The Red Book III.e
of The Forgotten Realms

Entries from the great Bard Ed Greenwood

1493 DR (Feb. 2020)

Excerpts from the Red Book III.e

Legends and Tales of the Heroes of Faerun

Introduction

1. The Five Points
    - jj. Towards Buckland
    - kk. The Feathered Mound
    - ll. Trident
    - mm. I Can Fly!!



A Buckling We Will Go

Chevalier Dorn Buckman, Human Paladin (ryan), 6th lvl, 18,400

Sloth Bear Barnabes Harrigan, Human Barbarian (kyle), 6th lvl, 18,800

Guide Aelar Agrippa Daloneth, Wood Elf, Ranger (brad), 6th lvl, 20,500

Initiate of the 3rd Circle, Link, half Elf, Druid (eric), 5th lvl, 12,001

Minor Weapon Kentucky Jones, Sentient Mining Pick, (alex), 5th lvl, 10,101

You get your few belongings together, saddle your horses and have one more drink with Freedo, then hit the road - to save Buckland.

After days/weeks of travel, you come across the small town of Yellowreach, which is within 5 miles of a volcanic mountain, which people travel many miles to gaze upon, though few approach it, since it is reputed to be the haunt of demons and devils.

While in town, Riikan Dack, a collector of rare art approaches you and offers your group 10,000 gp to recover Whelm, one of three highly valued magic weapons that recently vanished from the vaults of their owners. He shows you the note left by the thief, supposedly an ancient (over 1,000 years old) wizard named Keraptis and that the feathered mound (in the note) refers to the volcanic peak of White Plume Mountain.

Since, it's on your way to Buckland, days later, you find yourself scaling the south slope of the mountain, locate a tunnel entrance into a cave that actually seems to breathe, exhaling a large cloud of steam and then slowly inhaling again. Hidden under the muck on the floor, you find a simple trap door and now, below the opening, a square vertical shaft beckons.



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Search ye far or search ye near,
You'll find no trace of the three
Unless you follow instructions clear,
For the weapons abide with me.

North past forest, farm, and furrow
You must go to reach the feathered mound.
Then down away from the sun you'll burrow—
Forget life, forget light, forget sound.

To rescue Wave,you must do battle
With the Beast in the Boiling Bubble.
Crost cavern vast, where chain-links rattle
Lies Whelm,past waterspouts double.

Blackrazor yet remains to be won
Underneath inverted ziggurat.
That garnered, think not that you're done,
For now you'll find you are caught.

I care not, former owners brave,
What heroes you seek to hire.
Though mighty, each shall be my slave
Or vanish into the fire.

K

Under the Volcano

Chevalier Dorn Buckman, Human Paladin (ryan), 6th lvl, 18,800

Sloth Bear Barnabes Harrigan, Human Barbarian (kyle), 6th lvl, 19,300

Guide Aelar Agrippa Daloneth, Wood Elf, Ranger (brad), 6th lvl, 21,000

Initiate of the 3rd Circle, Link, half Elf, Druid (eric), 5th lvl, 12,501

Minor Weapon Kentucky Jones, Sentient Mining Pick, (alex), 5th lvl, 10,102

Down the spiral stairs, Dorn bravely trudges into a dungeon corridor that is filled with about 1' of murky water and floating patches of algae.

At an intersection along these watery passages is a bedraggled creature sitting on top of a pile of bones. It looks like a mangy lion with great, tattered wings and a female humanoid face. She greets you warmly, saying you must answer a riddle to pass by her.

"Round she is, yet flat as a board,
Altar of the Lupine Lords,
Jewel of black velvet, pearl in the sea,
Unchanged but e'erchanging, eternally."

Dorn says "moon". She nods, then asks each of you to repeat it.



You go north down the 10' wide corridor, splishing and a splashing. You pass by a 10'x10' round room, a pit perhaps, but no one dives in. Then into a 50' x 50' chamber, still all filled with the murky water. A female figure pops out of the water in the middle of the room (so, you are assuming it must be deeper there) and speaks so soothingly to you all. Dorn, wide eyed, in awe, jumps in the water and swims to her and embraces her. "Her" turns into a weedy creature of ill, wrapping its viney tentacles tightly around Dorn who hugs her back. Aelar dives in and attacks, hitting both of them. Barnabus waits a round, trying to see in the dim light,

then also jumps in. Link tries to throw a few spells, but they have no effect. Aelar swinging madly, sees the joy in Dorns face, embracing the creature, summerging, swallowing the dirty, murky water. Finally, Dorn snaps out of the trance. And the combined efforts of the group kill the creature, or at least make it disappear down below. You all swim to the other side of the room and up some steps to a dry corridor.

You push through 3 heavy, stuck doors into a very hot, large "cavern". It's more like you are inside a giant balloon. The walls, which are like a soft membrane, are uncomfortably warm to the touch. You decide to back out, closing the doors behind you.



Going into a side door, the corridor ahead of you is a spinning tube, coated with some kind of oil or grease. Dorn tries to carefully step into it and falls immediately. Dorn crawls out. Aelar runs and jumps in and as he is making his way slowly down the spinning tube, a flaming arrow from beyond shoots into the tube, igniting it all into flames. Dorn and Link watch. Barnabus runs back to the water chamber to try to carry some back in his shield. By the time he gets back, the flames have all but flickered away. Slightly burnt Aelar makes it all the way through the tube, then a door opens and a big red man attacks him. Dorn, Link and Barnabus all try to get through the tube and end up in a jumbled pile in the center of it. Aelar is getting hit, almost down when Link gets there to help him. Then a mad female dwarf rushes out of the door, snarling, jumping. You see her long canine fangs right before she latches onto Links neck. Dorn and Barnabus finally make it out of the tube and after a bit of a battle, the big red man falls. Most of your attacks do not seem to harm the dwarf at all, but some do and it finally jumps into the spinning tube, turns into a wolf and runs. Link has lost a lot of blood though, and is feeling a little woozy.



You enter the lavishly looking room. Link plops on the comfortable looking bed only to be greeted by the feeling of laying on a hard board.

You all take a short rest.

Wave

Chevalier Dorn Buckman, Human Paladin (ryan), 6th lvl, 18,800+

Sloth Bear Barnabes Harrigan, Human Barbarian (kyle), 6th lvl, 19,300+

Guide Aelar Agrippa Daloneth, Wood Elf, Ranger (brad), 6th lvl, 21,000+

Initiate of the 3rd Circle, Link, half Elf, Druid (eric), 5th lvl, 12,501+

Minor Weapon Kentucky Jones, Sentient Mining P ick, (alex), 5th lvl, 10,103

A tale of pictures...











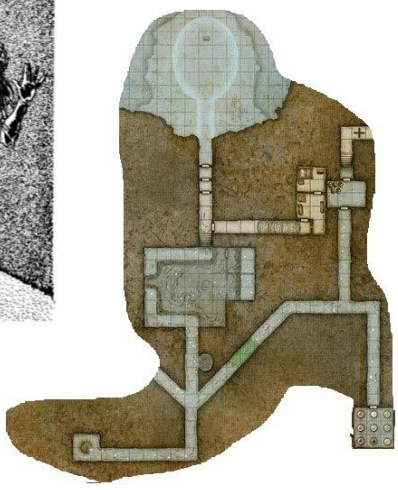

I Can Fly!!

Minor Weapon Kentucky Jones, Sentient Mining Pick, (alex), 5th lvl, 10,301

From the local peasants, laborers, beggars, thieves, business owners, city guards, adventurers, harlots, noblemen, and everyone else that enters The Lonely Orphan, you hear all conversations, both spoken aloud and also hidden in their heads.

For the 1st 5 months, you also watched your old humanoid friends, Dorn, Barnabus, Aelar and Link trying to cope with their mental anguish from their time in the Underdark. Several priests, shamans and even a gypsy visited several times with their prayers, potions and herbs. The only thing that seemed to ease their madness, was the mead that Freedo kept their mugs filled with and the powders that the thief's guide was selling them.

One day though, after the 3rd summons from the King of Buckland, you saw, but even more, felt, the spark in Dorns eyes, heart and soul return. He gathered the other 3 and they left to fight giants.

Hanging on some pegs, high on the wall, behind the bar, you gather information on a wide variety of subjects. It would have been much more, but Freedo usually is standing in front of you serving his customers, talking to them, talking to you, just talking and talking.

One dark, late night, a few drow walk in. The few patrons at the bar go silent and put their hands on their weapons. You still remember the hatred on that Drows scarred face, Jorlan Duskryn. ~ They are still looking for us, even following us to the surface ~

Days go by, you wonder if your humanoid friends are still alive or bound in chains being led to a very long, torturous end in Menzerberan.

You sense Alice's arrival on this plane. She immediately reaches out to you. You feel lighter, you float off your hooks, then fly out the window.

