

# AMARUNE'S ALMANAC

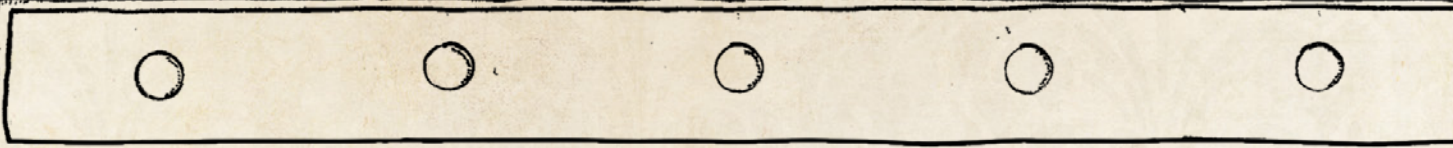


## Grasslands of the Realms





# Jæerûn





# Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	6
-----------------	---

<i>Introduction</i>	7
---------------------	---

<i>Player Options</i>	9
-----------------------	---

Circle of the Plains.....	9
---------------------------	---

Stormchaser .....	11
-------------------	----

<i>Additional Rules</i> .....	12
-------------------------------	----

Druid: Spellcasting .....	12
---------------------------	----

Ranger: Natural Explorer .....	12
--------------------------------	----

<i>Spellcasting</i> .....	12
---------------------------	----

Component: Environment (E).....	12
---------------------------------	----

<i>Spells</i> .....	13
---------------------	----

Grasslands of the Realms Spells .....	13
---------------------------------------	----

Druidic Practice.....	13
-----------------------	----

Field of Wild Fortune .....	13
-----------------------------	----

Howling Downpour .....	14
------------------------	----

Whistling Reed .....	14
----------------------	----

Meadowmeld .....	15
------------------	----

Blade of Grass .....	15
----------------------	----

Emerald Waves .....	15
---------------------	----

Pride of the Wild.....	15
------------------------	----

Wildfire.....	15
---------------	----

Ruthless Wind .....	15
---------------------	----

Raze and Renew .....	16
----------------------	----

<i>Locations</i>	16
------------------	----

<i>Battle of Bones</i> .....	16
------------------------------	----

<i>Cliffs of Leaping Horses</i> .....	18
---------------------------------------	----

<i>Eastern Plains</i> .....	20
-----------------------------	----

<i>Mistledale</i> .....	22
-------------------------	----

<i>Shining Plains</i> .....	23
-----------------------------	----

<i>Between Adventures</i>	26
---------------------------	----

Downtime Activity: Gathering Plants Expedition.....	26
---	----

Regional Flora Table .....	27
----------------------------	----

Flora .....	28
-------------	----

<i>Appendix</i>	35
-----------------	----

<i>Beasts and Monsters</i> .....	35
----------------------------------	----

Bison .....	36
-------------	----

Primeval Bison .....	37
----------------------	----

Flower Blights .....	38
----------------------	----

Huuserpent .....	38
------------------	----

Jaskar.....	40
-------------	----

Living Tornado.....	41
---------------------	----

Pink Zebra.....	42
-----------------	----

Razor Bulettes .....	43
----------------------	----

Scathebeast.....	44
------------------	----

Wemic.....	45
------------	----

Zhuruda .....	48
---------------	----

<i>Magic Items</i> .....	49
--------------------------	----

Earthen Bulwark Gauntlets .....	49
---------------------------------	----

Eyes of Stormwing .....	49
-------------------------	----

Jaskar's Shield.....	49
----------------------	----

Pendant of Nature's Bane.....	49
-------------------------------	----

Skull of the Stampede .....	50
-----------------------------	----

Solarian Flare .....	50
----------------------	----

Stormreed.....	50
----------------	----

Thistles and Hummocks: A Grasslands Guide .....	50
---	----

Tumulus Bracers .....	51
-----------------------	----

Wiregrass Whip .....	51
----------------------	----

## Credits

**Lead Designer & Producer:** Steve Fidler

**Editor:** Ryan Langr

**Writing and Design:** Ashley May, BorntoDoStuff, Ed Greenwood, Israel Moreira, Jean-Luc Caron, Sean vas Terra, Steve Fidler, Trevor Armstrong

**Layout:** Nathanaël Roux

**Forgotten Realms Sage:** Bryan Holmes and Ed Greenwood

**Graphic Designer:** Nathanaël Roux

**Cover Art:** Bob Greyvenstein © Grim Press, used with permission. All rights reserved., composed by Steve Fidler

**Cartography:** Map of Faerûn by Dusty Haynes @ TableTopAdvantage.com, modified by Steve Fidler & Nathanaël Roux

**Introduction Art:** Amarune Writing by Dante Ezio Cifaldi

**Interior Sketch Art:** Shiah "Cinder" Irgangladen and Nathanaël Roux

**Other Interior Art:** Some artwork © Grim Press, used with permission. All rights reserved. Bruno Balixa, ink splatter brushes (Brusheezy.com), Ales Krivec, b-design, Cole Thomas, Elena, Fyodor Vasilyev, Idea Studio, James Joong, LPJ Designs, pthub125896, Thomas Gainsborough and Peter Temesi.

## Definitions

When referencing spells from this book, the superscript "AA3" is used (for example, *druidic practice*<sup>AA3</sup>). Each volume of Amarune's Almanac uses this notation, with the end numeral changed to match the volume of the book. "XGE" is used to denote spells from *Xanathar's Guide to Everything*

If other definitions are used, they will appear here in future volumes.

If you were to ask old Volo, I never thought Amarune would actually ask me to publish this section of her journal! What could be said about the space between the truly interesting places of Toril?

The plains of Faerûn are the equivalent of the frustrating time between a tankard of ale and waiting for the next to arrive! When traveling with my companion Passepout, these endless tracts of land served only to tire our horses, expose our skin to the rigors of Amaunator's blessing, and give Passepout time to tell me every story he knew (in excruciating detail)!


Although perhaps I've turned sour in my years, I know my worst experience was traveling the Shaar west to east. We'd packed just enough food to travel from Ormpur to Rethmar, the "Rathole of the Shaar". A fitting name! Your master publisher's palette is not suited for such provincial fare. Our rations had been rashers of salt-cured boar, hard boiled fire falcon eggs spiced with belly warming peppers, a surfeit of ale and mead, and the one bounty of this vacuous space--a rough unleavened bread with a dark crust, embedded with ripe and pickled olives. It was a sad day when such fineries ran scarce.

We hadn't even stepped foot in Rethmar when it became clear this place was the epitome of grassland living. Squat homes dug out of the ground, built in a ring around an open air market, bustling with travel-worn individuals. Among the sundries and smoked goods, all I found was boorish peasantry--hacked cuts of what I had hoped was horse meat, glassy pearls of rank onion skewered on whittled rods, and a frothy yet dense draught (an ale of some sort, I'm told.)

In the absence of anything but these abhorrent and overpriced offerings, my hand was forced. I believe it wasn't until we reached Three Swords that I could muster a meal that stayed put (after a not-insignificant amount of amberfire, mind you). I had always enjoyed the amberfire from Khôltar more than the traditional recipe. With the Iron City gone now, I may never know the truth behind the rumor that rock crickets were an additive to their mixture. I believe Elminster may have spun that particular tale to keep me from imbibing more than I should.

The grasslands of Faerûn are in short supply of any delicacy fit for my discerning tastes. The only thing in abundance is wide open space, poorly timed thunderstorms, and folk of a rougher cut than most.

Perhaps Amarune found its true beauty? Such things might exist within the bindings of this journal. Who knows? Not I! I never read these things. Anyway, please remember that your humble scribe Volo must not be held to the words contained herein.

 Volothamp Geddarm

**The following D&D books provided material and inspiration:**

J. F. Keeping. "The Ecology of the Wemic". In Roger E.

Moore ed. *Dragon #157* May 1990

Tom Prusa. *The Shining South* 1993

Donald J. Bingle. "The Battle of Bones". In Elizabeth T.

Danforth ed. *Elminster's Ecologies Appendix I* April 1995

Donald J. Bingle. "The Hill of Lost Souls". In Elizabeth T.

Danforth ed. *Elminster's Ecologies Appendix I* April 1995

Ed Greenwood, Eric L. Boyd. *Volo's Guide to All Things Magical* 1996

Ed Greenwood. *Elminster Speaks* April

2001 to May 2003

*Baldur's Gate: Dark Alliance II* January 2004

Bruce R. Cordell, Ed Greenwood, Chris Sims.

*Forgotten Realms Campaign Guide* August 2008

Ed Greenwood. "Eye on the Realms: Spellslayer Wine".

In Steve Winter ed. *Dungeon #195* October 2011

Ed Greenwood. *Ed Greenwood Presents Elminster's*

*Forgotten Realms* October 2012

Ed Greenwood. *RETHMAR, Rathole of the Shaar. EN World* November 2019

## Foreword

Welcome to the ‘forgotten’ part of The Forgotten Realms.

Perhaps ‘overlooked’ is a better word; the wide open spaces between cities, rivers, mountain ranges and the interesting fiddly bits. The unencumbered expanses on maps of the Realms that have large name labels written across them, and not much else.

The Shaar, for instance. Or The Endless Waste. Or Raurin.

Some are deserts, with blowing sand and the like. Others are cold wastes of snow, rock, and ice. Yet more than a few lie in temperate or near-temperate climate ranges, and get sufficient sun and precipitation, and so are grasslands.

Some of these are level, and some are gently-rolling hills, and many seem endless; as the long-dead sage Arathcantur of Athkatla once put it, “Endless seas of grass, those empty places left to wild things, and much cursed by caravanners who must spend days or even months crossing them, trying not to get lost or slain by the inevitable lurking predators...and the wheeling vultures above.”

Yes, in this tome, Amarune Whitewave explores the Grasslands of the Realms, “the Spaces Between” as Alaundo of Candlekeep once called them.

The grasslands of Faerûn are more than emptinesses roamed by nomads and wild herds and lurking bandits and predatory beasts; edible grains and herbs in plenty grow in them, water can be found welling up or hidden not far beneath the surface, dragons hunt hoofed and fast-fleeing meals across them, and they offer many-kingdoms-worth of space to bury treasure, contraband, and incriminating evidence (such as dead bodies) in. The places in book have seen all those uses, and more.

A delight of writing these forewords is seeing yet another facet of the Realms spotlighted and given new life. Another is the chance to impart more lore tidbits about the focus of this particular Amarune’s Almanac.

So let me do that.

In Faerûn, in the sorts of grassland known in our real world as “savanna” (light woods; trees spaced far enough apart that their shade doesn’t form a continuous canopy, so grasses can thrive, as found around the edges of most Torilian grasslands) and “tallgrass prairie” (for example, the vast heart of the Shaar), “buzzwings” can be seen: copper-red to brown, large-bodied flying beetles somewhat like cicadas or dragonflies.

Unlike real-world migratory locusts, buzzwings (their Common Tongue name; to elves they are *lurri*, and halflings call them ‘crunchbites’) don’t denude growing things, but dine lightly on leaves

and smaller insects (notably gnats and mosquitoes). As a result, they keep irritating bloodsucking insects to a minimum, and are high in fat, edible (hence the halfling name) and taste rather like fatty firescorched boar (bacon). Their presence tells the veteran traveler that water can readily be found by digging down just past the shallowest roots. Moreover, buzzwings are most plentiful where hollow-reed “sip-grass” grows among the broad-leafed grasses.

Sip-grass shoots can be used as straws, to suck or draw water or other liquids. This useful edible reed resembles what some places in our real world call “spring onions” and others “green onions,” and have a flavor akin to very mild leeks.

Moreover, the chief predators of buzzwings are small, edible brown grouse-like birds known as xulphaer (“zul-FAIR”) and the chinchilla-like plush-furred burrowing “handmice” (mice that have bodies as long as an adult human hand, with tails again as long). Handmice (*thuum* to the elves and *chuth* to dwarves, gnomes, and halflings) are also edible, tasting rather like roast almonds.

These words should make it obvious even to a reader used to platter-feasts in crowded cities that the grasslands of Faerûn, far from being empty, offer an endless banquet. Even where wildfires, started by lightning or careless campfires and spread far by the tireless winds (unless a storm front is passing through, the winds over most Torilian grasslands die down to the lightest of ‘ghost breezes’ in the hours of darkness, no matter how hard and nigh-constant they may blow by day), have scorched grasslands, seeds of various grasses roasted by the racing flames will burst and scatter to naturally renew the grasslands—and these seeds are themselves edible.

Nomadic grassland-dwellers know all of these things, of course, and also how to drive wild cloven-hoofed animals into breakneck ravines or ‘breakleg’ dug trenches to disable them, for roasting. Such trenches, even if long abandoned, may offer a wayfarer the only cover handy if a hungry dragon or wyvern, on the wing, comes seeking food to pounce on, from aloft.

Which should warn even the casual reader that the grasslands of Faerûn can be perilous and all too interesting, as opposed to being mere empty expanses that annoyingly must be crossed to get to somewhere else.

So turn the page, and read more of these forgotten-no-longer places of the Realms!

*Ed Greenwood*

{Creator of The Forgotten Realms}

## Introduction

My name is Amarune Lyone Armala Whitewave, and I am the great-great-granddaughter of the famed wizard Elminster, the Sage of Shadowdale. I've carried many titles, and you could say, I've worn many hats in my lifetime; a burglar, a mask dancer, a mercenary, a Chosen of Mystra, and for a time, a vessel for the consciousness of my aforementioned ancestor. His time sharing my mind has left me with a smattering of memories that I know are not mine, and the way I see it, there's no better way to sort out what is mine and what isn't, than to see more of the world for myself, with my own eyes. Thus, I now travel all across the Realms in the company of my lover and editor, Arclath Delcastle.

When the earliest forms of this almanac series began to materialize in my mind, I did not foresee grasslands as being a part of the series. After all, with so many stunning mountains, ancient forests, and other marvels of the world, who could be interested in grasslands? At the time, grasslands seemed to simply be the space between the other things. Though I bemoaned it at the time, I'm now grateful for the fact that the "space between the other things" was so sprawling; had Arclath and I not spent such an inordinate amount of time traveling there, I might never have noticed the depth and history these places have to offer.

Though I'm hesitant to make sweeping generalizations about people, I find that most plainsfolk are of a rather rustic variety. Few of them travel, and while some may occasionally find work with the merchants who deal in their villages and seek passage to new lands with them, most of these farming folk will live their entire lives and eventually die within twenty miles of where they

### A WORD FROM THE EDITOR, ARCLATH DELCASTLE

It is always my greatest honor to introduce myself, Arclath of House Delcastle, a noble of Suzail. At least, I was once a noble. I have joyously abandoned that life, in favor of wandering the world with my partner Amarune. I, too, was briefly a host for Elminster of Shadowdale, though I must admit I have far fewer of the old sage's memories still floating around in my mind than my dear Amarune does. Still, there are moments when I see her staring pensively at a particular patch of wildflowers, and a thought comes rushing to my mind; "Oh, yes, I rather enjoy stuffing those into my meerschaum pipe."

I don't smoke a meerschaum pipe.

were born. The thought has occurred to me before that this would have been my own life, were it not for certain strange twists of fate. While Arclath and I travel through these grasslands with the intent to record information about the geography, flora, and fauna that we encounter, I can't help but be drawn into so many local legends.

These "rustic folk" are masters of oral storytelling. Even though literacy is common among those who have to deal with ledgers, shipping receipts, and inventory listings, these folk have little interest in recording their stories, both for the cost of the materials and the fact that they don't find their stories to be all that interesting. After all, everyone knows them already, even if their concept of "everyone" is limited to the few hundred people within their town. But, when I pass by the remains of a burnt-down farm or an abandoned hamlet, I cannot help but wonder what parts of our history died with them.

DANTE EZIO CIFALDI





## *Farmlands and Wildflowers*

It's easy to think that most aspects of nature, like mountains or oceans, have been there since time immemorial, formed by nature. Grasslands are often an exception. Many of the grasslands in Faerûn started as forests, and became grasslands only after the forests were removed by war, natural disaster, logging, or outright destruction to make way for the expansion of settlements. Some might have even been swamps, drained through humanoid engineering in order to claim arable land. While there is much to be gained from this, much is also lost.

Of course you think it's easy to tell the difference between natural plains and a tilled field, but soon you begin to notice the difference between wild grasslands and those grazed by domesticated herds and flocks. Eventually, you can tell where the scathebeasts graze naturally, and where they move in caravans carrying cargo.

If my time documenting the flora and fauna of the grasslands has taught me anything, it's to be appreciative of the ways that nature flourishes when left unattended. Furthermore, I've begun to notice the ways that nature finds to survive even when being stamped out, right down to wildflowers growing in between the stone pavers of a well-traveled road.

## *The Furthest Extent*

There were moments when we found ourselves standing in wide open spaces with nothing around us for as far as the eye could see. Even on a crystal clear day, however, we could only see around three miles. It was something Arclath and I hadn't really paid attention to until we were standing in fields we knew to be a hundred miles wide, trying to decipher where we were standing between various tiny hamlets on a map.

In the deepest recesses of my mind, images began to creep into my consciousness, at first as fleeting dreams that were gone by the time I'd rubbed the sleep from my eyes, but eventually they came to linger longer. I could remember, from my great-

great-grandfather's perspective as his fingers ran across a sphere of blue and green, suspended on a band of metal, slowly rotating at alternating speeds with similar spheres around a brightly burning torch. I also saw Elminster gazing at the tilt of an obelisk's shadow as it crawled across the ground in the mid-afternoon. Though the literal image made no sense to me, their meanings eventually took root in my mind.

Our world, Toril, is not as flat as a map laid out on a table. Instead, it is a sphere of unimaginable magnitude. The limitations of our eyes to peer across a wide-open field are not an arbitrary capacity, but instead, the limits of the world itself as it curves beyond our view. I don't know how many people outside of Faerûn's finest libraries and universities ever give much thought to this fact, but I hope that by recording it here, I can enter this bit of information into common knowledge.

## *Plains & Plaguelands*

The Spellplague was a cataclysmic disaster that changed the face of Faerûn, and though the Second Sundering returned many things to the way they had once been, our world still bears many scars. The storm of blue flames that the Spellplague formed seemed to sweep across the land in strange ways, though I feel as if plains were affected in a special way; the plague seemed to move almost like wildlife, grazing where the land was easiest, and discouraged by the magic of the woods. Having seen what I've seen of living spells, I tend to imagine the Spellplague's flames as resembling an animalistic entity more than an uncontrolled storm.

The grasslands, however, have recovered after the Second Sundering like almost nowhere else. Though the scars are still here, the grasses have grown over them so naturally, and animals have returned to every place that once festered. To grasslands, it feels as if the Spellplague was no more catastrophic than a marching army or a brushfire sparked by a stray bolt of lightning. Whatever may come, the grasslands will recover.



# Player Options

Presented here are two subclasses, one for the druid class and one for the ranger class. Torn by the rigors of plains life, both the Circle of the Plains and Stormchaser gather like the frequent storms of the land to snuff out threats and protect those who call the plains home, whether it be the grazing herds of beasts or the settled communities dotting the landscape.

## Circle of the Plains

This druidic circle is unlike the cloistered conclaves of specific forests and swamps. They protect vast swathes of land by living a nomadic lifestyle—moving across the grassy seas of Faerûn like the thunderstorms that frequent these regions. While nomadic, they are not hermits. Druids of the plains can be found acting as spiritual leaders and shamans within the tribes that live within the plains, particularly among tauric creatures such as centaurs and wemics. Plains druids model their practice after the weather and fauna of the region, as they are the keystones of life within the grasslands.

### CIRCLE SPELLS

Druid Level	Spells
-------------	--------

3rd	<i>find steed</i> , <i>whistling reed</i> <sup>AA3</sup>
-----	--

5th	<i>haste</i> , <i>meadowmeld</i> <sup>AA3</sup>
-----	---

7th	<i>emerald waves</i> <sup>AA3</sup> , <i>freedom of movement</i>
-----	--

9th	<i>insect plague</i> , <i>wildfire</i> <sup>AA3</sup>
-----	---

### Grassland Beast Forms

As wild as the lands they call home, to become a beast of the plains you must be capable of being your own master. At 2nd level, you can use your Wild Shape to transform into a beast that calls a grassland home with a challenge rating as high as ½ (you ignore the Max CR column of the Beast Shapes table, but must abide by the other limitations there).

The maximum CR of your grassland forms increases when you reach certain levels in this class. The max CR becomes 1 at 6th level, 2 at 10th level, and 3 at 14th level.

### Land Transmutation: Grassland

The vast land that connects the world is a place of uncertainty. Inclement weather rolls in as quick as a herd of stallions. Starting at 2nd level, you can expend a use of your Wild Shape feature as an action to magically transmute the area within 60 feet of you into a grassland plain. Natural flora and surfaces within this area are replaced with rolling hills of 1 foot tall grasses and wildflowers. Uneven terrain with an elevation change of less than 10 feet becomes flat and even.

While a grassland is manifest this way, you can use your

bonus action to change the weather within this area. Choose from either clear skies, heavy precipitation, or strong winds (see the Weather sidebar.) This weather lasts until you use your bonus action to change it again, or until the area reverts to its normal form.

As an action, you can conjure a herd of wild creatures native to the region that immediately stampede through the area like a rolling storm before disappearing. Creatures within 10 feet of a point you choose that you can see within the transmuted grassland must make a Dexterity saving throw against your Druid spell save DC. On a failed save, the target is knocked prone and takes 1d4 thunder damage, or twice as much damage if the target was already prone. This damage increases to 1d6 at 6th level, 1d8 at 10th level, and 1d10 at 14th level. Once you take this action, you can't do so again until you expend a use of Wild Shape to manifest another grassland area.

This effect lasts a number of hours equal to half your druid level (rounded down). The area then reverts to its normal form unless you expend another use of this feature. You can revert the area to its normal form earlier by using a bonus action on your turn.



### *Plainswalker*

At 6th level, you can take the Dash action as a bonus action. When you do, opportunity attacks made against you have disadvantage.

### *Pack Ambush*

Starting at 10th level, you've developed a series of hand gestures and coordinated tactics with your allies to be able to stealthily maneuver around threats. When you take the Hide action, you can choose up to four friendly creatures you can see and motion to them to do the same. Each creature can use their reaction to also take the Hide action, using the result of your Dexterity (Stealth) check instead of making their own.

### *Eye of the Storm*

Beginning at 14th level, you can expend two uses of Wild Shape at the same time as an action to create a turbulent and violent storm. A tornado forms, filling a cylinder that is as tall as the room will allow (or extending upwards to the clouds, if no ceiling is present) and has a 15-foot radius, centered on a point you can see within 120 feet.

If a creature comes in contact with the tornado it must make a Strength saving throw against your druid spell save DC to resist being pulled into the vortex. A Huge or larger creature has advantage on this saving throw, and a Small or smaller creature has disadvantage. A creature that fails this save becomes restrained by the tornado, being pulled into the closest unoccupied space to its center. At the start of each of the restrained creature's turns, they take 2d10 thunder and 2d10 bludgeoning damage and must roll a d8. On a 1, the creature is

#### WEATHER: STRONG WIND

A strong wind imposes disadvantage on ranged weapon attack rolls and Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing. A strong wind also extinguishes open flames, disperses fog, and makes flying by nonmagical means nearly impossible. A flying creature in a strong wind must land at the end of its turn or fall.

A strong wind in a desert can create a sandstorm that imposes disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

#### WEATHER: HEAVY PRECIPITATION

Everything within an area of heavy rain or heavy snowfall is lightly obscured, and creatures in the area have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight. Heavy rain also extinguishes open flames and imposes disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing.

ejected from the tornado in a random direction (determined by rolling a d8 and assigning 1 as north, 2 as northeast, 3 as east, and so on around the points of the compass). The tornado will also pull debris and unsecured objects that weigh less than 100 lbs into its vortex.

At the start of each of your turns, you direct the tornado to move in a direction of your choice. It must move at least 15 feet (unless obstructed), and can move up to 60 feet. When the tornado moves, any creatures and objects restrained within it also move.

This tornado lasts for 1 minute, or until you lose your concentration (as if you were concentrating on a spell).





## Stormchaser

On the windy hills and storming fields of Faerûn, the stormchaser rangers roam free and with purpose: to subdue rising tyrannical forces where others cannot see them growing. They gather every so often to share discoveries unknown by civilization and bring new initiates into their ranks. Stormchasers are made through a ritual of binding, wherein an initiate stormchaser ranger is cast into the heart of a massive storm. If successful, they are imbued with fragment of elemental air; if not, their fate is sealed.

### Stormchaser Magic

You learn an additional spell when you reach certain levels in this class, as shown in the Stormchaser Spells table. The spell counts as a ranger spell for you, but it doesn't count against the number of ranger spells you know.

#### STORMCHASER SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spells
3rd	<i>thunderwave</i>
5th	<i>shatter</i>
9th	<i>thunder step</i> <sup>XGE</sup>
13th	<i>freedom of movement</i>
17th	<i>control winds</i> <sup>XGE</sup>

### Stormwind Surge

Starting at 3rd level, you can fill your entire body with raw, tempestuous energy and release it like a coiled spring. At the start of your turn, you can choose to double your speed until the start of your

next turn. The first time during the duration you deal lightning or thunder damage to a creature, or hit it with a weapon attack, that attack or effect deals an additional 1d8 thunder damage. When you reach 11th level in this class, the extra damage increases to 2d8.

Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you use your action to cast a ranger spell, or until you roll initiative at the start of combat.

### Stormsteed

Starting at 7th level, you can call upon the storm to grant you a steed made of pure lightning energy. As an action, you can cast *find steed* as if it were a ranger spell, without expending a spell slot. When you use your Stormwind Surge while mounted on your steed, you can have it affect your steed instead.

When you cast this spell this way, your steed appears as if hewn from a storm, and has the following changes to its statistics:

- The steed is an elemental, and immune to lightning and thunder damage.
- All of its attacks deal lightning damage instead of its normal damage type.
- The steed has hit points equal to four times your ranger level, and you can use your ranger spell attack bonus in place of any of the steed's attack bonuses, and your ranger spell save DC in place of the mount's DCs.

Once you cast *find steed* using this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

## Bones of the Tempest

At 11th level, you gain resistance to lightning and thunder damage, and whenever you take lightning or thunder damage, you can use your reaction to reduce that damage to 0 and regain an expended use of Stormwind Surge.

## Stormcaller

Starting at 15th level, you can bring the tempest that dwells inside you to bear. When you use your Stormsteed feature, you can cast *find greater steed*<sup>XGE</sup> using this feature instead of *find steed*.

As an action while your steed is within 30 feet of you, you can choose to conjure a mighty storm in a 30-foot radius, which follows your steed. For the duration, you and your steed are heavily obscured from other creatures while within the storm.

Additionally, whenever a creature hits your steed, it can use its reaction to force the attacker to make a Constitution saving throw against your ranger spell save DC. On a failure, the target takes 2d6 lightning damage and is pushed back 15 feet away from the steed.

Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

## Additional Rules

### Druid: Spellcasting

As a druid, your affinity for the world you are in allows you to quickly tap into its latent magic and call upon its power and knowledge. You can swap a druid spell you have prepared for a druid spell with an Environment component that matches the biome you are currently in by spending 1 minute per spell level in deep meditation. This spell must be a spell you would otherwise normally be able to prepare. This can be performed during a short rest.

### Ranger: Natural Explorer

Upon picking a favored terrain with your Natural Explorer feature, Rangers gain a subset of spells associated with that terrain. These represent skills you've mastered as a Ranger, boons granted from the land itself, or simply tricks you've picked up out of necessity. Each spell listed can be cast once. You must complete a long rest before you can cast one of these spells again.

When you gain new favored terrains at 6th and 10th level, you do not learn the spells associated with those lists immediately. Instead, during a long rest you can choose to swap the spells you gained from one favored terrain to instead learn the spells from another.

#### FAVORED TERRAIN: GRASSLAND SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spell
2nd	<i>field of wild fortune</i> <sup>AA3</sup>
5th	<i>whistling reed</i> <sup>AA3</sup>
9th	<i>meadowmeld</i> <sup>AA3</sup>
13th	<i>blade of grass</i> <sup>AA3</sup>

### Spellcasting

The world teems with magic, drawn from the land itself. Presented here are spell options that draw upon the many plains of Faerûn.

### Component: Environment (E)

Some spells require the caster to be in a specific biome or surrounded by specific terrain, specified in parentheses in the environment entry, before they can be cast. Some features may allow substitutes or replacements for this component and in this case the effect is created from whatever natural materials are available around it. The damage type of the spell does not change unless decided otherwise by the DM.



PTHUB125896

## AMARUNE'S ALMANAC: GRASSLANDS OF THE REALMS SPELLS

Spell Level	Spell	School	Ritual	Druid	Ranger
1st	<i>druidic practice</i>	abjuration	✓	✓	
1st	<i>field of wild fortune</i>	conjuration		✓	✓
2nd	<i>howling downpour</i>	conjuration	✓	✓	✓
2nd	<i>whistling reed</i>	enchantment		✓	✓
3rd	<i>meadowmeld</i>	illusion		✓	✓
4th	<i>blade of grass</i>	transmutation		✓	✓
4th	<i>emerald waves</i>	transmutation		✓	
4th	<i>pride of the wild</i>	enchantment		✓	✓
5th	<i>ruthless wind</i>	evocation		✓	✓
5th	<i>wildfire</i>	evocation		✓	✓
8th	<i>raze and renew</i>	evocation		✓	

## Spells

### *Druidic Practice*

1st-level abjuration (ritual)

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 hour

**Range:** Touch

**Components:** V, S, M (25 gp worth of herbs, leaves, and roots, which the spell consumes), E (any natural environment)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You perform an ancient druidic ceremony that calls upon the land itself. When you cast this spell, choose one of the following practices, the target of which must be within 10 feet of you throughout the casting.

**Forosnai.** You touch a willing creature and send them on a spiritual pilgrimage. The target falls unconscious, waking up after 1 hour, if they take damage, or someone uses an action to shake or slap them awake. The exact nature of this pilgrimage is unique to the individual and can result in learning new knowledge about an ancestor or past life or receiving guidance from a deity. The exact information learned is up to the DM. A creature can benefit from this practice once each year, during the season of their birth.

**Geasa.** You touch a willing creature, and choose a creature type: aberrations, beasts, celestials, constructs, dragons, elementals, fey, fiends, giants, monstrosities, oozes, plants, or undead. Alternatively, you can choose one race of humanoid (such as elves or tiefling). A ward is placed on the target, preventing it from being slain by a creature of the chosen type. If an attack by a creature of that type would reduce the target to 0 hit points, the target

is instead reduced to 1 hit point and the ward ends. The ward ends early if the target is reduced to 0 hit points by a creature of any other type. A creature can benefit from this rite only once.

**Imbue.** You touch a mundane plant or piece of wood. Magical energy suffuses the object throughout the ritual, preserving its form and allowing it to be used as a druidic focus.

**Purify (Creature).** You touch a willing creature, who becomes occluded by a mystical smoke that smells of sage. As the smoke clears, you make a DC 20 Wisdom (Insight) check. On a successful check, the target is restored to its original alignment.

**Purify (Object).** You touch an object that has been diseased or blighted by a nonmagical source. The blight is removed, restoring it to its original state.

### *Field of Wild Fortune*

1st-level conjuration

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** S, M (a handful of seeds), E (grassland)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You make an arcing gesture above your head, releasing the seeds used as part of this spell in a falling rain around you, causing wild flowers of all kinds to sprout up within a 30-foot radius centered on you. Up to three creatures of your choice that you can see within the area of the spell must roll a d4 to determine the effect of the wild flower that grows and affects them.

**1. Stinging Nettle.** The target takes 1d4 piercing damage and must succeed on a Constitution save or become poisoned until the end of their next turn.

**2. Razor Grass.** The target must make a Dexterity saving throw, taking 4d4 slashing damage on a failed save or half as much on a successful one.

**3. Blinding Swineweed.** The target must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of their next. The target also has disadvantage on all ability checks related to sight for 1 minute.

**4. Choking Weed.** The target becomes restrained by a vine. At the start of each of the target's turns, they can make a Strength saving throw, breaking free of the vines on a success.

**5. Iron Hedge.** A floral 10-foot-cubed cage sprouts on the ground, centered on the target. A creature completely within the area of the cage is trapped. Creatures only partially within the area, or too large to fit inside, are pushed away from the center until they are completely outside the area. The walls are thick and leafy, making them impossible to see through. Each 5-foot section of wall has AC 10 and 20 hit points. Reducing a section to 0 hit points destroys it.

**6. Grounding Grass.** The target must make a Dexterity saving throw, taking 3d8 lightning damage on a failed save or half as much on a successful one. At the start of each of your turns for the next minute, another bolt of lightning strikes the same point.

**7. Banishing Rose.** The target must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or be banished as described in the banishment spell.

**8. Party Poppies.** The target, and each creature within 10 feet of them, must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or become stunned for 1 minute. A stunned creature repeats this saving throw at the end of each of their turns, ending the effect early on a successful save.

**At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd or 4th level, targets roll a d6 instead of a d4. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, the targets roll a d8 instead of a d4 or d6.

## Howling Downpour

2nd-level conjuration (ritual)

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** 90 feet

**Components:** V, S, E (grassland)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour

You summon a storm cloud up to 60 feet above the ground at a point you can see in range. After 1d4 rounds, the clouds produce rain at an alarming rate, dousing everything in a 10-foot radius cylinder below the cloud. The rain extinguishes all nonmagical fire within the area immediately. As a bonus action on your turn, you can move the cloud up to 30 feet in any direction that does not exceed the spell's range and to a maximum height of 60 feet.

## Whistling Reed

2nd-level enchantment

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** V, S, M (a piece of grass),  
E (grassland)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 minute

You reach down and pluck a single blade of grass from the ground around you. Placing it between your thumbs, you blow, creating a buzzing whistling noise. As its intensity gains, the grass within a 120-foot radius centered on you begins to vibrate at the same frequency—acting as tuning forks. Each creature within the area of this spell that can hear has disadvantage on ability checks that rely on hearing, as the sound permeates their senses.

You can use your action on each of your turns to blow a stunning blast through the reed at a creature you can see within range of the spell. The target must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or become stunned until the end of its next.

While concentrating on this spell, you can't speak normally. However, you can alter the pitch and volume of the droning noise to communicate messages to friendly creatures within this area that can hear the noise, as if you were speaking to them in a normal conversation.

## *Meadowmeld*

3rd-level illusion

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** V, S, E (grassland)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 minute

Your movements begin to mirror the grasslands that surround you, confusing creatures that would do you harm. For the duration, any creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against you. Additionally, if any creature misses you with a melee weapon attack, you may use your reaction to make an attack of opportunity against it.

## *Blade of Grass*

4th-level transmutation

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 bonus action

**Range:** Touch

**Components:** V, S, E (grassland), M (a blade of grass)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour

You transform a blade of grass into a melee weapon with which you are proficient. Until the spell ends, that weapon is a magic weapon with a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls. Additionally, you can't be disarmed of that weapon unless you are incapacitated.

**At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the bonus increases to +3.

## *Emerald Waves*

4th-level transmutation

**Classes:** Druid

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** V, S, M (a vial of seawater), E (grassland)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 minute

The shrubs and grasses within 300 feet of you begin to pulse and sway and the ground begins to ebb and flow. You and up to 6 other creatures gain a swim speed equal to your speed. Creatures without a swim speed treat this area as difficult terrain.

While concentrating on this spell, you can use your action to raise a 10-foot wide wave of grass starting from a point you can see within 120 feet. It moves 30 feet in a direction of your choice. Each Large or smaller creature that it comes in contact with must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pulled along with the wave.

## *Pride of the Wild*

4th-level enchantment

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 10 minutes

**Range:** 30 feet

**Components:** V, S, E (grassland)

**Duration:** Up to 8 hours

Up to 10 creatures of your choosing within range have their movement speed doubled for the duration. The spell ends for a target that attacks or casts a spell.

## *Ruthless Wind*

5th-level evocation

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self (60-foot-line)

**Components:** V, S, E (grassland), M (a handful of legume seeds)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

A line of wind 60 feet long and 5 feet wide carrying debris blasts from you in a direction you choose. If the wind strikes a creature, it must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 8d10 slashing damage and is knocked prone. On a successful save, the creature moves 5 feet out of the line in a direction it chooses.

**At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d10 for each slot level above 5th.

## *Wildfire*

5th-level evocation

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Touch

**Components:** V, S, E (grassland)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 minute

Your touch bestows the fury of a grass fire. Make a melee spell attack against a creature within your reach. On a hit, you set the creature on fire and inflict 6d8 fire damage.

At the end of each of the target's turns for the duration, it must make a Constitution saving throw. If it fails, the target takes 6d8 fire damage and up to 3 creatures of your choosing within 30 feet of the target take 2d8 damage. On a successful save, the spell ends.

*Raze and Renew*

8th-level evocation

**Classes:** Druid**Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Self**Components:** V, S, E (grassland), M (fire and a handful of diamonds worth 1,000 gp, which the spell consumes)**Duration:** Instantaneous

With calamity, comes creation. You spread a handful of diamonds into an open flame, destroying them in the process. A blast of searing heat and fire cascades through the grassland flora in a 360-foot radius around the open flame. You can choose up to 10 creatures within 60 feet of you to be protected from these flames. All other creatures standing on the ground with this area, or in the air no more than 60 feet above it, must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 12d8 fire damage and gains three levels of exhaustion. On a successful save, it takes half as much damage and gains a single level of exhaustion.

The area affected by this spell undergoes a rapid transformation of regrowth. Grasses and flowers sprout from the nutrient rich ashes and clouds form above the area and produce a cooling mist of light precipitation. For the next minute, on initiative count 20, each creature within the area regains 1d8 hit points. A creature that remains within this area for the full minute removes all levels of exhaustion.

*Locations**Battle of Bones*

When Arclath and I were traveling the Western Heartlands, we came upon a lodge of hunters. Over mugs of spiced cider, these hunters were more than willing to share many details about their land. For starters, they told us that the Western Heartlands were once known as the “Hartlands” for their abundance of deer, though the use of the term “hart” for a stag has long fallen into disuse. After a smattering of trivial facts, one of the hunters mentioned that we should go and talk to someone by the name of Unhinged Uratheena. Some of the other hunters fell quiet when the name was mentioned before they explained that Uratheena was a druid who lived in the middle of the Battle of Bones, and though she was decidedly loony, she was also a wellspring of information and wisdom about the land. Though, we were advised to not stay after dark.

Arclath was immediately put off the idea, but my curiosity was piqued. I pressed them further, asking about the ‘Battle of Bones’. It sounded more like an event than a place. A grizzled dwarf told me that his grandfather had fought in the Battle of Bones a few hundred years ago, where the last of several dwarven kingdoms allied themselves with the elves and humans to fight one of the greatest goblinoid hordes the world had ever seen. Though I’m used to hyperbole in the retelling of great battles, there was something about the hardened look in his eye that made me take him seriously. He was not recounting a proud tale he’d learned sitting on his grandfather’s knee, but a dark event that was only spoken of in his grandfather’s most solemn moments.

The Battle of Bones lasted for seven days, during which the violence was so intense that the bodies were left piled on the ground with armies climbing hills of their fallen enemies and brethren alike. By the end of the week-long war, the goblin forces had





been routed, but all sides had taken such significant losses that no one could truly claim victory. The field was so trampled that there was no recovery of the lost. The field would go on to rot and be picked clean by the scavengers until only bones remained, twelve inches deep where they laid.

The vivid imagery the dwarf described would hang with me even as I slept, and when I awoke the next day, I told Arclath that I wanted to go and visit Uratheena in the Battle of Bones. He only stared at me in silence, waiting for me to go over how ridiculous a statement that was without his influence, but I had already decided that I would not be discouraged.

We followed the directions of the hunters, and the next day Arclath and I arrived at a sprawling grassy field precisely where they had described the site of the battle. Here, we saw no battle at all. In the distance, we could see the ruins of a once elegant keep, and we also spotted the movement of a lone figure gathering wildflowers from among the tall grass, filling her basket with kluldur blooms, naevur blossoms, and yamril flowers.

When we approached, we found an aged elven woman wearing a circlet of flowers, brambles, and goblinberries ever so gently upon her crown so as not to scratch and prick her delicate skin. Her long silver hair was tangled at the end with weeds and sticky seeds that had clung to her to spread about the field. She gave us a smile with the teeth she had left before she resumed filling her basket with a very specific arrangement of flowers, and said, "It's been so long since I've had guests for tea."

I'm quite certain that Arclath thought her a hag, but I knew better. There was a strange beauty in this ragged old woman; she'd not rubbed mud into her clothes and hair on purpose, but instead, it almost seemed as though she'd kept herself clean while carefully avoiding the places where nature grasped at her. I felt more sure of this when she led us to her hut, a fragile structure built under a grassy ledge, covered with weeds and piled with dirt around its walls.

Although Uratheena was "unhinged" as the hunters said, she was touched by a whimsical sort of madness, the kind that made her hum joyously and dance about her hut as she prepared tea and picked through the biscuits that the squirrels hadn't nibbled upon. I was almost afraid to ask her about the Battle of Bones, and when I did, I saw her shoulders sink before she sat her tray of tea and biscuits before us. Uratheena told us we were, indeed, standing on the Battle of Bones. Arclath expressed his surprise that

it looked so different from the field that had been described to us, but Uratheena went on to explain.

Though the field had been covered in a foot of trampled bones for decades, all things eventually return to the earth. Unfortunately, those bones would not be left to peacefully return; many of them rose up and wandered the field in shambles as skeletons seeking their lost armies and comrades. Uratheena spoke of the wandering undead with such gentleness and pity before telling us of a Vampire King named Mordoc SeLanmere who had taken control over the bones, making the wanderers a part of his army when he built his keep. Though Mordoc's reign came and went, the remains of the Keep of Pale Night still stood in the middle of the Battle, and his armies sank into the ground once more.

For all of her idiosyncrasies, Uratheena was a charming hostess who seemed overjoyed to have us visit. She showed me around the fields, identifying all manner of flora and fauna, even coaxing small woodland creatures out of their dens for me to look at and make quick sketches of. Though I did not want to overstay our welcome, I felt poorly at the idea of leaving such a sweet old woman.

When the sun began to sink behind the Keep of Pale Night, Uratheena's attitude began to shift. She grew more anxious, muttering in odd mixtures of Common, Elvish, and what sounded almost like Druidic tongues. She climbed on top of the grassy ledge that sheltered her home, rambling softly as clouds gathered and thunder rolled in the distance. Realizing the weather was turning much too quickly for us to leave, Arclath and I decided to take shelter in Uratheena's home. Worried for the old woman, I climbed up onto the ledge with her, and I was stunned by the sight of her raising her hands and calling into the wind as though she were taking the storm by the reigns. As a bolt of lightning cut across the sky, the flash lit the sight of hundreds of skeletons rising up from the dirt.

I will never forget the words I heard Uratheena mutter.

"In so many ages, so many great and odd and terrifying ages, this land has grown and lived and died and grown and lived and died, and each living thing returns to the soil to grow another living thing. Like my circle turned to ash and turned to mud and turned to earth, I too will live and die and grow again. There is no place you can walk in all of Toril without stepping on a grave."

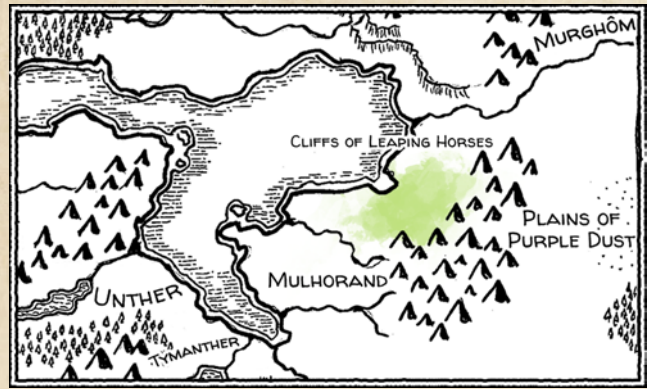
Realizing I could not move the old woman from where she'd planted herself, no more than I could

## Cliffs of Leaping Horses

uproot a mighty oak and place it a few feet to the left, I retreated back into the hut without her. Though Arclath slept without any clue that the dead were rising in the fields outside, I could hardly bring myself to blink as I curled up in my blanket. I worried for Uraetheena, but my mind raced to try to make some sense of the strange events occurring outside her hovel. Some hours later, Uraetheena returned inside the hut, soaked and muttering, before climbing into a tiny hole dug in the wall that she called her bedspace.

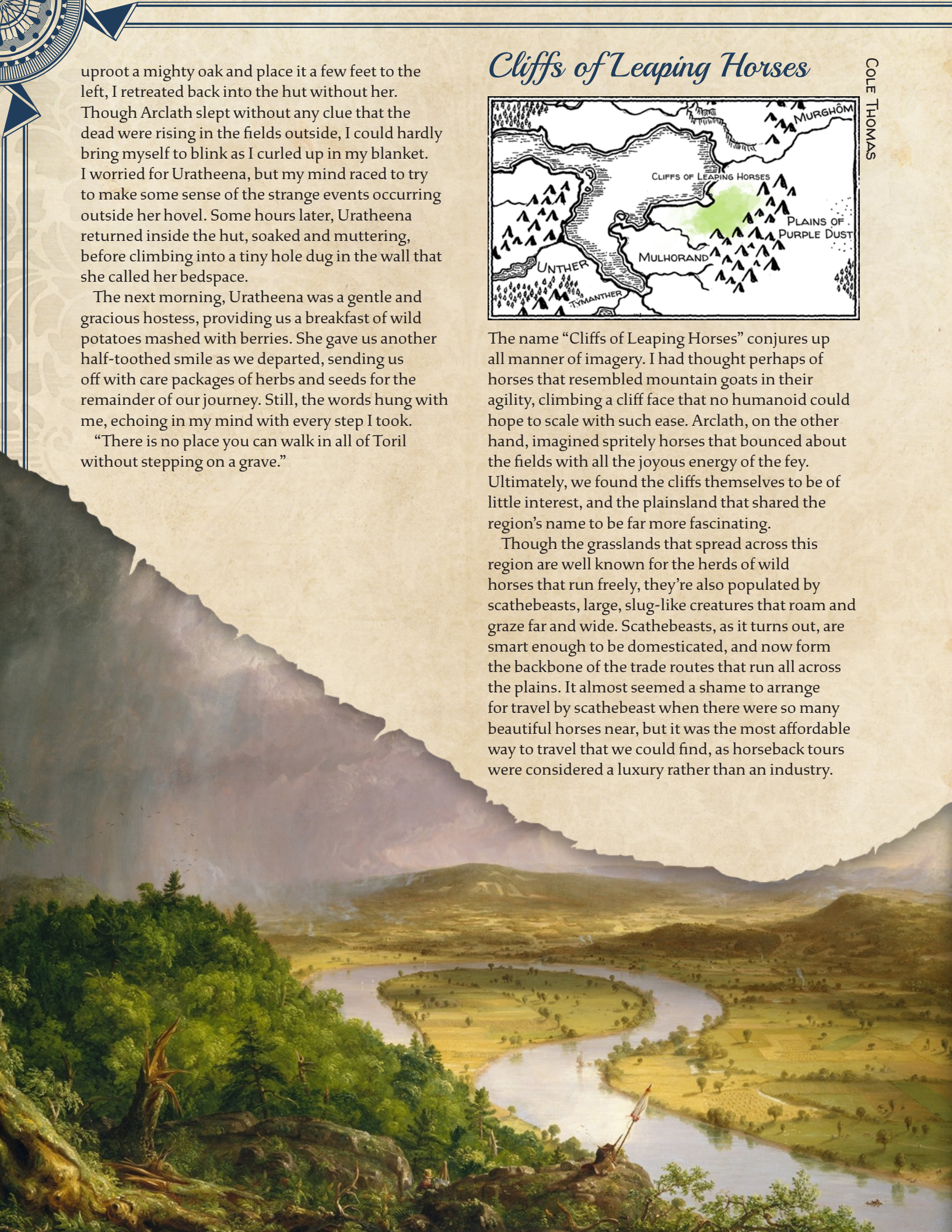
The next morning, Uraetheena was a gentle and gracious hostess, providing us a breakfast of wild potatoes mashed with berries. She gave us another half-toothed smile as we departed, sending us off with care packages of herbs and seeds for the remainder of our journey. Still, the words hung with me, echoing in my mind with every step I took.

“There is no place you can walk in all of Toril without stepping on a grave.”



The name “Cliffs of Leaping Horses” conjures up all manner of imagery. I had thought perhaps of horses that resembled mountain goats in their agility, climbing a cliff face that no humanoid could hope to scale with such ease. Arclath, on the other hand, imagined spritely horses that bounced about the fields with all the joyous energy of the fey. Ultimately, we found the cliffs themselves to be of little interest, and the plainsland that shared the region’s name to be far more fascinating.

Though the grasslands that spread across this region are well known for the herds of wild horses that run freely, they’re also populated by scathebeasts, large, slug-like creatures that roam and graze far and wide. Scathebeasts, as it turns out, are smart enough to be domesticated, and now form the backbone of the trade routes that run all across the plains. It almost seemed a shame to arrange for travel by scathebeast when there were so many beautiful horses near, but it was the most affordable way to travel that we could find, as horseback tours were considered a luxury rather than an industry.



The scathebeast caravan was unlike anything I'd ever seen. The adults were larger than oxen, and they were dwarfed by the bull of the herd. Wagons were hitched to all of the adults, and their pony-sized calves followed alongside their mothers as though the herd were traveling on its own rather than working. All the caravan leader had to do was steer the bull, and the rest of the herd followed diligently; the rest of the caravan's employees were just there to help maintain the animals and watch for predators that might harass the herd.

Traveling by scathebeast is a generally unpleasant experience. Unlike the steady clapping of a horse's hooves, the scathebeasts tend to lurch, extending their bodies and dragging themselves forward. Under the constant scraping sound of their massive forms creeping over the tall grass, one could also detect a faint sizzling sound, as the slime the creatures secreted from their underbellies was melting the grass, leaving bare patches in a trail behind them. According to the scathebeast handlers, this was how they grazed; their bodies digested the grass before absorbing it, not unlike the work of a stomach, only external.

One of the handlers' many tasks was to make sure they removed any carrion from the path of the scathebeasts. Though usually herbivorous, the scathebeasts are opportunistic eaters, and if they consume too much meat, their secretions become caustic enough to kill the roots of the grass themselves, ruining their grazing lands. With so many captively bred scathebeasts being used for cargo hauling, their owners had to be careful stewards of the land to ensure that they didn't destroy their own ecosystem.

On the third day of our five-day journey across the Cliffs of Leaping Horses, in the afternoon as the sun hung directly over our heads, we could hear the distant trampling sounds of a pack of wild horses on the run. I peered from under the tent canvas I'd been using to shield myself from the sun, and saw a herd of the most beautiful brown and white steeds racing past us to the south.

Then, suddenly, the strangest noise I'd ever heard rose up from beneath us. The scathebeast we'd been riding, who had been silent this whole time, began to make the strangest slurping sound, and then something that sounded like a mix of a gurgle and a whistle as it reared its head back, which had stayed tucked down against the grass until now. All of the other scathebeasts began to rear back as well, until the field was filled with a cacophony of screeching slurps. The scathebeast turned at a radius far sharper than we'd seen one move, and Arclath and I both

#### WHEN THE NOVELTY WEARS OFF

"You can find horses anywhere in Faerûn, but it's not every day you get to ride a scathebeast!"

Gods, save me from predatory hucksters! Amarune and I experience enough excitement in our lives without needing to seek it out. Scathebeasts are not fancy, nor are they exciting. There is a reason no one rides a scathebeast drawn carriage to the most fashionable events in Waterdeep. A mere three hours into our scathebeast ride, and both Amarune and I were already considering what our "point of no return" would be to decide if we wanted to walk back to the outpost and procure a different means of travel. It was then that one of the herd operators said another truly unscrupulous line kept in any merchant's back pocket: "No refunds."

And so, Amarune and I spent the rest of our journey on a rickety platform strapped to the back of a sluggishly lurching scathebeast, watching with envy as packs of wild horses ran freely across the open fields.

had to cling to the railings of the platforms to not slide off the back before the beast took off away from the rest of the pack.

The entirety of the pack was beginning to scatter, ignoring their masters and fleeing in every possible direction. A gust of wind yanked my canvas off the wagon and into the sky, and as my eyes followed it, I saw the source of their panic. A shadow of a dragon swept over the field, and its massive form was silhouetted before the sun. I'd heard some rumors that scathebeasts were created by dragons as a food source, but I know of no proof. The scathebeasts, however, seemed all too confident that their hunter had arrived.

Our scathebeast, who Arclath had dubbed 'Sticky' at this point, took off lurching into the tall grass away from the rest of the pack. Nothing we nor the nearby handler could do could slow Sticky down, as he raced away from the shadow of the dragon. All we managed to do was cling to the railings of our platform as it shook and teetered.

Sticky slurped along for close to a half a mile before he came under the shade of a small thicket of harlthorn. At this point, Arclath and I were laying down on the platform, barely gripping the edge, exhausted from trying to hold on. I imagine it would've been difficult for anyone on the ground to see us. It was then that I heard an unfamiliar man's voice shout "Whoa, whoa!", and Sticky began to calm, letting his exhaustion take him. Arclath was ready to pop his head up, but I held him down for the moment; something about all of this gave me an uneasy feeling. Soon, we heard people unhooking the cargo that was strapped to Sticky's sides, and the

chatter of people seemingly in a rush; they needed to hurry and offload everything here to make it to the next pickup point.

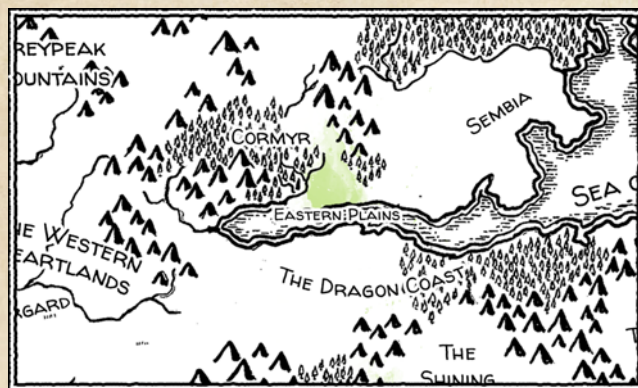
When one of the bandits climbed up the rope ladder to our platform, he promptly received Arclath's boot in his face. By the time the bandit had hit the ground in a stupor, Arclath and I were both on our feet, flying off of Sticky's riding deck with weapons drawn. Though the bandits were armed, they were also planning to haul cargo and not prepared to put up a fight, so they were rather easily dispatched. In a matter of minutes, we piled their unconscious bodies up under the shade of the harlthorn thicket, (mostly) trying to avoid the thorns, and retrieved the horse and wagon they'd been loading up with their ill-gotten cargo.

As Arclath drove the horse-drawn wagon back in the direction we'd come from, following Sticky's half-dissolved trail through the tall grass, I sat on the back of the wagon and coaxed our traumatized scathebeast along with gentle words and bits of dried fruit from my bag. The further along we traveled, the more ruined grass we found from the fleeing pack. It took maybe an hour or two before we eventually found the pack trying to collect all of their panicked scathebeasts back into one location before nightfall.

The bull rider, the leader of this caravan, was grateful to us for returning so much of the cargo that had been stolen off of Sticky and several of his other scathebeasts. Unfortunately, nearly half of their cargo had been offloaded before their beasts were recovered. As it turns out, these kinds of events are not entirely common; local bandit groups prey on trains of scathebeasts hauling cargo far from city oversight, and they're getting more and more clever about how they do it. Arclath and I were shocked that a lowly bandit group had managed to employ a dragon, but as it turns out, one of the gangs is rumored to be headed by a powerful wizard capable of polymorphing himself into the scathebeasts' worst nightmare. Once they scatter the train, they pick the goods off of the scathebeasts and then leave them to wander.

For the next two days, Arclath and I made use of the wagon that we'd taken from the bandits, though we still traveled with the scathebeast train. Though it was unlikely they'd be hit again, I still felt as though I wanted to watch over them until we arrived. Furthermore, Sticky seemed intent to travel right alongside our wagon, until we made it to the next town. I can't say our time with Sticky was pleasant, but it was certainly memorable.

## Eastern Plains



The "Way of the Manticore" is a terrible name for a road. Truly, why would anyone want to walk on a road named after deadly lion-dragon creatures? It sounds, of course, like some kind of warning: "Beware the way of the manticore, lest ye be impaled upon their spikes!" Yet, I can find no great history or legends involving manticores within the region, no famous manticore nests, no tales of mythical knights riding into battle on the backs of manticores. The Way of the Manticore is simply an extremely unfortunate name for a road traveling east and west across the Eastern Plains. That being said, it's at least a more memorable name than "Eastern Plains".

Whilst traveling along the Way of the Manticore, Arclath and I stopped at a small hamlet known as Dreamer's Rock. What an enchanting name! I couldn't help but wonder how this tiny settlement, a failed copper mine and yet a reasonably successful farmland, had come to carry such a lovely name. It took some doing to find anyone who could explain the meaning of the town's name to us, but eventually, we spoke with the granddaughter of the town's mayor, who explained the legend to us.

Dreamer's Rock was once the favored meditation location of an elf mystic known as Ilyndrathyl the Dreamer. Ilyndrathyl would levitate above the hilltop during sea storms, facing the fury of the waves and letting the storm beat against him, seemingly entirely unaware of nature's wrath. During his meditation, he would send his consciousness to far away lands, all across Faerûn and even to other planes of existence. Some theorize that one day, a powerful extraplanar creature noticed Ilyndrathyl the Dreamer spying on them and was angered, because one day, Ilyndrathyl vanished from atop the hill in a puff of flame, never to be seen again.

As amazing as this story was, Arclath and I were more bothered by the fact that we were standing atop the apex of Dreamer's Rock and could not see

any sea at all. In fact, we took horses and traveled south the next day, and it took us half the day to finally arrive at Dragonmere, the “Lake of Dragons”. I did not take the time to ask around or investigate to see if Dragonmere contained any dragons.

Perhaps this sounds like a very silly thing to become stuck on. After all, who cares what something was named after? Well I care. I have taken it upon myself to collect information about the Realms into an easily accessible format, and I now find myself grinding my teeth over the naming conventions of locales that seem intentionally designed to lead people astray. I have to remind myself (and others) how much events like the Spellplague have shaped our lands, and that perhaps Dragonmere’s waves once lapped at the foot of Dreamer’s Rock, but it only infuriates me more to find a pre-Spellplague map of Dragonmere, circa 1372 DR, that shows the hamlet still a half a day’s travel away from the shore.

The Way of the Manticore (which honestly sounds as though it should be a martial school and not a road) intersects with Hullack Trail (which I can only hope is named after someone named Hullack) just west of Dreamer’s Rock. While following Hullack Trail toward the Thunder Peaks, we had originally made plans to stop off at the Golden Ruins before learning that they were simply called that because the rock they were hewn from was yellow. I can only imagine how many adventurers and tomb explorers have shared my disappointment.

The Eastern Plains, you see, were supposedly a rich forest thousands of years ago, which was slowly carved away by agriculture, aggressive logging, and war. By 112 DR, the once heavily forested land was entirely bare, and over a millennia later, the woods still have not recovered, instead leaving open lands for farming and grazing. It is in times like these that I wonder how Cormyr keeps its reputation as the “Forest Kingdom” when the expansion of civilization has taken such a toll on nature.

#### A WORD FROM THE EDITOR, ARCLATH DELCASTLE

I need you to understand that this chapter is representative of so many days and nights Amarune has spent arguing on these subjects. Not arguing with anyone in particular, least of all arguing with me... I’ve learned that offering counterpoints or theoretical explanations only makes matters worse. No, I am quite content to nod in agreement as Amarune rails about gaps in historical records, inconsistencies in timelines between Dalereckoning and Cormyr Reckoning, and yes, even inexplicable place names.

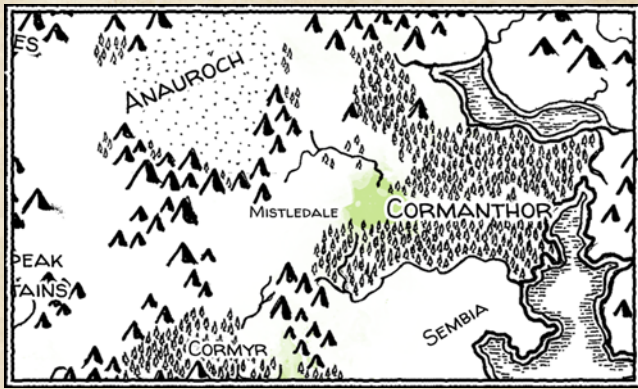
Before we took to the Hullack Trail, just after leaving Dreamer’s Rock, Arclath and I spotted a strange sight from the road. Standing in the middle of a wide open field was a circle of thick, pristine white marble. Within the circular wall, crumbling in some places, were several marble pillars, some reaching twenty feet into the air. We strayed from the path to explore this site more closely, and as we approached, we were enamored with the sight of the sun glistening off the stone. Though it did not appear maintained by mortal hands, somehow, the life that grew here had filled the ruins without overtaking them. Though I know not what deity it was built in honor of, there is no question in my mind that we stood in a house of worship. Whatever divine power once consecrated this ground seemed as though it still hung lightly in the air.

It would be some days on the Hullack Trail before we would find another settlement. We stopped off at the Golden Ruins anyway, and were perhaps even more disappointed than we’d originally anticipated after seeing the marble beauty that we’d stumbled on before. When we finally arrived in the town of Juniril, I could not help but ask in the tavern if anyone knew anything about that stunning white marble shrine. I was overjoyed to learn that nearly every traveler knew of it, and it was a commonly noted landmark on the road between Wheloon and Dreamer’s Rock. My joy, however, was short lived.

“Oh that place?” the bartender asked, “That’s the Unknown Shrine.”

For all my frustrations, I feel as though I owe it to myself and others to throw myself only more deeply into my observations and record keeping. So much of our history has already been lost to war and natural disaster, and so many tales are carried only by oral storytelling, which can so easily die out. Though I may never be as famous as my great-great-grandfather Elminster, and truthfully, I’m not sure I’d ever want to be, I hope at least that the notes and research I’ve collected will far outlive me.

## Mistledale



Before visiting the Tangled Trees, as detailed in my previous book on forests, Arclath and I traveled along the Moonsea Ride going east. This heavily traveled road stretches all the way from Arabel, a vitally important trade center in Cormyr, to Hillsfar on the Moonsea. Our goal was Ashabenford, a small but bustling farming community that hangs most of its economic power on the services it can provide to merchants passing through the city, allowing them to restock their supplies, repair their wagons, or lighten their purse strings on good food, comfortable beds, and hot baths. It seemed like as good a place as any to rest up before venturing into the forests of Cormanthor.

Mistledale was one of the rustic dales of the Dalelands, a loose collective of countries bordering the Cormanthor forests. I had a hard time viewing the dales as countries, as they feel so detached and

### WHEAT OF THE DALES

Oh, the smell of fresh baked bread! I cannot possibly communicate in writing what glorious scents wafted up from every establishment across mistledale, and if I could, I would feel as though I were committing some cruel crime, conjuring such a sense in a reader without them being able to partake. The weather, as it turns out, was perfect for letting dough rise while we were passing through, and it seemed like everyone was baking fresh bread while they could.

Though my uneducated eye could tell little difference between one field of wheat and the next, the locals were extremely picky about it. Spring and winter, hard and soft, red and white, these qualifiers made each bag of flour as different as an apple and an orange in the eyes of the bakers, and they seemed both braggadocious and guarded about their particular formulas for mixing ratios of flour. Some produced hard, crusty loaves, while others produced delicately soft pastries and cakes. I am not ashamed I had to loosen my belt a notch from the time we entered mistledale until we arrived in Ashabenford.

independent; each town or village we came across seemed to govern itself, police itself, and protect itself from outside threats. I never once saw a single banner of a lord or crest of a king. Yet, to call these lands unimportant would be a terrible oversight. Indeed, the Dalelands are arguably the breadbasket for the entirety of the Western Heartlands.

When we stopped in a small, seemingly nameless hamlet only known as “home” to its residents, an old man spied me taking my notes and making sketches of the flora and fauna we had passed by. He warned us not to stray from the road as we traveled eastward lest we find ourselves in the Barrowfield. Of course, I couldn’t simply leave things as they were! I had to ask him what the Barrowfield was, and why we were not to travel through it.

The Barrowfield, as he claimed it, was a land of ancient burial mounds. Some say that it was where they laid rest the Dalesmen who died before the signing of the Dales Compact, while others claimed it was the ceremonial resting place of ancient Netherese warrior-wizards. Both of these legends filled me with only more questions, though the old man who warned us of the Barrowfield had begun to trail off into quiet muttering, staring off into the distance, his mind seeming to drift into a place where I imagine he was seeing the warrior-wizards battling on the dales before his very eyes. Knowing I’d receive no further answers, we continued on.

Of course we strayed from the road. I could hardly call myself an adventurer if we didn’t, knowing what we knew.

The Barrowlands were, in essence, a haunting place to be. I could not tell you whether or not it was truly haunted, but when we arrived in the early morning, I felt a gentle chill surround me. The Barrowlands were a misty glade of maybe a dozen or more hills, sharply sloping up and down. The space between them was filled with fog, like hazy rivers almost, and the crowns of the hills were dotted with small trees here and there. If there were indeed tombs under these mounds, and if they had ever had entrances, they were long buried by the ravages of time. This was not a place that we would stay to explore, but instead, an incredible sight that we took in, silently, before we continued our eastward walk.

It took us five days to travel from one end of the Mistledale to the other. We were told the stretch was a hundred miles across, and given the stops we made for rest and to let Arclath purchase every manner of fresh baked good you could imagine, I believe that measurement to be true. After half a tenday had passed, we found ourselves arriving in Ashabenford.

Though Ashabenford was by no means a city, it felt enormous by comparison to the places we'd passed through to arrive here. As it turned out, we were arriving at an especially busy time for Ashabenford, when the Council of Six would be meeting. The Council of Six comprised six representatives from across Mistledale who would come together each season and decide amongst themselves who would represent them on the Dales Council, and furthermore, organize the annual council meetings within Ashabenford. Once upon a time, the Dales Council meetings shifted from dale to dale, but now Ashabenford exists as the permanent locale. I wondered, of course, what would cause tradition to change? Why would these other dales be willing to form a permanent seat of power within Mistledale?

The change was apparently many years in the making. The Dales Council is one of Faerûn's oldest organizations still in existence. In fact, the "DR" in our calendar refers to Dalereckoning, measuring a time from when the elves of Cormanthor and the humans of the dales erected a Standing Stone to commemorate their pact, allowing the humans to farm the dales freely as long as they did not impede on the elves' forest lands. This Standing Stone was destroyed in 1374 DR, but the people of Ashabenford re-built it fifty years later, to reaffirm the unity of the Dales Council and their pact with Myth Drannor.

Arclath and I traveled south of Ashabenford to see the Standing Stone for ourselves. It was not a very long walk, but we could tell it was a road not often traveled. The Standing Stone as we found it was set in a quiet clearing in the woods, with several stone benches installed around it, likely furnished for ceremonies or important meetings. The Standing Stone itself was a gorgeous, glossy dark-gray monolith, that stood twenty feet tall by my estimation. Its surface was etched with elvish runes, and though the dialect was rather old and out of fashion, it seemed to detail the terms of the pact that elves and humans had agreed upon so long ago.

As I gazed at the monolith, my great-great-grandfather's memories nagged at the back of my mind. They were easy to ignore at first, but they became more loud and jarring the longer I looked at the monument. I could not imagine why I was feeling so much annoyance; I was certain Elminster had never visited this iteration of the Standing Stone, but to even see it was conjuring up his memories of its predecessor.

My great-great-grandfather, a resident of Shadowvale, had apparently drawn the ire of the

Archenriders, the standing army of Archendale, so much so that they'd posted a bounty of twenty-five gold pieces for anyone able to provide information that might be embarrassing to Elminster. My ancestor responded in a most embarrassing way, and my memory of it was so vivid that I could see it before my very eyes. Floating before the Standing Stone, at the center of all trade throughout the dales, was a glowing scroll which read "List of humble folk in Archendale", and then, nothing but blank space.

## Shining Plains



Arclath and I paid a visit to Ormath, a beautiful but militant city at the edge of the Shining Plains. Though the heavy military patrols and guards made Arclath uncomfortable, I wasn't leaving until we'd had the opportunity to visit the Tower of Skulls, an important religious center for worshipers of Kelemvor. The tower has been a training location for priests and doomguides of the Lord of the Dead, and I found a quiet, solemn beauty in a place like this. Just as we were preparing to leave the Tower of Skulls, we were stopped and moved out of the path by the priests to make way for a procession bringing bodies into the temple. Ormath guards were carrying eight bodies wrapped in gray shrouds.

"Elven merchants," I heard one of the acolytes whisper quietly to another, "They were trying to avoid paying tribute to the Wemics, so they traveled too far south into the Rushing Hills."

"The Rushing Hills?" a student embalmer asked, "Don't they know the thri-kreen consider elves a delicacy?"

I could tell that Arclath's curiosity was piqued, and he was about to ask them for further details, before the mother superior of the tower grasped both students by their ears and drug them into a nearby room to give them a verbal thrashing about their disrespect in the presence of the dead. Arclath and I both bit our tongues and let the procession pass us by in silence.

Once we'd left the Tower of Skulls, we were practically bursting with questions about the situation. Of course, the first place we went for answers was a tavern, and we were barely two sips into our first ale by the time we had our answers. For the first time in nearly a hundred years, the wemics of the Shining Plains were demanding tribute from caravans traveling on the road between Ormath and Lheshayl. No one knew precisely why the wemics suddenly decided to throw their considerable weight around, but copper-pinching merchants were getting themselves into a lot of trouble by either refusing to pay, or trying to avoid the wemics altogether.

However, one half-orc merchant piped up. The merchant, who wore a finely smithed silver cap on the end of each of his tusks and went by the somewhat imaginative nickname "Silvertusk", said he'd paid their tribute and peacefully led his caravan along the road without incident. Silvertusk even showed us a strange token that the wemics had given him. It was an artfully carved piece of fruit, though it was already beginning to deteriorate to the point that its presence on the table was somewhat unpleasant. This was a mark of free passage to show that he'd already paid his tribute, but it clearly wouldn't get him through his returning journey to Lheshayl. Silvertusk didn't seem to mind paying their tribute, and he even joked he was going to start charging more for his wares now that the other caravans were coming up short.

As we hoped to travel west across the Shining Plains, Arclath and I decided it would be prudent to travel in Silvertusk's company, if he would have us. After hearing that I was publishing my travelogue, and with the promise that I'd mention him favorably, Silvertusk agreed to let us travel with him without charging us for our part of the wemic's tribute.

We set out at dawn with the sun at our backs. Words cannot describe the sheer beauty of the Shining Plains under the rays of the early morning sun. The tall grasses looked like waves of golden threads blowing in the breeze. I've seen greater writers than myself struggling to describe the immaculate glory of an elven maiden's blonde tresses, or the shimmering gown of a royal as it flows across a ballroom floor, and yet here I am trying to find ways to describe something altogether more beautiful, crafted by nature itself.

A little past noon, just as the sun was beginning to cast its glare in our gaze, one of Silvertusk's guards called out that something was moving in the grass. The train of wagons quickly came to a stop, and Silvertusk climbed down from his seat, seemingly well aware of what was about to happen. He ordered his guards to lower their weapons as he moved to the front of the wagon train, with his own hands held aloft.

The tall grasses swayed, and from them emerged the predators who had laid in wait until now. I had been told wemic were similar to centaurs, but I was unprepared for what I saw. The leader of this wemic pride had the body of a large, muscular lion with wide-set paws, and where one would expect its head to be was instead the torso of a broad-shouldered man. His head was wreathed with a thick mane, not entirely unlike hair and a beard, but clearly more the look of a lion than a man. With a spear in one hand and a shield in the other, the wemic pride leader approached Silvertusk.

Although Silvertusk had struck me as a clever merchant, and never one to overpay, there was no haggling to be done. He knew precisely how much the wemics would ask for, and he paid their price without complaint. In return, another wemic approached and gave Silvertusk a piece of carved fruit, with a decidedly different design from the last one he'd received, in addition to being firm and fresh. This token would surely see him through to Lheshayl, and show the other wemics that they had already paid their fee.

That night we made camp in a clearing to the side of the road. It was easy to tell that this clearing among the grasses was well used for this very purpose; we could see wagon tracks, flattened spaces where tents had likely been laid out, and a circle of rocks remained around a mixture of dirt and ashes, likely from a camp made just the night before. After we'd settled in and a pot of trail stew was boiling over the fire, I began to notice the sounds of distant drums to the north. They were so faint that I imagine

### SILVERTUSK'S SPLENDID SHIPPING

Through rain or shine, in caves or mines!  
Through goblin hordes or bandit swords!  
Through living spells or criminal cartels!  
When it absolutely, positively, has to be there  
within a tenday, trust your shipments to

**SILVERTUSK'S CARAVANS.**





I might not have heard them at all if the wind had been blowing from a different direction.

I mulled over the thought of investigating for nearly an hour before I brought it up to Arclath and Silvertusk. The idea of seeking out what were most likely wemics at their own homes in the middle of the night was inconceivable to Arclath, but Silvertusk took my idea with a bit more calm and composure. As much as I'd already composed the idea of him being a shrewd businessman in my own mind, I think he'd already come to understand that I had an adventurer's heart, and an insatiable curiosity.

Silvertusk warned me that they'd be breaking camp and moving on at dawn regardless of whether or not we were back, and that we should have our own money on hand in case we were asked to pay tribute, because he couldn't give us his token of passage. I thanked him for his help, and gently convinced a worried Arclath that everything would be okay. Truth be told, I don't know why I assumed everything would be okay besides the fact I was too excited to see the wemic culture to pay attention to the concerns.

We walked north for some time through the tall grass, and we did so without trying to quiet our steps. The last thing I wanted to do was surprise anyone with our presence. Soon, the drumbeats were upon us, and it came as no shock to me when we stepped out of the grass and found ourselves face to face with two heavily armed wemic men. Beyond them I could see the looks of a massive gathering, a camp maybe a thousand strong, with wemic women chanting around campfires, wild hogs roasting on spits, and wemic cubs running and chasing one another. I explained to the wemics that I was a writer, and my only goal was to learn more about

their people and what they were doing out here. Ten minutes, and a heavy purse of coin later, and the wemics cautiously allowed us into their camp.

That night, Arclath and I learned that we were in the midst of the celebration of remembrance being held for King Grothgroll, the greatest wemic king in history, who led a tribe of 12,000. Though the modern Tenpaw tribe had shrunk to a tenth of that size, they still remembered their great leader who had claimed the entirety of the Shining Plains as his own land. As it turns out, demanding tribute from caravans traveling east and west across the plains was King Grothgroll's own strategy. The wemics only planned to continue doing so for a month, in honor of their greatest king. After all, if the merchants of Ormath and Lheshayl became too incensed by the tribute demands, their militaries would likely organize retribution, and the wemics didn't want that kind of trouble.

The dawn came and went, and Arclath and I remained in the company of the wemics for a day, watching their women hunt and care for the cubs, while the men watched over the Tenpaw tribe as guardians, not unlike a pride of lions. We found them to be intensely spiritual people, their shamans communicating with the land, and even thanking the carcasses of the animals they collected on their hunts. No part of a creature they hunted was left to waste.

Though the trip to Lheshayl was significantly slower on foot, we arrived into the welcoming arms of Silvertusk, who quite literally lifted us both off of our sore feet with a hug. Though I understood his worry for us, and we were exhausted from the journey, I was still thrilled to have been a part of a once-in-a-century experience.

# Between Adventures

The grasslands of Faerûn hold within them a bounty of unassuming wealth and plenty. The following section details a downtime activity which you can participate in to gather the flora of specific regions. Of course, these roots and herbs are not only found in the wild; they can be used to populate marketplaces, act as quest hooks, or simply add another element of depth to an environment. Some even function as spellcasting components to improve spells or can be used in the crafting of weapons and equipment.

## Downtime Activity: Gathering Plants Expedition

The world is a wealth of natural resources, and it only takes a keen mind and a bit of regional knowledge to collect its bounty.

**Resources.** An expedition to gather resources and materials takes a workweek from planning to completion. Part of this time is spent gathering information about what types of plants can be found in the region, and how difficult they are to find. Each of the plants on the Regional Flora table designates the regions of Faerûn in which they are most commonly found, and their DC.

**Resolution.** The character must make a series of checks, with the DC for all checks determined by the plant the character is searching for: the character's choice of Intelligence (Nature) or Wisdom (Survival), Intelligence (Investigation) or Wisdom (Perception), and a Wisdom check using an herbalism kit, or an Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies. If the plant is poisonous, they can use an Intelligence or Wisdom check using a poisoner's kit instead.

If none of the checks are successful, the character becomes lost and is on the expedition for an additional tenday.

If only one check is successful, the character never finds their bounty but returns as expected.

If two checks are successful, the expedition is a partial success, netting the character 1d4 units of the plant they sought after.

If all three checks are successful, the expedition returns 1d4 + 3 units of the plant they sought after.

Whether the expedition is a success or a failure, all is not lost. Roll an additional d6 and consult the Mundane Flora table, to determine if anything else was found.

## MUNDANE FLORA

### d6 Reward

- 1 Nothing of value was found, and roll on the Expedition Complication Table.
- 2 Nothing of value was found.
- 3 5 gp worth of herbs and materials were found.
- 4 10 gp worth of herbs and materials were found.
- 5 25 gp worth of herbs and materials were found.
- 6 25 gp worth of herbs and materials were found, and one unit of one of a unique flora that can be found in the region (determined by the DM).

## EXPEDITION COMPLICATION TABLE

### d6 Complication

- 1 The trail you were following is not where you thought it was, adding two days to your expedition.
- 2 A persuasive and intrusive bard meets you on your journey and insists that, because you overheard his music, you owe him compensation.
- 3 In the dead hours of the night, your packs are ransacked by local fauna, leaving you with half as many provisions as are required to complete the expedition.
- 4 It is too early or late in the season for the plant to have its clear indicators, making it nearly impossible to find.
- 5 You encounter an aggressive band of beasts local to the region.
- 6 A weary traveler stops you, asking for food and water.

# REGIONAL FLORA TABLE

	Bison-gourd Arkas	Bittergar Bush	Calling Reed	Dunthel	Goblinbery Ghostreed	Harithorn	Kluldur	Mandrake	Naevur	Oeburlike	Qanneth	Sarruth	Vaugue	Vundwood	Windapple Vurk	Wuthdar	Yamril	
Aglarond		✓	✓						✓		✓						✓	✓
Amn								✓				✓	✓					
Anauroch						✓												
Beastlands	✓		✓			✓			✓		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓
Calimshan									✓			✓	✓					✓
Chessentea			✓	✓		✓			✓		✓					✓	✓	✓
Chondath			✓	✓					✓		✓					✓	✓	✓
Cormanthor		✓							✓					✓			✓	✓
Cormyr		✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓					✓	✓		✓	✓
Damara			✓			✓			✓		✓					✓	✓	✓
Dambrath	✓		✓			✓			✓	✓	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓
Elfharrow			✓			✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	
Forest of Amtar	✓																	
Great Glacier																		
Halruaa			✓						✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓
Hordelands	✓	✓	✓			✓			✓		✓					✓	✓	✓
Jungles of Chult										✓	✓	✓						✓
Lantan			✓						✓	✓	✓	✓	✓					
Lapaliya			✓			✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓
Luiren	✓		✓						✓		✓					✓	✓	✓
Mhair Jungles										✓	✓							✓
Moonshea Isles			✓					✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				✓	✓
Mulhorand	✓		✓			✓			✓							✓	✓	✓
Murghôm			✓			✓			✓							✓	✓	✓
Narfell											✓					✓		
Neverwinter			✓		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓
Plains of Purple Dust												✓	✓			✓		
Samarach			✓			✓			✓		✓					✓	✓	✓
Semia		✓	✓	✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓
Silver Marches			✓		✓	✓			✓								✓	
Tethyr			✓		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓
Thay		✓	✓						✓						✓		✓	✓
The Dragon Coast		✓	✓	✓		✓			✓		✓				✓		✓	✓
The Great Dale		✓	✓			✓			✓		✓				✓	✓	✓	✓
The High Forest					✓		✓	✓										✓
The High Moor		✓	✓	✓				✓	✓	✓				✓			✓	✓
The Shaar	✓		✓			✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
The Shining Plains		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
The Wealdath								✓	✓		✓							✓
The Western Heartlands		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
Thesk		✓	✓			✓			✓		✓						✓	✓
Thindol			✓			✓			✓	✓	✓					✓	✓	✓
Turmish																		
Tymanther			✓			✓			✓			✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Unther			✓	✓		✓			✓				✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
Vaasa			✓						✓						✓		✓	

## Flora

Presented in this section are details of some of the exotic flora you can find within Faerûn's grasslands. The regional flora table in the previous section will detail where they can be found in the wild, and the following section and table provides the details about the flora and their measures and values.

### Flora: Grasslands

Below is a table which lists each plant included in this book, sorted alphabetically. Each plant has a quantity of material and a gold cost associated with that quantity. The costs listed are for high quality and adventurer-grade examples of each material.

Flora	Unit	Value
Arkas	1 lb bale of grass	10 gp
Bison-gourd	a dozen fruiting flowers	15 sp per fruit
	a tenday's supply of repellent	1 gp
Bittergar Bush	1 lb of leaves (drace)	10 sp
Calling Reed	one intact reed	25 gp
Dunthel	10 lbs of berries	50 sp
Ghostreed	5 flowers	250 gp
Goblinberry Bush	1 bush of 50 berries	25 gp
Harlthorn	10 lbs of thorns	25 sp per lb
Kluldur	6 intact plants (30 needles and 6 seedhead vials)	1 sp per needle, 2 gp per seedhead vial
Mandrake	1 root	750 gp

Naevur	12 plants	2 sp per plant
	a half litre of dye (12 plants worth)	50 sp
Oeburlike	10 lbs of carefully bundled grass	50 sp
Qanneth	10 lbs of hearty roots	50 sp
Sarruth	10 lbs of leaves	1 gp
Vauge	25 lb of leaves	25 cp
Vundwood	1 log weighing 25 lbs	5 cp
	1 pristine log	250 gp
Vurk	1 litre of reduced vurk	1 gp
Windapple Tree	a dozen windapples	10 gp
	5 lbs of windapple heartwood	10 gp
	1 silver windapple tree flower	10 gp
Wuthdrar	10 lbs of leaves (enough for 10 doses)	75 sp per dose of distillate
Yamril	one intact flower	10 gp per fresh flower

#### MATERIALS: UNITS

When gathering flora, the useful part of the plant varies. In the case of a flower, it might be each individual seed; or in the case of a tree, it could be cords of burl or specific cuts of lumber. The units and values shown here represent what is usefully gathered by a small adventuring band, which is likely far less than the amount of units a major lumbering organization can procure within a tenday.

### *Arkas*

This non-distinctive looking grass grows 3 to 4 feet tall and exclusively covers the grasslands around Dambrath. It is used as livestock feed for beasts of burden and horses, and played a key role in the husbandry of the Dambraii—a breed of superior quality horses from the Dambrath region.

A horse that is fed a meal of arkas grass for the first time has its movement speed increased by 10 feet, a +1 bonus to its armor class, and can travel at a fast pace for twice as long without suffering the effects of exhaustion. This lasts 24 hours. When a horse is fed arkas grass every day for a tenday, this effect lasts one month. If fed every day for a month, the effect lasts for one year, and if fed every day for one year, the effect is permanent as long as the horse consumes some arkas grass every year. If not, the effects fade over the next month.

A horse that has become demonstrably improved by arkas grass in this way permanently will sell for no less than 3650 gp more than a normal horse of its breed.

### *Bison-gourd*

This vine-running plant can be found all throughout the hills and plains of the western heartlands and stretching all across the areas along the north of the Sea of Fallen Stars and into the Hordelands. A large concentration of the plant can be found near the Battle of Bones, on the Hill of Lost Souls and the surrounding Pelleor's Prairie; which is not unusual as the area is particularly fertile due to its history.

Each vine can reach a length of several dozen feet, meaning a typical cluster of bison-gourd will provide significant ground cover over a large area. Along the twisting vine are small waxy leaves that terminate in a broad point, and several large yellow trumpet-shaped flowers. Several times throughout a year, these flowers will produce a hefty fruit, just a bit larger than can comfortably fit in the average human hand. The fruit itself is vaguely nutritious and is dense enough in water content to quench a thirst.

However, the valuable part of the plant is the seeds. The oil made from the seeds can produce a scentless natural insect repellent. It takes, on average, a dozen fruit's worth of seeds to create a tenday supply of repellent; which is the standard measure sold in markets all over Faerûn

### *Bittergar Bush*

This short and jagged bush is identified by its thin, milk-filled stalks and prickle-covered foliage and stems. It grows in all regions of Faerûn, thriving in all but the most water-deprived lands. The bush is well protected from the herbivores that roam the open country where it is most plentiful. Even if the creature can withstand the painful and uncomfortable prickling, the taste of the leaves is—as the name describes—overwhelmingly bitter and unpalatable. However, when cooked the leaves lose their bitterness and can be added to warmed meals like stews and soups. This process thickens any watery bases and adds a satisfying mouthfeel and flavor to the food.

### *Calling Reeds*

There exists along the western heartlands a kind of rough, stalky plant that grows in clusters of one to four where some ponds, lakes, or similar fresh waters meet the land. The rigid, tree sapling-like stem of the calling reed grows to at most a foot high before ending in a hard, bitter, and hollow nut at its top.

Calling reeds get their name from their peculiar ability to attract certain kinds of animals directly to the person who blows through the reed's hollow fruit. The kind of animal it attracts depends on the kind of calling reed blown into. There are three known varieties, each of which have a nut with a unique shape and a unique animal it attracts: a horseshoe shape calls horses, a cornucopia for a hawk, and one in the shape of an eye that doesn't have an animal known to answer its call. The latter is used by chesstean soldiers to signal over long distances.

When a reed is blown, it releases a shrill, melodic whistle that carries out 5 miles on a clear day. The item's user must roll a d100 and add their Constitution score to the result. If the result is over 60, then 1d4 of the reed's corresponding animals begin running to the location of the call. Druids and rangers can roll the d100 twice and pick the result they want to use. A DM can adjust the target of this roll to adjust for situational difficulties, or deem it is impossible for a target animal to hear the call in a given location.

### *Dunthel (Handbush)*

This ground-hugging, olive-hued bush spreads like a vine, but throws trunks down to root in the ground. It then shoots trios and quartets of branches up from each trunk that spread out horizontally once they're about a human hand thickness above existing branches of the bush. Each branch sprouts "hands" (clusters of five long oval leaves arranged like the digits of a human hand), and at the base of each hand, on the underside of the bush, will be a cluster of 2-8 (2d4) small, round dun- or tan-hued berries (like beige peas). These taste like almonds, keep seemingly forever without spoiling, and are not just edible, they're nourishing trail food and have sustained many hungry wayfarers.

Dunthel bushes grow in profusion all over the Heartlands and Sword Coast North, in grasslands, especially where fires, digging, or avalanches have recently disturbed the ground.

### *Ghostreed*

This reed grows roughly in the shape of bamboo, but appears translucent. It sways in the wind like a blade of grass, though it is insubstantial—one's hand passes straight through the plant. When the wind blows, travelers claim hearing sorrowful wails from the reeds. The truth of ghostreed is that the plant exists only tangentially in the Material Plane. The plant's body exists in the border ethereal, strewn equally about the plains of Faerûn. When viewed from their native plane, the reeds are sturdy as a tree and black as jet, with wavering wisps of white hanging from the lips of its bamboo-like divisions.

These ghostreeds produce haunting five-petaled flowers, which begin a dark gray from their center and transition into a pale pink. One plant produces maybe 5 flowers a year, and each releases clouds of twinkling tear-like seeds that float away on the winds of the Ethereal Plane. Should the seed fall on the ground in a place corresponding to the corpse of the creature on the Material Plane, it will grow into a plant as tall as the creature was in life. For this reason, the sites of battlefields and graveyards near grassland often become forests of ghostreeds.

It is said that cutting a root down will cause the dying thoughts of the creature it sprouted from to echo in the vicinity. This led many cultures to treat disturbing ghostreeds as equivalent to graverobbing or necromancy.

A mage can use five flowers of a ghostreed plant as a material component for the *Speak with Dead* spell, consuming the flowers in the process. When done so, the target of the spell can be asked two

more questions, and the caster can choose to return the creature's soul to its body, instead of only its animating spirit. Thus, the creature's spirit can learn new information from the interaction, and can speculate about future events.

### *Goblinberry Bush*

Growing in the outskirts of the Battle of Bones, this berry bush got its name from the tactics of the goblinoids that used to live in the area prior to the war. The dense, dark green leaves of this small bush, combined with its silvery, distracting undersides made the bush ideal locations from which goblins could ambush gatherers.

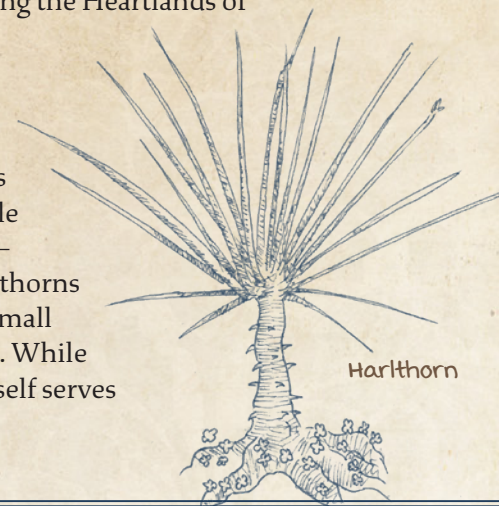
People sought its dark-red berries for use as an astringent. The berry's juices can be gently applied to wounds to cause the muscles to contract around them, and slow bleeding. A creature with proficiency in the Medicine skill can take the Use an Object action to sparingly apply the juice of 5 berries to a creature with 0 hit points by, stabilizing them.

If more than 5 berries' worth of juice is applied to a creature within an hour, or if the creature ingests a berry, the creature begins to suffocate as the juices cause its throat to close. At the end of every minute, the creature can attempt a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, ending the suffocation on a success. The creature has disadvantage on this saving throw if they ingested the berry or if they had more than 10 berries worth of juice applied to them within the past hour. Any effect that would cure poison also causes the suffocation to end.

Daring folks have turned a diluted form of the juice into a tasty drink. Knot Cider is known to leave the body extremely tense after drinking it, but then causes it to relax in an extremely pleasing way. One can find a case of the stuff in any of the towns off the River Reaching (save Elturel) for 120 gold pieces, or one bottle for 12 gold pieces.

### *Harlthorn*

Commonly found among the Heartlands of Faerûn, the harlthorn bush is distinctive for being twice as tall as surrounding grasses—with many sparse stalks originating from a single trunk and root system—covered in gray-brown thorns and terminating with small pink and white flowers. While distinctive, the plant itself serves

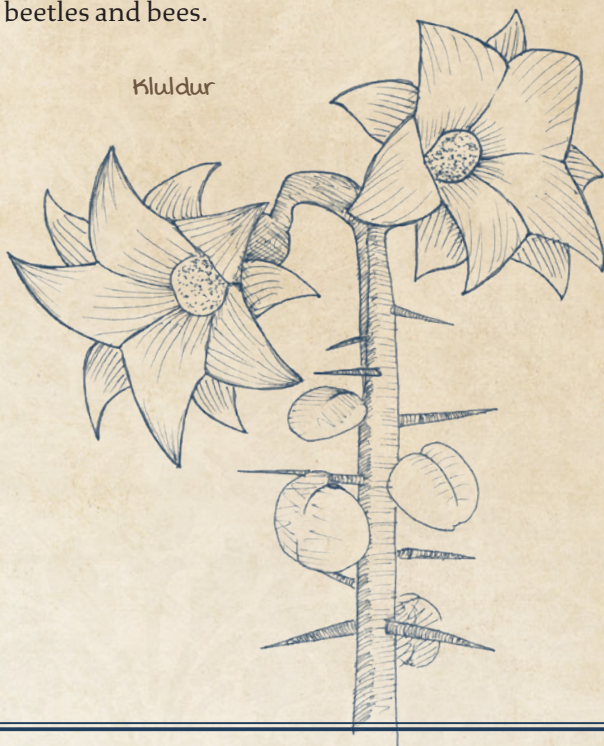


little more purpose than to attract a variety of bees, beetles, and other winged insects to gather pollen from the upset bell shaped flowers.

The thorns themselves are curved and long (about 1 inch at their longest), but break easily from the stalk. Each thorn contains a small amount of a milky substance that, when boiled down, act to stabilize other distillates. The most common of which is a mixture with wuthdrar (or hoof-leaf) into a potent mood settling tonic that can ease sleep and fend off delirium.

### *Kluldur (Redthorn)*

This tall (waist-high for most adult humans, when mature), maroon-hued grasslands wildflower can be found all over the Sword Coast North, and throughout the Heartlands as far south as the Lake of Steam, wherever local conditions are less harsh than desert or cold, and requires high-elevation bare rock. Kluldur stems have human-hand-length dark red thorns that have been used as sewing needles and pins for centuries, surrounding their maroon overlapping-triangular-petaled blossoms. At the center of a kluldur blossom is a poppy-like seed head that (if plucked, and the seeds dug out and discarded) will dry into a small gourd that (with the addition of a suitable stopper, usually a stone or twig) serves as a small vial for potions, ointments, and other liquids. These natural containers have been used for centuries, and many prefer them to glass, as they will split but not shatter, and do so after harder falls and more abuse than glass. Kluldur is inedible, and has never been successfully cultivated by sentient desiring their own “vial garden;” its seeds are only successfully germinated and spread by beetles and bees.



SHIAH “CINDER” IRGANGLADEN

### *Mandrake*

Written about in countless myths, legends, and unscrupulous tomes of medicine, there is much confusion about the mandragora root, known colloquially as mandrake. Above the soil, the mandrake resembles a small, lush bush of long leaves stemming from a single point. Below the ground, the plant is a tuberous root whose appearance fluctuates based on the plant's stage of life, detailed in the Mandragora Life Cycle Table below. Part of the mystique of the mandrake is that, above ground, the plant's surface appearance remains the same for the majority of its life while the roots shift wildly. Indeed, the presence of its small, yellow-crested milky-white flowers are the only way to tell whether a plant is older than a year. It produces small winged seeds that float on strong winds, sprouting only if they land in an area of exceptional fertility.

#### MANDRAGORA LIFE CYCLE

Stage	Age Range	Root description
Sprout	3 months or less	a brown beet, with two lobes at its bottom
Young	4-12 months	a brown beet grown into the shape of a slumbering human infant
Mature	1-12 years	a dark-brown tendrilled root grown into the shape of an adult human in agony
Old	13 years or more	A light-brown tendrilled root grown into the shape of a peaceful elder human

While a sprout, the plant seems entirely bland and mundane. Young and adult mandrakes are the most dangerous: should a creature pick such a mandrake from the earth, its face will contort and awaken, and begin to cry a deathly wail. All creatures within 30 feet of the plant (except undead and constructs) are forced to make a DC13 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the creature dies. Old mandrakes are picked without worry.

A sprout mandrake is useless as anything but a disappointing meal, but a young one can be fashioned into a panacea. Over the course of a month, a creature proficient in alchemist's supplies can distill the root with the heart of a creature that had the regeneration trait into a terracotta-colored potion that functions both as a *potion of vitality* and a *potion of longevity*. A mature mandrake can be offered as a material component when casting a spell that summons a fiend to make the creature friendly to you, as fiends covet it. When an old mandrake is distilled for a month, it produces a *potion of flying*, instead.

## *Naevur*

This bright yellow, tall, four-petaled wildflower yields a vivid, lasting yellow dye when boiled, and a yellow “skin paint” when the petals are crushed by a wayfarer’s fingers (and so, bruised in contact with slight moisture and warmth). As a result, naevur is much used for marks and messages, finger-painted on rocks and tree trunks. In full sun, these marks last only a few days unless combined with smeared blood (which makes them persist for a year or more), but if in shade, they last for months. Naevur marks don’t wash off in rain or when covered by snow, ice, or standing water, so naevur is very useful as a writing tool. Naevur can be boiled into a tea, but yields little nourishment and a rather flat almond-like taste. Naevur grows wild in open grasslands, especially hilly country and where soil is poor, from the hot jungles north to the southern edge of the Evermoors, and from the Sword Coast to the eastern edge of the Shaar.

## *Oeburlike (Daggerspike Grass)*

This slate-gray grass grows in clumps, each clump having a fringe of short broad triangular leaves around a core of one to three tall central blades of grass that look like stiletto daggers stood on pommel-end, quillons and all. Daggerspike grass is flesh-cuttingly sharp, withstands extreme temperatures and poor soil, reproduces wildly when soaked by extensive downpours (but not snow, ice, or other below-freezing precipitation), is inedible

(and incredibly bitter to taste), but will burn no matter how wet or cold conditions are if brought into contact with a spark or flame. Harvested oeburlike has started many campfires and signal fires, and even been the entire fuel of more than a few through the years.

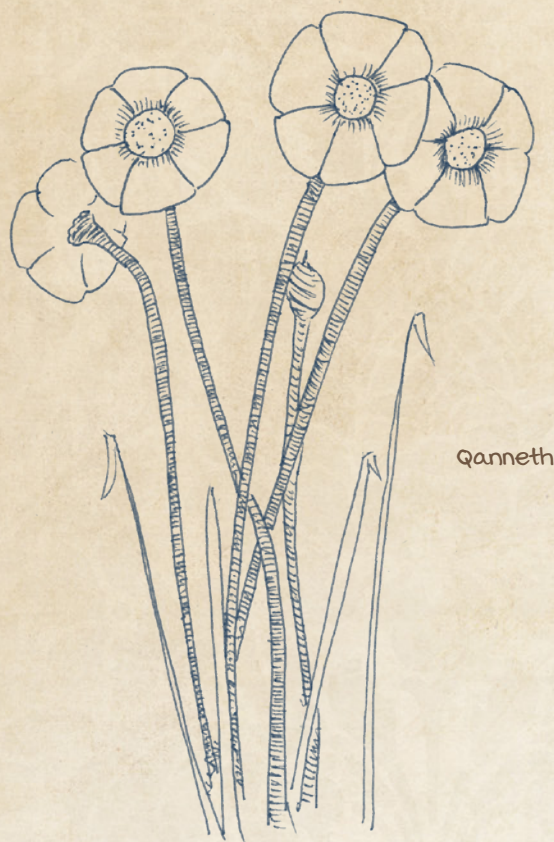
Daggerspike grass is commonly used as a component in primitive traps, either by hanging it in a net from a tree and releasing it on unsuspecting intruders or as a filling material for pitfall traps.

## *Qanneth (pronounced “Kan-neth”)*

This sky-blue, six-petaled wildflower grows in open, sunny grasslands from Rivermoot and the Nether Mountains south to the northern edge of the hot jungles of Chult, and from the islands off the coast of Faerûn (such as Mintarn and the Nelanther) east to Raurin. It grows in clusters of round blossoms, each adult-human-palm-sized or less, and can be distinguished from other blue wildflowers by its blood-red stem, which softens in hue to orange when it reaches below the frostline. The qanneth flower is edible but fairly tasteless, and not nourishing; the usefulness of this wildflower to wayfarers lies in where it’s found, and why. Qanneth has very deep roots, which plunge down to the water table, which means that digging wherever a cluster of qanneth blossoms can be seen (and it blooms from late spring until the winter snows) will eventually, when deep enough, yield drinking water. Moreover, the root is tough and remains



Oeburlike



Qanneth



supple for days so it can be used by travelers as cord for binding or lashing packsacks, loads, and the like, for belts to hold breeches up, and even as a climbing rope (typically supporting the weight of up to four adult humans at a time; it stretches with an alarming groan ere breaking, and so gives warning).

### *Sarruth*

Sarruth bushes grow wild up and down the Sword Coast from Fireshear to Tashluta, and east across the Heartlands as far as Raurin in open country (grasslands). These bushes can be readily recognized for their broad blue-green leaves, which have jagged edges and come to a sharp point; few other bushes have such greenery. If at least six good-sized leaves are boiled in any ditch water (it need not be clean), they will boil down to a translucent jelly. If this is used liberally to coat all sides of raw meat, hide, monster entrails and organs, or even entire corpses, it will keep for a tenday mimicking the effect of the spell *gentle repose* (and the coating doesn't render it inedible). This treatment can be renewed to last longer. Wise adventurers harvest and carry sarruth leaves that wither slowly but remain effective until entirely desiccated (which can take a month, if kept out of the sun or away from heat), and use them to preserve monster trophies and body parts for transport to markets.

### *Vauge*

This wild, leafy weed is native to the Shaar region. It became especially proliferate during and after the spellplague, as many of the other flora of the region died out due to the transformation into the shaar desolation while the hearty weed survived.

Vauge, or voj-weed as it was known by survivors of the destruction of Khôltar, grows radially in small clumps low to the ground, roughly 1 foot in diameter. Each of the plant's leaves (which look like a blade of grass) is broad, a dark green-blue color, and has a tough exterior that can endure the footfalls of the many herd creatures that roam the Shaar.

The plant itself is relatively unremarkable, but when the exterior of the leaf is broken (typically by crushing it under a textured stone rolling pin), a thick sap oozes from the fractured hide. This broken leaf and sap mixture is steeped in hot water and brewed into Vauge tea, a popular drink on cold nights with a sweet but earthy taste. In the tradition of Khôltar, Vauge tea is given freely at establishments that serve it, as long as the patron provides their own cup.

### *Vundwood*

These short, 15 foot tall trees are abundant along the grasslands of the Sword Coast and its neighboring regions, as well as in the Tunlands of Cormyr. Their bark is dark red, and easy to peel, making them ideal targets for wood-eating insects. Their leaves are pale green with white edges that line the rim like licks of flame, but the entire leaf takes a yellowish tint as winter approaches, or as the tree approaches death. Refined Vundwood is an attractive red-brown, and smells of cinnamon.

Vundwood is most often used for firewood or for livestock pens wherever it's found, as its wood dries well and farmers claim its smell tends to pacify the cattle somewhat. The abundant holes found in Vundwood, due to wood-eating insects that favor the tree, mean that carpenters have had to develop a specific, interwoven method of woodworking in order to create structures out of the wood.

Pristine vundwood trees, those unmarred by insects or wildfires, have more mystical uses. Such trees are sought by arcanists and priests during the crafting of magic items with few, non-rechargeable charges. Such objects made of pristine vundwood experienced an arcane echo which could replenish 1d4 of the object's charges every 1d12 months, though the amount of wood required to activate this effect varies from item to item. In the ages before the Spellplague, sages say you could use a log of pristine vundwood to replace the material component of any of the lost spells that had to do with remembering previously prepared spells, or similar forms of recollection.

### *Vurk*

Vurk is a ground-hugging plant that grows in carpet-like colonies of plum-purple soft round leaves that look like puppy tongues, and are about the size of an adult human's fingernails. Vurk can be eaten, but tastes like vinegar and upsets most digestions. Its notable use is when boiled with a little water or dew, over a small fire; it melts down into a sticky purple goo that can be used to fill in breaks or gaps, and seal seams, watertight. Wayfarers often use it to plug leaks in barrels, flasks, weather cloaks, socks, and footwear, and it has even been used to stick fragments of disintegrating finework or garments together into a mass so no pieces will be lost during travel. Vurk grows everywhere in open grassland that doesn't get heavy direct traffic or constant immersion in standing water, from the Tashalar across the Shaar and north to Impiltur, Rashemen, and all of the Heartlands and Sword Coast and Moonsea Norths.

## Windapple Tree

All along the plains of southern and eastern Faerûn, one can occasionally find lonesome trees whose canopy resembles an upside down twister. Its leaves are long and thin, and bear a brownish-green hue, causing the tree to look like a dust storm from a distance whenever the winds are howling. In early spring, the so-called twister trees begin bearing delicate white flowers, which are rigidly attached to their branches by multiple stems. Very rarely, some of these flowers grow silver, instead of white. Among the nomads that wander the plains, these silver flowers are known to symbolize a great return to normalcy, and are usually sought after a great upheaval. In fact, it's said that they bloomed in great quantities in the year following the end of the spellplague.

The defining characteristic of these trees are their fruit, however. The titular windapples are ruddy red, and about the size of a fist. They taste tart, with a sweet kick at the end, making them good for ciders. Windapples grow covered in a thin, beige, paper-like shell, the top of which ends in spiral-like wing-blades. When ready to release from their trees, they do not simply fall to the ground below. Instead, their wings allow them to spin and twirl through the air, bouncing and gliding great distances across the plains of Faerûn. Some have even reported "great hordes" of windapples traveling together. If the shell is ever broken however, the plant only lasts about a tenday before beginning to rot away.

The silver flowers of the windapple trees are useful to those who wish to control the winds. One can choose to use a silver windapple flower as the material component part of a spell meant to manipulate the wind that requires concentration, such as *gust of wind* or *wind wall*. When used this way, the flower is consumed by the spell, but grants the caster advantage on all Concentration checks to maintain the spell.

## Wuthdrar (Hoof-Leaf)

This ground-hugging, broad-leafed vine flourishes in wilderland grasslands everywhere across Faerûn, and can readily be recognized by its rugged puffy and waxy green leaves that have the distinctive shape of a horse's hoof (the heel being where the stem attaches, the frog and sole being where the leaf branches out—and 'puffs' in a concavity—and the hoof wall customarily covered by a horseshoe defining the outer edge or shape of the leaf).

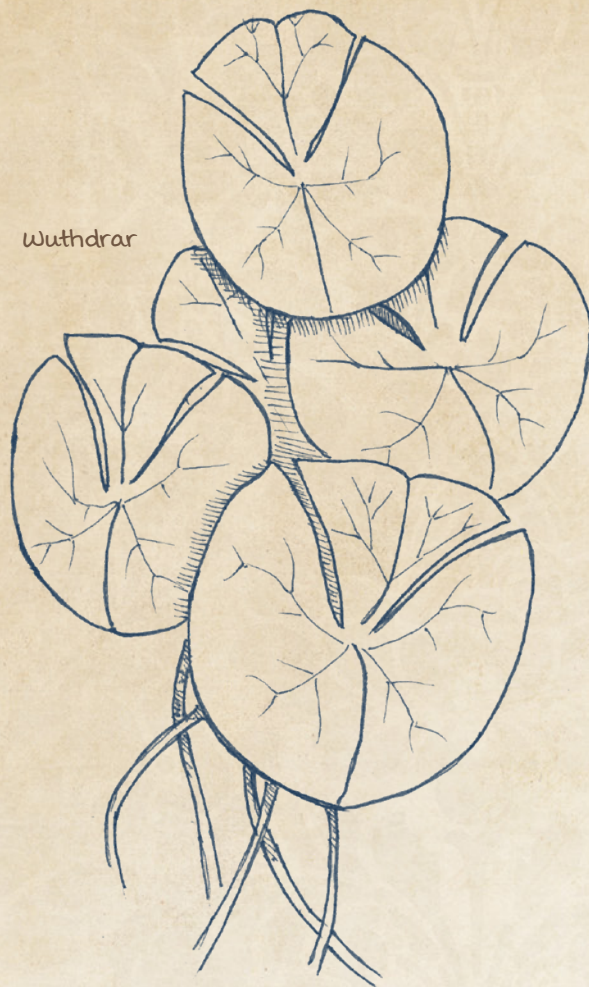
Hoof-leaf is edible but is tasteless, and numbs the lips and mouth of all sentient creatures upon

contact; it readily reseeds itself, germinating through avian and insect activity (both are attracted by the sweetness of its waxy leaf coating). In humans, demi-humans, and humanoids alike, ingesting distillates of boiled hoof-leaf leaves or stems calms all moods and focuses the mind, banishing delirium. Customarily combined in draughts with harlthorn, which stabilizes its effects (and doubles the value of a dose), hoof-leaf aids not just as an inducer of restful sleep and antidepressant, but acts against itches and rashes.

## Yamril

This white, large-blossomed wildflower grows in grasslands everywhere in Faerûn that isn't frozen or parched. It is edible yet neither pleasant nor nourishing, but if plucked and eaten immediately from living state (even stored in a pouch for half a day is too long), it works against infections, taints, blood poisoning, parasites, and illnesses carried in unclean water or infested food. It battles against—but rarely cures—creature poisons, but dysentery and other symptoms of lesser infection it often banishes, conquering the underlying cause. Yamril is growing rare near habitations due to overpicking, but in the deep wilderlands is still plentiful.

Wuthdrar



## Appendix

*Beasts and Monsters*

Roaming wild among the open country of Faerûn are beasts both magical and mundane: from the arkas-grass fed Dambrathii horses to the fey touched pink zebra; from the imposing and alien scathebeasts to the twin-headed huuserpent. Among all these are humanoid creatures living side by side in harmony and mutual respect for the cycles and seasons of the plains.

REGIONAL BEASTS TABLE

	Flower Blight Bisons	Huuserpent	Living Tornado Jaskar	Pink Zebra	Scathebeasts	Wemics	Zhuruda
Aglarond		✓	✓		✓		
Amn			✓				
Anauroch			✓	✓	✓		
Beastlands	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
Calimshan			✓				
Chessentea	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓
Chondath		✓	✓			✓	✓
Cormanthor		✓			✓		
Cormyr		✓	✓				
Damara	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
Dambrath	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Elfharrow			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Forest of Amtar		✓			✓		✓
Great Glacier			✓	✓	✓		
Halruaa			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Hordelands	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		
Jungles of Chult		✓	✓				
Lantan			✓				
Lapaliya			✓	✓	✓	✓	
Luiren		✓			✓	✓	✓
Mhair Jungles		✓	✓				✓
Moonshea Isles		✓			✓		
Mulhorand	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	
Murghôm	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	
Narfell			✓	✓			
Neverwinter		✓	✓				
Plains of Purple Dust				✓	✓	✓	
Samarach			✓	✓	✓		✓
Sembia			✓	✓			
Silver Marches		✓	✓	✓	✓		
Tethyr		✓	✓				
Thay		✓	✓				
The Dragon Coast		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
The Great Dale			✓	✓			✓
The High Forest		✓					
The High Moor			✓				
The Shaar	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
The Shining Plains		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
The Wealdath		✓					
The Western Heartlands		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Thesk			✓	✓	✓	✓	
Thindol			✓	✓	✓	✓	
Turmish				✓	✓		
Tymanther			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Unther			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Vaasa			✓	✓			

## Bison

Bison are one of the largest creatures found roaming across wide open grasslands. Traveling in great herds, their horns and hooves can deliver mighty blows to aggressors. The largest bison herds can number in the thousands, spanning miles as they migrate across the plains. Bison can be temperamental, often threatening and attacking anything that comes too close. When faced with a real threat, herds of bison will form circles around their young, daring the predators to face them.

A bison is seen as a great prize for hunters and outlanders. Their plentiful meat is nourishing and preserves well into jerky. Bison leather and horns are often used for clothing and arrowheads on the plains.

Bison



## Bison

Large beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 11 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 51 (6d10 + 18)

**Speed** 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	8 (-1)	17 (+3)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

**Saving Throws** Str +8

**Skills** Athletics +8

**Senses** passive Perception 11

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Charge.** If the bison moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 9 (2d8) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

### Actions

**Gore.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d8 + 6) bludgeoning damage.

**Kick.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d8 + 6) bludgeoning damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.



Primeval Bison

## Primeval Bison

Huge beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 14 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 125 (10d12 + 60)

**Speed** 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
26 (+8)	8 (-1)	22 (+6)	2 (-4)	16 (+3)	6 (-2)

**Saving Throws** Str +11

**Skills** Athletics +14

**Senses** passive Perception 13

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

**Charge.** If the bison moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 16 (3d10) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 19 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

**Nature's Guardian.** Other friendly beasts within 30 feet of the bison have resistance to damage.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The bison makes one gore attack and one kick attack.

**Gore.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 19 (2d10 + 8) bludgeoning damage.

**Kick.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 14 (1d12 + 8) bludgeoning damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 19 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

**Bolt from the Blue (Recharge 6).** Lightning strikes down from the sky at a point within 30 feet of the bison. Each creature within 5 feet of the point must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw, taking 27 (6d8) lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

## Primeval Bison

Larger and much more ancient than their mundane cousins, primeval bison are mythic beasts imbued with primal magic from before the dawn of civilization. Revered by druids of the plains, living examples of these creatures can often be found decorated with druidic patterns and runes, marking them as a sacred creature. Large herds of regular bison naturally form around them, which share in the primeval guardian's mystic power. Only the

most fierce of predators, or some malevolent force that seeks to harvest the primeval bison, would dare attack such a force of nature.

The large bones of primeval bison hold mystic power. With a DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) check, 2d4 infused bones can be harvested from the creature's corpse. When you cast a spell that is on the druid spell list, you can use one of these infused bones as a material component. If you do, the bones are consumed as part of the casting, and the spell is cast as if you used a spell slot one level higher.



Flower Blight

## Flower Blights

The twisting energies that produce evil blights can sometimes produce more benign creatures. Flower blights serve not to attack, but instead to harness the natural energies of the sun to heal its master and other blights. Alone they are peaceful creatures, but they are compelled to come to the aid of any nearby blights, often making them the most indirectly dangerous of the lot. Sometimes, good-aligned druids can isolate a flower blight and command it to aid them or stand vigil for any lost travelers who might need their assistance.

The petals of flower blights tend to be bright and colorful to better reflect their sunny disposition. Dyes made from their flowers are saturated and vibrant and somewhat more resistant to wear and tear than other dyes. Objects, especially fabrics, colored with the dyes appear radiant in direct sunlight.

## Flower Blight

Small plant, neutral good

**Armor Class** 11

**Hit Points** 11 (2d6 + 4)

**Speed** 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	4 (-3)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

**Damage Vulnerabilities** fire

**Condition Immunities** blinded, deafened

**Senses** blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 10

**Languages** understands Common but can't speak

**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

**False Appearance.** While the blight remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a cluster of flowers.

**Photosynthesis.** If the blight starts its turn in direct sunlight, it gains 4 (1d8) temporary hit points.

### Actions

**Bloom.** The blight magically emanates positive energy within a 10-foot radius of it. Each creature of the blight's choice within the area gains 4 (1d8) temporary hit points. If an affected creature is a plant, it also regains 5 (2d4) hit points.

## Huuserpent

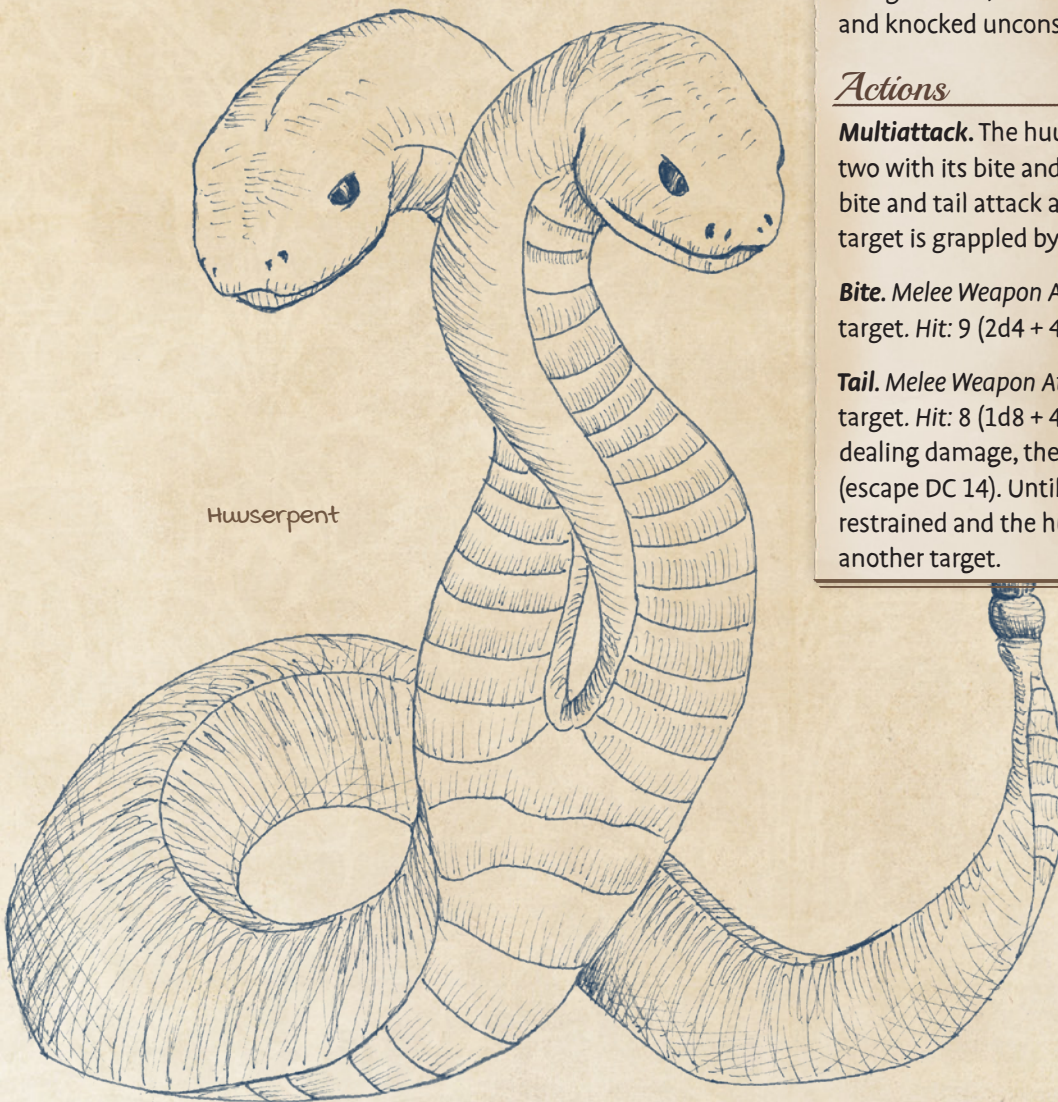
(pronounced "Hoo-serpent")

Huuserpents are aggressive, predatory two-headed snakes found in grasslands all over Faerûn. Their scales match the hues of the surroundings they are born in (and so, tend to be darker and grayer in colder, more northerly locales, and more golden in warmer, southerly regions). The warmer their surroundings, the longer they live and larger they grow. Huuserpents are warm-blooded, despite their reptilian looks, and so neither hibernate nor go into torpor if they don't want to (they can, in hard winters or when food is scarce; more often, they go down into the Underdark and remain active hunters, year-round).

Huuserpents have no venom, and kill by constricting and then swallowing and absorbing small prey, excreting only bones and hair. They have powerful fanged (non-poisonous) bites, and tail 'stings' that are really tail-end bone spears; they use these formidable weapons to pinion and then bite apart larger prey into pieces they can swallow.

Neither reckless nor foolhardy, they are fearless, cunning hunters who will pounce on lone sentient persons or travelers separated from companions, to disable or slay for later devouring by biting feet, joints, or throats.

Huuserpent bodies split at a powerful, flexible chest into two serpentine necks that can rear up as tall as a short human (no matter how long or short the rest of their serpent body may be). They can, in 1-2 months, regrow lost or severely-maimed heads and necks, regrowing from within and sloughing off the damaged parts (which they then eat, if they can). Huuserpent blood and scales (powdered or boiled down into distillates) are valued as potion and spell ink ingredients concerned with regeneration and healing, and in healing ointments, particularly to staunch blood loss and close large wounds.



Huuserpent

## Huuserpent

Huge beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 13 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 76 (9d12 + 18)

**Speed** 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	1 (-5)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

**Skills** Perception +5

**Senses** blindsight 10 ft., passive Perception 15

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Constriction.** A creature that is grappled by the huuserpent takes 10 (3d6) bludgeoning damage at the start of each of the huuserpent's turns.

**Two Heads.** The huuserpent has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and on saving throws against being blinded, charmed, deafened, frightened, stunned, and knocked unconscious.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The huuserpent makes three attacks: two with its bite and one with its tail. It can't make a bite and tail attack against the same target unless the target is grappled by the huuserpent.

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (2d4 + 4) piercing damage.

**Tail.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. Instead of dealing damage, the huuserpent can grapple the target (escape DC 14). Until this grapple ends, the creature is restrained and the huuserpent can't use its tail against another target.

Jaskar



## Jaskar

Jaskars are the biggest vultures of Faerûn, a large flying bird feared because they can snatch small humans and lighter prey in their talons, flap high into the sky, and then drop their burdens into lethal falls onto rock outcrops.

Jaskars lair atop crags or rocky tors, or on ledges partway down a cliff-face, near grasslands so they can drop prey but readily locate the shattered bodies in the open terrain. They are found everywhere that isn't hot jungle, swamp, or permanently-frozen arctic, that has open grassland terrain. Unlike most vultures, jaskars aren't bald-headed, and have feathered necks. Gray-blue to slate-gray on the back and upper wings, jaskars are dusty gray or rusty everywhere else, and have black bristles that hang down under their hooked beaks, hence their 'bearded' appellation. On the ground, they waddle, having large, powerful feet and talons, and their call is a "cheek-acheek" cry. Unusual

## Jaskar

Large beast, neutral evil

**Armor Class** 11 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 85 (10d10 + 30)

**Speed** 10 ft., fly 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)	6 (-2)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

**Saving Throws** Con +5

**Skills** Athletics +8, Perception +3

**Senses** passive Perception 13

**Languages** understands Common but can't speak

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Keen Sight and Smell.** The jaskar has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight or smell.

**Pack Tactics.** The jaskar has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the jaskar's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

**Sadistic Hauler.** The jaskar is considered to be a Huge animal for the purposes of determining its carrying capacity.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The jaskar makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its talons.

**Beak.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d10 + 4) piercing damage.

**Talons.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it is grappled (escape DC 14). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and the jaskar can't use its talons on another target.

among scavengers, they devour bones, and so are sometimes to be found near the middens of large cities, beast 'graveyards,' or where packs of wolves and other predators may leave behind plentiful prey skeletons when sated.

Jaskars lay one or two eggs in midwinter that hatch at the first thaw of spring; these are prized by alchemists and healers, who (rightfully) believe they can yield distillates that can either (depending on how distilled) heal bones, or powerful solvents that can dissolve almost all organic material. Jaskars taste foul, but are edible, and their talons are strong enough to serve as weapon-tips.



## Living Tornado

A tornado is itself a terrible sight to behold, but natural phenomenon lack the malicious intent of a living tornado. Born of powerful energies from the elemental plane of air, they manifest as a core of tightly wound air like a run-of-the-mill elemental, but surrounded by an enormous, terrible whirlwind. Once on the material plane, living tornadoes carve wide swathes of destruction across the landscape, especially steering themselves towards settlements and caravans, tearing them asunder as easily as

a natural tornado. To summon such a force as a weapon of mass destruction is an aspiration of any cult to the elemental evils.

When a living tornado is, through great effort, defeated and dispersed, it leaves behind a small whirlwind of highly energetic, elemental air where its core once was, which can be inhaled immediately or captured in a large jar. When inhaled, it fills the user with elemental power, and they immediately cast the *investiture of wind*<sup>XGE</sup> spell (DC 17). The spell has a duration of 1 minute, and the user does not need to concentrate on it.

### Living Tornado

Gargantuan elemental, chaotic evil

**Armor Class** 7

**Hit Points** 310 (20d20 + 100)

**Speed** 30 ft., fly 15 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
25 (+7)	4 (-3)	20 (+5)	6 (-2)	10 (+0)	7 (-2)

**Damage Resistances** fire; bludgeoning, piercing, slashing from nonmagical attacks

**Damage Immunities** lightning, poison, thunder

**Condition Immunities** exhaustion, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, stunned, unconscious

**Senses** blindsight 300 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 10

**Languages** Auran

**Challenge** 18 (20,000 XP)

**Eye of the Tornado.** The elemental is the center of a much larger vortex of swirling air, extending to a radius of 120 feet from it. Each other creature that starts its turn in the area must succeed on a DC 20 Strength saving throw or take 26 (4d12) thunder damage and be pulled up to 30 feet towards the elemental. A flying creature that fails this saving throw is also knocked prone. If this spell pulls a creature to a space within 15 feet of the elemental, it can use its reaction to make an attack against it. Any creature in the area must spend 2 feet of movement for every 1 foot it moves

when moving further from the elemental. The vortex disperses gas or vapor, and it extinguishes nonmagical candles, lanterns, torches, and similar flames in its area. Arrows, bolts, and other ordinary projectiles launched at targets within the vortex are deflected outward and automatically miss.

**Living Wind.** The elemental can move through a space as narrow as 10 feet wide without squeezing. In addition, the elemental can enter a hostile creature's space and stop there. The first time it enters a creature's space on a turn, that creature takes 13 (2d12) thunder damage.

**Magic Resistance.** The elemental has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

**Reap the Whirlwind.** When the elemental would take thunder damage, it instead regains a number of hit points equal to the thunder damage dealt.

### Actions

**Swirling Vortex.** Each creature and object of the elemental's choice within 60 feet of it must make a DC 20 Strength saving throw, taking 39 (6d12) thunder damage, or half as much damage on a successful one. A creature that fails its save is also pulled up to 30 feet towards the elemental.

**Fling.** Up to three creatures or objects of the elemental's choice within 30 feet of it must make a DC 20 Strength saving throw. On a failed save, a target takes 52 (8d12) thunder damage and is flung up to 300 feet away in a direction of the elemental's choice.

## Pink Zebra

Among roving herds of zebra, one might spot a strangely discolored specimen: a pink zebra. Hiding amongst mundane creatures, these chaotic tricksters enjoy nothing more than harassing any hapless mortal who they happen across, especially those who'd hunt or threaten their chosen herd. Other fey that share their mischievous disposition can sometimes be found riding pink zebra as mounts, or even bestowing them upon mortals as a prank gift.

The fur of a living pink zebra is useful alchemically, but becomes inert upon the zebra's death. A tuft of fur can be processed into a potion of mirror image with a DC 15 Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies. When you drink the potion, all of your hair becomes pink for 7 days, in addition to the regular effects of the spell.

Pink Zebra



## Pink Zebra

Medium fey, chaotic neutral

**Armor Class** 14

**Hit Points** 52 (8d8 + 16)

**Speed** 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	13 (+1)	15 (+2)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)

**Saving Throws** Wis +4

**Skills** Perception +4, Deception +5

**Senses** passive Perception 14

**Languages** Sylvan

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Equine Build.** The zebra is considered to be a Large animal for the purpose of determining its carrying capacity. A single Medium creature can ride the zebra as a mount, if it is willing.

**Innate Spellcasting.** The zebra's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 13). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components:

At-will: *dancing lights*, *friends*, *minor illusion*

3/day each: *enthrall*, *mirror image*, *misty step*

1/day each: *fear*, *pass without trace*

**Magic Resistance.** The zebra has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

**Sylvan Protection.** The zebra's AC includes its Charisma modifier.

**Trampling Charge.** If the zebra moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a hooves attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the zebra can make another attack with its hooves against it as a bonus action.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The zebra makes one hooves attack and one bite attack.

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage.

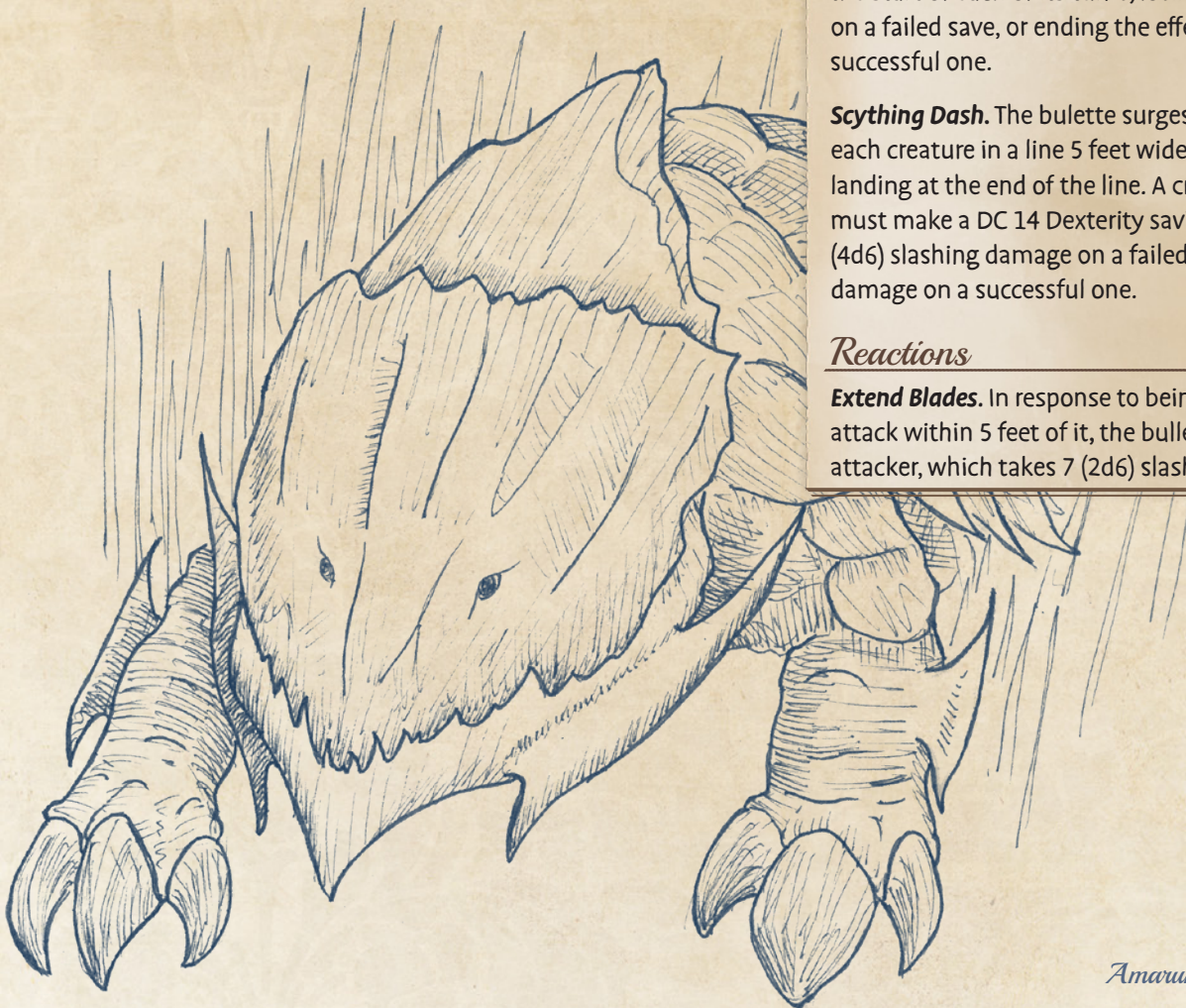
**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d10 + 3) piercing damage.

## Razor Bulettes

Razor bulettes are a smaller, faster type of land shark, with sharp chitinous blades covering their exterior. Typically hunting in packs of 3-5, they circle their prey, their blades scything down any tall grasses the target may attempt to flee into, before closing in and tearing them to ribbons. Any creature that fights back will find themselves rapidly wounding themselves, as it is near impossible to attack a razor bulette without getting sliced by their sharp exteriors.

The blades of a razor bulette are somewhat fragile and make for poor weapons on their own, but their inherent sharpness can be useful. The harvested spines of a single corpse, ground up and processed with a DC 15 Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies, can create an oil of minor sharpening. The oil can coat one slashing or piercing weapon or up to 5 pieces of slashing or piercing ammunition. Applying the oil takes 1 minute. For 1 hour, the coated item gains a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls.

Razor Bulette



## Razor Bulette

Medium beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 15 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 76 (9d8 + 36)

**Speed** 50 ft., burrow 50 ft..

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	15 (+2)	19 (+4)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	5 (-3)

**Skills** Perception +3, Stealth +6

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 60 ft., passive Perception 13

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Standing Leap.** The bulette's long jump is up to 30 feet and its high jump is up to 15 feet, with or without a running start.

### Actions

**Razorbite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage plus 7 (2d6) slashing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or begin to bleed. A bleeding creature must repeat the saving throw at the start of each of its turns, losing 7 (3d4) hitpoints on a failed save, or ending the effect on itself on a successful one.

**Scything Dash.** The bulette surges forward, slashing each creature in a line 5 feet wide and 30 feet long, landing at the end of the line. A creature in the area must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) slashing damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

### Reactions

**Extend Blades.** In response to being hit by a melee attack within 5 feet of it, the bulette slashes at the attacker, which takes 7 (2d6) slashing damage.

## Scathebeast

Scathebeasts are pony-sized to slightly larger than oxen-sized herd animals, most plentiful in Tymanther but found everywhere in open grasslands where humans haven't hunted them to extinction. Mottled gray to white, they resemble hippos in body shape but giant slugs in their feeding habits, gouging cleared paths through grasses with the acidic slime they exude, but instinctively relocating to avoid overgrazing. They have wrinkled, loose baggy skin, distinctive many-eyed heads ridged with many bony lobes they can use to butt and ram, and tend to be "terrifyingly silent" (in the words of a long-ago adventurer), but can call to each other in deep-drone ululations, and are intelligent enough to be domesticated.

Solitary scathebeasts are encountered on rare occasions, but they're usually found in herds of five to eight who aggressively defend each other; they have strong family bonds based on personal scent. They have a distinctive fear of large flying creatures and of flames from centuries of being preyed upon by dragons pouncing from the skies. Most scathebeasts are herbivores, but they can eat meat, absorbing both sorts of food directly through their hides after dissolution in their slime. The secretions of carnivorous scathebeasts can dissolve flesh in mere moments, but those who eat grass have slime mild enough not to harm the roots of grasses. Scathebeasts are adaptable; if harmed by a particular attack repeatedly, they become more resistant to the sort of damage that attack deals.

Scathebeasts aren't edible due to their acidic slime, which acts as a powerful, fast-acting purgative (and so can be used to force poisons and venoms out of a poisoned creature). Herbivorous scathebeast slime is a mild acid that can be used as a cleanser, and

## Herbivorous Scathebeast

Large beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 11 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 51 (6d10 + 18)

**Speed** 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

**Skills** Perception +3

**Senses** passive Perception 13

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Charge.** If the scathebeast moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a ram attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

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

### Actions

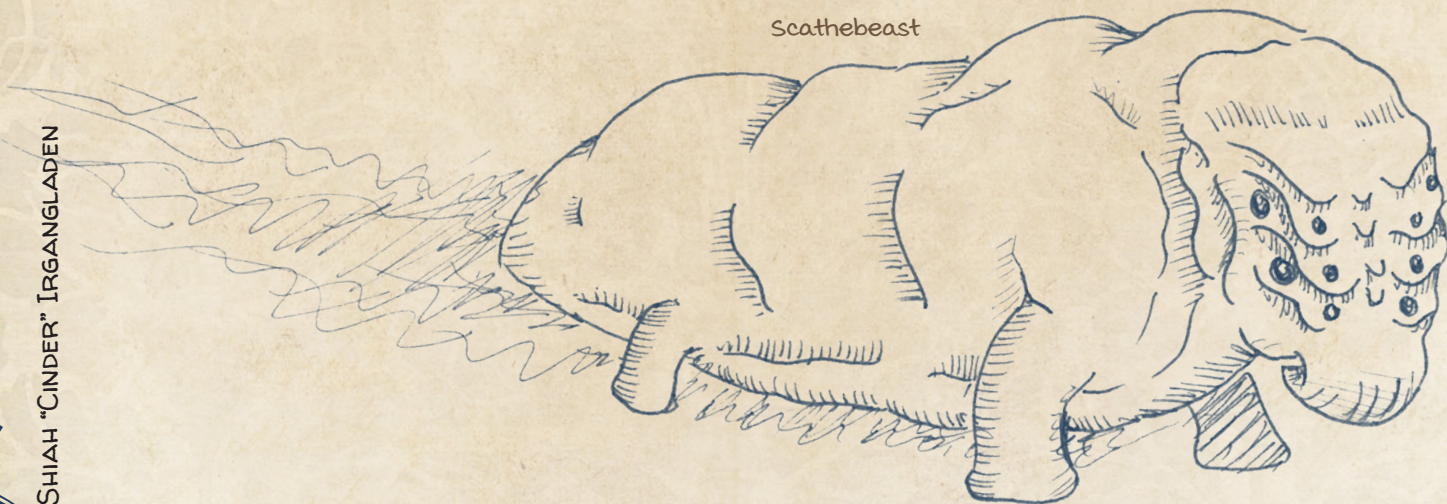
**Ram.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) bludgeoning damage.

### Reactions

**Adapt (3/Day).** When the scathebeast takes damage that it is not resistant to, it gains resistance to that damage type until it finishes a long rest.

carnivorous scathebeast slime is a powerful solvent that can maim, kill, rapidly dispose of corpses, offal, and decaying matter (its effects can be halted by strong alcohol). Scathebeast skulls can be made into thrones, large carry-baskets, or even (if the right sealants are available) coracle-like one-person boats.

Scathebeast



## Carnivorous Scathebeast

Large beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 11 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 68 (8d10 + 24)

**Speed** 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

**Skills** Perception +3

**Senses** passive Perception 13

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Charge.** If the scathebeast moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a ram attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the scathebeast can use its slather against it as a bonus action.

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

### Actions

**Ram.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

**Slather.** The scathebeast discharges acid from its mouth onto a prone target within 5 feet of it. The target must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 36 (8d8) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

### Reactions

**Adapt (3/Day).** When the scathebeast takes damage that it is not resistant to, it gains resistance to that damage type until it finishes a long rest.

## Wemic

These “human-lions” have human-like upper bodies (arms, shoulders, torsos, and heads—but with pointed teeth and feline ears, noses, and gold, slit-pupil eyes; and males have black manes, like lions) mated to leonine (four-legged, with tails and retractable-taloned paws) lower bodies. Golden fur covers them all over. Plentiful in the Shaar, they can be found in many grassland, hilly wilderness, or even mountainous areas throughout Faerûn, living as nomads (following the wild herds they hunt for food). Most wemics live in patriarchal ‘prides’ that include a shaman or druid (wemics tend to worship Nobanion or Malar) and in which females outnumber the males three to one, but a few are

## Wemic Warrior

Large monstrosity, neutral

**Armor Class** 15 (shield)

**Hit Points** 67 (9d10 + 18)

**Speed** 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	16 (+3)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	9 (-1)

**Saving Throws** Str +6, Dex +5

**Skills** Athletics +6, Perception +3, Stealth +5

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13

**Languages** Common, Sylvan, Wemic

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Mighty Leap.** With a 10-foot running start, the wemic can long jump up to 40 feet.

**Slamming Surge.** If the wemic moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a shield bash attack on the same turn, that target makes its save against shield bash with disadvantage. If the target is prone, the wemic can make one spear attack against it as a bonus action.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The wemic makes two melee attacks.

**Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6 + 4) piercing damage, or 8 (1d8 + 4) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

**Shield Slam.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

solitary (like those found in the Dales) or live in tribes composed of several prides. When threatened, wemic tribes may form a nation and choose a king from among the pride-chiefs.

Often considered barbaric and illiterate, wemics are intelligent but highly superstitious; they live in harmony with nature (hunting for trophies or a body part, not to use the whole animal, enrages them) and have an oral history tradition rather than reading and writing. They make stone and wooden weapons and tools and clay pottery, and some shepherd flocks of sheep and other livestock; others hire themselves out as mercenaries, trackers or wilderness guides, often seeking magical weapons as compensation for their services. As carnivores, they eat stewed roots, grasses and berries with meat, and are fond of boar, sheep, and porcupine.

Known as superb hunters, wemics can fight with both pairs of claws and wielded weapons, all at the same time, can make prodigious leaps if they have a running start, have keen hearing and eyesight (including darkvision), work together when hunting to corral or divert prey, and will loot metal weapons and tools, and magic from victims. Bullywugs prize wemic claws as decorations, and fat from the bodies of wemics can be boiled with certain herbs to make a lubricant useful when keeping wagon and cart wheels turning easily on axles, and when rubbed into wood, keeping cut and harvested wood and wooden items from drying out and splitting.

Wemic



## Wemic Hunter

Large monstrosity, neutral

**Armor Class** 14

**Hit Points** 90 (12d10 + 24)

**Speed** 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	9 (-1)

**Saving Throws** Str +5, Dex +6

**Skills** Athletics +5, Perception +4, Stealth +6, Survival +6

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

**Languages** Common, Sylvan, Wemic

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Crippling Shot (3/Day).** As a bonus action, the wemic attempts to cripple a target with its next attack with a longbow. On a hit, the target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or have its speed halved until the end of its next turn.

**Instinctual Hunter.** A ranged weapon deals one extra die of its damage when the wemic hits with it (included in the attack).

**Mighty Leap.** With a 10-foot running start, the wemic can long jump up to 40 feet.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The wemic makes two melee attacks.

**Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6 + 4) piercing damage, or 8 (1d8 + 4) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

**Longbow.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 150/600 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage.

## Wemic Shaman

Large monstrosity, neutral

**Armor Class** 14 (hide armor)

**Hit Points** 136 (16d10 + 48)

**Speed** 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	16 (+3)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	13 (+1)

**Saving Throws** Str +5, Dex +6

**Skills** Athletics +5, Medicine +7, Perception +7, Stealth +6

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

**Languages** Common, Sylvan, Wemic

**Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

**Mighty Leap.** With a 10-foot running start, the wemic can long jump up to 40 feet.

**Spellcasting.** The wemic is an 8th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 15, +7 to its with spell attacks). The wemic has the following druid spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *infestation*<sup>XGE</sup>, *mold earth*<sup>XGE</sup>, *thorn whip*

1st level (4 slots): *goodberry*, *healing word*, *snare*<sup>XGE</sup>

2nd level (3 slots): *pass without trace*, *skywrite*<sup>XGE</sup>,  
*spike growth*

3rd level (3 slots): *erupting earth*<sup>XGE</sup>, *haste*, *plant growth*

4th level (2 slots): *blight*, *freedom of movement*,  
*locate creature*

### Actions

**Quarterstaff.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage, or 6 (1d8 + 2) bludgeoning damage if used with two hands.



## Zhuruda

Prior to the Spellplague, these massive, flightless birds were no more unique than an axe beak or diatryma. A full-grown zhuruda stood between 6 and 8 feet, weighing between 200 and 400 pounds. The coloring of their feathers ranged from gray-brown to reddish-brown, with long and broad plumage making them appear puffed up. Native to the fertile grasslands of Shaar and the Golden Plains, the zhuruda would roam the open country, dining on grasses and insects and migrating in large herds to the Forest of Amtar to winter and birth their young (only one egg per mating pair per season but more often than not sesquizygotic twins are born, sharing a single oblong-shaped egg.)

When the Spellplague occurred and Halruaa and the Golden Plains were transformed into plagueswrought lands and the Shaar became the wasteland known as the Shaar Desolation, the entire population of zhuruda were wintering in the south. The wild magic waves, caused by the halruaan effort to shift their lands into Abeir, spilled out into the surrounding areas. The resulting radiation permeated the zhuruda eggs within the Forest of Amtar, drastically changing them.

The next generation of zhuruda born from these eggs had strikingly brilliant monochromatic plumage, in eight distinct colors. This mutation was fortunate, as it made them immune to the effects of the plagueswrought lands and able to continue their ritual migration patterns and continue to proliferate, each birth a complete mystery as to what hue of bird (or birds) would emerge.

### LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASHES

It wasn't until the stabilization of the region after the Second Sundering that mages, shamans, and Maztican spellcasters trained in pluma noticed that the coloring of plumage matched a specific school of magic. Although it was the recently formed mulhorandi cavalry mages who were the first to learn its effects. While mounted on a zhuruda, they were able to better concentrate on spells that matched its plumage (gaining advantage on Constitution saving throws made to maintain concentration).

Halruaan scholars began buying up plumage for research, creating a market from the Shining South, all the way to the east of the Alamber Sea for zhuruda feathers. It is said that a spell scroll scribed with a plume matching the school of the spell is more potent than the original spell, granting a +1 bonus to spell attack rolls and spell save DCs.

### SCHOOL AND COLOR PAIRINGS

School	Color
Abjuration	Gold
Conjuration	Green
Divination	White
Enchantment	Silver
Evocation	Red
Illusion	Prismatic*
Necromancy	Black
Transmutation	Blue

\* Illusion spells, and Zhuruda attuned to the Illusion school, shimmer in a shifting rainbow pattern.

## Zhuruda

Large beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 13

**Hit Points** 75 (10d10 + 10)

**Speed** 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	6 (-2)	15 (+2)	8 (-1)

**Saving Throws** Str +5, Dex +5, Wis +4

**Skills** Perception +4

**Senses** passive Perception 14

**Languages** understands Common but can't speak

**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Innate Spellcasting.** The zhuruda's innate spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 12). It can innately cast a number of spells, requiring no components. The color

of the zhuruda determines the spells it can cast, as shown below.

Gold, 1/day each: *dispel magic*, *remove curse*

Green, 1/day each: *grease*, *misty step*

White, 1/day each: *see invisibility*, *true strike*

Silver, 1/day each: *charm person*, *sleep*

Red, 1/day each: *gust of wind*, *warding wind*<sup>XGE</sup>

Prismatic, 1/day each: *color spray*, *hypnotic pattern*

Black, 1/day each: *cause fear*<sup>XGE</sup>, *feign death*

Blue, 1/day each: *earthbind*<sup>XGE</sup>, *feather fall*

**Spellscarred Plumage.** The zhuruda can grant anyone riding it advantage on Constitution saving throws to maintain concentration on a spell of the same school of magic as the zhuruda.

### Actions

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



## Magic Items

When given naught but the land beneath you and the air above, it is a wonder that anyone could create anything in these lands. Yet, the ingenuity of the peoples of Toril shines here as easily as in the belly-forges of mountains or at the epicenters of ancient magics. These creations are not only forged from the land around them, but embody its spirit throughout.

### Earthen Bulwark Gauntlets

*Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)*

These gauntlets each have a large facet where you would expect a gem to sit, but which instead holds a finely cut lump of granite.

These gauntlets hold 4 charges and regain all expended charges each day at dawn. While attuned to these gauntlets, you gain tremorsense out to a range of 10 feet.

Additionally, as an action, you can create a 10-foot-by-10-foot wall of hardened earth within 120 feet of you, so long as it is connected to dirt or sand. This wall is 6 inches thick, has an AC of 13, 100 hit points, and lasts 10 minutes or until you create a new wall. If the wall cuts through a creature's space when it appears, the creature is pushed to one side of the wall (your choice).

If you expend a number of charges, you can create and maintain that many additional walls for the next 10 minutes.

### Eyes of Stormwing

*Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)*

This imposing half mask is made to resemble an eagle with dark feathers and piercing golden eyes. While wearing the mask, you are able to see objects as if they were within arms reach even if they are as far as the horizon so long as conditions are clear.



Eyes of Stormwing

Additionally, you have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight, but are unable to use darkvision while wearing the mask.

### Jaskar's Shield

*Armor (shield), uncommon*

This small polished wooden shield has flight feathers from a jaskar tucked behind it and white plumage around its edge.

This item has 5 charges and regains all expended charges each day at dawn.

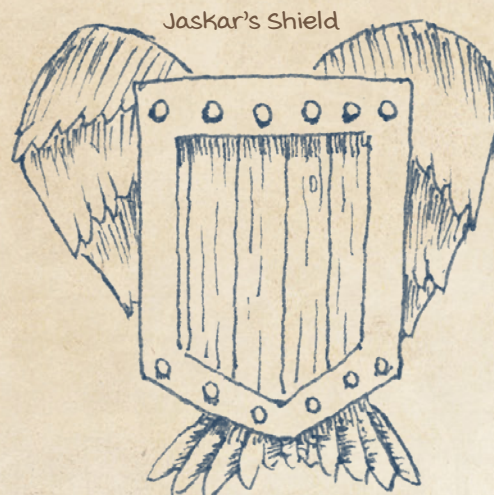
As an action while wearing this shield, you can activate it. When you do so the flight feathers unfurl from behind the shield, revealing two small wings and granting you a flying speed of 45 feet for the next minute. If you are flying when the duration expires, you descend at a rate of 60 feet per round until you land.

### Pendant of Nature's Bane

*Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement by an arcane spellcaster)*

This pendant is made of pewter and black iron, and has a blood red ruby in the center. As an action, you can activate the pendant, forming a scarlet circle of magic runes at your feet for just a moment. Small plants, brush, and grass within a 10-foot radius of you begin to wither as if targeted by the spell *blight*. On your next turn you can choose to gain 3d6 temporary hit points, cast a ritual spell as an action without expending a spell slot, or cast a spell of 5th level or lower as if it is one level higher.

**Curse.** If less than half of the 10-foot radius is covered in living nonmagical plants, you take 3d6 necrotic damage that can not be resisted or reduced in any way but still gain the effects of the pendant on your next turn.



Jaskar's Shield



### *Skull of the Stampede*

*Wondrous item, legendary (requires attunement)*

This helmet is made from the skull of a primeval bison and its horns are covered in tribal runes. While wearing this helmet, when you take the Dash action, if you move at least 20 feet in a straight line, you begin to stampede. Your stampede ends at the end of your turn or when you stop moving in a straight line. While stampeding you have resistance to all damage. Additionally, while stampeding if you would move through the space of an object or creature that is Large or smaller, make a melee attack with proficiency against the target. On a hit you deal 2d10 magical bludgeoning damage and the target is pushed 5 feet to the left or right (your choice). On a miss, you slam into the target and are stunned until the end of your turn.

### *Solarian Flare*

*Wondrous item, very rare*

This simple cylinder marked with the symbol of Elysium is named for the intense light it creates. You can light it as an action, and when lit it will fly into the sky before exploding in a flash, illuminating the surrounding landscape. For the next 10 minutes, bright light is cast in a 100-foot-radius, 200-foot-high cylinder, and dim light for an additional 100 feet. This light is sunlight and dispels any darkness in its area that was created by a spell. Any oozes, undead, or fiends within this light have disadvantage on Constitution saving throws. Additionally, any fiend within the area of bright light takes 1d12 radiant damage at the beginning of their turn.

### *Stormreed*

*Wondrous, very rare (requires attunement)*

This thin reed has a series of holes in it and an intricate carving clearly depicts a storm rolling down its length. You can play it much like any other wind instrument, causing small clouds to form far above your head.

This item has 10 charges and regains 1d8 + 2 expended charges each day at dawn or 1 charge for each hour it is exposed to a natural rainstorm.

As an action, you can expend a number of charges to cast a spell or create an effect from the following list (spell save 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks).

- 1 charge: cause a light rain to start or stop falling around you in a 20-foot radius
- 2 charges: cast *warding wind*
- 3 charges: cast *call lightning* or *wind wall*
- 4 charges: cast *storm sphere*
- 5 charges: cause a light rain to start or stop falling within a mile radius of you

### *Thistles and Hummocks: A Grasslands Guide*

*Wondrous item, uncommon*

This book's cover is woven from long grasses and wildflowers, and smells of the wide open prairies. If you spend a long rest or an equivalent amount of time studying this book, the grasslands biome becomes favored terrain for you for the next week and you can ask up to three questions about a specific type of creature or plant within the grassland biome that the DM gives a short reply to. Additionally, you can identify any grass, weed, or flower, in any biome, with a successful DC 12 Intelligence (Nature) check, by looking through the book. If you succeed by 5 or more, you can ask the DM one question about the type of plant you identified.

## *Tumulus Bracers*

*Wondrous, very rare (requires attunement)*

These bracers are made from supple leather and reinforced with ancient bones covered in lichen. While attuned to these bracers, you know when any creature within 60 feet of you is deceased or an undead.

These bracers have 5 charges and regain 1d4 + 1 expended charges each day at sunset. As an action, you can expend a charge and target a Large or smaller creature you can see within 120 feet. The first time the target creature starts its turn touching the ground before the next sunset, they must make a DC 16 Strength saving throw. On a failure they are restrained as the earth itself heaves up around it. A restrained creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

If you expend a charge to target a creature restrained in this way, they must make another DC 16 Strength saving throw. On a failure they take 4d10 bludgeoning damage and are buried alive under the earth. On a success, they take half as much damage and are not buried. A buried creature is blinded, restrained, and takes 4d10 bludgeoning damage each turn, but can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success. A creature who escapes from being buried is immune to this effect for 24 hours.

## *Wiregrass Whip*

*Wondrous item, uncommon*

This extraordinarily long whip is braided from silvery strands of wiregrass. It has a reach of 15 feet instead of 10 feet, and when you attack a target 15 feet away you deal an additional 2d4 slashing damage.



