. (Chaotic)
4	Plunder. Take all that you can and leave nothing for the scavengers. (Evil)
5	Balance. Do not fish the same spot twice in a row; suppress your greed, and nature will reward you. (Neutral)
6	Hard Work. No wave can move a soul hard at work. (Any)

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TABLE 7: FISHER BONDS

d6 Bond

- 1 I lost something important in the deep sea, and I intend to find it.
- 2 Someone else's greed destroyed my livelihood, and I will be compensated.
- 3 I will fish the many famous waters of this land.
- 4 The gods saved me during a terrible storm, and I will honor their gift.
- 5 My destiny awaits me at the bottom of a particular pond in the Feywild.
- 6 I must repay my village's debt.

TABLE 8: FISHER FLAWS

d6 Flaw

- 1 I am judgmental, especially of those I deem homebodies or otherwise lazy.
- 2 I become depressed and anxious if I'm away from the sea too long.
- 3 I have lived a hard life and find it difficult to empathize with others.
- 4 I am inclined to tell long-winded stories at inopportune times.
- 5 I work hard, but I play harder.
- 6 I am obsessed with catching an elusive aquatic beast, often to the detriment of other pursuits.

Saltmarsh Ties: Eda Oweland and her family are the informal leaders of the fishing industry in Saltmarsh. You can always count on the Owelands for minor aid and can gain access to Eda if the need is obvious and imminent.

Folk Hero: Saltmarsh has long relied on its local people to rise up and deal with threats to the village. Only recently has the king taken more than passing notice of the area. You are beloved by the local sailors and fishers for your heroics, though the newcomers to the region (primarily members of the town guard and the dwarves working the mine) know little about you.

Create an event that prompted your rise to heroic status or use the table below to tie your background to events in Saltmarsh. Use this table in place of the Defining Event table in the *Player's Handbook*.

TABLE 9: SALTMARSH DEFINING EVENT

d4 Defining Event

- 1 You snuck aboard a Sea Princes raiding ship and freed a number of captured fishers doomed to slavery in that realm. Anders Solmor, a prominent person in town, has been a friend ever since.

- 2 A terrible accident almost caused a fire that would have destroyed the docks, if not for your heroics. You still bear a few scars from the incident and have yet to pay for a meal or drink in town since. Eda Oweland, owner of several fishing boats in town, held a feast in your honor.
- 3 When goblins emerged from the Dreadwood to raid the area, you distracted them long enough for the militia to prepare an ambush that sent them fleeing back to the forest. The captain of the guard, Eliander Fireborn, has given you a commission as an officer of the watch.
- 4 A pirate crew crept into town one night to raid the dockside warehouses. You raised the alarm and led the defense. Gellan Primewater, an important merchant in town, owes you a big favor for saving his business.

Guilt Artisan: Because of its size and its focus on fishing, Saltmarsh has never had many artisans. If you have this background, you can choose one of the following options.

Mariners' Guild: You work with the mariners' guild, providing sailors with rope, sails, tools, and other goods. You have a workshop attached to the guildhall and can draw support from similar guilds found in ports across the world. You have done a lot of business with Eda Oweland's family and are on good terms with her.

Dwarven Artisans: You arrived in town as part of a mercantile concern associated with the Copperlocks dwarves. Currently the dwarves rely on your guild to provide supplies for their work as the mine outside town. You are friends with several of the miners, have access to their work site, and are on good terms with the clan's leader, Manistrad.

Hermit: The wilds around Saltmarsh might seem like the ideal place to find peace and quiet, though the monsters that lurk in the region can make isolation a dangerous practice. If your character has this background, the table below gives you some options for the nature of the secret that prompted you to return to civilization.

TABLE 10: SALTMARSH SECRET

d4 Secret

- 1 You stumbled across a clandestine meeting outside town. A wealthy-looking fellow named Skerrin met with someone and discussed bringing slaves to Saltmarsh. You suspect trouble is afoot and came to town to investigate.
- 2 The anguished ghost of an elf haunts your dreams, insisting that you tear down the standing stones just outside Saltmarsh. The elf claims that dark magic is behind the bountiful fishing in the region.

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- 3 You have been plagued by visions of a massive wave, carrying a swarm of toothy sharks, crashing over the land and tearing apart everything in its path. Maybe someone in town can help.
- 4 The land around town is too dangerous to remain out in it alone. The lizardfolk of the swamps were once your friends, but they disappeared not too long ago. You came to Saltmarsh out of necessity.

Marine: You were trained for battle on sandy beaches and rocky shores. You have launched midnight raids from swift ships whose names evoke terror in the hearts of your adversaries. The water is your second home, the rain your shelter, and the crashing waves your battle cry.

Skill Proficiencies: Athletics, Survival

Tool Proficiencies: Vehicles (water, land)

Equipment: A dagger that belonged to a fallen comrade, a folded flag emblazoned with the symbol of your ship or company, a set of traveler's clothes, and a belt pouch containing 10 gp

Feature: Steady: You can move twice the normal amount of time (up to sixteen hours) each day before being subject to the effect of a forced march. Additionally, you can automatically find a safe route to land a boat on shore, provided such a route exists.

Hardship Endured: Hardship in your past has forged you into an unstoppable living weapon. This hardship is essential to you and is at the heart of a personal philosophy or ethos that often guides your actions. You can roll on the following table to determine this hardship or choose one that best fits your character.

TABLE 11: HARDSHIP ENDURED

d6	Hardship
1	Nearly Drowned. You hid underwater to avoid detection by enemies and held your breath for an extremely long time. Just before you would have died, you had a revelation about your existence.
2	Captured. You spent months enduring thirst, starvation, and torture at the hands of your enemy, but you never broke.
3	Sacrifice. You enabled the escape of your fellow soldiers, but at great cost to yourself. Some of your past comrades may think you're dead.
4	Juggernaut. No reasonable explanation can explain how you survived a particular battle. Every arrow and bolt missed you. You slew scores of enemies single-handedly and led your comrades to victory.

- 5 **Stowaway.** For days, you hid in the bilge of an enemy ship, surviving on brackish water and foolhardy rats. At the right moment, you crept up to the deck and took over the ship on your own.
- 6 **Leave None Behind.** You carried an injured marine for miles to avoid capture and death.

Suggested Characteristics: Marines are looked up to by other soldiers and respected by their superiors. They are veteran warriors who rarely lose composure on the battlefield. Marines who leave the service tend to work as mercenaries, but their combat experience also makes them excellent adventures. Though they are self-reliant, marines tend to operate best in groups, valuing camaraderie and the companionship of like-minded individuals.

TABLE 12: MARINE PERSONALITY TRAITS

d8	Personality Trait
1	I speak rarely but mean every word I say.
2	I laugh loudly and see the humor in stressful situations.
3	I prefer to solve problems without violence, but I finish fights decisively.
4	I enjoy being out in nature; poor weather never sours my mood.
5	I am dependable.
6	I am always working on some project or other.
7	I become cantankerous and quiet in the rain.
8	When the sea is within my sight, my mood is jovial and optimistic.

TABLE 13: MARINE IDEALS

d6	Ideal
1	Teamwork. Success depends on cooperation and communication. (Good)
2	Code. The marines' code provides a solution for every problem, and following it is imperative. (Lawful)
3	Embracing. Life is messy. Throwing yourself into the worst of it is necessary to get the job done. (Chaotic)
4	Might. The strong train so that they might rule those who are weak. (Evil)
5	Bravery. To act when others quake in fear—this is the essence of the warrior. (Any)
6	Perseverance. No injury or obstacle can turn me from my goal. (Any)

TABLE 14: MARINE BONDS

d6	Bond
1	I face danger and evil to offset an unredeemable act in my past.
2	I. Will. Finish. The. Job.
3	I must set an example of hope for those who have given up.
4	I'm searching for a fellow marine captured by an elusive enemy.
5	Fear leads to tyranny, and both must be eradicated.
6	My commander betrayed my unit, and I will have revenge.

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TABLE 15: MARINE FLAWS

d6	Flaw
1	I grow combative and unpredictable when I drink.
2	I find civilian life difficult and struggle to say the right thing in social situations.
3	My intensity can drive others away.
4	I hold grudges and have difficulty forgiving others.
5	I become irrational when innocent people are hurt.
6	I sometimes stay up all night listening to the ghosts of my fallen enemies.

Saltmarsh Ties: As a former member of Saltmarsh's elite marine contingent, you are friends of Tom and Will Stoutly and can turn to them for help and support. Eliander Fireborn, captain of the guard, also makes time to listen to your concerns.

Noble: The folk of Saltmarsh care little for nobles and their titles. Although the king technically rules the land, the south has long been left to its own devices. Are you a local noble turning to a life of adventure, or did you come here in search of fame and fortune? Regardless of your origin, your Position of Privilege feature allows you to request an audience with any official in town, including members of the town council. They typically take 1d6 + 1 days to fulfill such a request.

TABLE 16: NOBLE ORIGIN

d6	Origin
1-2	You were sent here by King Skotti himself. You are expected to keep your ties to the crown secret, the better to gain a clear insight into the region. If folk know that you represent the king, they'll put their best faces forward and hide the issues you've been sent to uncover. Above all else, the king fears the emergence of a secretive group called the Scarlet Brotherhood. Learn about their dealings here if you can.
3-4	Your family owns a small manor outside town. Your siblings are in line to inherit your family's land, leaving you with few prospects. Perhaps with several successful adventurers under your belt, you can achieve fame in Saltmarsh.
5-6	Your family lost their holdings when Keoland's enemies pushed back the realm's borders. In compensation, you have been given a writ by the Throne of the Lion to found a new barony. The trouble is, the land you were ceded has been swallowed by the Drowned Forest.

Outlander: Outlanders are a common sight in ports such as Saltmarsh. Even a small port attracts folk from across the world, though how they end up in a place like Saltmarsh varies greatly.

TABLE 17: OUTLANDER ORIGIN

d6	Origin
1-2	You spent years shipwrecked on a deserted isle. Finally, you were recently picked up by a passing ship on its way to Saltmarsh. You were stranded after pirates attacked the ship you were aboard and killed everyone else. You survived by leaping overboard and swimming for hours.
3-4	For years you people survived in an isolated village in the Hool Marshes. Last year, lizardfolk fell upon your home. You escaped in the confusion, became lost, and ended up here. If anyone wants to go bash those scaly murderers, you're ready to leap into action.
5-6	You were part of a tribe in a distant land, when one day red-sailed ships appeared off shore. The sailors were friendly at first and shared their food and drink. You woke up hours later in the hold of a Sea Princes slaving ship, having been drugged into a stupor. A Keoish ship ran down and boarded the vessel, saving you from a terrible fate. You owe your life to Eliander Fireborn and the marines Tom and Will Stoutly. They were the ones who received word of the ship and dispatched a squadron to intercept it.

Sage: Though Saltmarsh is by no means a center of learning, the lack of ongoing examination and investigation of its environs make it an ideal place to conduct research. The mystery of the Tower of Zenopus might also attract the attention of an academic. Consider the following options for your character.

Historical Researcher: The graveyard keeper, Krag, and the captain of the guard, Eliander, are both experts in local history. You might have arrived in town to conduct research and have made their acquaintance. Eliander grants you access to his personal library and uses his considerable knowledge of languages to translate documents you find, while Krag works with you to catalog the library's contents.

Arcane Seeker: The wizard Keledok hired you to help him with a few of his projects. He was not a kind master, but he paid well enough. You helped him organize a set of ancient books, identify potions, and verify the authenticity of several alchemical recipes. He has since discharged you from his service. Keledok was always cool toward you, but he had some business dealings with the charismatic merchant Gellan Primewater. You have dined in Gellan's mansion a few times, and he has mentioned that he sometimes needs help identifying some of the odds and ends his crews bring back to port.

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Sailor: Countless sailors have walked the streets of Saltmarsh. If you select this background, decide whether you are a local who took to the seafaring life or a foreigner who arrived here from a distant port, such as Hardby or Sasserine.

Local Sea Dog: As a sailor native to town, you know plenty of people down by the docks. You have friends in the Oweland family who can get you access to Eda, a prominent local leader, as needed. You also have friends among the sailing crews and know the best and worst of the businesses that cater to them.

Traveler from Afar: You are new in town and are unfamiliar to most locals. You know the ways of the sea, however, and you blend in at the docks with ease. You can mingle with foreign crews, learn news from them, and strike up easy friendships. Some of them have contacts with local smugglers, and you have heard that there are hidden sea caves outside town where the wizard Keledok trades in arcane goods.

Shipwright: You have sailed into war on the decks of great ships, patching their hulls with soup bowls and prayers. You once helped build a fishing vessel that single-handedly saved a town from starvation. You have seen a majestic prow in your dreams that you have not been able to replicate in wood. Since childhood, you have loved the water and have been captivated by the many vessels that travel on it.

Skill Proficiencies: History, Perception

Tool Proficiencies: Carpenter's tools, vehicles (water)

Equipment: A set of well-loved carpenter's tools, a blank book, 1 ounce of ink, an ink pen, a set of traveler's clothes, and a leather pouch with 10 gp

Feature: I'll Patch It!: Provided you have carpenter's tools and wood, you can perform repairs on a water vehicle. When you use this

ability, you restore a number of hit points to the hull of a water vehicle equal to $5 \times$ your proficiency modifier. A vehicle cannot be patched by you in this way again until after it has been pulled ashore and fully repaired.

Life at Sea: Your life at sea and in port has shaped you; you can roll on the following table to determine its impact or choose an element that best fits your character.

TABLE 18: LIFE AT SEA

d6 Sea's Influence

- 1 **Grand Design.** You are working on plans and schematics for a new, very fast ship. You must examine as many different kinds of vessels as possible to help ensure the success of your design.
- 2 **Solid and Sound.** You patched up a war galley and prevented it from sinking. The local navy regards you as a friend.
- 3 **Favored.** You insisted on thicker planking for a merchant vessel's hull, which saved it from sinking when it smashed against a reef. You have a standing invitation to visit the merchant's distant mansion.
- 4 **Master of Armaments.** You specialized in designing and mounting defenses for the navy. You easily recognize and determine the quality of such items.
- 5 **Low Places.** You have contacts in the smuggling outfits along the coast; you occasionally repair the criminals' ships in exchange for coin and favors.
- 6 **Mysteries of the Deep.** You experienced an encounter with a possibly divine being while sailing alone. Work with your referee to determine the secret about the deep waters of the sea that this entity revealed to you.

Suggested Characteristics: Shipwrights are resourceful carpenters and designers. They often have a dedicated spot at the local tavern, since shipwrights are invaluable to coastal communities. Some travel with naval fleets and might serve as officers if their temperament suits it. Shipwrights have an affinity for working with their hands and often perform feats of carpentry that others might deem miraculous.

TABLE 19: SHIPWRIGHT PERSONALITY TRAITS

d8 Personality Trait

- 1 I love talking and being heard more than I like to listen.
- 2 I'm extremely fond of puzzles.
- 3 I thrive under pressure.
- 4 I love sketching and designing objects, especially boats.
- 5 I'm not afraid of hard work—in fact, I prefer it.
- 6 A pipe, an ale, and the smell of the sea: paradise.
- 7 I have an endless supply of cautionary tales related to the sea.
- 8 I don't mind getting my hands dirty.

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TABLE 20: SHIPWRIGHT IDEALS

d6	Ideal
1	Crew. If everyone on deck pitches in, we'll never sink. (Good)
2	Careful Lines. A ship must be balanced according to the laws of the universe. (Lawful)
3	Invention. Make what you need out of whatever is at hand. (Chaotic)
4	Perfection. To measure a being and find it lacking is the greatest disappointment. (Evil)
5	Reflection. Muddied water always clears in time. (Any)
6	Hope. The horizon at sea holds the greatest promise. (Any)

TABLE 21: SHIPWRIGHT BONDS

d6	Bond
1	I must visit all the oceans of the world and behold the ships that sail there.
2	Much of the treasure I claim will be used to enrich my community.
3	I must find a kind of wood rumored to possess magical qualities.
4	I repair broken things to redeem what's broken in myself.
5	I will craft a boat capable of sailing through the most dangerous of storms.
6	A kraken destroyed my masterpiece; its teeth shall adorn my hearth.

TABLE 22: SHIPWRIGHT FLAWS

d6	Flaw
1	I don't know when to throw something away. You never know when it might be useful again.
2	I get frustrated to the point of distraction by shoddy craftsmanship.
3	Though I am an excellent crafter, my work tends to look as though it belongs on a ship.
4	I am so obsessed with sketching my ideas for elaborate inventions that I sometimes forget little things like eating and sleeping.
5	I'm judgmental of those who are not skilled with tools of some kind.
6	I sometimes take things that don't belong to me, especially if they are very well made.

Saltmarsh Ties: Ships make Saltmarsh's economy run. You have contacts with one of the following leaders in town. Choose or roll on the table.

TABLE 23: SALTMARSH TIES

d6	Contact
1-2	Eda Oweland
3-4	Gellan Primewater
5-6	Anders Solmor

Smuggler: On a rickety barge, you carried a hundred longswords in fish barrels right past the dock master's oblivious lackeys. You have

paddled a riverboat filled with stolen elven wine under the gaze of the moon and sold it for twice its value in the morning. In your more charitable times, you have transported innocents out of war zones or helping guide herd animals to safety on the banks of a burning river.

Feature: Down Low: You are acquainted with a network of smugglers who are willing to help you out of tight situations. While in a particular town, city, or other similarly sized community (referee's discretion), you and your companions can stay for free in safe houses. Safe houses provide a poor lifestyle. While staying at a safe house, you can choose to keep your presence (and that of your companions) a secret.

Claim to Fame: Every smuggler has that one tale that sets them apart from common criminals. By wits, sailing skill, or a silver tongue, you lived to tell the story—and you tell it often. You can roll on the following table to determine your claim or choose one that best fits your character.

TABLE 24: CLAIM TO FAME

d6	Accomplishment
1	Spirit of the Whale. You smuggled stolen dwarven spirits in the body of a dead whale being pulled behind a fishing boat. When you delivered the goods, the corpse suddenly exploded, sending whale meat and whiskey bottles for half a mile.
2	Cart and Sword. You drove a cart filled with stolen art through the middle of a battlefield while singing sea shanties to confuse the combatants.
3	The Recruit. You enlisted in another nation's navy for the purpose of smuggling stolen jewels to a distant port. You attained a minor rank before disappearing from the navy and making your way here.
4	River of Shadows. Your riverboat accidentally slipped through the veil into the Shadowfell for several hours. While you were there, you sold some stolen dragonborn artifacts before returning to this plane and paddling home.
5	Gold-Hearted. You agreed to transport a family escaping a war. The baby began to cry at a checkpoint, and you gave the guards all your gold to let you pass. The family never found out about this gesture.
6	Playing Both Sides. You once smuggled crates of crossbow bolts and bundles of arrows, each destined for an opposing side in a regional war, at the same time. The buyers arrived within moments of each other but did not discover your trickery.

Suggested Characteristics: In general, smugglers value survival, and then profit, above other things. One could be a part of a larger organization, or

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might run a small smuggling vessel of their own. Smugglers live the lies they have told, and they have a natural ability to recall all the falsehoods and half-truths they have ever spouted.

TABLE 25: SMUGGLER PERSONALITY TRAITS

d8 Personality Trait

- 1 I love being on the water but hate fishing.
- 2 I think of everything in terms of monetary value.
- 3 I never stop smiling.
- 4 Nothing rattles me; I have a lie for every occasion.
- 5 I love gold but won't cheat a friend.
- 6 I enjoy doing things others believe to be impossible.
- 7 I become wistful when I see the sun rise over the ocean.
- 8 I am no common criminal; I am a mastermind.

TABLE 26: SMUGGLER IDEALS

d6 Ideal

- 1 **Wealth.** Heaps of coins in a secure vault is all I dream of. (Any)
- 2 **Smuggler's Code.** I uphold the unwritten rules of the smugglers, who do not cheat one another or directly harm innocents. (Lawful)
- 3 **All for a Coin.** I'll do nearly anything if it means I turn a profit. (Evil)
- 4 **Peace and Prosperity.** I smuggle only to achieve a greater goal that benefits my community. (Good)
- 5 **People.** For all my many lies, I place a high value on friendship. (Any)
- 6 **Daring.** I am most happy when risking everything. (Any)

TABLE 27: SMUGGLER BONDS

d6 Bond

- 1 My vessel was stolen from me, and I burn with the desire to recover it.
- 2 I intend to become the leader of the network of smugglers that I belong to.
- 3 I owe a debt that cannot be repaid from the business.
- 4 After one last job, I will retire from the business.
- 5 I was tricked by a fellow smuggler who stole something precious from me. I will find that thief.
- 6 I give most of my profits to a charitable cause, and I don't like to brag about it.

TABLE 28: SMUGGLER FLAWS

d6 Flaw

- 1 Lying is reflexive, and I sometimes engage in it without realizing.
- 2 I tend to assess my relationships in terms of profit and loss.
- 3 I believe everyone has a price and am cynical toward those who present themselves as virtuous.
- 4 I struggle to trust the words of others.
- 5 Few people know the real me.
- 6 Though I act charming, I feel nothing for others and don't know what friendship is.

Saltmarsh Ties: It's an open secret, at least among the old-timers in town, that Gellan Primewater runs the biggest smuggling operation in this section of the coast. You have contacts with him and his organization, enable you to request an audience with him as necessary.

Soldier: Many retired soldiers of the Knights of the Watch make their home in the southern reaches, and you are no different. You might have served some time as a member of the town guard. Regardless of whether you did so, you have several friends among their ranks. The captain of the guard, Eliander Fireborn, is friendly toward fellow veterans and is willing to make time to meet with you if the need is urgent. At your option, you can also own a small plot of land and a farm outside town.

Urchin: At a young age, you lost one or both of your parents to a tragedy at sea. Afterward, you grew up relying on the kindness of others. More important, the years you spent living on the streets have imparted to you the skill to sneak unobtrusively, overhearing gossip and witnessing scenes that others would prefer to keep secret. Pick one member of the Saltmarsh town council. The referee will share with you either a secret about the person or give you the option to create the details of a favor you did for them that leaves them in your debt. For instance, you might have overheard thieves making plans to steal from Gellan Primewater.

Power Groups

Circle of Eight

The mysterious assembly of wizards known as the Circle of Eight has long benefited from a past obscured by misinformation and enigma. The group's influence reaches from the Baklunish West to the Solnor Ocean, though its secretive methods ensure that few know the extent of its

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ministrations. Certain members of the Circle are well known and liked, their talents appreciated throughout the Flanaess. The mages Bigby, Bucknard, and Otto, for instance, are welcome in courts far from cosmopolitan Greyhawk. Others, such as Drawmij, Nystul, and Rary, prefer to operate away from the public gaze.

Mordenkainen (N male human archmage) formed the Circle of Eight as a tool to manipulate political factions of the Flanaess, preserving the delicate balance of power in hopes of maintaining stability and sanity in the region. Mordenkainen's view of "enforced neutrality" is not tit-for-tat equality, but rather a detailed theoretical philosophy derived from decades of arcane research. He has fought ardently for the forces of Good, but just as often has worked on darker plots to achieve his ends. In all things, the Circle of Eight prefers to work behind the scenes, subtly manipulating events to ensure that no one faction gains the upper hand; their dedication to Mordenkainen's goals and methods remains steadfast.

Current members include Bigby of Mitrik (N male human archmage), once Mordenkainen's apprentice and now mighty in his own right; the rotund and jovial Otto (N male human mage/priest of Boccob), who favors the kitchen over the laboratory; Bucknard (N male human archmage), the affable but stubborn sage of the occult; the reclusive Drawmij (N male human archmage), who oversees Keoland and the south from his undersea lair near Gradsul; and the polite, outgoing Tenser (LN male human archmage), who has been growing ever more discontented with the rising Evil across the Flanaess.

Other notable members of the Circle include the contemplative Rary of Ket (N male human archmage), who's ideas are as secretive as they are bright; Otiluke (N male human archmage), the less-than-sensible president of the Society of Magi, recently replacing the elderly Leomund; and Nystul (N male human archmage), a Tenha

expatriate who wishes to expand the Circle, beyond eight if need be, to combat the growing threats presented by Iuz, the Scarlet Brotherhood, and the consolidating factions of the Great Kingdom. Mordenkainen remains the ninth member, a "shadow leader" dictating his agenda to others and influencing the Flanaess through his powerful network of agents and servitors.

Horned Society

No one knows the true age of the Horned Society. Most scholars believe its Hierarchs were opportunist bandits who filled the void in Molag left by the disappearance of Iuz in 505 cy; more ominous speculation places the roots of the organization well before the great migrations of old. Certain old druids speak of the dreaded "Horned Ones," cultists who stalked the night in ancient times and preyed upon the Flan tribes. It is not certain if the modern Horned Society is actually a descendant of this dark sect or simply an imitator exploiting old legends.

In any case, the Horned Society came to prominence in 513 cy, a few years after the disappearance of Iuz in the north, when the cambion's malign kingdom went leaderless. The group seized the city of Molag and set about consolidating the territory around under its rule. Hobgoblins, orcs, and other nonhumans flocked to the Horned Society's dark banner. Conflicting reports place the group's members as either worshipers of the god Nerull or devotees of devilry. Both seem likely, as it appears the organization was a congregation of many factions, not a monolithic entity. The actual glue that held it together was likely more dogmatic than spiritual.

The Horned Society is made up of thirteen leaders, called Hierarchs, including powerful fighters, clerics, rogues, and wizards. The philosophy of the Horned Society is rulership through fear and might, with overtones of human supremacy and the subjugation of lesser races to achieve their goals.

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Knight Protectors of the Great Kingdom

Of all the orders of knighthood in the history of the Flanaess, none was greater than the fabled Knight Protectors of the Great Kingdom. Once many hundreds in number, their membership has since dwindled to perhaps no more than two dozen today. Throughout their history, these knights were formidable warriors with a matchless reputation for courage and honor. They have become the model for numerous orders of knighthood that have sprung up in the Flanaess in their wake, including the Knights of the Hart and the Knights of Holy Shielding. Their legends permeate the cultures of all the provinces of the Great Kingdom.

Even the founding of the order was an auspicious occasion. It occurred in the year 537 OR (-107 CY), when an attack upon the traveling train of the king of Aerdy was foiled by a group of young men, primarily woodsmen and farmers from a nearby village. Ur-Flan insurgents released a winged horror upon the royal tent city in an effort to assassinate the leader of their conquerors. The young men of the village thwarted the attack, at the cost of most of their lives. The king was so impressed with the courage of the survivors that he raised them up as his "Knight Protectors."

From its inception, the order was unique in the Great Kingdom in that it chose its own membership through contests of skill and courage. Positions were not royally appointed, nor could they be bought, like many other knighthoods in the kingdom that were known to come cheaply (for example, the knights of Medegia). The Knight Protectors numbered followers of both Heironeous and Hextor in their ranks; while this produced strong rivalries, deadly conflicts were few. The goal of the order was always a united and protected Great Kingdom under an honorable and lawful monarch.

Few events shook the order as greatly as the betrayal of the paladin Sir Kargoth, who made a pact with the forces of evil and unleashed a demonic terror upon the Great Kingdom in 203 CY. The abomination was destroyed at great cost, but the fallen knight seduced no fewer than thirteen members of the order to his dark banner. Kargoth's treachery cursed everything he touched, and sunlight turned all fourteen traitors into the first and most powerful of the so-called death knights.

The order went into slow decline after this upheaval, as many loyal knights spent much time hunting down the renegades. The royal House Rax went into slow decline at about the same time. In 443 CY, Ivid I set about hunting down and destroying the remaining Knight Protectors, for they opposed his ascension to the throne after he assassinated the last Rax overking. He did not succeed in destroying them, but they were widely dispersed, and some disappeared from the courts of the provinces to go into hiding.

Most Knight Protectors of the Great Kingdom live now in Ratic, refugees from Bone March, where Clement was a powerful member of the order until the province's fall in 563 CY. Some purportedly hide in the Grandwood and Adri Forests, and a few joined the Iron League and are in Sunndi. The order's old heraldry, showing the great crowned sun of Aerdy guarded by a white axe and red arrow, is no longer used.

Knights of the Hart

Once the last militant major order of knights in the Flanaess, the Knights of the Hart have lately become more "aggressively defensive" in nature. These knights have a tripartite organization formed in ancient days to serve the needs of the lords of Furyondy, Highfolk, and Veluna. Because these states are decentralized and thus severely threatened by sudden invasion from any quarter, the Knights of the Hart bulwark standing armies and hunt for potential threats. The Knights of the

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Hart must swear to serve as a vanguard of defense at an instant's notice, maintaining certain strongholds, serving in local governments, and supporting scouting actions into mountains, forests, and countryside (where they often personally mete out justice to the lawless).

Membership in the Knights of the Hart is open to commoners and nobles alike, provided each candidate is devoted to the protection of Furyondy, Highfolk, and Veluna. Further, each candidate must possess proven combat skills and have performed an act of exceptional honor, bravery, courage, and service.

All Knights of the Hart oppose Iuz in every way; they live to destroy him, his armies, and his empire. The order also has a long-held dislike of Perrenland, Dyvers, Nyron, the Knights of Holy Shielding, and the Knights of the Watch, each for separate reasons.

The three orders of the Knights of the Hart are as follows.

Knights of Furyondy: This branch now has 220 knights and many associated warriors under its command. The branch's primary concerns are the recruitment of new members, without lowering its standards to do so, and the maintenance of all strongholds along the border with Iuz. The order accepts humans and half-elves. The coat of arms is azure, a pair of antlers or.

Knights of Veluna: Only 120 knights are in this politically active branch; each is of great repute and commands many sergeants and warriors. The order once admitted only fighters, but recently it has brought in several fighting clerics of renown. All members of the Knights of Veluna are landowners, and the order values diplomacy and negotiation as much as it values skill with blades. Most members worship Rao, though a growing number swear to the faiths of Mayaheine or St. Cuthbert, and a few to Heironeous. The order accepts humans and half-elves. The coat of arms is sable, a pair of antlers or.

Knights of the High Forest: This order's forty-five members are exclusively olve. These elves are skilled in forest skirmishing, spending their short time outside the forest as merchant lords in the High Vale, where they are justly hailed as heroes while they try to raise money for their cause. The coat of arms is vert, a pair of antlers or.

Knights of Holy Shielding

Established in the mid-300s *cy* to support the lords of the petty domains north of the Nyr Dyv, the Knights of the Holy Shielding once made up the core of an impressive army. Unfortunately, the Shield Lands have recently fallen in humiliating defeat to the Horned Society and Bandit Kingdoms. Many Shield Knights fled to goodly nations, establishing relations with local rulers in an attempt to regain their lost homeland through military force.

The liberation of the Shield Lands and the destruction of the Horned Society and their armies are this order's foremost goals. Most Knights of Holy Shielding are now engaged in this "War of Reclamation." However, several agents remain in Greyhawk, Dyvers, the Duchy of Urnst, and Furyondy, working as mercenaries and sending their revenue to support the army at home. Within the reclaimed lands, the Shield Knights represent the best sort of heroism. Commoners regard a Shield Knight with respect and awe.

Outside the Shield Lands, the knights are looked upon with less favor. For all their idealistic chatter, these were the same knights who failed to intelligently defend their own nation. Cynics reason that it is only a matter of time before they fall to defeat once again. Though the outside world knows the Shield Knights for an arrogance and naivete unacknowledged in their homelands, all know that Shield Knights can be trusted in word and deed. The Knights of Holy Shielding are noted rivals of the Knights of the Hart, who dismiss them with contempt.

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The core of the Knights of Holy Shielding are paladins, though fighters and clerics of Heironeous are found among their number. Knight Commander Earl Holmer of Walworth (LG male human knight) is titular head of the organization, but the daily operations of these Knighthood are seen to by Knight Banneret Incosee of the Bronze Band (LG male human knight), a surpassingly brave Flan general.

Knights of Luna

The Knights of Luna is an elven order of knighthood dedicated to preserving the monarchy of Celene and the noble traditions of the elves throughout the central Flanaess. They espouse values that call for elven leadership in the cause of Good, and "noblesse oblige" toward their allied kindred and the lesser races. Most of the leading members of this order are gray elves from the Grand Court of Celene, although they are currently at odds with the policies of their fey queen and her councilors. Numbering just over two hundred knights, this order includes many high elves and half-elves, many of them wizards as well as fighters. The majority live and operate in Celene, but increasingly they are found in the Duchy of Ulek, with a small presence among the elves of Highfolk and the Fairdells.

No strict hierarchy exists among the Knights of Luna, though Melf, Prince Brightflame of Celene (NG male elf eldritch knight), is their acknowledged leader. Generally, the most senior and experienced knights have the most authority, and they are permitted to take squires of any elven or part-elven lineage. Knightly quests are typically the province of young, inexperienced members of the order. Successful completion of a score or more quests allow a knight to gain rank and a squire. Several highly successful adventurers in Sterich are Knights of Luna who helped reclaim that realm. All questing knights must tithe part of the treasure they acquire; this payment has supported the Knights of the High Forest.

Though no formal alliance exists between the Knights of Luna and the Knights of the Hart, the two groups at times assist each other. They both consider Iuz to be the greatest menace to the cause of Good in the Flanaess, though the Knights of Luna are also foremost in the fight against the Pomarj nonhumans. The isolationism of Celene is a cause of great contention between the Knights of Luna and the rest of the Grand Court. The knights attempt to influence the policies of Celene by reasoned debate and by hosting foreign dignitaries and sponsoring them at court. They also support limited military actions, particularly on Celene's southern border and in the Principality of Ulek.

Knights of the Watch

The Knights of the Watch was created several centuries ago on the foundation of an earlier organization based in Gran March. Tasked with protecting Keoland, Gran March, Bissel, and Geoff from the incursions of barbaric Paynims and "westerlings" (civilized Baklunish armies), the Watchers maintain castles, fortresses and strongholds along the border with Ket, as well as in the western mountains. The order's strongest bases of power can be found in Gran March (Hookhill), Geoff (Hochoch), and Bissel (Thornward). Members of the knighthood are drawn from the best and wisest lands in the Sheldomar Valley.

The Knights of the Watch are devotees of a near-monastic school of teachings based upon the writings of the philosopher Azmarender, who chronicled a code of duty and belief known as the Twelve and Seven Precepts. The Twelve Precepts govern how a knight of the order is to carry out his daily activities, with an eye toward the traditions of battle. The Seven Precepts guide "life beyond the self," giving meaning to the world beyond the field of battle. These latter teachings are jealously guarded secrets, revealed to knights only as they gain station within the organization. The mysterious Seventh Precept, said to reveal

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ancient secrets about the creation of Oerth, is known only to the Grandiose Imperial Wyvern, titular head of the knighthood (currently the ailing Hugo of Geoff (LN male human knight)). The teachings are not connected with any one religion, yet they fit well into the lives of militant followers of St. Cuthbert, Heironeous, Pholtus, Allitur, and Mayaheine.

As befits the mysticism that dwells at the heart of their organization, the Watchers are known internally by a selection of fanciful titles. General knights, the lowest in rank, are called Vigils, with minor ranks adding to the base title (Stalwart Vigil, Resilient Vigil, Radiant Vigil, etc.). As knights ascend in rank, a number of adjectives are added to their titles, with "vigil" replaced by the names of fantastic beasts (manticore, hippogriff, griffon, etc.), such that a mid-level commander is known as the Magnificent Elder Gorgon. Few outside the order understand the ranking system of the Watchers, which gave rise to the peasant saying "frightful as a Watcher's title" to denote someone who wishes to appear more powerful than he truly is.

Currently, 6,500 Knights of the Watch roam the Sheldomar Valley, protecting the interests of their nations and digging out "agents" of the hated west (a charge carrying a liberal interpretation tainted with racism against the Baklunish). The recruitment of new members (fighters, clerics, and paladins) is a constant and major concern.

The Watchers currently regard the giants and orcs occupying Geoff as scarcely worse than the Baklunish. Iuz is greatly hated; some Watchers believe the Baklunish worship the demigod in secret. The Scarlet Brotherhood is also an avowed enemy (possibly in league with the Baklunish, claim some). An old rivalry with the Knights of the Hart is also fueled. Curiously, the knights do not see the Valley of the Mage as a major problem area, despite periodic raids by valley elves on nearby lands. The Watchers' coat of arms is an owl displayed argent.

Mouqollad Consortium

The Mouqollad Consortium unites the merchant clans of the Baklunish nations into a powerful association to ensure the prosperity of its members. The consortium is organized into territories and specialties, with its headquarters in the city of Zeif. Member clans and trade houses are from every Baklunish nation, and its trading posts and colonies are found in many western states and islands.

In populous realms such as Ket, a merchant clan must administer each urban bazaar. The clan is obligated to guard against theft and violence in the marketplace. In return, it gains control over the allotment of space and collection of fees from individual traders. In poor or less-populated regions, merchant clans are granted larger territories, though such clans are likely to delegate some of their administrative responsibilities to local merchants or groups.

Control of certain specialty trade is assigned as well. For example, trade in Ekbiri woolens or gems from Zeif is the province of a specific merchant house; the sale of authentic magic items is restricted to individual merchants who have passed rigorous qualifying examinations. Of course, black markets thrive in some areas (particularly Ull), but agents of the Mouqollad diligently seek out their locations and the merchants who attend them.

Leadership of the Mouqollad is organized around a group of high-ranking clerics of Mouqol called the Worthy Elders, most of whom are also senior members of prosperous and respected merchant houses. A few wizards have risen in the hierarchy over the centuries, usually noted scholars and masters of divination. Warriors also have risen in the ranks of the Mouqollad, many through service in the merchant fleet. Even rogues are found in the consortium's employ, though they have no place in leadership.

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In fact, the Mouqollad might employ members of any profession, sometimes for length terms. The most demanding service is required on the trading expeditions to distant lands. Caravans travel throughout the lands of the Paynims and sometimes to regions farther south and west, beyond the mountains. The merchant fleet voyages across the Dramidj on journeys that can take many months, while extended visits to the islands' trade colonies and distant outposts can last for years.

The consortium maintains a select force of agents who monitor its interests in all major Baklunish cities. It is careful to maintain the appearance of neutrality in political and military matters, but it also works discreetly to secure influence in all levels of government. The Mouqollad strives to police its own constituent clans and houses. The skills of mediation and negotiation are raised to a fine art by the merchants, yet sometimes disputants are so closely matched that agreements cannot be concluded without the intervention of a higher authority. On such occasions, an Appraiser of Merit can be called to hear the case and make a binding judgment. Should that judgment be breached, the offending party is expelled from the Mouqollad, and all his goods are forfeit to the injured party.

The Mouqollad has few enemies, though it has no real allies, either. The consortium is tolerated by the governments of Zeif, Tusmit, Ekbir and Ket; in Ull, the rulers are as likely to seize goods as they are to buy them, so the merchants are often in conflict with the government. Among the Paynims, merchants are subject to raiding like all other travelers (or other Paynims). In the Gulf of Ghayar and the Dramidj Ocean, piracy threatens the ships of the Mouqollad; the merchants wage small-scale wars with these pirates at times, but they prefer to play one group off against another if possible, avoiding lost cargoes and expensive mercenaries.

Old Faith

Oerth's natural fertility has inspired the devotion of its people. The cult of the Oerth Mother (Beory) once dominated the entire Flanaess, and the traditions of her worship persist in many lands. The present hierarchy of the Old Faith is built upon the ancient religion of the druids, though deities in addition to Beory are worshiped. Of course, other "nature" religions exist outside the Old Faith, even different branches of the druidic heritage, but few of these are in the Flanaess. The druids of the inner circles of the Old Faith gain far more prestige and respect than these other groups. Mistletoe, oak leaves, and holly leaves are their common emblems. Druids of the Old Faith are completely neutral in philosophy and personal alignment. They yield only to the world-spanning authority of the legendary Grand Druid.

The practices of the Old Faith are generally in accord with those of other nature priesthoods. The druids do not engage in the sacrifice of sentient creatures, yet there is a dark legacy within the Old Faith. The druids of antiquity allied themselves with the sorcerous Ur-Flan, who once held whole tribes in bondage to their evil. The unspeakable rituals performed by the Ur-Flan went unchallenged by the druidic hierarchy of that era, so long as the former were not so prevalent in any region as to threaten the balance of nature. Eventually, the Ur-Flan sorcerers waned in power and vanished. Some of their magical secrets are still preserved by the Old Faith.

The Old Faith is still widely practiced in the Flanaess, and not only in those regions dominated by descendants of the Flan peoples. The age-old sacred groves and monolithic circles of the Old Faith may include shrines dedicated to any nature deity the resident druids permit, but most often they are unadorned. While Beory the Oerth Mother is the

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best known deity associated with the Old Faith, any druid of purely neutral alignment may matriculate through the Nine Circles of Initiation, regardless of which nature god that druid venerates.

The most junior druids must first serve as Ovates, simple administrators and readers of auguries who govern only the aspirants who seek admission to the hierarchy. Above the Ovates and the Initiates are those who may claim the title of Druid. They, together with the three Archdruids and the Great Druid, provide tutelage to their underlings (there are nine Great Druids in the Flanaess, one representing each of the geographic divisions). Legends also speak of a Grand Druid and a cabal of ascended mystics called the Hierophants, but complete knowledge of these masters is hidden from those outside the hierarchy.

Old Lore

The Colleges of the Old Lore are an order of bards appended to the druidic society of the Old Faith. Very few of these archetypal bards are left, as their traditions are primarily those of the ancient Flan. Bards of the Old Lore are distinguished from today's common bards and minstrels by their noble origins, their tradition of scholarship, and their use of druidic magic. The prospective Old Lore bard must be of human descent and noble birth, although half-elves are permitted, as well. Tradition demands that each candidate have proven skill in warmaking and stealth, in addition to surpassing grace, in order to receive druidic training. The Old Lore legacy also includes a small number of magical, stringed instruments crafted specifically for each of the seven colleges of the Old Lore. Recovery of any such instrument is of prime concern to the remaining members of these colleges, and the true enchantments worked by the ancient craftsmen come alive only at the touch of a bard of the Old Lore.

People of the Testing

The mystic cabal known as the People of the Testing is a society of elves whose members are scattered across the Flanaess. These elves are loosely bound by the memory of their experiences in the elven otherworld discovered through the Moonarch of Sehanine. The Moonarch appears only while Oerth's lesser moon, Celene, is in full phase, and the Moonarch is never encountered twice in the same location. Thus far, it has been reported only in the northern region of Celene.

Those elves who pass under the Moonarch must then pass a series of spiritual tests administered by three elven deities. Some elves never return from their journey through the Moonarch, but all those who do are profoundly changed. Some withdraw from the concerns of their previous lives and heed the Calling Away, which many call the Leaving, even though they may have centuries of life remaining to them. These elves immediately travel to the Lendore Isles; what becomes of them is not known. Other elves may become clerics (usually of Sehanine), seers, poets, savants, or outcasts. From among all these come the People of the Testing.

The concerns of the People involve the destiny of all elves and their vision of the true nature of elvenkind. They are said to have special insights into the Mysteries of Faerie, but their practices are by no means as sensual as those of traditional elven participants. They see more deeply than other elves and have secret knowledge of forgotten magic, ancient banes, hidden realms, and lost races. They guard their secrets carefully, and few publicly acknowledge membership in the People of the Testing. The People are present in all levels of society, however, and they use their influence to keep elven interests secure in the Flanaess, no matter what the cost to other races.

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No hierarchy exists among the People of the Testing, but each has an area of expertise and authority based on the particular trials he or she experienced under the Moonarch. The distinct role of each elf in this rarified community is presumed to provide some vital service to the gods of their race, the Seldarine. The elven sage Elraniel Tesmarien (CG male elf archmage) is one who openly, if quietly, avows his role among the People. Residing in the city of Greyhawk, he is in contact with others of the People, throughout the Flanaess and beyond.

Seeming largely uninterested in worldly matters, the People of the Testing have few allies or enemies. Yet, some folk accuse them of conspiring against humanity, particularly in light of the expulsion of the nonelf inhabitants of the Lendore Isles. The People are known to have a strong presence in Sunndi, where some fear that the group may have designs to usurp the authority of Count Hazendel. They are poorly received at the Grand Court of Celene; they have influence there, but they are suspected of contriving the death of the royal consort of Celene. The fact that most People of the Testing choose to remain anonymous hinders them from refuting such rumors. Perhaps they are not concerned with the opinions of the uninitiated. The ultimate goals of the People of the Testing remain mysterious, and it seems the only authority they truly respect is their own inner voice.

Silent Ones of Keoland

This ancient society is almost entirely closed to outsiders, but its mystique and influence extends throughout the valley of the Sheldomar. The Silent Ones are said to form the backbone of an eldritch order that seeks to protect the last remnants of Ancient Suel magic that has remained in Suloise hands since the *Rain of Colorless Fire*. Whether the order is actually this old is uncertain, since they communicate little outside their own circles. What

little is known of the Silent Ones comes from one of the few individuals who departed it alive. Uhas of Neheli chronicled some of their exploits in his apocryphal work, "The Chronicle of Secret Times."

The group's name comes from an ancient Suel phrase literally translated as "those who must not speak." It is something of a misnomer as the Silent Ones are by no means mute, but they are extremely secretive and do little to dispel the aura of mystery that surrounds them. These ascetics live completely outside the authority of the ruling Keoish king, according to the first lines of the founding charter of the nation, penned nearly one thousand years ago. They do not form a magical guild in the traditional sense, as supplicants are not usually accepted to the order. Rather, they are chosen during pilgrimages conducted by the Silent Ones annually during Needfest, when they scour the countryside for youths especially attuned to their ways. Those chosen are said to be gifted in some way, and most of them are of pure Suel bloodlines. Curiously, many of the chosen are also albinos and frequently are blind. Uhas of Neheli was both.

While the Silent Ones typically wear drab gray garb, they have no traditional dress nor any visible devices or emblems. The primary cloister of the order is an infamous spire known as the Tower of Silence, located less than a day's ride south from Niole Dra. It is an architectural wonder, erupting from the ground without support to rise many hundreds of feet and completely dominate the featureless plain that surrounds it. No mage who casts eyes upon it will deny that it would be nearly impossible to build today, since great sorcery was no doubt required for its construction. The bluish-gray stone that composes it has no counterpart for 1,000 miles.

The inhabitants of the Lonely Tower are headed by a single undisputed leader called the Wyrd. Currently, this magus is Mohrgyr the Old (N male human archmage), a former Nehelan nobleman believed to be over two hundred years old. The tower is staffed by a few dozen adherents, whose

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numbers are thought to shrink with every passing year. Their most powerful supporters in the kingdom are the nobles of House Neheli, and a plurality of their membership is from this ancient and decaying house. The Silent Ones have smaller enclaves in a handful of Keoish cities to which they frequently travel.

In centuries past, sorcery was in the hands of a small few in Keoland, and the Silent Ones monitored this tradition with dispassion. That is no longer their role, though they are still viewed with fear and superstition. Silent Ones seem to be drawn to ancient places and items of strong magical power and import. On rare occasions they openly contend with individuals, both good and evil, who seek magical power beyond the ken of mortals. Recently they have expressed disquiet over the rise of the Scarlet Brotherhood and the uncovering of Slerotin's Passage from the Yeomanry to the Sea of Dust.

Gods of the Flanaess

Each god's entry here gives its name, most common titles or aliases among worshipers, general alignment, power level, and areas of concern. The name is the most common name by which that god is known or to the largest number of people. The listed alignment is the god's primary alignment and is the alignment that a cleric should use to determine his own alignment. Any parenthetical alignment listed after the main alignment is the most common alignment variance that the god shows, and most clerics are of the god's main alignment or the secondary alignment.

The divine beings of Oerth are often categorized according to their cosmic power: Greater deities are beyond mortal understanding; they can't be summoned, and they are almost always removed from direct involvement in mortal affairs. On very rare occasions they manifest avatars similar to lesser deities, but slaying a greater god's avatar has no effect on the god itself. Lesser deities are

embodied somewhere in the planes; such deities can be encountered by mortals. Demigods are often ascended mortals or the children of weaker gods. Vestiges are deities who have lost nearly all their worshipers and are considered dead, from a mortal perspective; esoteric rituals can sometimes contact these beings and draw on their latent power.

All gods are so far beyond the power of mortals that their relative strengths are irrelevant to mortals, so there is no difference between a spell granted by a greater god and the same spell granted by a demigod. Likewise, a cleric of a demigod suffers no hindrances or limitations (such as class level limits or spell level limits) compared to a cleric of a greater god (other than any specific limitations either god may place upon her clerics). Finally, no greater or lesser deity may enter the Prime Material Plane of Oerth without the consensus of a majority of the gods of Oerth. A few exceptions to this are Ehlonna, Fharlanghn, Obad-Hai, and Olidammara (who chose the Prime Material Plane as their native realm rather than one of the outer planes), Beory (who may actually *be* the Oerth itself), and St. Cuthbert (who was allowed to come to Oerth to fight Iuz on more than one occasion, though this last action might carry a price to be paid in the future).

The first paragraph of the god entry gives the god's racial origin (if known), history, representative depiction, and holy symbol. This paragraph also lists reasons for unusual titles, animals, or individuals associated with the god in legend and doctrine. The god's relations with other divine beings are also given here.

The second paragraph gives information on the dogma—tenets of faith and moral code—of that god's following, listed in italics. Any unusual quirks of doctrine are listed here, from taboos to rankings within the church to factions in the religion. A cleric of the god is expected to uphold these dogmatic beliefs and obey the superior clerics within the organization or risk excommunication or loss of clerical power.

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The last paragraph has game details on clerics of the deity. Clerics in the GREYHAWK® campaign have the normal proficiency bonus, spell progression, hit dice, and class features of the clerics in the *Player's Handbook*. The **Domains** listed here work exactly as they do in the *Player's Handbook*: a cleric chooses a domain and thereafter has access to the domain spells and granted powers (as described in the *Player's Handbook*, the *Sword Coast Adventurers Guide*, and *Xanathar's Guide to Everything*) of the chosen domain.

The **Weapons** section lists weapons commonly used by clerics of the god (but clerics are not limited to these weapons). The first weapon listed is the "signature weapon" of the god, and the form the cleric's *spiritual weapon* spell takes; if the spiritual weapon manifests as something that isn't normally a weapon, the weapon-equivalent is listed parenthetically afterward. Normal proficiency rules apply; if the cleric chooses a martial weapon—marked by a superscript "M" notation—he must use a feat or multiclass to gain proficiency in that weapon. Some gods recommend a category of weapons, such as "bludgeoning," "piercing," or "slashing," or a group of weapons associated with a class, such as "druid." Small characters may use a smaller form of a listed weapon if appropriate (longsword instead of a greatsword, for example). Clerics are not required to use or be proficient in one of the listed weapons, but many do out of a sense of solidarity to the church and devotion to their god.

A cleric can abandon his chosen god and take up the faith of another god. In doing so, the cleric loses all class features of the abandoned god. To progress as a cleric of another faith, the character must go on a *quest* for his new church (often the recovery of a lost item of some importance to the god), then receive a *ceremony* (atonement) spell from a cleric of his new faith. He chooses a domain from the new god's repertoire and resumes all class abilities lost from leaving the old faith.

TABLE 29: ADDITIONAL GREATER GODS

Deity	Alignment	Domains
Lendor, god of time and tedium	LN	Knowledge, Order
Procan, god of the sea and storms	CN	Tempest
Zilchus, god of business	LN	Knowledge, Trickery

TABLE 30: ADDITIONAL LESSER GODS

Deity	Alignment	Domains
Allitur, god of ethics and propriety	LG (LN)	Knowledge, Order
Atroa, goddess of spring	NG	Light
Beltar, goddess of malice and pits	CE (CN)	War
Berei, goddess of home and family	NG	Life
Bleredd, god of mines and smiths	N	Forge
Bralm, goddess of insects	N (LN)	Life, Order
Cyndor, god of infinity	LN	Knowledge, Order
Dalt, god of portals and keys	CG	Forge, Trickery
Delleb, god of reason and study	LG	Knowledge
Fortubo, god of guardianship	LG (LN)	Life
Geshtai, goddess of waters	N	Nature
Jascar, god of hills and mountains	LG	Nature
Joramy, goddess of fire and wrath	N (NG)	Tempest, War
Kurell, god of jealousy and theft	CN	Trickery
Lirr, goddess of poetry and art	CG	Arcana, Knowledge
Lierg, god of beasts and strength	CN	Nature
Lydia, goddess of music	NG	Knowledge, Light
Mouqol, god of negotiation	N	Knowledge
Myhriss, goddess of romance	NG	Life
Norebo, god of gambling and luck	CN	Trickery
Osprem, goddess of sea voyages	LN	Tempest
Phaulkon, god of birds and clouds	CG	Nature, War
Phyton, god of farming	CG	Nature
Pyremius, god of fire and poison	NE	Trickery
Ralishaz, god of insanity	CN (CE)	Trickery
Sotillion, goddess of summer	CG (CN)	Peace
Syrul, goddess of treachery	NE	Trickery
Telchur, god of winter	CN	Nature
Vatun*, god of northern barbarians	CN	Tempest
Velnus, god of sky and weather	N (NG)	Tempest
Wenta, goddess of autumn	CG	Life
Xan Yae, goddess of twilight	N	Knowledge, Twilight
Xerbo, god of seas and merchants	N	Tempest
Zodal, god of hope and mercy	NG	Life, Peace

TABLE 31: ADDITIONAL DEMIGODS

Deity	Alignment	Domains
Al'Akbar, god of faithfulness and duty	LG	Life
Mayaheine, goddess of valor	LG	War
Merikka, goddess of farming	LG	Life
Raxivort, god of the xvarts	CE	Trickery
Rudd, goddess of chance and skill	CN (CG)	Trickery
Wastri, god of amphibians and bigotry	LN (LE)	War
Ye'Cind, god of music and songs	CG	Knowledge
Zagyg, god of eccentricity and humor	CN (CG)	Arcana, Trickery
Zuoken*, god of personal mastery	N	Knowledge

*Vestage; see entry

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Al'Akbar

(High Cleric, Restorer of Righteousness), LG demigod of Guardianship, Faithfulness, Dignity, and Duty

Al'Akbar (ahl AHK-bar) first came to prominence in the days following the *Invoked Devastation*, when he was called by the gods of the Paynims to restore the Baklunish people to the path of righteousness and dignity. In earnest of this mission, he was given the fabled *Cup* and star-shaped *Talisman* that now bear his name. He taught that true religion must include proper devotion to the gods, protection of the community, and guidance of the faithful. Eventually, he caused his own mosque to be constructed and allowed his followers to call upon his name in their prayers, soon thereafter ascending to take his place among the gods, although he remains a demigod out of respect for the rest of the pantheon. His symbol is an image of the *Cup* and *Talisman* artifacts.

Be as a vessel of kindness and emblem of devotion, for the righteous man is both steadfast and merciful. Be not as the untutored infidel, but rather heed your superiors, and submit to their wisdom and guidance. Let the faithful strive always to nurture the seed of Good in the soil of Law, that by doing so they are received into the Garden of Al'Akbar. The faith of Al'Akbar dominates the Baklunish culture with its sense of community and propriety. They teach Ancient Baklunish as the language of poetry and learning; they are generally well disposed toward other faiths that use the classical language in their liturgy. Two historical branches of this faith exist. The followers of the Exalted Faith recognize the supremacy of the holy caliph (the ruler of Ekbir); they are masters of rhetoric and diplomacy, with high regard for academic achievement. Followers of the True Faith defer to the authority of the grand mufti of the Yatils, taking a more fundamental approach to religion that emphasizes

hard work, plain speech, and obedience. More obscure divisions exist among Paynim dervishes.

Clerics of the Exalted Faith usually bear the title of "qadi," and tend toward lawful good or neutral good. Clerics of the True Faith are called "mullahs," and strongly favor lawful neutral. Both types hold office as ministers, judges, scholars, and teachers in civil government, while also serving as healers, advisers, and guardians for the military. Adventuring clerics are tolerant of infidels, though they are still expected to uphold the ideals of the faith. The wandering clergy may travel to any land in search of the *Cup* and *Talisman of Al'Akbar*. Ritual prayers may be made at dawn and dusk.

Domain: Life; **Weapon:** scimitar^M

Allitur

LG (LN) lesser god of Ethics and Propriety

Allitur (AH-lih-toor) is an old Flan god, representing the need to maintain traditions, laws, and ethical behaviors between tribes and generations of people. Often considered the younger brother of Rao, he maintains close ties with all of his pantheon and often acts as a liaison to other pantheons because of his gift of divine diplomacy; it is this interaction that has gained him some awareness beyond the Flan people in this century. He rides an untiring horse named Keph; his symbol is a pair of clasped hands.

The people should understand and respect their cultural traditions, else breakdown of society should result. Allitur insists on the performance of traditional rituals, and most of the Flan customs about home and family can be traced to his teachings. He also introduced the concept of laws and punishment to the Flan, and his name is invoked at trials, diplomatic meetings, and other official situations where fairness is expected from a bargaining partner.

Allitur's clerics arbitrate disputes, carry messages between tribes and nations, act as legal advisers or judges when needed, scribe laws and

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other documents for the common folk, travel to teach the proper traditions to children and heathens. They also have a martial aspect because of their role as enactors of punishment for criminals, violators of taboos, and oathbreakers. Allitur's worshipers are expected to comply with clerics when they serve this function. These roles carry them far into hostile lands where their belief comes into conflict with heretics and the uncivilized.

Domains: Knowledge, Order; **Weapon:** spear

Atroa

(The Sad Maiden), NG lesser goddess of Spring, East Wind, and Renewal

Atroa (ah-TROH-ah) is one of the five Oeridian wind and agricultural deities fathered by Procan. Depicted as a fresh-faced blonde woman with an eagle perched on her shoulder, she once loved the god Kurell but was spurned by him for her sister Sotillion. She oversees the blessings of spring, including the opening of hearts to new prospects and the body to new horizons. Her sling, *Windstorm*, can strike the most distant foe, and her spherical glass talisman, *Readying's Dawn*, can melt ice within her line of sight. She is closest to her divine family and is indifferent to most other gods except Fharlanghn. Her holy symbol is a heart with an air-glyph within.

Spring is the time that the world awakens from her slumber by the invigorating breath of the east wind. Spring brings new life and love to the world, renews old friendships, and pulls on the heartstrings of lovers, poets, and travelers. It is a time for old things to be repaired, old feuds to be buried, and old biases to be discarded. Like the dawn, it presages great things to come; look to them with an open mind and heart so that they may be enjoyed to the fullest.

Clerics of Atroa are optimistic, willing to try new things; and rarely settle in one place for more than a year. They are forgiving and proud to turn foes into friends. They love returning to past

friends and lovers almost as much as they relish any opportunity to travel and see new places. They enjoy exploring strange places, especially if they haven't traveled in a while.

Domain: Light; **Weapon:** sling

Beltar

CE (CN) lesser goddess of Malice, Caves, and Pits

The haglike goddess Beltar (BEL-tar) is one of the stranger Suel deities, known to appear as a beholder, red dragon, or marilith demon (the likely cause of Suloise snake-cult rumors). She was once a goddess of mines and earth, but was supplanted by others in her pantheon and finally relegated to worship by nonhuman slaves. She hates most everything, even other gods. Her holy symbol is a set of monstrous fangs closing in to bite. She takes many mates in her various forms, but she is known to eat them afterward, as well as her own young.

Mine and explore caves in pursuit of foes and riches. Fear is not acceptable in the face of adversity, and only hatred is allowed for those who stand in your way. Primarily worshiped by evil nonhumans and savage humans, Beltar pushes her followers to band together into armies and ally with more powerful creatures, such as red dragons, beholders, demons, or greater undead. They must wage war on hated foes.

Clerics of Beltar are expected to take positions of leadership in their tribes; those who cannot do so are cast out to find heathen tribes to convert or new enemies for to fight. They inspire hatred in others and make examples of traitors or the weak-willed. Worship services involve sacrifices and are conducted in caves or points of low ground. Devoted clerics rise from the grave as undead within a year of their deaths, usually returning to aid their original tribe and show proof of the goddess' power.

Domain: War; **Weapon:** *Claws of Beltar* (unarmed strike)

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Beory

(Oerth Mother), N (NG) greater goddess of the Oerth, Nature, and Rain

Beory (bay-OH-ree) is usually considered a manifestation of the will of Oerth itself. Little concerns her except the actual fate and prosperity of the entire world, and she is a very distant goddess, even from her clerics. Named by the Flan, Beory's name is known throughout the Flanaess. Beory has little time or interest for most other divine beings, even those of similar interests, for her connection to the Oerth consumes most of her attention. Her symbol is either a green disk marked with a circle or a rotund woman figurine.

The Oerth is the wellspring of all life. Whether on the surface, below the waves, or underground, all life is part of the cycle of birth, life, and death, and part of Beory. She inspires every living thing to grow, nurtures them with blessed rain, and calls them to herself with it is time to die. Disasters that cause widespread destruction are agony to her. The actions of individuals are of no consequence unless they threaten the Oerth.

Clerics of Beory are contemplative and spend their time communing with nature. They often associate with druids. When they gather, they defer to the wisest and oldest. As they try to see the greater picture, they tend to be slow to act, but when they do it is direct and focused on the solution. They wander to feel the different sensations of the Oerth, and use their power to relieve its pains where it has been wounded.

Domain: Nature; **Weapons:** club, druid weapons

Berei

(Hearth Mother), NG lesser goddess of Home, Family, and Agriculture

Berei (BEAR-ay) is possibly a splinter cult of Beory that has taken on an anthropomorphic persona. Berei is the life-giving soil and the

strong stone that is the foundation of a safe home. She is shown as a strong-backed woman of brown skin and kind demeanor, and her holy symbol is a sheaf of wheat stalks. As the goddess of the home and family, she blesses weddings, gives fertility, protects the household and its members, guides the hands of those who till the soil, and teaches ways to care for the land. Beory is the only deity that concerns her.

The family is the strongest tie between individuals, and one must learn to support and depend upon one's family to survive. A community is a form of large family, and when another family is in need it is the duty of the community to provide for them. The birth of a new child in a time of plenty is a great blessing and an opportunity to resolve differences and restore frayed connections within the family. Care must be taken with every planting so that life can begin there again next year.

Clerics of Berei tend to stay close to their families, serve as advisers and protectors, advise farmers on crops, and restore barren land. Some of her clerics choose to wander, planting seeds, looking for exotic crops, and carrying news between communities. They often adopt their traveling companions as family members, and consider these bonds as sacred as those of blood relatives.

Domain: Life; **Weapon:** sickle

Bleredd

(The Iron Mule), N lesser god of Metal, Mines, and Smiths

Bleredd (BLAIR-ed) is known throughout the Flanaess. He taught iron-working to the Oeridians and his worship has spread throughout the Flanaess. He cares little for talk, preferring to work in his shop and fashion metal works of art; he created many of the weapons his godly family uses, including that of his wife, Ulaa. His hammer, *Fury*, is thought to be the inspiration for the first *hammers of thunderbolts* forged by

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humans. Occasionally he accepts small groups of students and unlocks the gift of mastering metal in them. His holy symbol is an iron mule, reflecting his patience and endurance.

The earth's gifts are there for the taking, and creating a perfect suit of armor or flawless weapon is a goal to which all war-crafters should aspire. Mining and smithy-work is not for the weak, so those who worship Bleredd should be strong in mind and body, for a weak will forges a weak weapon. Anyone with the talent for this craft should be taught it, and those who keep secret more efficient or effective ways of finding or working metal will be punished.

Bleredd's clerics explore caverns for good ore, hammer out iron for the pleasure of creating, and search our sources of meteoric iron, mithral, and adamantine. They also travel to find new students, teach the smith-crafts, and develop better ways of doing their work.

Domain: Forge; **Weapon:** warhammer ^M

Boccob

(The Uncaring, Lord of all Magic, Archmage of the Deities), N greater god of Magic, Arcane Knowledge, Foresight, and Balance

Boccob (BOK-kob) is known throughout the Flanaess, oversees the maintenance of magic's existence on Oerth, and is interested in the creation of new magic items and spells (he is said to have a copy of every magic item made by mortals). He sees that Oerth's magic is declining and will eventually fade away; he combats this effect and suspects that Tharizdun is responsible. He is distant from all other gods save his servant Zagyg. Shown in purple robes with shimmering runes of gold, Boccob carries the first staff of the magi; an eye within a pentagram is his symbol.

Seek balance above Good, Evil, Law, or Chaos. Fight to push back the encroachment of Good just as you would the oppression of Evil. Magic is the most important thing on Oerth, and it must be preserved so that the balance can be preserved.

Churches are protected from outside interference, and those within devote most of their time to research, particularly prophecies, which they guard carefully lest they fall into the wrong hands. In lands where the forces of Law, Chaos, Good, or Evil grow too strong, churches of Boccob are built to balance those forces.

Clerics of Boccob create and study magic and divine the future. They leave their churches to root out rumors of lost magic items or spells, or to defend a magical place or item from destruction. Most clerics of Boccob are neutral, as extremism in ethos is frowned upon; they must maintain the balance between all alignments.

Domains: Arcana, Knowledge; **Weapon:** quarterstaff

Bralm

(The Flying Queen, the Hive Goddess, the Toiling Lady), N (LN) lesser goddess of Insects and Industriousness

Bralm (BRAHLM) is depicted as a middle-aged woman with dark blonde hair, sometimes with insect wings. She is friendly with the rest of the Suel pantheon but has no close allies there because she judges others on ability, not age or status. Trithereon has earned her enmity because of his individualism, and fiery deities like Pyremius and Joramy are avoided because of her dislike of that element. Her symbol is a giant wasp in front of an insect swarm.

Everyone has a place in a society, and you must master your role even if you don't understand how it is important. Those who know more or are in superior positions must be obeyed; you can learn much by observing those around you. Work hard and be satisfied with your work. Hive insects follow this path, with some members sacrificing themselves for the betterment of the entire hive. Some splinter churches elevate insects as creatures to be worshiped and keep giant insects as guards or pets.

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Bralm's clerics act as overseers for complex tasks involving large numbers of people: military captains, farm overseers, mine controllers, slave drivers, and so on. They intercede to prevent destruction of crops by insects and are not above getting their hands dirty to get something done. They enjoy leading groups for the sake of imposing order on a group of independent-minded people. Their prayer times are twilight and dawn.

Domains: Life, Order; **Weapon:** quarterstaff

Celestian

(The Far Wanderer), N (NG) lesser god of Stars, Space, and Wanderers

Celestian (seh-LES-teen-an) is a benign Oeridian god. The brother of Fharlanghn (his only close ally), he chose the distances of the stars and planes rather than Oerth. He appears as a middle-aged man of completely black coloration, always wearing his symbol; a piece of jewelry with a shining ruby, jacinth, topaz, emerald, sapphire, amethyst, and diamond. He has few ardent worshipers on Oerth, but counts among his following the many strange beings that live in and above the starry night.

The distant stars are an inspiration to travel. Be encouraged to wander far from home, just as the stars do. The stars are eternal and are pleased to be a guide for both legs of a journey. The stars may reveal their secrets if you study them. The clerics are divided into seven orders of ascending knowledge and power, bearing no special titles other than the number of their order; each order's holy symbol differs in which gem is placed at the center.

Most of Celestian's clerics are scholars, astronomers, and planar explorers, with a few sailors. They search the world, sky, and planes for artifacts of the stars, fragments of meteorites, and lore relating to the stars, space, or the planes. Many of his clerics make a pilgrimage to a holy site in the Barrier Peaks. Celestian is a favored deity of good-aligned members of evil

nonhuman races; while their eyes are unable to tolerate daylight, they find acceptance and hope in the light of the stars.

Domains: Knowledge, Twilight; **Weapon:** spear

Cyndor

(Keeper of Infinity, the Illimitable One), LN lesser god of Time, Infinity, and Continuity

Cyndor (SIN-dohr) has three duties: meditate upon how manipulating time-space alters the universe, record the actions of every creature on Oerth in his *Perpetual Libram*, and guard the time-stream from powerful beings that might alter it to their advantage. This Oeridian god endorses the concept of predestination, although his perspective differs from that of Istus or even his sometime ally (and superior) Lendor. He is shown as a towering man-form with no features and blocklike limbs of terrible strength, representing the unknowable and inevitable advance of time. His symbol is a rounded hourglass of black and white set on its side, much like the symbol for infinity.

Time is not a static thing, but rather something liquid that stretches from the forgotten past to the present and into the distant future. Events of the past cause events in the present, which have consequences that last far beyond the lifetimes of their progenitors. There is no need to worry about the choices one makes in life, for all actions are determined and your fate is set based upon those choices. Augury is useful only as a moral balm to allow realization and acceptance of one's place in the stream of life.

Clerics of Cyndor converge near sites of pending importance or disruptions in the time-flow. They study old lore to plot the course of history and learn the future, and many work as advisers or seers. They debunk charlatan fortunetellers and other false prophets. They travel with people whom they perceive will have interesting futures.

Domains: Knowledge, Order; **Weapon:** sling

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Dalt

CG lesser god of Portals, Doors, Enclosures, Locks, and Keys

Dalt (DAHLT) was forgotten for many years while he sought to free his brother Vatun; he is once again recognized as a god, although still primarily venerated by the Suloise people in the southeast. He talks with other gods of the Flanaess (except Telchur) in order to solicit help in his quest. Dalt is shown as an old man with wild white hair and piercing eyes or as a red-haired young thief. His symbol is a locked door with a skeleton key under it.

Confront obstacles from different angles until a solution presents itself. Dalt is constantly trying to build a better mousetrap while being the better mouse. His name is used to bless fortresses, prisons, and chests of valuables, as well as the construction of new homes. His churches tend to be a mix of clerics who lock things and those who open them, each side seeing the need for the other.

Clerics of Dalt are much like their god, tinkering in workshops, building locks and traps, then turning around and trying to figure a way to undo their own work. They teach their building skills to carpenters, masons, and locksmiths, while training aspiring thieves and spies in the locksmith arts, although they only choose those who would use their talents for the greater good. They firmly believe in guarding valuables from those who would use them for selfish ends, and liberating goods from those who don't deserve to own them. They like to wander about cities and dungeons, looking for situations that would challenge their skills.

Domains: Forge, Trickery; **Weapon:** dagger

Delleb

(The Scholar, the Scribe), LG lesser god of Reason, Intellect, and Study

Delleb (DEL-leb) is an Oeridian god depicted as a noble scribe or well-dressed gray-haired man

with a large white book (his holy symbol). Although he prefers debate to combat, he used his phoenix-feather quill as a dart to fend off a young and murderous Hextor. He is interested in any sort of useful or interesting lore, but dislikes fiction or overly verbose language. He is friendly to all others but those who are evil or oppose knowledge. It is rumored that Delleb sponsored Daern, hero-goddess of defenses and fortifications, to her present position.

The accumulation of knowledge is the purpose of existence. What cannot be learned from others may be discovered in books, and when books fail the truly studious will turn to experimentation. An hour studying is an hour well spent. Allowing emotion to cloud your judgment risks danger. The ignorant and inexperienced should be educated.

Delleb's clerics ask questions of strangers, listen to bard's tales with a grain of salt, pore over old books, and study lost languages in the hopes of uncovering valuable forgotten knowledge. They use their knowledge to help others, whether designing a more efficient stove for a farmer or planning a great bridge for a city; they may not have the skill to build such things, but they know how to design them. They travel to study recently unearthed tomes, converse with ancient learned people, and adventure to explore old places of lost writings.

Domain: Knowledge; **Weapon:** dart

Ehlonna

(of the Forests), NG lesser goddess of Forests, Woodlands, Flora and Fauna, and Fertility

Ehlonna (eh-LOHN-nah) is a very old goddess. She combats those who would harm or despoil the forests of its resources and beauty. Shown as either a dark-haired human woman or a golden-haired elf maid (in which form she is known to many as Ehlenestra), she is served by Novelee, a planetar whose heart is so pure it makes unicorns weep. She has a hostile rivalry with Obad-Hai, but is friendly with the elven gods and

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most good-aligned deities. Her symbol is the unicorn.

The woodlands are a beautiful place full of life. The secrets of the forests should be learned and taught so that people can live in harmony with nature. Those who would harm or exploit the woodlands must be driven out or destroyed. The plants and animals of the forest are things that nature gives as gifts, not things to be stolen.

Most of Ehlonna's clergy are female, whether human, elven, or fey. They live in the forests, are friendly with rangers and druids, and watch for encroaching nonhumans, hunters, and loggers. They educate those who wish to live in harmony with the forest, just as the animals do. They are gentle in their first warning to those who would harm the forest and ruthless in stopping those who persist. They travel to spread their teachings or to protest a forest in danger.

Domains: Life, Nature; **Weapons:** longbow^M, longsword^M

Erythnul

(The Many), CE (CN) lesser god of Hate, Envy, Malice, Panic, Ugliness, and Slaughter

Erythnul (eh-RITH-nul) is the undisciplined counterpart to Hextor, possibly predating him and losing worshipers to his ordered and intelligent rival. This Oeridian god is a terrible sight to behold, with ruddy skin, red garments, a brutally strong build, and a great stone mace that is pierced to cause a fear-inducing shriek when he swings it. His title comes from his appearance in battle, as his features change between human, gnoll, bugbear, ogre, and troll, and his spilled blood becomes an allied creature of his type. His symbol is a red blood drop or a hideous mask.

Destroy anyone who would take what is yours away from you. Covet that which you do not own. Blessed is he who can take something from a rival. Maim those you cannot destroy, and cause fear in the hearts that you cannot maim. Bloodshed for its own sake is reason enough, and if you can shed the

blood of a hated enemy, so much the better. When Erythnul's gift of blood rage comes upon you, be sure to use it well. Any site where great bloodshed has occurred is considered a holy place by the church.

Erythnul's clerics are cruel, sadistic, and hateful. They foment rebellion, murder, and riots in civilized areas, lead troops of bandits, raiders, or nonhumans, and commit murder when they grow bored. They deface beautiful things and disfigure attractive people for fun. They aren't above betraying their own allies to suit their own motives or protect their own hides. They travel to bring ugliness and strife to pleasant places or to escape those that would persecute them.

Domain: War; **Weapon:** heavy mace (as greatclub)

Fharlanghn

(The Dweller on the Horizon), N (NG) lesser god of Horizons, Distance, Travel, and Roads

Fharlanghn (far-LAHNG-un) is shown as a seemingly old man with leathery, wrinkled skin and young-seeming bright green eyes. Brother of the Oeridian god Celestian, he is on amiable terms with nonevil earth gods and several nature gods, and is sometimes tied to Atroa. His symbol is a wooden disc carved with the curved line of the horizon, and he carries a magical version of this symbol called the *Oerth Disc*. He is the patron of those who walk or ride long distances (including travelers in tunnels, and as such is praised by those who must use mountain passes or travel the Underdark).

People need to move about and see new things. Be open to travel, as the world may change overnight and you may be in need of a new home or perspective. Look to the horizon for inspiration—the far end of the world has peoples, new cultures, new magic, and new roads to walk. The church is comprised of wandering clerics (who favor green and minister to those on the roads) and settled clerics (who favor brown and are

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usually older clerics whose wandering days are behind them).

Clerics of Fharlanghn are encouraged to travel the world and see new things. They bless caravans, explore exotic lands, scout for armies, and record lore on distant places and people. Because they learn many languages and cultures, they act as translators and diplomats. Many aid in constructing of roadways and bridges, and a pair of shoes made by one of his clerics is held to last longer than any other.

Domains: Knowledge, Trickery; **Weapon:** quarterstaff

Fortubo

LG (LN) lesser god of Stone, Metals, Mountains, and Guardianship

Fortubo (for-TOO-boh) was once a Suel god but abandoned that race in favor of dwarves when he found that the Suel were responsible for the creation of the evil derro. He is friendly with the gods of the dwarven pantheon but avoids all other gods except his brother Jascar. His holy symbol is a glowing-headed hammer, and his personal weapon is a hammer named *Golbi* that returns to his hand when thrown and is said to be a gift from the dwarf god Moradin. He is shown as a small bearded Suel man who resembles a dwarf.

Focus on your tasks. Do not allow yourself to lie distracted by other careers or concerns outside of protecting the community. Feel your kinship with the stone and do not cut it more than what your community needs. Commit no theft, murder, or evil, for they will shackle the dwarven people more strongly than any chains. Fortubo protects dwarven communities and welcomes clerics of either sex, especially married couples.

Fortubo's clerics plan defenses to the smallest detail and are more than willing to shoulder more than their share of the responsibility if they feel anyone else involved is incapable of pulling their weight. They search for orcs and goblins,

which they feel harm the earth with their pointless tunneling. Any hammer will serve as a holy symbol. Married pairs of clerics are said to be especially blessed by Fortubo and their children are born with exceptional insight and endurance.

Domain: Life; **Weapon:** warhammer^M

Geshtai

(Daughter of the Oasis), N lesser goddess of Lakes, Rivers, Wells, and Streams

Geshtai (GESH-tie) is depicted as a young Baklunish woman standing in a pool of water, often holding a clay water jug. Her pet fish, Gumus, summons water creatures to fill her. Revered today by nomads, travelers, and farmers in Baklunish lands, her temperament is moderate and she treats all others with care and patience. She dislikes fiery gods and proponents of disease and poison, especially Pyremius. Her symbol is a waterspout.

Tranquility is a benign state, and it should take an extreme act to disrupt it for more than a moment. When such a disruption comes, turn its force back upon itself to negate it, like the stone that breaks the surface of a lake only to be covered and lost. Water, like tranquility, is hard to find but necessary for vitality. Water is more precious than gold, for a thirsty man gets no sustenance from his wealth.

Clerics of Geshtai act as guardians of valuable waters, whether lakes, streams, oases, or hidden wells, making sure that they are available to all and not claimed or destroyed by any one group of people. They patrol parched areas of land where travelers often become lost and guide them to safety and water. Some explore the length of a river or stream, learning the unique traits of the entire flow. They seek out those who use destructive magic upon natural reserves of water, as well as those who would harm people by contaminating water with disease or poison.

Domain: Nature; **Weapon:** spear

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Heironeous

(The Invincible, the Valorous Knight, the Archpaladin), LG lesser god of Chivalry, Justice, Honor, War, Daring, and Valor

Heironeous (hi-ROE-nee-us) is the Oeridian battlefield champion of all that is right and good. He wages war against evil of all sorts, especially his half-brother and nemesis, Hextor. He is tall, with coppery skin, auburn hair, and amber eyes, and wears fine chain. At his birth, Heironeous' skin was imbued with a secret solution called *meersalm* that protects him from all but the most powerful weapons. His symbol is a silver lightning bolt. His allies are other gods who fight evil, and his foes are those who encourage evil or suffering. Known for his great magic battleaxe, he recently has been promoting usage of the longsword in order to appeal to common soldiers as well as paladins and leaders.

The world is a dangerous place that poses a never-ending series of challenges to those who fight for justice and protection of the weak and innocent. One must act honorably at all times, and uphold the virtues of justice and chivalry in word and deed. Danger must be faced with certainty and calm, and glory is the reward for defeating evil, while virtue is the reward for upholding the tenets of the Archpaladin.

Heironeous' church is very militaristic, championing causes and crusading to eliminate evils. His clerics travel the world, fighting evil as dictated by their church commanders. Older clerics work as judges, strategists, and military instructors. Many of the most powerful clerics of Heironeous have themselves embalmed alive with *meersalm* to gain its protective benefits, although some have not survived the process.

Domain: War; **Weapons:** battleaxe^M, longsword^M

Hextor

(Scourge of Battle, Champion of Evil, Herald of Hell), LE lesser god of War, Discord, Massacres, Conflict, Fitness, and Tyranny

Hextor (HEKS-tor) is the arch-foe of Heironeous, his brother and fellow Oeridian war god. He seeks to conquer or destroy any that oppose him. He is depicted as a handsome man with dark hair and light skin when shown as a god who rules through strength, but takes the visage of a gray-skinned, horrible six-armed being when shown in his more violent aspect. He uses a different weapon in each arm and wears iron scale armor with many skull decorations. His icon is the *Symbol of Hate and Discord*, six red arrows facing downward in a fan.

The world is a dark and bloody place where the strong rule the weak, and power is the only reward. It is often necessary to be cruel and merciless in the pursuit of ones goals, and achieving those goals can have harsh consequences. Order must be forged out of chaos and law out of anarchy. The forces of tyranny must be obeyed and dissenters must be oppressed or destroyed. Most of the Herald of Hell's temples are built on the sites of great battles where many were slaughtered.

Hextor's clerics constantly train themselves in the arts of war, for they plan or lead attacks on rebels and do-gooders. Many serve petty or powerful leaders, and others still have achieved significant political positions of their own, particularly in the Great Kingdom of Aerdy. Individuals and small groups strike out from established churches to sow dissent in enemy lands, bringing down foreign nations from within so that the arms of Hextor may conquer.

Domain: War; **Weapons:** battleaxe^M, flail^M, longsword^M, mace, scimitar^M, war pick^M

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Incabulos

(The Black Rider), NE greater god of Plagues, Sickness, Famine, Nightmares, Drought, and Disasters

Incabulous (in-CAB-yoo-lohs) is a dread power feared by mortals, fiends, and (it is said) even some gods. The bringer of disease and blights is a terrifying figure—deformed body, skeletal hands, nightmarish visage, and garbed in a black robe lined with orange and green. He rides a huge cauchemar nightmare and is accompanied by hags and hordlings. Hordlings willingly serve Incabulos. He causes a nightmarish slumber in any who meets his eyes, and his great staff causes seeping wounds and withers flesh with a touch. His symbol is the magic icon for the eye of possession. Incabulos hates all other gods, although he is indifferent to Nerull, who completes the work Incabulous starts.

The suffering of the world is meat and bread to Incabulos. Sickness, famine, and other curses bring him power. Some feel that the Black Rider can be warded off or appeased by prayers; but this only delays the inevitable. The world of dreams is his battleground, and he wages war against minds just as he rots bodies.

Clerics of Incabulos are secretive and paranoid. Justifiably fearing persecution by good and evil folk, they rarely reveal themselves for what they are except in times of great despair when they can fan the emotions of the suffering. Greater clerics use threats and this state of fear to encourage junior members to maintain secrecy. They enjoy torturing others, inflicting disease, and spreading blight. They travel to find new locations or people to infect, escape those who would destroy them, or find strange lands where exotic diseases can be found.

Domain: Death; **Weapon:** quarterstaff

Istus

(Lady of Our Fate, The Colorless and All-Colored), N greater goddess of Fate, Destiny, Divination, Future, and Honesty

Istus (IS-tus) is the most powerful of the Baklunish deities. She appears as a Baklunish woman of any age or stature, always carrying her mystical gold spindle (her holy symbol) with which she creates the strands of fate. She is aloof from all other gods, even those of her own pantheon, as she concerns herself solely with the fate of the universe and its inhabitants. Her occasional companion is a cloudlike being believed to be a prince from the Plane of Time.

Everything is connected to every other by invisible strands that push and pull over time. The choices a person makes in life affect the pull of some strands, allowing one to alter fate in a small way, but some of these webs of fate have a strong and inevitable pull that cannot be escaped. The perceptive can come to understand these strands and watch them to predict the future. Accepting your destiny is the greatest service you can make to yourself, for dishonesty about your role in the world leads to ruin and disaster.

Clerics of Istus have seen the extremes of fate, from innocents dying horrible deaths and sadists controlling kingdoms to children recovering from mortal illnesses and despots felled by simple accidents. Because of this, most of her clerics are cynical or stoic, but some kinder individuals serve her because they feel they were rewarded by fate. They are called upon to make predictions and divinations for important persons all over the world.

Domain: Knowledge; **Weapon:** *Web of Istus* (no equivalent weapon)

Iuz

(The Evil, the Old One), CE demigod of Deceit, Pain, Oppression, and Evil

Iuz (EYE-ooze) is thought to be the half-fiend son of the demon lord Graz'zt and the powerful archmage Iggwilv. Appearing on Oerth as a

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shriveled old man or as a huge, demonic-looking being, Iuz has many fiendish allies and impersonates other gods to fool mortals and increase his territory. He remains a great threat to the balance despite setbacks. His symbol is a grinning skull, and he holds a particular hatred for Zagyg, St. Cuthbert, and the city of Greyhawk.

The weak must be exploited, tortured, and stripped of hope. The strong must be constantly wary of betrayal by their underlings. Pain is power, and inflicting pain demonstrates power best. Crush those beneath you. Iuz must be obeyed, and those who defy him will know absolute pain. Iuz's clerics inflict cruelty and torture upon all who oppose them.

Iuz tolerates no less than fanaticism and complete obedience. His clerics constantly try to outdo each other in their acts of cruelty and evil. They show their superiority over all other beings by hunting for trophies; rare finds such as unicorns and paladins are truly prized. The clerics create spells and magic items of terrible power and evil nature, and travel the world to commit acts of evil and search out Iuz's enemies. Iuz is served directly by the Boneheart—two tiers (Greater and Lesser) of six advisers each (clerics and wizards), and by the Boneshadow, six spies and evildoers who roam the world.

Domain: Death; **Weapon:** greatsword ^M

Jascar

LG lesser god of Hills and Mountains

Jascar (JAS-kar) is the brother of Fortubo and dedicated foe of Beltar; his holy symbol is a snow-capped mountain peak. With his dark beard and shining breastplate, Jascar doesn't resemble the Suel people that worship him, but his visage strikes fear into orcs and goblins. He is sometimes shown as a great horse or pegasus—two forms he once took when fighting Beltar. He is often aided by Phaulkon in his efforts to advance the cause of good, and Jascar's hammer is the bane of all undead. Other than Phaulkon and Fortubo, Jascar talks little with other gods and is often perceived as driven and aloof.

Hold no quarter for evil nonhumans like orcs and goblinoids, and equally hate those who would make the beautiful hills and mountains ugly. Protect the hills and mountains from plundering by evil forces and you will be rewarded with the treasures Jascar places under the earth for good folk to find. The church teaches common tactics used by evil nonhumans.

Jascar's clerics often lead cross-country and underground crusades against evil nonhumans. They survey for precious metals, and advise miners on how to dig their tunnels safely and cause a minimal amount of damage to the surrounding environment. Their single-mindedness often alienates them from others, but their dependable nature means that an entire temple can be called upon in times of crises; the network of the multi-racial Jascarian faith is strong as stone.

Domain: Nature; **Weapon:** warhammer ^M

Joramy

(The Shrew), N (NG) lesser goddess of Fire, Volcanoes, Wrath, Anger, and Quarrels

Joramy (JOR-um-ee) is a hot-tempered but generally good-natured goddess. Shown as a nondescript woman with fiery hair and one fist raised, Joramy argues for the sake of arguing, and uses emotional arguments when rational ones fail. She is on good terms with nonevil gods who enjoy their aggressive side, but disdains emotionally distant beings such as Delleb, Rao, and her estranged lover Zodal. Her holy symbol is a volcano.

The dance of a flame and the twisting patterns of molten rock are the most beautiful sights in the world, representing fire's argument with earth. Let your passions burn as hot as these things, and never back down when you have the opportunity to convert someone to your perspective. Ideals and opinions are what forms and shapes a person, and not defending with all your effort what you hold in your heart to be the truth is a betrayal to yourself

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and your ideals. Any rival opinion is a challenge—answer that challenge with the same fervor that you would a physical threat.

Clerics of Joramy make good political leaders and revolutionaries. They are willing to defend their ideals to the death and have a gift for inspiring others to do the same. Many work as diplomats for small but aggressive nations, where their tendency to escalate talks into heated arguments makes their parent nation appear stronger than it is. They go adventuring to find new people to argue with and new causes to champion.

Domains: Tempest, War; **Weapon:** quarterstaff

Kord

(The Brawler), CG greater god of Athletics, Sport, Brawling, Strength, and Courage

Kord (KOHRD) is an incredibly powerful Suel god, second only to his grandfather, Lendor. Son of Phaulkon and Syrul, he is shown as a hugely muscular man with long red hair and beard, wearing dragonhide gauntlets (white), boots (blue) and fighting girdle (red); these items form his holy symbol, although a star composed of spears and maces is popular. He fights with his intelligent dragon-slaying greatsword, *Kelmar*, and when wounded he often enters a blood rage so intense only Lendor can control him when he succumbs; because of this, a cleric of Kord will always defer to a ranking cleric of Lendor. He is reputed to have dallied with beautiful humans, elves, or even giants, and tales are told of the great heroes who are born of such liaisons.

The strong and fit should lead the weaker. Bravery is the greatest quality in any ruler. Scorn cowardice. Kord loves physical challenges and contests, and it is this love that inspires many barbarian tribes to use nonlethal sports as a method for resolving disputes.

Kord's clerics are expected to be leaders. They train people to become stronger, organize athletic tournaments, and participate in

challenging physical activities. Doubting their fitness is a grave insult, and they go to great lengths to prove their physical abilities (although they realize the difference between difficult and suicidal challenges). Wearing of dragonhide by a cleric is a blasphemy, unless the wearer is a descendant of Kord. Clerics believe magic should be used to enhance allies rather than strike directly at foes.

Domains: Tempest, War; **Weapons:** greatsword^M, longsword^M

Kurell

(The Bitter Hand, the Scorned Heart, the Vengeful Knave), CN lesser god of Jealousy, Revenge, and Theft

Kurell (kuh-REL) is an Oeridian god once loved by Atroa, but he spurned her to pursue Sotillion, his brother Zilchus' lover. This failure caused him to lose both goddesses as well as the favor of his brother. Now, his jealous feelings keep him alone, even though the others involved would surely forgive him if he would ask. His only allies are the more temperamental, morose, and reactionary deities Joramy, Ralishaz, and Trithereon. His symbol is a grasping hand holding a broken coin. He is a patron of thieves, although other gods such as Norebo and Olidammara are more popular than he, which makes him jealous and fills him with an irrational fervor to steal away their worshipers.

Desires must be seized, for experiencing the act of taking brings joy. Suffering must be avenged, for only retribution alleviate loss. Those that have wealth do not deserve it, nor the power and luck who brought them to where they are, and for that they should be scorned. You must take what is rightfully yours when the time is right or forever be shackled to misery, poverty, and nothingness.

Clerics of Kurell are very self-centered and not particularly interested in proselytizing unless they perceive an immediate benefit for themselves. Their instruction involves teaching

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by example rather than quoting doctrine. Many make their living as thieves, and spend their time planning acts of revenge against their enemies. They travel in search of great things to steal, to escape their rivals, or to forget their past.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapon:** shortsword ^M

Lendor

(Prince of Time, Master of Tedium), LN greater god of Time, Tedium, Patience, and Study

Lendor (LEN-dor), the leader and progenitor of the Suel pantheon, is depicted as a white-haired and bearded husky older man. Largely withdrawn from the affairs of the world to care for larger issues, Lendor considers himself superior to other gods and especially to his children, as he has the ability to banish any of his children or undo their magic. A blow from his flaming sword, *Afterglow*, is said to be the force that started the flow of time at the dawn of the universe. His holy symbol is a crescent moon in front of a new moon surrounded by fourteen stars (sometimes less or more).

Time stretches to infinity, and issues that seem pressing are merely a smaller part of a larger whole. In order to make sense of the universe, one must look at the entire mosaic instead of just a part of it. Age brings experience, wisdom, and the impetus to take things slow.

Lendor's clergy are mostly older, particularly sages, village elders, and record keepers. They tend to have little interaction with the outside world, remaining cloistered in their libraries and temples for years at a time. Occasionally a younger person will be drawn to this faith, taking the role of wandering adviser, preaching the need to keep the present in perspective; these preachers often become advisers to conservative leaders or mount expeditions to recover ancient tomes and artifacts lost for generations.

Domains: Knowledge, Order; **Weapons:** greatsword ^M, piercing and slashing weapons

Lirr

(Lady Poet, the Lorekeeper), CG lesser goddess of Poetry, Prose, Literature, and Artistry

Lirr (LEER) is shown as a fresh-faced Oeridian woman with long black hair and dark blue eyes. Her symbol is an illustrated book, and she carries a tome with her that can show any poetry, prose, spell, or artwork ever created. She works favorably with any being that respects knowledge, learning, and the arts, but she opposes those that would destroy art and knowledge or keep them secret. Many Oeridian sorcerers and wizards worship the Lorekeeper, particularly those who dislike Delleb's conservative and reclusive nature.

The written word, be it in rhyme, prose, myth, or logbook, is the linchpin of civilization. Preserve written works so that the knowledge of the past can be given to the future, and put oral records in more permanent form. Art should be revered, for it conveys feelings and messages that would take hundreds of pages to explain. Every poem, book, or painting lost is a piece of history forgotten.

Lirr's clerics wander Oerth in search of lore, news, poetry, historical tales, magic, and works of art. They sneak into lands ruled by oppressive leaders (such as Iuz), trying to rescue items of interest that are at risk of being destroyed out of malice or ignorance. Many clerics have skill as bards, telling tales and painting pictures rather than singing; they easily find work as tutors, scribes, and artists. Novice clerics of the Lady Poet spend months making copies of their temple's archives of books, scrolls, and works of art, which are distributed so that others may appreciate them.

Domains: Arcana, Knowledge; **Weapons:** rapier ^M, spear

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Llerg

(Great Bear, Animal Fang, Strongest Serpent, God of Force), CN lesser god of Beasts and Strength

The most uncivilized god in the Suel pantheon, Llerg (LERG) ignores most other gods, seeing them as too civilized, but has a friendly rivalry with Kord and a hatred of Telchur. He is shown as a strong, shaggy man wearing furs and a fighting girdle or as a great bear, snake, or alligator. These animals are sacred to him, and they are his three holy symbols. He fights with a broadsword or in one of his animal forms and may be the ancestor of the original dire bears, dire alligators, and giant snakes. He is popular among the jungle savages, who call him Hlerg.

Be strong so that others respect you. Be fierce like the creatures of the animal world. Humans have lost contact with their inner animal nature—watch and learn how the predator lives, and you will again be as you should be. Llerg supports barbarians defending their lands against encroaching civilization.

Llerg's clerics choose one of his sacred animals as their totem animal. They act as intermediaries when tribes meet, and range far in search of prey when times are lean for their tribe. They bless weapons, warriors, and sites of battle to ensure victory, and in more peaceful times they train younger warriors in armed and unarmed combat. Some clerics see visions and travel to find the meaning of what they have seen.

Domain: Nature; **Weapons:** battleaxe^M, longsword^M

Lydia

NG lesser goddess of Music, Knowledge, and Daylight

Lydia (LIH-dee-ah) is a wise Suel goddess, shown as a dynamic older woman with white hair and clear blue eyes. Her symbol is a spray of colors from an open hand. She interacts with

many other gods, exchanging information and songs. In some ways she is the converse of Pholtus, pressing for individual liberty so that others may see the light of truth without being blinded by it; this pleases Trithereon, who also strives for the freedom of the individual.

People must gain knowledge to better themselves. Music is a key to learning, and the light of day lets one see their own ignorance. Lydia's church has an open policy on all records, for the goddess hates secrets and those who would hoard information to the detriment of others. Her teachings are presented in song form so that they may be easily remembered, and her church often converts current and historical texts into ballads. Her church uses education to uplift women from lesser stations in life; this tends to make her unpopular with patriarchies.

Most of her clerics are women. They discover and spread information wherever they travel, and are often found in the company of clerics of Fharlanghn. They are required to help women in need of education, and they spend much of their time in villages teaching women and children how to read and acting as midwives. They travel to discover lost caches of information and song, preferring historical accounts of actual deeds rather than fictionalizations and hearsay tales.

Domains: Knowledge, Light; **Weapon:** *Shaft of Light* (spear)

Mayaheine

(The Shield Maiden), LG demigoddess of Protection, Justice, and Valor

Mayaheine (MY-ah-heen) is a recently ascended paladin of Pelor, brought here from another world to help fight the powers of darkness and evil. She is portrayed as a strikingly tall woman with blue eyes and auburn gold hair, dressed for battle. Her shield, *Hope's Champion*, turns back evil magic upon its source, and her longsword, *Triumph*, stuns fiends and tyrants with a touch. Her holy symbol is a shield with a

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longsword, sunburst, two golden spheres and two victory runes. While she is a fine warrior, she is, above all, a protector.

Protect those who need it. For good to survive it is necessary to defend the weak and innocent. Bravery, strength of mind, and perseverance in times of hardship or danger are virtues, and adherence to the concepts of justice, fairness, and righteousness are essential. Obedience to Pelor the Sun Father is as important as devotion to the Shield Maiden. Just as Mayaheine traveled a long way to aid our world, it may be necessary for the faithful to travel far to uphold her word.

Clerics of Mayaheine train themselves and others in self-defense. They help build town walls and other protective constructions; many take roles as community leaders, their devotion to justice and good making them excellent judges. They travel to prove their bravery, right wrongs, and to destroy strongholds of evil. This faith sponsors many paladins and is friendly with paladins of other faiths as well. They are always respectful of clerics of Pelor, for their religion wouldn't exist on Oerth if it weren't for him.

Domain: War; **Weapons:** longbow^M, longsword^M, mace

Merikka

(Lady of the Calendar), LG demigoddess of Farming, Agriculture, and Home

Merikka (meh-RIK-kah) is a quiet Oeridian goddess who takes direction from Cyndor and coordinates activities with her cousins (the gods of seasons) to allow farmers to plant and cut their crops at the proper time. She guides the cycle of a family through the days, seasons, and years of life. Her obsession with dates and cycles make her a patron of expectant mothers. She is shown as a gray-haired woman of faded beauty holding a basket of grain and a long scroll, with the objects being her holy symbol. She was trapped for a time under Castle Greyhawk by Zagig Yragerne but eventually released by a

group of adventurers. She resents chaotic gods and any who would disrupt her work.

A well-run and strong family both rely on the adherence to routines, an understanding of relationships, and the consequences of actions. Animals will not thrive unless they are cared for, fields cannot be planted unless they are prepared, and grain won't last through the winter unless rationing is kept. Spouses must respect each other, children must obey their parents, and parents should love and teach their children. Ignoring these commands leads to ruin.

Clerics of Merikka coordinate groups of farmers so that everyone's crops are planted and harvested at the optimal time, mediate between warring family members, care for pregnant women, and officiate coming-of-age and marriage ceremonies. They enforce laws and punish lawbreakers where other officials are unavailable. Most city folk see them as emissaries of law because of their single-minded dedication in following their quarry to places far from home.

Domain: Life; **Weapon:** sickle

Mouqol

(The Merchant), N lesser god of Trade, Negotiation, Ventures, Appraisal, and Reciprocity

Trade in the Baklunish lands is the province of Mouqol (moh-KOHL) the Merchant. Like Istus, he was neutral in the war between Light and Darkness that precipitated the mythic Hegira; like Geshtai, he provided necessities to both sides of the struggle. Other tales describe Mouqol's travels among genie-kind, and his skill at bargaining with even these most difficult of clients. Mouqol's particular gifts are the ability to discern the true desire of his customers, and the talent of finding and delivering the rarest of treasures to their predestined owners.

Reward is not gained without risk. The perfect bargain satisfies both necessity and desire. The wise know the worth of a thing as well as its cost.

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Greed makes the wealthiest into debtors. All life is a matter of exchange. The Bazaar, or marketplace, is holy ground. Some markets in the larger cities are set up around actual temple-buildings, but most simply contain a tent-covered altar or shrine to the merchants' god. There is no standard tithe, but a variable set of fees is levied on the traders who utilize the marketplace. These monies are used to cover expenses, but any excess is dedicated to charitable works, for the accumulation of large amounts of wealth is foreign to Mouqol's values. Much more important is the art of the negotiation process, for hard bargaining is near to a sacrament for these Western merchants.

Clerics of Mouqol are common among the Baklunish, as well as among the jann and the merfolk of the Dramidj. Clerics use their powers to deter theft, fraud, and magical deception. They work as appraisers of common goods, with certain members specializing in more exotic items. Most travel during at least part of their career, particularly as part of merchant caravans. Ritual prayers are said each morning, prior to opening for business or beginning the day's travel.

Domain: Knowledge; **Weapons:** dagger, light crossbow

Myhriss

(The Thrice-Kissed, Maid of Light and Dark), NG lesser goddess of Love, Romance, and Beauty

Myhriss (MEE-ris) is shown as a Flan woman just reaching adulthood, a garland of flowers in her hair, or else as a fair-skinned, dark-haired provocative beauty or a sun-blond tanned woman of approachable prettiness. Her dark-haired form is associated with the whip, her other aspect favors the shortbow. She is friendly and affectionate toward all benign gods but avoids those who are hideous, crude, or hateful. Although Wee Jas dislikes her, Myhriss

appreciates the vain Suel goddess for her obvious attractiveness.

Love can cure the world's ills. Quarreling rivals and warring nations can be brought together with a well-placed romance, and beauty can turn the heart of a dumb beast or a despondent tyrant. Beauty is often fragile, so protect it from accidental harm, as the destruction of something beautiful is a great tragedy. Beauty comes in many forms, for even the most evil red dragon is a sight of terrifying splendor when it is on the wing. Celebrate love, affection, romance, and beauty wherever you find it.

Clerics of Myhriss are starry-eyed and always looking for signs of love and beauty in the people and places around them. They bless young lovers, perform marriage ceremonies, create works of art, and travel to see beautiful people and fantastic sights. A few take roles as diplomats, as their looks and charisma make even the most hostile folk stop to listen to them. Some are crusaders against hate and ugliness, seeking out those who destroy love or vanquishing those of repulsive presence.

Domain: Life; **Weapons:** shortbow, whip^M

Nerull

(The Reaper, Foe of all Good, Hater of Life, Bringer of Darkness), NE greater god of Death, Darkness, Murder, and the Underworld

Nerull (NEH-rul) is an ancient Flan god; few anywhere do not know and fear his name. He is a rust-red skeletal being with thick, blackish-green hair, a cowl and cloak of rusty black, and eyes, teeth, and nails the color of poisonous verdigris. His sablewood staff, *Lifecutter*, forms a scythelike blade of red force that slays anyone it touches. Fiends answer his call out of fear rather than loyalty, for he hates all life and is not above destroying servants out of displeasure or spite. His symbol is a skull and scythe. Of all other divine beings, the only one he tolerates is Incabulos, whose gifts send many to his realm.

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All are equal in Nerull's cold realm. Every living thing is an affront to the Reaper, and every death brings a dark spark of joy to his long-dead heart. Those who pray to Nerull to appease him only attract his attention and their own doom. Those who kill in his name shall be rewarded.

Clerics of Nerull are secretive and solitary, as few sane people would tolerate their presence. Except in the most evil lands, no organized church of Nerull exists. Nerull's clerics commit murder as offerings to their god; when their actions are discovered, they flee their hiding places and move far away to carry out their evil deeds, appearing innocent while occasionally killing wayfarers on their long journey.

Domain: Death; **Weapons:** dagger, quarterstaff, scythe(as greatclub, but slashing damage), sickle

Norebo

(God of Gambles), CN lesser god of Luck, Gambling, and Risks

Norebo (noh-REE-boh) is one of the more popular Suel gods, known for his willingness to make a bet on anything and his fondness for dice games; his symbol (a pair of eight-sided dice) stems from this. He has been paired with most of the female members of his pantheon, but has been linked to Wee Jas for the past one thousand years despite their alignment differences. He particularly despises Ralishaz for giving gambling and risks a bad name. Norebo is shown as a man of average height, weight, and features, but can assume animal forms, especially when he wishes to be hidden.

Life is full of risks and gambling with fate is the only thing that makes life worth living. Owning property and life itself are fleeting things, and best be enjoyed while you have them. His worship is popular in the barbarian lands and large cities, and donations to his temples (called Churches of the Big Gamble) are usually in the form of lost bets (as gambling operations are run on-site).

Some patrons donate to his temple in the hopes of warding off thieves and assassins.

Clerics of Norebo are willing to make wagers on anything and are usually employed at least part of the time in a gambling house. Others wander the world to bring chance and elements of risk into people's lives; they especially love bothering clerics and followers of rigid gods such as Allitur, Pholtus, and St. Cuthbert.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapon:** dagger

Obad-Hai

(The Shalm), N lesser god of Nature, Woodlands, Freedom, Hunting, and Beasts

Obad-Hai (OH-bahd HI) carries a hornwood staff called the *Shalmstaff*, which allows the bearer swift and easy passage through floral and faunal hazards, and the woodwind instrument from which he takes his title. He is shown as a lean and weathered man of indeterminately old age, dressed in brown or russet and looking like a hermit, although nonhuman communities show him as one of their own race. His symbol is an oak leaf and acorn. Because of their difference in perspective, Ehlonna and Obad-Hai are unfriendly rivals, and he also counts Phyton as his enemy.

One should live in harmony with nature in all of its variety. Those who destroy or otherwise harm nature deserve swift vengeance in an appropriate manner. Those who are one with nature have little to fear, although the well-meaning but foolish are sometimes brought down by a danger they could not avoid or divert. The wilds can be ugly, dangerous, or terrible, but these things are a part of nature and should be respected as much as those that are beautiful, harmless, or wonderful.

Most of the Shalm's clerics are male, whether human, gnome, halfling, or fey. Most tend to get along very well with rangers and druids. They serve as protectors of nature, acting as the agents of retribution when their protection is insufficient or too late. They teach hunting in the

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way that nature's creatures do (choosing the weakest of the herd, etc.).

Domain: Nature; **Weapons:** quarterstaff, druid weapons

Olidammara

(The Laughing Rogue), CN lesser god of Music, Revels, Wine, Rogues, Humor, and Tricks

Olidammara (oh-lih-dam-MAH-rah) loves upsetting those who are too attached to their boring and controlled worlds. He is shown as a brown-haired man of rakish appearance, olive skin, and merry eyes, although his magic laughing mask (and holy symbol) allows him to change his appearance. Zagyg once forced him into the shape of a small carapaced animal and imprisoned him; the Laughing Rogue still retains the ability to form a protective carapace, and he has used it to thwart many aggressors and pursuers. He is friendly enough with other gods, although the lawful ones resent his capriciousness and tricks.

Treat music as the art it is. Strive to be as skilled at it as your patron. Life is meant to be happy and entertaining, and the best jokes need a target to hang them on; when it is your turn, accept the laugh and appreciate the trick. Wine is one of the joys of life, and the only thing better than making wine is drinking it. Avoid misery, temperance, and solemnity, for they are the greatest poisons to the soul. Olidammara has a faithful following but few easily found churches.

Clerics of Olidammara study music, make wine, tell jokes, and occasionally perform acts of mayhem. Those who live in cities tend to work as entertainers or vintners, while those who prefer rural settings act as storytellers, messengers, and minstrels. Many of them live a life on the run from powerful people whom they greatly offended early in their careers. Others just enjoy traveling in search of new music, exotic wines, and celebrations.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapons:** rapier^M, rogue weapons

Osprem

LN lesser goddess of Sea Voyages, Ships, and Sailors

Osprem (AH-sprem) is a generally benign goddess, revered by the Suel people as the protector of those who travel on water. She is more compassionate than her occasional companion, Xerbo, yet she is not averse to punishing those who offend her or disobey her laws. She is shown as a beautiful gowned woman, a dolphin, a barracuda, or a sperm whale; the latter two are interchangeably used as her holy symbol. She wears no armor but is protected by a ring carved from a whale's tooth, given to her by the grandfather of all whales.

The seas provide a bounty of food and a means of travel; protect the sea as you would your own home, or face Osprem's wrath. She protects those who sail and their vessels as long as they respect her and abide by her laws. She guides vessels through dangerous waters and is the patron goddess of naval explorers. Those who defy her laws are punished by storms of ice, and it is said entire towns were wiped out because of serious transgressions against her.

Her clerics are skilled navigators and often become the spiritual leaders of communities that rely on the sea for survival. Many gain political power for themselves based on the need for their abilities. Clerics not tied to one place might travel a great deal by ship; though they feel awkward away from the ocean, they are comfortable enough near lakes or rivers to venture inland.

Domain: Tempest; **Weapons:** trident^M, sailor weapons

Pelor

(The Sun Father, the Shining One), NG greater god of Sun, Light, Strength, and Healing

Pelor (PAY-lor) is the Flan sun god, known throughout the entire Flanaess. Riding the great kirin Star Thought, he summons flights of eagles

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and destroys evils with bolts of sunlight. Depicted as an old man in white, with wild hair and a beard of shining gold, he was, until recently, a peaceful and gentle god concerned with the alleviation of suffering. Now, he is a more martial deity who brings his wrath to bear on darkness and evil. Now he invigorates and heals those who champion the cause of good, and the stylized sun-face holy symbol is painted on shields and banners across the Flanaess.

The energy of life originates from the sun. This light brings strength to the weak and health to the injured, while destroying darkness and evil. Do not be afraid to challenge the forces of corruption, but remember that just as staring at the sun can cause blindness of the eyes, relentless attention to the destruction of negative forces can blind the heart to the true essentials of life: kindness, mercy, and compassion.

Pelor's clerics are usually quiet, kindly people with a backbone of steel. They are primarily nurturers and protectors, but when the time comes to bear arms they are not afraid to do so. They use their powers to heal, nourish, and otherwise aid the needy, while practicing the skills needed to protect their charges should they be threatened. Clerics of Pelor are free to explore far lands in an effort to drive off harmful beings and spread their god's gift to all who need it.

Domains: Life, Light; **Weapon:** mace

Phaulkon

CG lesser god of Air, Wind, Clouds, Birds, and Archery

Phaulkon (FAHL-kahn) is an active deity, promoting the cause of chasing down evil. He concerns himself with all things that happen under the open sky, and is a scholar of artifacts (and how to negate their powers). Father of Kord and second only to him in fighting ability, he is friendly with Aerdrie Faenya (the elven goddess of air and weather), Jascar, and the other gods with portfolios similar to his own. Depicted as a

powerful, clean-shaven, bare-chested wingless man, his holy symbol is a winged human silhouette.

Victory in battle depends upon archery. The sky is the dome over creation, and creatures of the sky are blessed for freeing themselves from the soil. Take the fight to the enemy; do not wait for the encroach of evil. The ancient devices of war are best left alone, as their use involves great danger.

Phaulkon's clerics study the sky and clouds for portents, and work to protect the nesting places of flying animals. They teach archery and hunting to common people so they may feed and protect themselves, teach farmers the difference between birds that eat seeds and those that kill seed-eaters, and train soldiers in the more difficult aspects of ranged combat. When rumors of ancient evil magic surface, they seek out the source to make sure the item gets destroyed or at least stays buried. His clerics tend to be wanderers, enjoying living under the open sky and fighting evil where they discover it.

Domains: Nature, War; **Weapons:** dagger, longbow^M

Pholtus

(of the Blinding Light), LG (LN) lesser god of Light, Resolution, Law, Order, Inflexibility, Sun, and Moons

Pholtus (FOHL-tus) is a stern Oeridian guardian of unbending Law, depicted as a tall, slender man in a white robe, with fair skin and hair, and eyes that shine with the fires of devotion. He carries the *Staff of the Silvery Sun*, an ivory object shod in silver and topped by an electrum sun-disk. His holy symbol is a full moon (Luna) partially eclipsed by a smaller crescent moon (Celene). He believes that he is the authority on Law and the natural order, which makes him unpopular with other gods. He particularly despises the Oeridian wind gods and is opposed by St. Cuthbert.

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The One True Way is a strict path, but guarantees rightness. Show no tolerance for those who do not give all for the cause of Law. Fanaticism in the name of the Blinding Light is praiseworthy, and Law's champions shall be rewarded in the era when chaos has been vanquished. This church does not have much respect for those of other religions, especially chaotic ones. The anthem of the worshipers is "O Blinding Light"; the church has three ascending orders: Glimmering (preferring white garments), Gleaming (preferring white and silver), and Shining (preferring white, silver, and gold).

Clerics of the Blinding Light are expected to bring the word to unbelievers, and brook no argument against this practice. This quest means they must travel far from their churches, usually in groups should unbelievers and heretics turn hostile. They smite Chaos where they find it, and Evil once Chaos is rooted out. These clerics get along well with conservative paladins. When not preaching, they act as judges, lawyers, and arbiters.

Domains: Light, Order; **Weapon:** quarterstaff

Phyton

(The Woodshaper), CG lesser god of Nature, Beauty, and Farming

Phyton (FIE-tahn) is a tall, slender, youthful looking Suel god who can take the form of any forest creature. Once like most nature deities, he now represents man's dominion over nature, and this puts him at odds with those who would protect a forest from the actions of mankind, just as his dominion over beauty angers Wee Jas. He clears forests to make room for crops, cuts tracks through mountains to make roads, and dams rivers to form fishing ponds. His symbol, a scimitar in front of an oak tree, hearkens back to his old purpose.

Nothing in nature is so beautiful as what man can make of it. A field of crops, a garden of herbs, and a swamp drained to form fertile soil are all

marvels of nature as much as the forest and mountains. Natural animals that can be domesticated should be, but those that are dangerous to man or his works should be slain.

Clerics of Phyton act as protectors for farming settlements and look for ways to make use of nearby land. Each normally chooses a region to watch over, typically a circle one day's walk in diameter. They might use their powers to redirect a river to suit a town's needs, or to cull a forest of its uglier plants to leave a more pleasant locale. Some clerics wander the unsettled parts of the world, looking for destructive creatures to kill, abandoned sites of old civilizations, or wild places that might be useful to mankind.

Domain: Nature; **Weapon:** scimitar ^M

Procan

(The Storm Lord, Sailor of Sea and Sky), CN greater god of Seas, Sea Life, Salt, Sea Weather, and Navigation

Procan (PROH-kan) is the father of the Oeridian wind gods (Atroa, Sotillion, Telchur, and Wenta) and the sky-god Velnius. He usually ignores other gods save those who rival his control of the sea (Osprem and Xerbo). Typically worshiped for his aquatic aspect, a few inland peoples revere him as a weather god. He is greedy, tempestuous, and mercurial, rarely keeping the same mood for more than an hour. His trident, *Undertow*, is made of coral and gold and finds sunken treasure; this weapon over a cresting wave is his holy symbol.

The seas and skies are ever-changing and unpredictable. The waters that blanket the earth are deep and unknowable, and their waves can pull down any ship not guided by Procan. He must be honored so that one can avoid his fury in the greatest storms and reap the bounties of the deep blue waters. Life came from the sea and to the sea all life will return.

Clerics of Procan avoid complexities in life (the faith itself has few rituals) and usually live on or

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near the sea, attending to those who earn their livelihood on the seas. They are considered good luck on sea voyages, and are often hired by captains, or choose to pilot their own vessels. They may be leaders or enemies of pirates. Holy water is made from salt water, their *create water* spells may create fresh or salty water.

Domain: Tempest; **Weapon:** trident^M

Pyremius

(The Blazing Killer, Demon of Venom, Hideous Assassin), NE lesser god of Fire, Poison, and Murder

Pyremius (pie-REH-mee-us) was once a demigod of poison and murder, but he poisoned Ranet, the Suel goddess of fire, and assumed her portfolio. He is now the patron of assassins, and he carries a longsword called *Red Light* and a whip called *Viper*. He is friendly with fiends; jermlaine worship him, as do many nonhuman tribes. He keeps other gods at arm's length, except for Syrul, a fellow patron of the Scarlet Brotherhood. His holy symbol is a demonic face with ears like a bat's wings.

The world will perish in fire. Anything that threatens you must be burned, and those who would keep you from doing this must be killed. The greatest enemy must sleep sometime. Those who fall to such tactics deserve their fate, and those who exploit these weaknesses are the most crafty of all. This doctrine means ranking clerics tend to prey upon each other, and smarter ones sometimes leave a temple to found their own order of the church.

His clerics watch other people for weaknesses or openings in their defenses. They expose themselves to great heat to test their strength, plot against those who hold things they want, build superior forges, and explore exotic locations to find rare plants and other substances from which poisons can be made. Assassins can be hired at their temples; turnover among the clerics is high because of internal feuds.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapons:** longsword^M, whip^M

Ralishaz

(The Unlooked For), CN (CE) lesser god of Chance, Ill Luck, Misfortune, and Insanity

Ralishaz (RAL-ih-shaz) is ever-changing (hideous to beautiful, female to male), but he usually appears as an oddly dressed beggar. He carries nothing but his wooden staff; his holy symbol is three sticks of bone, derived from divination and gambling tools. He rewards or punishes those that rely on chance or take great risks, seemingly at random. Ralishaz is the god of insanity; many debate whether his appearance and whims are truly random or just madness. He shuns other gods, although he does not seem to be hateful of them.

Order does not exist, only randomness and chance, and the odds are stacked against you. While you may have a good run against the odds, eventually the universe will balance itself out against you. Randomness and insanity go hand-in-hand, and sometimes those who are the most insane are the ones who are closet to the true nature of the universe. Kindness and prosperity are illusions, as misfortune comes to all sooner or later.

Clerics of Ralishaz are a curious combination of fatalism and recklessness, stoicism and wild endeavor, depending upon how they feel their place is in the world at that moment. They live charmed lives, although when misfortune hits them it hits hard. They preside over places of gambling, although most patrons are unsure if their presence wards off bad luck or draws it. They travel when their divinations indicate they should, or at the roll of a die. They are often mean-minded or cruel, not seeing the point of friendliness to someone who will eventually be cursed by bad luck.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapons:** quarterstaff, wooden weapons

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Rao

(The Mediator, the Calm God), LG greater god of Peace, Reason, and Serenity

Rao (RAH-oh) is shown as an old man with dark skin, white hair, slender hands, and a serene smile. Any time an offering of peace is made, Rao grows a day younger. Although he never intervenes directly on Oerth, Rao is the creator of several artifacts of good, particularly the *Crook of Rao*. He is a dedicated foe of Iuz, an ally of Zilchus, and is otherwise friendly with all other beings. He can cause any aggressive being to relax into an agreeable calmness with a glance, having thwarted even Nerull with this power in the past. His holy symbol is a white heart of wood or metal, or a heart-shaped mask with a calm expression.

Reason is the greatest gift. It leads to discourse, which leads to peace, which leads to serenity. If all could be convinced to reason with each other, the world would enjoy the harmony of benign order. Some refuse to use reason and instead resort to violence, at which time action—governed by reason and wisdom—is required to counteract their deeds and restore peace.

His clerics pursue knowledge, paths of logical thought, theology, and introspective meditation. They prefer peaceful means over violence, but are not above using force when their arguments are ignored or the bastions of reason are threatened. They search for new schools of thinking, fabled locales of calmness and quietude, powerful magic to use in the cause of Law and Good.

Domains: Knowledge, Peace; **Weapon:** mace

Raxivort

(Lord of Xvartkind, Master of Rats, Night Flutterer), CE demigod of Xvarts, Rats, and Bats

Raxivort (RAKS-ih-vort) is the progenitor of all xvarts—a short, blue-skinned goblinoid race found in the Bandit Kingdoms, old lands of the

Horned Society, Bone March, Pomarj, Verbobonc, and the eastern Vesve Forest. Raxivort once served Graz'zt the Dark Prince as treasurer, in time growing to lust after his master's riches. In one bold move, Raxivort looted the *Infinity Spindle* from Graz'zt and forged his own realm, the Black Sewers of Pandesmos. While he can take the form of a great rat or bat, his natural form is that of a strong but ugly xvart wearing silken garments over blue mail. He carries the falchion *Azure Razor*, favors throwing blades of various sizes, and creates fans of acidic fire from his left hand (thus, his symbol is a blue flaming hand). He combats most other nonhuman gods and avoids demons entirely.

Xvarts are the inheritors of the world. They and their rat, wererat, and bat allies will destroy their enemies, particularly the goblins and kobolds. With cunning, numbers, and small allies, the xvarts will overwhelm all opposition. Like Raxivort himself, fire and knives are the tools of the xvarts against their hated foes. Those who can take the shape of rat or bat are doubly blessed.

Most clerics of Raxivort are xvarts, although some rat- and bat-creatures worship him as well. The less militaristic clerics search out old ruins to find stores of magic and weapons that can be brought back for their tribe. His clerics are more open-minded about and less fearful of humans than other xvarts, and they serve as negotiators or diplomats when humans are encountered.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapons:** dagger, falchion^M (as greatsword)

Rudd

(The Charm, the Duelist), CN (CG) demigoddess of Chance, Good Luck, and Skill

Rudd (RUD) is a woman who ascended to godhood with Olidammara's help. She appears to be a trim, athletic Oeridian woman wearing form-fitting clothing and a long blue cloak. Some say she was one of the nine demigods trapped by the mad archmage, Zagig, and her church has

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become popular in the last few years, especially among adventurers. She is friendly with her mentor and Norebo, but opposes Zagyg, Ralishaz, and Iuz. A master of the rapier, she never misses with her shortbow and claims the bull's-eye target as her holy symbol.

Depend upon skill for success, but also on your good fortune. Never rule out the long shot, but don't count on it. Successful people make their own luck, at a gaming table or in a duel, especially if they buck the odds with expertise. The ability to recognize good luck and seize its possibilities divides the heroes from the fools.

Rudd's clerics practice at games that rely heavily on chance and physical prowess (less often mental ability), hone their fighting abilities, and perform other tasks that improve with repetition. They work in gambling establishments and schools of fencing and archery, counsel the novice to continue training, and caution the perpetually unlucky to find other interests. They adventure for the thrill of experience, to prove their ability, to beat the odds, and just for the sake of exploring.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapons:** rapier^M, shortbow

Saint Cuthbert

(of the Cudgel), LN (LG) lesser god of Common Sense, Wisdom, Zeal, Honesty, Truth, and Discipline

St. Cuthbert (CUTH-bert) may have once been a mortal man as his worshipers claim, but if so it was long ago and from an unknown people. His three prominent symbols are a starburst of rubies, a wooden billet, or a crumpled hat, and while he takes many forms (including that of a common yokel or white-haired mustached man in plate armor) he usually is shown with a bronzewood cudgel. He reacts favorably to other lawful nonevil deities, although he has a great rivalry with Pholtus.

The words of St. Cuthbert are wise, practical, and sensible. The word of the Cudgel is law, and

the word must be spread so that all may benefit from his wisdom. Weakness in faith and acting against the Saints teachings are intolerable in believers. Unceasing effort should be made to bring unbelievers into the fold. Honesty, truthfulness, practicality, and reasonability are the highest virtues. St. Cuthbert's clergy consists of three divisions that have different purposes: the Chapeaux, which seek to convert people to the faith; the Stars, which exist to retain doctrinal purity among the faith; and the Billets, which minister to and protect the faithful.

Clerics of the Cudgel are stern folk who speak their minds plainly. They do not suffer fools and discipline those who backslide in faith. They train in the arts of war and keep themselves physically fit. The Chapeaux wear traditional crumpled hats, the Stars wear a starburst insignia of copper, gold, or platinum, and the Billets wear an oaken or bronzewood billet symbol.

Domain: Knowledge; **Weapons:** mace, bludgeoning weapons

Sehanine Moonbow

(The Lady of Dreams), CG (NG) greater goddess of Mysticism, Dreams, Far Journeys, Death, the Full Moon, and Transcendence

Sehanine (SAY-hah-noon) appears as a youthful and ageless female elf wearing a diaphanous flowing gown of moonbeams, using her magic and wands to stun foes or put them into deep sleep. The wife of Corellon Larethian, Sehanine shed tears that mingled with his blood and formed the first elves. She watches over elves' spirits on their journey from death to the afterlife. As a moon goddess she is also responsible for dreams, omens, and illusions, but protects her faithful against lunacy. Her symbol is a full moon topped by a crescent-shaped haze.

Life is a series of mysteries whose secrets are veiled by Sehanine. As the spirit transcends its mortal limits and discovers new mysteries, it

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achieves a higher state and the cycle of life continues. Through dreams and visions revealed in sleep and reverie, she unveils the next step along the path and the next destination in the cycle of life and death. Revere the mysterious moons, for they pull on the soul of each being like tides.

Sehanine's clerics are seers and mystics, serving as spiritual counselors to elves and half-elves who embark on journeys in search of enlightenment and transcendence. They serve her aspect as guardian of the dead by administering funeral rights and guarding the remains of the fallen; they consider undead to be a blasphemy. They create illusions to guard elven lands and strongholds, and cast divinations to discover potential threats to their communities. They adventure to discover lost arcane knowledge, particularly that of divination and illusion.

Domains: Grave, Knowledge, Twilight;
Weapon: quarterstaff

Sotillion

(The Summer Queen), CG (CN) lesser goddess of Summer, South Wind, Ease, and Comfort

Sotillion (so-TIL-ee-on) is depicted as a beautiful woman in diaphanous clothes, reclining on a blanket with a bottle of wine, accompanied by a winged, pure-orange tiger (her holy symbol). With a wave of her hand she can afflict others with a careless stupor nearly unto slumber. Zilchus' wife, she can retain her favorite comforts because of her husband's prosperity. Ever a languid goddess, she often has to be prodded to her duties by her family.

When the wind blows from the south and when planting is done, it is time to rest and enjoy the warm weather with good food, pleasant folk, friendly gossip, and content quiet. Hard work and strain are things to be avoided. If your rewards are threatened, defend them with zeal like the great cat defends her young, for life without its comforts is a life not worth living.

Sotillion's clerics like to be pampered and enjoy casual parties and banquets where they can listen to soft music, engage in pleasant conversation with interesting people, and sample tasty foods and beverages. Her clerics make good diplomats because they are able to make people so relaxed that they forget their quarrels and gripes. They travel in style, usually on horseback, in a carriage, or on a litter, in order to visit acquaintances or attend parties. Some are of the mindset that ease and comfort become stale and boring without times of distress and hardship to which it can be contrasted; these clergymen go adventuring, both for the purpose of roughing it and acquire riches to allow them the comforts they desire.

Domain: Peace; **Weapon:** net^M

Syrul

(The Forked Tongue, Night Hag, Oathbreaker), NE lesser goddess of Lies, Deceit, Treachery, and False Promises

Syrul (SIGH-rul) appears as a dirty, smelly old hag in tattered clothing (an illusion that covers her nondescript appearance). She is never without *Small Lie* (a dagger of venom made from an evil unicorn's horn) and *Harsh Truth* (a rod of withering made from a gold dragon's crystallized soul), and rides a great cauchemar nightmare called Flamedevil. She can see through any deception or illusion, and her holy symbol is a forked tongue. Syrul avoids other deities except for Pyremius, whom she partners with in many things.

The best way to protect what you know is to shield it in a lie. Speech is deadlier than any weapon; the greatest and smallest fall with a well-spoken untruth. Give your word to advance your cause, and break it when it is no longer of use. Trust is for fools, and betraying a fool is the greatest gift and lesson you can give them. Honesty and straightforwardness are for the dull-witted. Her churches get along well despite their communication obstacles.

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Her clerics use their ability to lie effectively in situations where they can cause the most trouble; markets, courtrooms, embassies, and fortunetellers' booths. Many are skilled actors, performing in self-written plays that slander authority figures. They engage in debate, and are hired by leaders to confuse and misdirect spies and unwarranted foreign dignitaries. They travel to escape persecution, to find rumors to escalate, and to exploit the truth of greedy and foolish explorers.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapon:** dagger

Telchur

(Icebrother), CN lesser god of Winter, Cold, and North Wind

Telchur (TEL-chur) is the bitterest of Procan's children. Resenting being assigned the coldest and bleakest months of the year, he shuns his family to associate with strange beings (including noble slaadi, the Wolf Lord, and the arch-devil Belial). Shown as a gaunt man with dark eyes and an icicle beard, he wields an icy spear and is accompanied by a winged, albino bull. He is extremely good at his work; because he wishes no rivals to blight his reputation, he urged his greatest clerics to trap his rival, Vatun, in a magical prison seven hundred years ago. He prefers the tranquility of a frozen forest to the screams of an icy wind through a mountain pass; his symbol is a leafless tree in a field of snow.

While life blossoms in the spring and flourishes in the summer, winter always comes and causes it to die, freezing the ground so that even the strongest shoot cannot break free. The cold wind covers all like a shroud, sucking the life from man and beast, blowing out the fires of his hope, and leaving nothing but endless white silence.

Telchur's clerics are brooding and withdrawn. They dislike noise and pleasantries, preferring to focus on the grim necessities of survival, even in times of prosperity. They pray just after dark. They preside over winter funerals, help the fit

survive the coldest parts of winter, and adventure to spread the gloom of the Icebrother to distant people.

Domain: Nature; **Weapons:** shortbow, spear

Tharizdun

(The Dark God, He of Eternal Darkness), NE vestige (formerly greater god) of Decay, Entropy, Malign Knowledge, and Insanity

Tharizdun (tha-RIZ-dun) is an old and evil god of uncertain origin, imprisoned by the concerted effort of all of the gods. He has not been heard from in over one thousand years. If freed, it is said that the gods would again unite to lock him away, for he wishes no less than to unravel the fabric of the universe. Sites keyed to him still exist, and his relics still hold power. Although no true depictions of him remain, he is thought to be an utterly black entity without a solid form, leaving cold, decay, and insanity in his wake. His modern worshipers (such as the Scarlet Brotherhood, many say) carry a symbol of a dark spiral or inverted pyramid.

Light must be snuffed, perfection decayed, order dissolved, and minds fragmented. All sorts of evil are described in the few remaining texts—foul rituals of sacrifice, destruction, and horrors from beyond the world unleashed upon the innocent. The current teachings of this faith revolve around the number three, the discovery of items relating to his power (keys to contacting him), and the means to free him from his confinement.

Many of his clerics are mad. The rest are deluded enough to think that his release will grant them privilege when he remakes the world. They are very secretive and learn to trust only other members of the cult. They conduct bizarre rituals and explore ancient sites for keys to his chains. Because of their god's imprisonment, his clerics must be in contact with an object or site imbued with some of Tharizdun's power to prepare or cast spells.

Domain: Trickery; **Weapon:** *Spiral of Decay* (no equivalent weapon)

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Trithereon

(The Summoner), CG lesser god of Individuality, Liberty, Retribution, and Self-Defense

Trithereon (tri-THEH-ree-on) is shown as a tall, well-built young man with red-gold hair, clad in a chainmail shirt and blue or violet clothes. His symbol is the rune of pursuit, representing his relentlessness in hunting down oppressors and tyrants. He is famous for his three great magic weapons (the spear, *Krelestro, the Harbinger of Doom*; the sword, *Freedom's Tongue*; and the scepter called the *Baton of Retribution*) and his three summoned animals (Nemoud the Hound, Harrus the Falcon, and Carolk the Sea Lizard). He fights evil and oppressive law, so he sometimes opposes other good-aligned deities such as Heironeous and Pholtus.

All deserve life and the ability to choose their own place in the world, and those who would place others in shackles or control them with oppressive laws must be toppled. Train the common folk to defend themselves and their property should another wish to take their freedoms, if you are wronged, you are right to exact vengeance yourself, especially if none will help you. Because the faith praises individuality over standardized doctrine, each church has a different focus but is allied with all others.

Trithereon's clerics are rugged individualists, never afraid to question authority. Those in cities instruct commoners in self-defense and recruit like-minded rogues and rangers for the cause of individual liberty. Those in rural areas act as scouts or spies against despotic lords or murderous nonhumans. Both sorts keep close watch on Lawful religions lest they become too powerful. The Summoner's clerics travel far and wide in search of those in need of their help.

Domain: War; **Weapons:** spear, longsword^M, greatclub

Ulaa

(The Stonewife), LG greater goddess of Hills, Mountains, and Gemstones

Ulla (OO-lah) is the wife of the Oeridian god Bleredd, but is herself of unknown origin. Built like a dwarven woman but with the facial features of a gnome, she is worshiped by both of those races and humans. Her enchanted hammer, *Skull Ringer*, was forged on the same anvil as her husband's weapon. Earth elementals serve her; she can pass through stone, and can commune with the Oerth Mother. Her holy symbol is a mountain with a ruby heart; she places rubies in the earth as gifts to those who do her husband's work.

The hills and mountains are sacred and beautiful places, whether on the surface or within tunnels that hole them like veins. Working with stone for any good purpose is a blessed task, but cutting rock out of pure greed or evil intent is an abomination. The greatest gift the earth gives are gemstones, each a tiny part of the earth's power and beauty reflected a thousand times upon itself.

Ulaa's clerics live on or in the mountains, protecting them from those who would enter for the sake of greed or evil. They protect their community, root out dens of evil nonhumans, and teach miners and quarrymen how to spot the best places to work. They act as guides for those passing through their lands, travel to see other stony examples of the earth's beauty, and abhor slavery.

Domains: Forge, Life, War; **Weapon:** warhammer^M

Vatun

(The North God), CN vestige (formerly lesser god) of Northern Barbarians, Cold, Winter, and Arctic Beasts

Vatun (VAY-tun) is largely forgotten outside the Thillonrian peninsula. Not worshiped by the Suel Imperium, Vatun is included in that pantheon

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because of his worship by the Suel-descended northern barbarians. Vatun was imprisoned by clerics of Telchur about the time of the Battle of a Fortnight's Length. He wields an ice battleaxe called *Winter's Bite*. When free, Vatun was a whirlwind of cold rage and energy, inspiring his followers to raid south as often as possible. Dalt and Llerg are his only allies. He is shown as a huge Suel man wearing polar bear skins and a beard of ice and snow, with frozen fog coming from his mouth. His holy symbol is the sun setting on a snowy landscape.

Winter is a time for culling the weak so that the strong may survive. Snow shall cover cowards and they shall be forgotten by all. The people of the north are the true survivors and will inherit the world when the Great Winter comes to cover the land.

Vatun's clerics preach violence against Telchur's faith, help their tribes survive in winter, heal the injured, and aid their people in battle. Level-headed clerics are sent to search for the *Five Blades of Corusk*, which, if united, will free Vatun from his prison (or so say the legends). Recent lore indicates a diabolical connection to Vatun's prison, and so his clerics have become ardent foes of devils. Because of his imprisonment, Vatun's clerics must be within ten feet of a torch-sized (or larger) flame to prepare or cast spells.

Domain: Tempest; **Weapon:** battleaxe ^M

Vecna

(The Arch-Lich, Master of the Spider Throne, the Whispered One), NE demigod of Destructive and Evil Secrets

Vecna (VEK-nah) was a terrifying and evil Flan lich-king who gained a foothold on godhood thousands of years ago. Betrayed by his lieutenant Kas, the Whispered One disappeared from Oerth, leaving behind his legend and his two great artifacts: the *Eye* and *Hand of Vecna*. He plots the destruction of all other gods so that he

may take Oerth for himself, and he is hated and feared by other deities. His symbol is a left hand clutching a human eye.

No matter how powerful a being is, there exists a secret that can destroy him. In every heart is a seed of darkness hidden from all others; find that evil seed, and your enemies are undone. Strength and power come if you know and control what others dare not show. Never reveal all that you know, or your enemies will take your seed, too.

Vecna's clerics subvert governments, seduce good folk to evil, and plot the eventual takeover of all Oerth. So hated is this cult that these clerics' lives are forfeit if they are discovered. They are very secretive as a result but can be found anywhere, spreading evil or looking for items that date back to their master's ancient empire. Of particular interest are Vecna's two artifacts, which once again are lost.

Domains: Arcana, Death, Knowledge;
Weapons: dagger, quarterstaff

Velnius

(The Rainshroud, the Elder Breeze), N (NG) lesser god of Sky and Weather

Velnius (VEL-nee-us) is the most responsible member of his family. As Procan's oldest child, he is the leader of the Oeridian wind gods and is called in to support or take over for them when they are overwhelmed or lax in their duties. He is shown as a tall man of middle age with white hair and a cloak of feathers from which pours water and lightning. He is allied with his family members, friendly with neutral or druidic deities, and opposes Kurell. His symbol is a bird perched on a cloud.

The sky is the dome of heaven from which flow the necessities of life. The desert and the parched field cry out for rain while the road and swamp ask for the drying sun, and the request of each is answered. No matter which direction the wind blows, it is all part of the weather that Velnius controls. Weather is a blessing; for even if a storm

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or drought brings hardship, it will continue on its way to where it is needed.

Velnius' clerics are used to speaking on the behalf of others (even if such intervention is not needed). They prefer talk to conflict, but can be very aggressive when provoked. They pray for rain when crops need water and call for temperance when the weather deviates too far from the norm. As mobile as their god, they travel far, and adventure to counteract weather disruptions caused by heretical agents or when Velnius is too busy.

Domain: Tempest; **Weapon:** spear

Wastri

(The Hopping Prophet, Hammer of false Humans), LN (LE) demigod of Amphibians, Bigotry, and Self-Deception

Wastri (WAH-stree) is a violent proponent of human supremacy, causing many to believe he has ties to the Scarlet Brotherhood. Wearing clothes of gray and yellow, Wastri uses his great glaive, *Skewer of the Impure*, to impale his favorite targets: dwarves, gnomes, and halflings. He looks like a human with toad features, and is accompanied by gray-clad followers and giant toads. Living in the Vast Swamp, he is amiable to any human god save Zagyg, whose mortal self once trapped him in a magical prison. His symbol is a gray toad. The fact that he dislikes nonhuman races, yet is only barely human himself, is an irony lost on the godling.

Humans are superior to all other races. Orcs, goblins, bullywugs, and such are sufficient to serve humans, but creatures such as elves, dwarves, gnomes, and halflings deserve only death. Those who disagree with you are wrong and must be convinced of their error, with a weapon if need be. Those who live in the water and on land deserve respect, for having a refuge when one of your realms becomes too dangerous is clever and resourceful.

Wastri's clerics preach the superiority of humankind, seek out enclaves of inferiors to slay, and search for new species of amphibians to collect and study. Their bodies are gradually altered by Wastri's presence, and the most powerful clerics become less human and more toadlike with time. They raise, tame, and train amphibians, favoring toads; some sell poisonous toads to wizards, alchemists, and assassins. His clerics serve as intermediaries to the many bullywug tribes that revere him.

Domain: War; **Weapon:** glaive^M

Wee Jas

(The Witch Goddess, Ruby Sorceress, Stern Lady, Death's Guardian), LN (LE) greater goddess of Magic, Death, Vanity, and Law

Wee Jas (WEE jas) is portrayed as a stunning woman dressed in a beautiful gown, wearing some piece of jewelry with a skull motif. She promotes the utilization of spells and magic items (though many of her Suel followers insist she favors the *creation* of such things). She gained her death aspect when the survivors of the *Rain of Colorless Fire* looked to their goddess of magic for assurance that the dead were being escorted to the afterworld. Her allies are the lawful Suel gods while the chaotic ones are her enemies (except Norebo, who is her lover despite their philosophical differences). She respects Boccob, dislikes the beauty goddess Myhriss, and ignores most other deities. Her symbol is a red skull, sometimes in front of a fireball.

Magic is the key to all things. Understanding, personal power, security, order, and control over fate come with the study of magic. Respect those who came before you, left their knowledge, and died to make room for you; there will come a time when your life is over and those who come after will honor your learning and your memory.

Clerics of Wee Jas arbitrate disputes, give advice on magic, investigate magical curiosities, create magic items, and administer funerals. The

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more powerful clerics use their magic to fortify their temple and city. Clerics of lower level are expected to defer to ones of higher level at all times. Her clerics must get her permission before restoring a weak or chaotic being to life.

Domains: Arcana, Grave, Knowledge, Order;
Weapons: dagger, wizard weapons

Wenta

(The Alewife, Harvest Daughter), CG lesser goddess of Autumn, West Wind, Harvest, and Brewing

Wenta (WEN-tah) is the youngest Oeridian wind god. She always appears as a buxom rosy-cheeked woman with straw in her hair and a large mug of beer (her holy symbol). She has no permanent ties to any one being, preferring to go where her heart takes her, and as such has been linked to many deities. The week of Brewfest is a holy time for her, although she prefers that people spend it cavorting and drinking rather than praying. She dislikes only her brother Telchur, seeing him as the black sheep always on her heels.

The cool winds of autumn are Wenta's sign that it is time to reap. Winter's cold can be delayed with the warmth of ale and beer, and brewing deserves as much care as you would give your lover. A day of hard work in autumn is repaid with pleasantly cool nights, good friends, and plenty of good drink to loosen your tongue and quicken your heart.

Wenta's clerics are friendly, outgoing, and unafraid to talk to strangers. Their time of prayer is a brief interval before sundown. They organize gatherings, particularly those involving alcohol, and direct harvest procedures so that work is shared fairly by all and finished early. Many work as brewmasters and travel to other parts of the world to enjoy weather and local spirits. They adventure to meet new people and spend time with friends, or because they agreed to do so while intoxicated. Their holy water is actually blessed ale or beer.

Domain: Life; **Weapon:** club

Xan Yae

(Lady of Perfection), N lesser goddess of Twilight, Shadows, Stealth, and Mental Power

Xan Yae (zan YAY) is a Baklunish goddess with some measure of popularity in the Flanaess. She has temples scattered in hidden places across the land. Having little patience for petty divine rivalries, she has only a few like-minded allies but places herself in opposition to Pyremius and Pholtus, whose lights destroy her beloved shadows. She appears to be Baklunish, of any age or sex but always slender and graceful, wielding a pair of magic scimitars that can shrink to the size of table knives.

Reality depends upon three metaphysical ideals: the Universal Mind (the universe and all things in it exist because the mind created them and maintain them), the Perpetual Harmony (life is balanced, symmetry is in all things, achieving a similar state puts one in harmony with nature), and Internal Peace (martial and mental activities must be mastered to attain a higher level of existence). Flamboyance and wasted energy have no place in the Lady's realm. The extremes of evil and good must be sought out and tempered with harmony to maintain balance.

Xan Yae's clerics are agents of harmony and discipline. They seek out radical factions, alignments, and politics and bend them toward balance. They train others in the simple arts of war, hone the minds of those open to mental challenges, scour the world to find evidence of the Universal Mind, and seek gurus of advanced physical and mental abilities for knowledge of self-elevation. They are not passive beings, but actively seek change to ensure the stability of the universe. Their prayer time is at dusk.

Domains: Knowledge, Twilight; **Weapons:** scimitar^M, monk weapons

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Xerbo

(The Sea Dragon), N lesser god of the Sea, Sailing, Money, and Business

Xerbo (ZER-boh) is a stern and indifferent god. He is shown as a large man with matted kelp-like hair, wearing dragon turtle armor and shield. His trident, *Murky Deep*, enchants and grants him dominion over all ocean life and can enchant his opponents. Xerbo is also a mercantile god, where his stern demeanor represents the drive for a hard bargain. Most revere him as a merchant's god and placate him as a sea god. He avoids other gods except his estranged wife, Osprem, battles Procan regularly, and sulks when ever Zilchus encroaches on his followers. His symbol is a dragon turtle.

The law of the sea states that no sea creature should be favored over another. Land creatures, including intelligent ones, have no place in the water; it is a place to be feared and respected, not exploited. Land creatures in danger on the sea deserve no help unless they act to protect sea creatures or the sea itself. Do not let one's emotions get in the way of making trade; no person should be favored over another. This last thought makes him popular with smaller merchants and disliked by unions and guilds.

Xerbo's clerics are expected to protect the sea and sea life. They watch over merchant vessels on trade routes or facilitate business meeting in port cities. The god does not tolerate extended forays on land, especially for foolish pursuits such as exploring ruins and dungeons.

Domain: Tempest; **Weapons:** trident^M, sailor weapons, aquatic creature weapons

Ye'Cind

(The Bard), CG demigod of Music and Magical Songs

Ye'Cind (yee-SIND) was once a skilled elven wizard and master bard. After a flawless performance on his *Recorder* in front of agents of

the Seldarine, Corellon Larethian manifested to the musician and offered him the gift of divinity as a reward for his diligence. He accepted and was infused with a spark of Corellon's power, which changed Ye'Cind so that he was like Corellon himself, with elements both male and female. Ye'Cind is shown as an attractive elf in blue and green, playing a recorder (his holy symbol). His allies include Olidammara, Lydia, and the good powers of the Seldarine, while he opposes powers of evil magic.

Music is a mirror of the patterns and energy of the universe. The rush of a waterfall, wind through the trees, the crackle of a fire, and the thunder of an avalanche are all parts of the world's music. It transcends languages and race, promoting understanding or inspiring the rage of vengeance. Enhanced by magic, a song can alter the world or change the course of history, and tying music and magic together creates something more powerful and fundamental than either alone.

Ye'Cind's clerics are scholars of music. They are versant in the use of many instruments and may dabble in other sorts of magic. They seek out songs, exotic noises of nature, magical lore, and master performers in the hopes of increasing their musical repertoire and understanding of the chords of magic that exist under the surface of everything in the world. Many are talented songwriters, weaving subtle magic into their works.

Domain: Knowledge; **Weapon:** longsword^M

Zagyg

(The Mad Archmage), CN (CG) demigod of Humor, Eccentricity, Occult Lore, and Unpredictability

Zagyg (ZA-gig) was once Zagig Yragerne, the most famous lord mayor of the city of Greyhawk. Part of his apotheosis required the capture of nine demigods of opposing alignments (including Iuz, Merikka, Wastri, and Rudd). While some of

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these demigods were freed by a group of adventurers, their temporary confinement (and Boccob's sponsorship) was sufficient to allow Zagig's ascendance. Eccentric and likely insane when a mortal, he chose the rune of insanity as his symbol. He favors dark blue and silver but has little consistency in his physical depictions. He serves his divine sponsor and has been known to associate with Celestian.

All deserve and need to be entertained and surprised by humor, although preferably in a manner that leaves them wondering for some time; to provide this service is of the highest priority. The quest for odd bits of information on magic is of utmost importance, and above all one should live a life of unpredictability and abstain from repetitive habits. The various small clusters of his faith focus on one type of humor for a time, then abandon it when they believe it perfected, only to take it up again after a seemingly random interval.

Zagy's few clerics enjoy bringing strangeness and humor to the lives of those around them, specially those in need of comedy to lift up their dulled souls. Many work as bards, travel far when their jokes are misunderstood or cause offense, and try to uncover lost magical knowledge. Most have at least one odd personal quirk, although whether this is an actual trait or one affected solely for the observer is debatable.

Domains: Arcana, Trickery; **Weapon:** club

Zilchus

(The Great Guildmaster, the Money Counter), LN greater god of Power, Prestige, Money, Business, and Influence

Zilchus (ZIL-chus) is a popular Oeridian god, depicted as a well-dressed Oeridian man of plain appearance but great wealth. Husband of Sotillion, brother of Kurell, ally of Rao, Zilchus has many contacts that reflect his ability to establish relationships that are vital to any businessman. A busy god, he has little time for

frivolous pursuits, but is knowledgeable in such things because it allows him to influence others. He acts as a dealmaker between gods, finalizing agreements once Rao convinces warring panics to talk. His symbol is hands clutching a bag of gold.

In the world of men, the desire for money can be overwhelming. Control that desire in yourself and exploit it in others—that is the key to success and power. Anything done in the world can be done better for a profit, and those who recognize these opportunities are one step ahead of any competition. Politics and war are simply two other forms of trade, one using a currency of words and the other lives; the trick is to spend yours more efficiently than your opponent.

Zilchus' clerics are ruthless in business and often seen as emotionless. They are heavily involved in business and politics, and conduct deals above or below the table depending upon their disposition. They work for powerful merchants, trade and crafts guilds, politicians, or nations, making transactions and garnering prestige for themselves and their employers. Neophytes get less glorious jobs, such as managing caravans or remote businesses, but some are hired to participate in high-risk but potentially profitable enterprises such as smuggling contraband and adventuring.

Domains: Knowledge, Trickery; **Weapon:** dagger

Zodal

(The Gray Son, the Gentle Hand), NG lesser god of Mercy, Hope, and Benevolence

Zodal (ZOH-dal) is a servant power of Rao. He espouses kindness and compassion in situations of anger and vengeance, and diffuses negative emotions of those around him. Depicted as a man in simple gray robes with large careworn hands, he considers even the most hateful and destructive gods his friends, for he believes that with enough effort on his part they might change

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their ways. He continues his ministrations despite the evil and pain in the world, believing that his efforts will eventually make change happen. His symbol is a man's hand partially wrapped in gray cloth.

Only by experiencing kindness and mercy can evil be turned from its path, whether in a single goblin or an entire nation. Despite the world's troubles, press on with faith that your actions bring about a better place. Let Zodal guide you when you would be pulled into the sea of blood, pain, anger, and despair. You are the master of your feelings and by acting upon your positive ones you set an example for those who have known only misery.

Zodal's clerics spend their lives in simple circumstances, using their knowledge and abilities helping people in need and alleviating pain. They are drawn to warfare, to minister to the wounded and convince evildoers to change their ways. They adventure to bring attention to their cause, discover artifacts of good like the *Crook of Rao*, and destroy items that promote woe.

Domains: Life, Peace; **Weapon:** *Hand of Zodal* (unarmed strike)

Zuoken

(Master of *Da'Shon* and *Edel*, Servant of the Lady), N vestige (formerly demigod) of Physical and Mental Mastery

Zuoken (zoo-OH-ken) is an ascended martial artist in the service of Xan Yae. He was a Baklunish man of unremarkable appearance, but had achieved the highest level of skill in *edel* ("gift of fate," psionics), and *da-shon* ("falling hail," a complicated form of unarmed combat practiced by one of Xan Yae's sects). His symbol is a striking fist. In 505 CY, he stopped manifesting to his faithful; investigation has revealed that his essence is held somewhere in the central Flanaess; his followers continue to seek the exact place so that he may be freed.

To learn da'shon is to be on the path to perfection, for the use of weapons is a hindrance to the ability of mankind to attain the goal; once the goal is reached, one can use such things without fear of losing sight of perfection. One must strive to achieve the pinnacle of physical and mental ability. One must pursue harmony to achieve perfection, so every issue must be considered from both sides so that a balance may be struck between the two, allowing a harmonious resolution.

Zuoken's clerics teach *da'shon* and the way of Zuoken and Xan Yae. They wander the land to accelerate their physical and mental advancement, undergo many tests of hardship within and outside their temples in the pursuit of perfection, search for their god's prison, and attack monks of the Scarlet Brotherhood when encountered. As aging and infirmity are concerns for those who perfect their bodies, they care for the elderly to acclimatize themselves with its changes. Although Zuoken is confined in some way, his clerics receive their spells normally.

Domain: Knowledge; **Weapons:** *Fist of Zuoken* (unarmed strike), monk weapons

Spell Lists

This section describes some of the obscure spells cast by the infamous archmagi of the Flanaess.

The section begins with the spell lists of the arcane spellcasting classes; a spell's school of magic is noted in parenthesis. If a spell can be cast as a ritual, the ritual tag also appears in the parenthesis.

The remainder contains spell descriptions, presented in alphabetical order.

Bard

Cantrips (0 level)

Zagig's canned laughter (evocation)

1st Level

Keraptis' fantastic famulus (conjunction, ritual)

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2nd Level

Zagig's amusing alteration (transmutation)

3rd Level

Depth perception (illusion)

Zagig's gender shift (transmutation)

4th Level

Tysiln's wondrous carriage (evocation/illusion)

Sorcerer

1st Level

Keraptis' flaming missiles (evocation)

Lightning serpent (evocation)

Quintessa's dweomershield (abjuration)

2nd Level

Murq's mystic missile (evocation)

Zagig's amusing alteration (transmutation)

3rd Level

Depth perception (illusion)

Zagig's gender shift (transmutation)

5th Level

Keraptis' flamecone (evocation)

Quintessa's dweomerdrain (abjuration)

Vecna's conflagration (evocation)

6th Level

Turn lightning (abjuration)

9th Level

Jaran's prismatic blade (conjuration)

Slerotin's fortitude (abjuration/transmutation)

Warlock

1st Level

Lightning serpent (evocation)

3rd Level

Depth perception (illusion)

6th Level

Turn lightning (abjuration)

9th Level

Acerak's blackstone (evocation/transmutation)

Wizard

Cantrips (0 level)

Zagig's canned laughter (evocation)

1st Level

Keraptis' fantastic famulus (conjuration, ritual)

Keraptis' flaming missiles (evocation)

Lightning serpent (evocation)

Quintessa's dweomershield (abjuration)

2nd Level

Murq's mystic missile (evocation)

Zagig's amusing alteration (transmutation)

3rd Level

Depth perception (illusion)

Zagig's gender shift (transmutation)

4th Level

Tysiln's wondrous carriage (evocation/illusion)

5th Level

Keraptis' flamecone (evocation)

Quintessa's dweomerdrain (abjuration)

Vecna's conflagration (evocation)

6th Level

Kieren's curse ward (abjuration/divination)

Turn lightning (abjuration)

9th Level

Acerak's blackstone (evocation/transmutation)

Iggwilv's lightning cage (evocation)

Iggwilv's timeless sleep (transmutation)

Jaran's prismatic blade (conjuration)

Slerotin's fortitude (abjuration/transmutation)

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Spell Descriptions

Acerak's Blackstone

9th-level evocation/transmutation

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a large black gemstone worth at least 5,000 gp and a functional *ioun stone* of the spell-absorbing, ellipsoid variety, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Instantaneous

When the spell is cast, the *ioun stone* is drawn into the gemstone, thus creating the *blackstone*. Once done, the *blackstone* is capable of absorbing magical energy from any source, be it a spell, spell-like ability, or magic item. Such energies cast directly upon the *blackstone* are instantly absorbed. Likewise, if the *blackstone* is within the area of effect, magic is absorbed without any effect. If the *blackstone* is brought into an active area of effect, touched to the surface of a magically created barrier, touched to a creature or object affected or influenced by magic, or comes into contact with any magic controlled from afar, the contacted magic is absorbed. This absorption does not affect the enchantments on permanent items, such as rings, armor, weapons, and so on, but if such a device can release a magical effect, the effect is absorbed if the *blackstone* is within the area of effect. Likewise, it does not drain charges from items like a magical staff or wand, but released effects of those devices are absorbed.

All spells, spell-like abilities, and magical effects are absorbed if employed by anyone carrying or touching the *blackstone*.

If *detect magic* or similar magic is cast on the *blackstone*, the caster will see a sudden "flash" of magical power before the divination is absorbed. *Identify* and other property-revealing spells

show the caster that it can absorb magic before the magic itself is absorbed.

While the *blackstone* may seem useful at first, it is typically used as a trap for greedy treasure hunters, offered as a "gift" to rivals, or placed so to be found by an enemy. In fact, the *blackstone* is quite baneful to its owner, especially if the user thinks it a defense against magic or probes it too much with magic.

The *blackstone* can absorb a number of spell levels equal to the *ioun stone* used in the *blackstone's* creation, regardless of the comparable level of the effect (the *blackstone* does not have the spell-level limits of the *ioun stone* in this regard). Thus, if the *ioun stone* was able to absorb 14 spell levels before burning out, the *blackstone* can absorb 14 spell levels. Absorbed energy cannot be safely released or negated to allow continued spell absorption, so if this number is ever exceeded, the energy is absorbed, but the *blackstone* instantly explodes in a wave of raw magical energy.

All creatures within 60 feet of the *blackstone* suffer 1d4 bludgeoning damage times the spell level absorbed (including the excess levels that caused the explosion). A Dexterity saving throw reduces the damage by half, but all inanimate items within the area suffer the full damage. Any creature actually holding the *blackstone* when it explodes suffers disadvantage on this saving throw.

Depth Perception

3rd-level illusion

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a pair of intact eyeballs, both from the same creature, which must be of the caster's race; a mixed-race caster can select eyeballs from either parent race or from his own "mixed" race)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 hour

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This spell allows a caster who does not possess normal depth perception to view his surroundings as if his vision included such a function. When cast, the spell creates a complex illusion that effectively "doubles" all you see, providing you with three-dimensional vision instead of the depthless surface of your usual vision. As you direct your visual interests, the illusion moves to double the scenery, never becoming blurred or wavering enough for you to notice. While in effect, the spell negates any penalties you usually suffer due to a lack of depth perception.

This spell does not convey peripheral vision to you. If you have the use of only one eye, the spell does not give sight to the blind or missing eye. Thus, peripheral vision on that side of your head is still absent. Likewise, if you are completely blind, the spell will not impart the ability to see; you must have some visual capabilities already.

If a caster with functional depth perception uses this spell, he becomes dizzy and his vision is blurred; any attacks are at disadvantage due to the illusory image the spell superimposes over his normal vision; spells cast that affect a single target grant the subject advantage on saving throws.

In any case, only you see the illusory surroundings, for it actually occurs within your visual organs. As such, the spell cannot be disbelieved by others, or even detected without the aid of magic.

Iggwilv's Lightning Cage

9th-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 100 feet

Components: V, S, M (a wand of amber worth 100 gp, tipped with a transparent gemstone worth at least 1,000 gp)

Duration: 1 hour

This spell is a variant of the 7th-level spell *forcecage*, and it is identical to that spell except as follows:

First, the "bars" of force energy which form the cage are electrified. Any creature, whether inside or outside, who makes contact with the electrified bars or touches them with an object composed of metal or other conductive material, must make a Constitution saving throw or suffer 10d6 + 10 lightning damage. On a successful save, the damage is reduced by half, but the *lightning cage* is not dispelled, nor are its electrical effects.

Second, the floor of the *lightning cage* is composed of a solid "sheet" of force energy equal to a *wall of force*, but it is charged only on its outside surface.

Third, unlike a *forcecage*, *Iggwilv's lightning cage* cannot be altered to form a solid cube of electrified *walls of force*.

Iggwilv's Timeless Sleep

9th-level transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (powdered gemstone worth 500 gp mixed with a handful of fine sand, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Until dispelled

Contrary to what its name implies, this spell is not an improved *sleep* spell, so creatures who are normally immune or resistant to sleep magic have no such invulnerability to this spell. When cast, you touch the recipient, placing him in suspended animation. The natural bodily functions of the recipient completely halt; the subject does not age or require nourishment. In fact, the subject doesn't even need to breathe while affected.

The spell is permanent up until certain conditions are met, at which time the spell ends and the recipient "awakens." These conditions

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are determined at the time of the spell's casting, and are regulated by the same rules which govern the triggering of a *magic mouth* spell. Note, however, that a *timeless sleep* does not end unless the triggering conditions are fulfilled or a *wish* is used; *dispel magic* is not sufficient to end it prematurely. Furthermore, the triggering conditions must occur within 30 feet of the recipient in order for the *timeless sleep* to terminate. Once the *timeless sleep* has ended, the recipient is fully aware of his surroundings and may act accordingly; he suffers no disorientation from the suspended animation.

The primary use of this spell is to prolong the life of living guardian creatures by placing them in a dormant state until their services are needed. Another common use is to prevent a being with a mortal wound or other fatal affliction from dying when healing or curative magic is not immediately available. In both cases, the subject usually is a willing recipient, and, as such, no saving throw is required. If the subject is an unwilling target, however, you must make a melee spell attack roll in order to touch the victim, and, even if the touch is successful, the subject receives a Constitution saving throw to resist the magic. If the save fails, the subject is affected by the spell as noted above.

Jaran's Prismatic Blade

9th-level conjuration

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V

Duration: 1 minute

This spell condenses the colors and powers of a *prismatic wall* into a sword-shaped blade, which appears in your hand. You may use the *prismatic blade* as a weapon; on a successful melee spell attack with the *blade*, the subject is affected as if contact had been made with a *prismatic wall*.

As with a *prismatic wall*, creatures that can see the *prismatic blade* and moves to within 20 feet of it or starts its turn there must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or become blinded for 1 minute; you are immune to all effects of your own *prismatic blade*, and need not worry about accidentally harming yourself. The blade cannot be passed to another creature, however; attempting to do so causes the creature to be affected as if hit by the blade.

While the blade is in effect, you cannot cast other spells, save for those that are verbal only, nor can you perform actions that require both hands. (You can, however, execute actions that require only one hand.)

A *prismatic blade* can be destroyed by the same spells that bring down a *prismatic wall*, and as each spell negates a color, the blade's efficiency is reduced accordingly. Note that such spells must be directed at the blade itself. Unlike *prismatic wall*, however, these spells need not be cast in any specific order to be effective.

Keraptis' Fantastic Famulus

1st-level conjuration (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (30-foot radius; see text)

Components: V, S, M (a bit of charred wood and a drop of water, which the spell consumes)

Duration: 1 hour

This spell creates a specialized type of *unseen servant*. The sole purpose of the *fantastic famulus* is to prevent flames from spreading within the area of effect. Any flame of campfire or less that begins to spread beyond its usual confines is immediately snuffed by the *famulus*, before any extensive damage can occur. For example, the flame of a candle would not be put out by the *famulus*, but if the candle fell over and ignited a stack of papers, the *famulus* would extinguish the resulting fire before it could grow

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into an inferno. Fires that are larger than a campfire are not affected by this spell, but small fires touched off by such blazes are extinguished. The *famulus* cannot affect magical fire.

When cast, the area of effect is centered on you, but you have the option to make the area remain stationary or move with you. Once the decision is made, however, it cannot be changed.

The *fantastic famulus* cannot undertake the tasks of a normal *unseen servant*; it is capable only of extinguishing flames. As such, it is typically used to protect a caster's library or a similar location where combustible items are stored. Otherwise, it conforms to the characteristics of a normal *unseen servant*.

Keraptis' Flaming Missiles

1st-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell is identical to the 1st-level spell *magic missile*, save that it inflicts fire damage.

Keraptis' Flamecone

5th-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (60-foot cone)

Components: V, S, M (a pinch of pure sulphur and a spark or flame)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell is identical to the 5th-level spell *cone of cold*, save that it inflicts fire damage and a creature killed by this spell becomes encased within a thin layer of char.

Kieren's Curse Ward

6th-level abjuration/divination

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a flawless peridot worth at least 500 gp that must have a different protective rune etched on each facet (a process that costs an additional 2,000 gp), which the spell consumes

Duration: 1 hour

This potent magic renders you immune to the effects of nearly all forms of curses, from spells and spell-like effects to the inherent powers of certain baneful magic items.

While the *curse ward* is in effect, you can handle cursed items (both magical and mundane) without fear of contracting a curse. In fact, if you even touch a cursed scroll, the scroll immediately crumbles to dust and is no longer dangerous.

Similarly, if you are already under the influence of a cursed item (such as a *berserker axe*, *demon armor*, and so on), the link is instantly broken, and the item can be discarded. Likewise, you immediately recognize the item for what it truly is and knows to be rid of it. Note, however, that this spell does not remove the curse on the item itself—that is, if the spell ends and you are in contact with the item, the curse reestablishes itself as usual.

Curses produced by spells or spell-like abilities (such as *bestow curse*, a hag covey's curse power, and so on) automatically fail to affect a warded spellcaster. The same holds true if the curse is produced by a magic item. If you are already suffering from a curse conveyed by a spell or spell-like ability when the *curse ward* is cast, the curse is rendered inert for the spell's duration, and you will know that the curse exists. If the curse is not removed before the *curse ward* expires, however, it immediately reasserts its influence on you when the spell ends. If the curse in question initially permitted a saving throw to resist its effects, you receive a new saving throw when the *curse ward* expires.

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Cursed areas (such as burial grounds, tombs, and crypts, among others) should be treated as a spell or magic item, as appropriate to the situation.

This spell offers no protection against the curses that often accompany an artifact or relic, unless the curse normally allows a saving throw, in which case, the *curse ward* grants advantage on your saving throw.

Although lycanthropy, vampirism, and similar afflictions are often regarded as curses, the *curse ward* does not protect you from them, as these afflictions function more like transmitted diseases. However, if such afflictions are transmitted via a cursed item, spell, or the like (as opposed to an attack by the creature normally associated with the affliction in question), the spell protects you or temporarily breaks the curse if it is already influencing you, as described above.

Kieren's curse ward is not susceptible to *dispel magic* or similar effects, but it can be negated early with a *wish* spell.

Lightning Serpent

1st-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (a snake bone and a copper or silver piece, which the spell consumes)

Duration: 1 minute

You create a snakelike crackling field of electricity within range that lasts for the duration or until you cast this spell again. When you cast the spell, you can make a melee spell attack against a creature within 5 feet of the weapon. On a hit, the target takes lightning damage equal to 1d6 + your spellcasting ability modifier.

As a bonus action on your turn, you can move the weapon up to 20 feet and repeat the attack against a creature within 5 feet of it.

The *lightning serpent* cannot be attacked physically in return, but it can be negated prematurely with a successful *dispel magic* or similar effect. Likewise, it can be repelled or reduced in effectiveness by the appropriate defensive measures (such as lightning immunity, *protection from lightning*, and so on).

Although electrical in composition, a *lightning serpent* does not generate sufficient heat to ignite flammable substances, nor does its energy conduct through objects or materials that are not carried or worn by its intended target.

Murq's Mystic Missile

2nd-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 180 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Murq's mystic missile is identical to the 1st level spell *magic missile* and functions in all ways as that spell, except instead of creating multiple missiles, this spell creates a single missile, and *Murq's mystic missile* possesses an electrical charge. *Murq's mystic missile* can be used in one of two ways, determined during casting; once selected, the use cannot be changed:

The first method enables the *missile* to be used as a standard *magic missile*. If used this way, it fires one *missile* that inflicts 1d4 + 1 points of lightning damage times the expended spell slot's level.

The second option enables you to forgo the *missile's* normal damage to use it as a non-lethal weapon capable of rendering a subject unconscious. If used in this manner, the subject must make a Constitution saving throw. On a successful save, the subject is stunned for 1 round. On a failed save, the subject is rendered unconscious for a number of rounds equal to the spell slot expended.

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Regardless of the method used, *Murq's mystic missile* can be defended against as any *magic missile* (for example, a *shield* spell or a *brooch of shielding*). Against the second version of the spell, creatures with lightning resistance have advantage on the saving throw and creatures with lightning vulnerability have disadvantage on the saving throw. Creatures without active nervous systems (such as undead) are not affected by the spell's second version, nor are creatures with lightning immunity.

Quintessa's Dweomerdrain

5th-level abjuration

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Special

A magic item you target with a melee spell attack must succeed on a Charisma saving throw (non-intelligent magic items have a Charisma modifier of +0), with a proficiency bonus depending on its rarity (see table). On a failed save, you drain a pool of raw magic from the item and retain it for the purpose of casting spells that have a consumable material component cost. The raw magic drained is equivalent to an amount of gold pieces worth of consumable material components, dependent on the item's rarity (see table), and the item is then rendered nonmagical.

You may draw from this pool whenever casting a spell that has a consumable material component cost, paying any leftover cost yourself. For example, if you touch a rare magic item you drain an average of 500 gp worth of raw magic with which to cast a spell such as *true seeing*. Drained magic is retained for 1 hour; any raw magic not spent when the spell's duration expires is wasted.

An item in a creature's possession uses its own Charisma save bonus or its possessor's Charisma save bonus, whichever is higher.

This spell does not work on artifacts.

TABLE 32: QUINTESSA'S DWEOMERDRAIN

<i>Magic Item Rarity</i>	<i>Saving Throw Bonus</i>	<i>Die Roll</i>
Common	+2	1d4 × 5 gp
Uncommon	+3	1d4 × 25 gp
Rare	+4	1d10 × 100 gp
Very Rare	+5	1d10 × 1,000 gp
Legendary	+6	1d10 × 10,000 gp

Quintessa's Dweomershield

1st-level abjuration

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a piece of jewelry embedded with a diamond worth at least 100 gp times the expended spell slot's level, to be worn by the warded subject)

Duration: 24 hours

You touch a willing creature. Until the spell ends, the subject ignores the effects of one common or uncommon magic item, either on hand or specified by name, history, description, or the like. (such as "*necklace of fireballs*" or "the sword of Kimbertos Scotti of House Lizhal, King of Keoland"). *Dweomershield* does not remove a cursed item from the subject's possession, but it will nullify its effects. Magic weapons still deal damage as a non-magical weapon of the same type.

Only one casting of *dweomershield* can affect a subject at a time; if a second is cast, the first (if still active) is dispelled.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of a higher level, you can shield the subject from the effects of a rare magic item with a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, a very rare magic item with a spell slot of 5th level or higher, a legendary magic item with a spell slot of 7th level or higher, and an artifact with a 9th level spell slot.

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Slerotin's Fortitude

9th-level abjuration/transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, M (a diamond of at least 1,000 gp value, one ounce of powdered steel or other strong and hard metal, and a drop of water, which the spell consumes; these components are necessary for every 5 cubic feet to be fortified, but the quantity of components should be modified if lesser amounts of material are to be affected)

Duration: Until dispelled

By means of this spell, you can alter the molecular structure of nonmagical, inorganic matter so as to make it impervious to harm from both physical and magical attacks.

You are able to affect a Large or smaller object (contained within a 10-foot cube, or eight connected 5-foot cubes), though the matter in question must be of the same general type. For example, a stone wall could be rendered invulnerable to damage, but not an iron door set into the wall. A second casting would be necessary to include the door. Note that if several doors exist in the same wall, several *fortitude* spells would be needed. Furthermore, the frame, hinges, locks, etc., are protected only if they are of the same material as the door.

Slerotin's fortitude can be removed only by a full *wish*. However, more than one *fortitude* can be cast on a single area so as to make it more difficult to bring down. Thus, a wall that is under the effects of three *fortitude* spells requires three separate *wish* spells to return it to a normal wall. No other spell or force can harm such a protected area. Materials subject to this spell are impervious even to spells like *disintegrate* and *oerthquake*.

An area affected by *Slerotin's fortitude* spell will radiate magic if detected.

Turn Lightning

6th-level abjuration

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a small ball of gum and a silvered glass mirror, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Concentration, up to 10 minutes

This spell provides you with a special form of protection against electricity-based attacks by turning them back upon their source, without harming you. For example, if a *lightning bolt* is thrown at you, *turn lightning* causes the bolt to return to its caster, who suffers damage from his own spell (though any saving throws still apply). Even if the *lightning bolt* is cast at a range which normally prevents rebound from reaching its caster, *turn lightning* empowers the *lightning bolt* so that it completes the return trip. (Note that a spell like *call lightning* causes lightning that originates from a cloud, so *turn lightning* merely sends the lightning back to the heavens.)

Electrical attacks that cannot be reflected back on their source for logical reasons (such as a sustained "field" of electrical energy) are not affected by *turn lightning*, but you are immune to such assaults while the *turn lightning* lasts. In any case, the spell lasts until its duration expires or it is removed with a *wish*; *dispel magic* has no effect.

Tysiln's Wondrous Carriage

4th-level evocation/illusion

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S, M (a miniature model of the vehicle to be created carved from a green gemstone worth at least 500 gp and a lock of green-dyed horse hair from the type of horse the spell is to create)

Duration: 8 hours

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This spell creates a translucent force-energy vehicle that glows with a ghostly, emerald light. The vehicle forms anywhere within the spell's range, as desired by you. Also, you may determine what the vehicle will look like, but it must be some type of carriage, wagon, buggy, or the like. Accompanying the carriage is a team of four illusory horses, and like the vehicle, the horses shed an eerie green radiance, but all must be of the same type.

At your mental command, the carriage will move up to 90 feet per round, though you must be a passenger in order to do so. If you vacate the carriage thereafter, it will come to a halt, but not so quickly as to harm or eject any remaining passengers. This movement rate can be maintained over terrain, so long as there is room to accommodate the carriage; it cannot pass through solid matter. Furthermore, the ride will always feel smooth, as though the vehicle were traveling on a paved road, even if moving over rough terrain.

You need not concentrate to maintain the spell, though one round of attention is required to make the vehicle move, change speed or direction, or stop. Otherwise, you may perform other actions, including spellcasting, reading, or the like.

Due to the carriage's force-energy composition, passengers are partially shielded from outside attacks, receiving a +4 bonus to their AC and saving throws, and it will negate *magic missiles* directed from a source outside the carriage.

The glow produced by the carriage extends to a distance of 30 feet in all directions (but not through solid barriers), and can be seen up to 300 feet away in dim light, 1,500 feet in complete darkness. It is a soft, non-blinding glow that allows reading, inspection of small items, and the like, and which negates any magical *darkness* with which it makes contact, without harming the vehicle itself. Magical *darkness* cast directly upon the carriage

automatically fails to take effect, as will *dispel magic*, but a *disintegrate* or *wish* will destroy the vehicle and the horses at once. Also, spells and magic items that can absorb or destroy force energy will affect the carriage. The carriage cannot pass through magical barriers of any sort, but is not harmed by such magic if contact is made. Other magical attacks and effects will not harm the vehicle or horses, but can affect its passengers, as noted above. If the vehicle is destroyed or the spell's duration expires while it is moving, passengers suffer 1d4 bludgeoning damage per 15 feet of movement speed (round to nearest whole) due to inertia. Thus, if the vehicle is moving at maximum speed when the spell ends, its passengers suffer 6d4 bludgeoning damage.

Vecna's Conflagration

5th-level evocation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (30-foot cube)

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

When this spell is invoked, an explosive wave of force and fire erupts from you. Each creature in a 30-foot cube originating from you must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 2d10 fire damage and is pushed 30 feet away from you, suffering an additional 3d6 bludgeoning damage due to the concussive force. On a successful save, the creature takes no fire damage but is still pushed.

Inanimate objects that are not carried or held by a creature, but that are held securely in place, will not be pushed away from you, but may suffer fire damage. Unsecured objects suffer the full effects of the spell, regardless of size or weight.

Creatures up to 60 feet away from you must save to avoid being hit by objects thrown out of the spell's area of effect. Those who fail suffer

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damage from being struck by flying objects. Objects at that range suffer impact damage, regardless.

Zagig's Amusing Alteration

2nd-level transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

This spell allows you to alter the size of a single facial feature of the subject creature. The facial features that can be affected include one eye, one ear, the nose, the chin, the lips, or the forehead. These examples assume the subject is generally humanlike, however, against beasts and monstrosities, the spell can affect other facial features, such as a horn or antler, an eye stalk, a trunk, a tentacle, a crest, a mandible, a proboscis, a beak, or the like.

A subject targeted by this spell must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, you cause the feature to grow to four times its normal size.

Zagig's amusing alteration is not inherently dangerous, and any harm inflicted upon the recipient is purely coincidental. For example, an enlarged eyeball is not crushed within its own socket, as the spell bends reality just enough to allow the intended results. However, since the eyeball is enlarged, the likelihood that it might suffer damage from an external source (such as from a weapon blow) is temporarily increased (the referee must decide the exact chances of this occurring), though the eye operates normally otherwise. Similarly, enlarged or reduced lips might affect the victim's ability to speak properly and, therefore, prevent clear communication or spellcasting. In any case, the consequences suffered by a subject to this spell are left to the referee's judgment.

Zagig's Canned Laughter

Evocation cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a banana peel and a rag doll that has been tarred and feathered)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 hour

For the duration of this spell, any time you make a pun, quip, or jest, even if such jokes are in poor taste or not particularly funny, a chorus of laughter and fond applause erupts from the air. This fanfare is audible to all creatures within normal hearing range, but only the caster's jokes can induce the uproar. This spell can be ended by a successful *dispel magic*, as well as a magical *silence* centered on the *canned laughter's* caster.

Obviously, this spell is intended for your own amusement, but a clever spellcaster might find other uses for it (such as distracting foes, giving the impression of greater numbers, and so on).

Zagig's Gender Shift

3rd-level transmutation

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a live earthworm)

Duration: Until dispelled

When this spell is cast and the subject is touched, the victim must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or be instantly transformed into a creature of the same race but of the opposite sex. This change lasts until the victim is subjected to a successful *dispel magic* or another casting of this spell.

Zagig's gender shift has no effect on creatures without gender, such as golems and similar constructs, as well as hermaphrodite creatures like purple worms. 🐛