

HANDOUT 1: HISTORY OF ELTURGARD, ELTUREL AND AMAUNATOR

THE ORDER OF BLUE FIRE AND THE WAR ON ELTUREL

The Order of Blue Fire is generally seen as a benevolent group of spellscarred who formed after the events of the Spellplague. Their goal was to help the victims of the Spellplague while researching and learning more about its effects on Faerûn. In reality, the Order revealed themselves to be nothing more than a front for a cult whose ultimate goal is to spread the spellplague and complete the work that was begun with the murder of Mystra. The Order of Blue Fire showed their true colors when they attacked Elturel, the capital city of Elturgard, in an attempt to expand the plaguelands surrounding the city.

The Paladins of Torm defeated the Order of Blue Fire, but at a heavy price. The southern portions of Elturel were left in ruins, and several of the paladins and citizens of the city were killed. Many of those who survived were left spellscarred. With the Order of Torm spread thin and weakened, their enemies seized the opportunity to scheme against them. One entity in particular hatched a devious plan to undermine the authority of the Order of Torm by offering a cure to the spellplagued citizens of Elturel and a solution to cleansing the plaguezones of the city. By solving a problem which the paladins had not been able to, this entity hoped to discredit the followers of Torm and sow seeds of dissension in the region of Elturgard.

But the cure was not without a cost. The ritual to cleanse Elturel and its citizens of the spellplague destroyed the city's protective ward, known as the Companion. The Companion, a gift to the city of Elturel from the priests of Amaunator, was a constant radiant sun which hung over the city. The light of the Companion granted protection from all undead. Following the ritual to cleanse the spellplague, the Companion is now left hanging dark and cold above the city; a reminder of yet another casualty of war.

AMAUNATOR AND THE HEART OF LIGHT

Amaunator lost much of his power when scores of his followers died in the fall of Netheril. Many of his followers who survived abandoned him because they felt he had done nothing to save them. While this was partly true, the reason Amaunator did not intervene was because he had no lawful right to interfere with magic, which was the domain of Mystra. Amaunator, being the Keeper of the Law, would never break that contract.

With the loss of so many of his followers Amaunator began the process of dying of neglect. He didn't have enough power to remain in the outer planes, so he retreated to the Astral Plane. It was during this period that he created the Heart of Light - a small shard of his very essence which could survive in the event he perished completely. Amaunator meant for the Heart of Light to live on so there would always be some pure Light in the world to offset the Darkness. He hid the Heart of Light deep in the Astral Sea for safekeeping, presumably with instructions on what to do with it in the event of his death.

Scholars disagree on the exact time, but at some point Amaunator gained enough power to reappear in Faerûn, but in the form a deity known as Lathander. As Lathander gained followers and regained strength he reclaimed his place as the dominant sun god in Faerûn. Shortly after the Spellplague in DR1385, known as the Year of Blue Fire, Lathander revealed himself once again to be Amaunator.

HANDOUT 2: BABEK'S AUDITORY GEM

My research progresses! I have finished the construction of my new body. I was able to procure some necessary parts from town. That bloody merchant promised me some rare metals and he delivered. I was pleasantly surprised to find a most interesting piece in the junk. It's an unusual looking gear with some markings unfamiliar to me. I've detected some magical properties that I might be able to exploit. The heavens are shining down upon me today...

What luck I am having! The gear makes the perfect keystone to complete my new found friend. I do feel a bit giddy when considering the potential of this magnificent construct. I was able to tap into that gear and use it for the power source. I've tuned all my other creations to sync to it, that way when I am finally transferred I will have complete control over my minions. Should work out brilliantly... This is indeed my finest creation! I'll have my work cut out for me over the next few weeks though. Seems the transferal needs a willing participant...Some sort of trust so the bond will remain. The machine has the mind of a child so it shouldn't be too difficult to persuade it to trust me. That's it! I shall care for it as a parent would tend a child. It will grow to depend on me and won't question my actions...a beautiful plan indeed. I'll need to name him; after all he is my son...Kano...I'll name him Kano...

The bond Kano and I are developing is coming along nicely. It should prove beneficial when I assume his body as my own. He actually believes I'm his father...The poor fool. Nevertheless, I need him too. It is of the utmost importance that he believes this ruse. I've been pouring over the tomes to make sure all the preparations have been completed. I modified Kano and constructed a hatch in his chest for the spell's components. I caught him putting the books I read to him each night in there...**chuckle**...I, uh...I have to separate myself from this. It won't be long now before I shall reap my rewards, and then no one will question my power...And they thought it couldn't be done...

Today is the day! After this, I will live forever and be stronger than everyone! I convinced Kano that I needed to perform some modifications to him so that he can help me out around the workshop, help watch the place... *[Sounds of Babek climbing inside of Kano's compartment can be heard; chanting begins.]*

Something's wrong! The magic is being disrupted by something! But what? The gear! Somehow I've activated its runes. I can't stop the process... **choke** The **PAIN!** *AHHH*, my gods what is going on! *[Sounds of scratching and banging can be heard]* No, no, no Kano - you **MUST** let me out! *[A deep voice can be heard faintly saying: I will keep you safe Master.]* Kano, I demand you let me out! *[Master must not hurt himself. I will not permit it. Master must remain with Kano]* I won't hurt myself again! Kano, I need help! I prom..promissss...he...l...p...me.....Kano. *[Kano help Master. Keep Master safe from himself...]*...log ends.

HANDOUT 3: VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

Each time a PC deactivates one of the hourglass pillars in Encounter 6, give them one of these visions:

VISION 1

It is dusk and shadows lengthen through an apple orchard. Ravens caw and flutter in trees whose leaves blacken and fall. Snakes slither among bones scattered between the roots of trees. Worms and insects crawl in and out of fruit, rotting on the branches. Here and there a handful of apples shine perfectly in a flickering light, as of yet untouched. Your perspective changes and you see a band of famers carrying torches and barrels of oil. Some look resolute. Others are crying. Many look uncertain.

VISION 2

You are flying with clouds below you. Something hard grips your shoulders tightly, but you cannot see what it is. In fact, twisting, you cannot see yourself. You hear voices near you, but cannot make out what they say, clarity drowned out by the rushing wind. On the horizon you see a blue glow below the cloud line. It is rushing toward you quickly. You feel a great rush of adrenaline. Whatever was holding you has gone. You are falling. Breaching the clouds you see a great ball of blue fire. You are falling directly towards it.

VISION 3

You are sitting on a farmhouse porch playing with a glass figurine twice as big as your small child-sized hands. Several of your siblings' toys are in a box nearby, just out of reach. You are careful because the figurine is obviously fragile and must be very expensive. You are pleased that you have been trusted enough to play with it. You see a boy watching you. He is dirty and thin, but smiles nicely as he walks up. He seems somehow familiar. "Would you like a turn?" you ask, handing him the figurine. The boy takes the figurine smiling wide and smashes the head leaving a jagged edge.

"No," he says, "I want all the turns." The boy stabs you in the neck repeatedly with the broken glass while laughing. As red clouds your vision, you notice that the boy has broken everyone else's toys as well. Father will be so cross.

VISION 4

You are walking down a city street at dusk. It is very quiet. A few lanterns shine a distant poles but there does not seem to be anyone left in the city. You see a man and a woman up ahead, coming towards you dressed in evening finery. The man wears yellow robes and the mask of a smiling harlequin. Shadows dance behind his eyes and he walks such that he robes rarely flutter. The woman looks frantic, with wild hair and a confused, fearful look that is almost hungry. The man has his arm wrapped tightly around hers, unmoving despite her wild gyrations. "Are you coming to the party?" the man asks with a deep, sibilant voice. "Almost everyone will be there. It is the first of the year and they always say the first party of the season is best."

The woman has a crazed look in her eye, "I like those that end with a bang."

The man turns to look at her, "No, I think I prefer the whimper."

HANDOUT 4: AMAUNATOR'S ALTAR SYMBOLS

