

AMARUNE'S ALMANAC

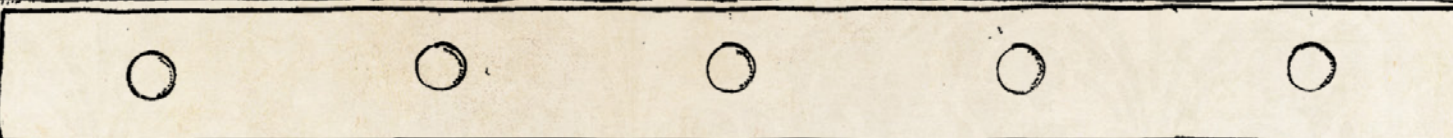


Arctics of the Realms





Jaerûn





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Definitions

When referencing spells from this book, the superscript "AA4" is used (for example, *druidic practice*^{AA4}). 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.

Your humble sage and publisher, Volothamp Geddarm, at your service once again to introduce the fourth book from Elminster's successor, Arctics of the Realms.

Personally, I can't stand the cold. There's little in the way of creature comfort to be found north of Silverymoon. Instead, one is faced with fierce winds, biting frost, and the constant fear your next step might be off the edge of the world itself. Not to say I can't bear it! Your friend Volo is made of tougher stuff than you might think, that's for certain. I've seen the Ten Towns. I've even visited Sossal in the dead of winter!

Speaking of winter. I ran into the notorious "bard" Artus Cimber last time I was in Bryn Shander. He was all poised, determined, and always with some sort of mission to save the world. I don't know why, but that man makes my back teeth grate every time. It must be that constant draft of cold-as-death air that follows him around. We did get to chatting though, and he was distinctly interested in the work of Amarune and Arclath. I assumed they knew one another through some network that the Chosen all shared, but in our talks it became known to me they were all born in Suzail. Having seen the entirety of Toril, it might come as a shock that even I am surprised when I am reminded that the Faerûn is a small world; and made smaller still by the Chosen's penchant for long lives.

Over drinks in Port Nyanzaru, Amarune's partner Arclath and I developed a mutual respect over our distaste for cold weather. The topic came up when an order of fizzy beverages, chill to the touch, arrived at our table. Not much stays that cold in Chult. After downing the refreshing drinks, our glasses rattled with the presence of four ice-blue berries, the source of the chill. Arclath popped one into his mouth, and boy did I laugh at the sound he made! Riotous, that screech of pain as he clasped his jaw. I must remember to tell my editor about that, next time I should see him.

Within this tome you will find a survival guide, not just a list of what you might find north of warmth. Surely, I will spare space in my pack for this edition of the almanac if I ever fail my baser instincts and travel north again. As always, please be mindful that these words are those of Amarune, not your illustrious publisher, and I should not be held accountable for their accuracy!



Volothamp Geddarm

The following D&D books provided material and inspiration:

R.A. Salvatore. *The Bloodstone Lands*. 1989

David Cook. *The Horde (Volume II)* 1990

Karen Wynn Fonstad. *The Forgotten Realms Atlas*. August, 1990

Ed Greenwood, Julia Martin, Jeff Grubb. *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting 2nd edition (revised), A Grand Tour of the Realms*. 1993

Ed Greenwood. *Volo's Guide to the North*. 1993

Anthony Pryor. *Spellbound (Monstrous Compendium)*. 1995

Ed Greenwood, Julia Martin, Steven E. Schend, Paul Jaquays, Steve Perrin. *The North: Guide to the Savage Frontier (The Wilderness)*. April, 1996

Jon Pickens ed. *Monstrous Compendium Annual Volume Three*. November, 1996

Ed Greenwood, Sean K. Reynolds, Skip Williams, Rob Heinsoo. *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting 3rd edition*. June, 2001

James Wyatt. "Portals of the Frozen Wastes: The Great Glacier". *Perilous Gateways*. June, 2002

Richard Baker, Matt Forbeck, Sean K. Reynolds. *Unapproachable East*. May, 2003

Brian R. James and Ed Greenwood. *The Grand History of the Realms*. September, 2007

R.A. Salvatore, Jeffrey Ludwig, Matthew Sernett, James Wyatt. "Campaign Book". *Legacy of the Crystal Shard*. November, 2013

Christopher Perkins. *Storm King's Thunder*. September, 2016

Foreword

Ah, yes. The “howling frozen nothingness in which living things just disappear forever into all the white emptiness.” At last.

How...warm and comfy.

This may well be the reaction of many folk in the Realms, who, as most people in our real world, prefer to huddle indoors, enfolded in comfort and near to the hearth, and thank their good fortune that they’re not out in the cold. Not just depths of winter cold, but the enduring cold of those regions that seldom, if ever, know warmth—and when they do, also know floods and landslides and treacherous sucking mud and a host of smaller calamities that accompany such rare thaws. (Which can themselves be a spectacular spur and backdrop for adventures around the gaming table, but far less welcome if you’re living through them, fighting for life in a rushing frozen river you’ve fallen into, as its torrent sweeps you in great haste towards jagged ice that roofs over the river, and is going to sweep you under...or if you’re gingerly walking on a frozen lake, and hear deep, groaning cracks that race close to you, as the ice decides you’re just a little too heavy, after all...or is it a lurking underwater monster, reaching up to shatter the ice, and so deliver you into its jaws?

Cheery thoughts.

As so relatively few folk in the Realms live in or even near arctic regions, in widespread thinking and lore such places tend to be seen as hostile “killing” areas where fierce storms and bone-biting cold replace monsters as primary killers.

Folk who dwell in arctic regions, or travel into or through them, might disagree about the monsters.

The tome you hold in your hands delves more deeply than most previous sources into such beasties, but let me here impart some details of smaller critters of the cold regions, here. Useful ones.

I refer to such fauna as the snowback beetle, that human-palm-sized and smaller oval white-backed, mottled gray underside beetle that scuttles along the hardened surface of long-fallen snow or bared ice, seemingly impervious to the cold, devouring dirt. It really devours seeds and too-tiny-to-see smaller insects, salts from old spilled blood, sweat, and tears,

and the like, but to most eyes looks like it’s hungrily sucking up dirt. Snowback beetles taste like moldy cardboard (I’ll tell you how I know what that tastes like some other time), but they are edible, and half a dozen or so can keep an otherwise starving wayfarer alive and functioning for another day.

Or the icestick beetle, a stick-with-legs beetle that can grow up to a foot long, and is usually the hue of dirty gray ice. It eats plants, roots, carrion, and smaller living insects, and tastes bitter and foul (though not bad when fire-roasted, especially with nuts, then drenched in honey or berry-juice, Elminster tells me), but can not only sustain life, some folk have flourished on them, growing stronger and hardier.

And then there’s the snow snail. It’s actually more like a hermit crab, with scuttling legs rather than a slug-like foot, but got its name because the shell it grows is exactly the same shape as that of the common snail, only larger. And of a gray hue like ice or rock. Snow snails live as long as three centuries, grow very slowly, seem able to withstand terrible extremes of climate—and taste wonderful, like a combination of roasted almonds, mushrooms, and a good beef gravy—when roasted in a fire. And, once cooked, dry but don’t perish, and can be carried for months as trail food, which is how I got to taste some when Elminster visited me in my study one recent night. I’m not saying a handful of roast snail was a fair trade for one of my oldest and most expensive bottles of peaty single malt, but disputing with wizards, even old friends, isn’t a career-enhancing strategy.

The tome you hold in your hands examines cold-region player options, spells, magic items, monsters, and even some famous places. I felt chilled just turning these pages, and I’m a hardy Canadian who in my youth hiked (a grand name for trudging) half-frozen for miles to camp in winter. May you be as icily delighted!

Ed Greenwood

{Creator of The Forgotten Realms}



Introduction

My name is Amarune Lyone Armala Whitewave, and I am the great-great-granddaughter of the famous wizard Elminster Aumar, the Sage of Shadowdale. I've lived a colorful life, at many times getting through only by the skin of my teeth. I consider myself, at this point, to be an accomplished and experienced adventurer. However, none of my experiences as a mask dancer, a burglar, a mercenary, a Chosen of Mystra, or even a vessel for containing Elminster's consciousness, could have prepared me for the challenges of the arctic.

I can remember my dearest Arclath complaining so flippantly in the heat of the jungles of Chult about how one can add more layers in the cold, but there is only so much one can remove to cool themselves. He even asked in my volume on forests, "What is one to do in that kind of heat? Take your skin off?" Yet these words now ring in my mind as ignorance. He didn't know at the time, as neither of us could have known, how truly, biting cold the winter air can become in the most extreme locales.

Dressed in our wools and furs, we embarked on our first arctic expedition, and we stopped in a tavern at the base of a mountain for supplies. There, we had a chance encounter that would inform the rest of our journeys. Sitting in the corner of the tavern, eyeing us the way I'm sure he'd looked at so many other bright-eyed explorers skipping toward their demise, was an old tiefling man.

If I were to be honest, I must say I've always found tieflings rather attractive folk. I'm certain it's something about their infernal heritage that is designed to inspire temptation, though I've known several tiefling women who would gladly exchange their allure to be mundane and unnoticeable. However, the tiefling man we met in the tavern was truly ghastly to gaze upon. I imagine that at one time he was a handsome man, but the ravages of the

northern winters had taken their toll on him. His gaunt face resembled that of the undead, starting from the end of his lich-like nose, the soft flesh long ago sacrificed to frostbite. His skin was gnarled with scars, his horns chipped and worn, and he was missing one of his ears as well. He idly drummed his fingers on the table, though only two of them still had their fingertips. He asked grimly as we passed by his table, "Going north, are we?"

Our Time With Grit

Though we had only intended to pass through, Arclath and I found ourselves sitting for hours at the table with the frost-gnarled tiefling. Though we later learned his name was Gascoigne, he preferred to go by his self-chosen "virtue" name, Grit. I don't know when in his youth he picked a name like Grit, but for the old man I know now, I can imagine no better a moniker.

Grit, as it turns out, was born in the city of Neverwinter, and enjoyed unreasonably comfortable temperatures. He was twelve years old before he ever saw the first sign of ice on the docks where he ran deliveries for the sailors, and only in the most bitter of winters. However, the Neverwintans are a quiet and well-mannered folk who don't care much for "rocking the boat", and it turned out to be a poor fit for Grit. As soon as he was old enough to strike out on his own, he hopped on a boat to Luskan, and continued as far north as he could, to a land where a man could live by the sweat of his brow without the judgement of others looking down on them.



Grit thought his warm-blooded nature and determination would see him through. He lost three toes in his first month, and were it not for the kindnesses of other loners passing by, he'd have lost much more. He learned many hard lessons over the years, and most of them left him with scars that would never let him forget. Bitter winters made his bones ache more and more as he got older and he found himself growing more fond of the tavern's fires. So, there we found him, resting in the quiet warmth of the tavern, hoping to pass on small nuggets of wisdom like the outlanders who had saved his life so long ago. I consider this writing to be a dedication to him, and I hope that perhaps the lessons he taught us, captured in these pages, will help more adventurers come back from the arctic with all their appendages intact.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR, ARCLATH DELCASTLE

As a member of the noble class, I am accustomed to the layering of clothing. Most nobles would never be caught dead in only a single layer, and I must admit, I generally consider myself to be "slumming" to wear only trousers and a tunic. I remember being a young lad, dressing in my linen undergarments, hosen, slops, doublet, and jerkin before my mother would even let me outside to play. I would envy the boys running around in their fathers' old tunics cinched with a strip of leather cord! Oh, what freedom to climb trees and roll in the mud!

Yet, these days of joyless excess prepared me well for the freezing temperatures. I hardly felt any of Amarune's claustrophobia as I layered garment over garment in the most precise order; first, the garments to wick away the body's moisture; second, comes a layer of fleece or wool to keep warmth in; third, another layer of fleece or wool to keep out the cold; fourth, and lastly, a layer of heavy leathers to keep out the wind, rain, and snow.

One might not think that sweating would be a concern in the arctic freeze, but only a few minutes of climbing an icy cliffside will teach you otherwise. As unwise as it may sound to strip out of one's clothes in such freezing temperatures, keeping dry undergarments is a necessity of survival. Often, Amarune and I found ourselves wearing multiple layers of wool hosen that came only to the knee, so that we might remove our boots in any dry shelter we found, and exchange our dampened hosen for dry ones. I feel certain the only reason I have all ten of my toes today is because we were so dedicated to this practice.

It's A Small World

When Arclath and I were venturing through Icewind Dale, as you'll read later in this book, we spent a little time in Bryn Shander. Though our first pass through the walled town sent us on a trip to Dougan's Hole, we would later pass through Bryn Shander again on our journey back south. A barmaid asked us, offhandedly, where we were from. Though that's an unprecedentedly complicated question for the two of us, we find it easy enough to simply answer "Suzail". The maid got an odd look of recognition on her face, as if snapped from a stupor; I imagine that asking travelers where they're from is simply a part of her script, but something about our response made her actually care.

Before we could finish our meals of knucklehead trout, a familiar face came strolling up to our table. Though Arclath didn't know him, I recognized his round, dirt-smudged face as that of a boy I'd played with back in Suzail as a child. Dressed in his heavy winter coat, standing before us was Sirac of Suzail.





Sirac and I had rubbed shoulders and picked pockets together long ago, but while my life led me to become a master burglar and exotic mask dancer, his life had clearly led him in another direction entirely. So, with someone whom I had once been so familiar, I felt more comfortable than ever asking, “What in the world brought you to a place like this?”

As it turns out, a life on the streets is unlikely to ever look up, even for a boy who can claim a famous adventurer as his father. He’d made some attempt to make contact with Artus Cimber, his immortal yet absentee father, before he managed to bribe his way into a caravan headed for Baldur’s Gate. Stories of making his pay as a knucklehead trout fisher took him even further north to Bryn Shander, and while the fishing was alright, it was his newfound faith that kept him here.

To my surprise, my old ne’er-do-well friend had become an acolyte of Torm, and now worked in a temple in Bryn Shander known as the House of the Triad. Though I tended to think most people were quite mad for living in such a hostile place, it warmed my heart to see Sirac settled here. He was always a kind and honest boy, and even if he had to do it to keep food in his belly, he was never cut out for a life of thievery. I still think the bitter arctic wastes are a hellish place to live, and Sirac agreed with me, but he considered it his sworn duty to offer spiritual guidance and help for those who decided to settle there.

JAMES DONOVAN

The Crisp Touch of Magic

Even in the most barren corners of the earth, where it seems nothing could ever thrive, both magic and life still flourish. At times, the frost even flourishes because of the magic. This is no more obvious than in the case of the Great Glacier. Though I lack the scientific knowledge to explain the ins and outs of why, it’s clear from the quickest glance at a well-drawn map that the world grows colder the further north you travel; Icewind Dale’s nickname as the “edge of the world” is well earned, as there’s truly nothing worth seeing any further north than that.

However, the Great Glacier stands as an affront to everything else we know about the weather patterns of the world. Though much of the glacier has receded now, it once expanded over the lands we know as Damara and Vaasa. To give some context and sense of scale, that would be the same as if the snows of Icewind Dale extended all the way to the warm waters of Neverwinter. Whether you blame the relics of a frozen god or the touch of an Ice Witch, the impact of magic upon the plummeting temperatures is undeniable.

Player Options

Presented here are two subclasses, one for the Druid class and one for the Ranger class. These subclasses represent those fools hardy enough to call the frigid wastelands of Faerûn their home. The Circle of the Frozen North, who manifest the extreme cold as a field of snow that chills their opponents to the very bone; and the Northguard, a ranger archetype for outcasts banished to the North. They survive to live, and live to survive; embodying everything the North thrusts upon them.

Circle of the Frozen North

Druids of the frozen tip of Faerûn practice a unique form of druidic magic known as northern magic. The core concept of northern magic is that among the night sky, the weave manifests itself as a curtain of shimmering light known as an aurora. They live on the edge of the world so they can connect most closely to this light and draw from its natural magical power for their rituals. Thus, these druids have become tempered and hardened to the extreme conditions of the harshest environment of Faerûn.



CIRCLE SPELLS

Druid Level	Spells
3rd	<i>hold person, quell</i> ^{AA4}
5th	<i>ice slide</i> ^{AA4} , <i>slow</i>
7th	<i>ice storm, frost nova</i> ^{AA4}
9th	<i>land of eternal night</i> ^{AA4} , <i>cone of cold</i>

Arctic Beast Forms

Desolate, but not desperate. The arctic regions of Faerûn are home to crafty, resourceful, and stoic creatures. At 2nd level, you can use your Wild Shape to transform into a beast that calls the arctic 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 forest 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: Snowfield

A cold wind blows, bringing a sudden blasting snowstorm. 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 frozen snowfield. The squalling snow lightly obscures vision within the area. Water within the area becomes frigid and, if still, it becomes frozen over with slippery ice. All other surfaces become coated in a 1-foot-deep layer of mystical snow, creating difficult terrain.

You can manipulate the area in one of the following ways as an action on each of your turns:

Ice Storm. Choose a creature you can see within the area. The snow crystallizes into falling spears of ice above the target and they must make a Dexterity saving throw, taking 1d8 + your druid level cold damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

Piling Snow. The squalling snow coalesces on a 5-foot cube centered on a point you can see within the area. This creates a pile of snow that roughly fills the cube. Any creatures in this area must make a Constitution saving throw or become encased in the snow and restrained. A creature restrained this way can use its action to make a Strength saving throw, breaking free on a successful save. The pile of snow provides three quarters cover for any creature restrained inside.

Shape Ice. Choose an area of ice or water no larger than 30 feet on a side within the area. You can change water to ice within the area and vice versa, and you can reshape ice in the area in any manner you choose. You can raise or lower the

ice's elevation, create or fill in a trench, erect or flatten a wall, or form a pillar. The extent of any such changes can't exceed half the area's largest dimension. For example, if you affect a 30-foot square, you can create a pillar up to 15 feet high, raise or lower the square's elevation by up to 15 feet, dig a trench up to 15 feet deep, and so on. You can't shape the ice to trap or injure a creature in the area.

The terrain created by this feature is real and not an illusion, but is otherwise magical. 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.

Icy Mind

Starting at 6th level, you unlock a unique northern magic technique that allows you to enter a deeper state of mind while concentrating on a spell. You can choose to gain resistance to either cold or fire damage whenever you cast a spell that requires concentration, which lasts as long as you are concentrating on that spell. This deeper concentration also reacts to outside stimulation. If your concentration is broken as a result of damage from a creature, you deal cold damage to that creature equal to 5 x the level of the spell you were concentrating on.

Biting Winds

At 10th level, when you expend a use of your Wild Shape feature you conjure a gale of wind around you. For the next minute, the area within 10 feet of you becomes an area of strong winds. In addition, any creature that starts its turn in this area takes 2d6 cold damage.

Deep Freeze

At 14th level, you learn a northern magic technique to freeze a creature to its very core. As an action, you point at a creature you can see within 60 feet. The target must succeed on a Constitution saving throw against your druid spell save DC or suffer a level of exhaustion. This effect lasts for 1 minute or until you lose concentration (as if concentrating on a spell). On each subsequent turn, you can use your action to force the target to make the Constitution saving throw again, taking another level of exhaustion on a failure. Your concentration ends at the start of your turn if the creature is more than 60 feet away from you or you are unable to see the creature. Any levels of exhaustion caused by this effect go away when your concentration ends.

Northguard

Far above the temperate lands, upon Faerûn's great tundra wastes and high ice, there are those that walk the lands of the winter winds and keep their vigil upon the unchanging fields of deathly cold. The northguard rangers accept nature's boon and live out solitary lives, endlessly seeking signs in the northern squalls of doom coming for the civilized lands below, as they know no other eyes can manage. Rumors speak of enclaves hidden in the ice; of castles from which groups of northguard train and keep their vigil. The life of a northguard is not always chosen willingly, instead being taken up by fugitives or folks who have no other path before them. One can be certain that should they ever encounter a northguard far from the fields of ice, it is because they carry a missive or mission of grave import.



Northguard Magic

Starting at 3rd level, you learn an additional spell when you reach certain levels in this class, as shown in the Northguard Spells table. The spell counts as a ranger spell for you, but it doesn't count against the number of ranger spells you know.

NORTHGUARD SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spells
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3rd	<i>armor of Agathys</i>
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5th	<i>warding wind</i> ^{XGE}
-----	------------------------------------

9th	<i>sleet storm</i>
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13th	<i>fire shield</i>
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17th	<i>cone of cold</i>
------	---------------------

Heart of the Yeti

At 3rd level, you have established your heart among the lands of frigid snow, and you know how to traverse, avoid, and overcome all of its dangers. You automatically succeed on all saving throws against cold damage or effects caused by cold or ice. Additionally, you ignore the effects of extreme cold and extreme wind, as well as obscuration caused by precipitation or fog.

Ghost of the Tundra

Also at 3rd level, you have learned to move as the icewind does. You know the *fog cloud* spell, and it is a ranger spell for you. When you cast this spell, it creates a frigid condensation all around, rather than simple fog. You can cast *fog cloud* without expending a spell slot once. You must finish a long or short rest in order to cast this spell this way again.

While inside the area of a *fog cloud* or *sleet storm* spell you cast and your speed is not 0, moving does not cost you movement and your movement does not provoke opportunity attacks.

Rebuke of the Avalanche

At 7th level, you can embody the serene calm or immovability of the glaciers, and the ferocity of the avalanche. You become proficient in Constitution saving throws. Whenever a creature causes you to make a Constitution saving throw to maintain concentration on a spell and you succeed, you can use your reaction to cause that creature to take 1d8 cold damage. A creature that takes this damage has their speed reduced by 10 until the end of their next turn.

Soul of Ice and Snow

At 11th level, your very presence calls the air and ice to life. You gain resistance to cold damage. When you take the Attack action, you can cause a wave of ice-spikes to rush forward in a 30-foot long, 5-foot wide line originating from you as part of the same action. Creatures in the area must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or take 1d8 piercing damage plus 1d8 cold damage. Creatures that take cold damage from this ability have their speed reduced by 10 until the end of their next turn.

Absolute Zero

At 15th level, you can steal all the heat and comfort from the area around you, drawing out a sudden and deadly flash freeze. As an action, you can force creatures of your choice within 60 feet of you to make a Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the creature takes 10d6 cold damage and is paralyzed until the end of your next turn as it becomes briefly frozen in place. On a success, the creature takes half as much damage, and is only restrained instead.

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

One with the Wind

Also at 15th level, you become like the icewind. You can cast *windwalk* as if it were a ranger spell for you, targeting only yourself. Once you cast this spell using this feature, you can't do so again until you finish a long or short rest.

AMARUNE'S ALMANAC: ARCTICS OF THE REALMS SPELLS

Spell Level	Spell	School	Ritual	Druid	Ranger
1st	<i>druidic practice</i>	abjuration	✓	✓	
2nd	<i>frigid terrain</i>	transmutation		✓	✓
2nd	<i>quell</i>	abjuration		✓	✓
3rd	<i>frost armor</i>	conjuration		✓	✓
3rd	<i>ice slide</i>	transmutation		✓	✓
4th	<i>aurora</i>	illusion		✓	✓
4th	<i>frost nova</i>	evocation		✓	
4th	<i>snow globe</i>	transmutation		✓	✓
5th	<i>land of eternal night</i>	transmutation	✓	✓	✓
6th	<i>glacial efflux</i>	evocation		✓	✓
8th	<i>arctic embrace</i>	enchantment		✓	
9th	<i>avalanche</i>	evocation		✓	

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 to 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 to 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: ARCTIC SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spell
2nd	<i>snare</i> ^{XGE}
5th	<i>frost armor</i> ^{AA4}
9th	<i>snow globe</i> ^{AA4}
13th	<i>land of eternal night</i> ^{AA4}

Spellcasting

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.

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.

Frigid Terrain

2nd-level Transmutation

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, E (arctic)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

You freeze a 20-foot square starting from a point within range, causing any surface in the area to become solid ice. For the duration, the area is difficult terrain. Any creature that starts its turn or moves into the area for the first time must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 2d8 cold damage and gains one level of exhaustion, or half as much damage and does not suffer exhaustion on a successful one. A creature resistant or immune to cold damage automatically succeeds on the saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 2nd.

Quell

2nd-level abjuration

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 reaction

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, E (arctic)

Duration: Instantaneous

As a reaction to a creature within range casting a spell, you lace their body with a frigid icy wind. If the target's spell creates fire or deals fire damage, it fails. Otherwise, the target must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or the spell fails.

Frost Armor

3rd-level conjuration

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a handful of snow), E (arctic)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 hour.

You touch a willing creature, encasing them in a protective coating of ice. For the duration, they gain a +3 bonus to AC and become resistant to cold damage but suffer disadvantage on all Dexterity checks and saving throws. Each time they are hit by a melee weapon attack, their attacker takes 1d6 cold damage.

Additionally, each time they take damage from an attack, the protection provided by frost armor wanes, reducing its armor class bonus by 1. After the AC bonus provided by the armor is reduced to 0, the armor shatters and the spell ends.

Ice Slide

3rd-level transmutation

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (a handful of animal fat), E (arctic)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

Choose two points within range, a thick sheet of ice forms between them. The ice forms a corridor roughly 5 feet wide. This ice covers gaps no greater than 30 feet, but is otherwise exceptionally stable. Any movement on the ice takes only 5 feet, regardless of distance travelled. Creatures can get onto the ice at any point, and exit at any other point. However, if the distance is greater than the base walking speed of the creature, they must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or arrive at their destination prone.

Aurora

4th-level illusion

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a bar magnet), E (arctic)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 hour

You create a miniature aurora borealis in the sky 500 feet above your current position. If you cannot see the sky, this spell fails. As long as the aurora persists, any creature who can see it cannot become lost except by magical means.

At Higher Levels. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, the spell persists for an additional hour for each spell slot level above 4th.

Frost Nova

4th-level evocation

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (20-foot-radius sphere)

Components: V, S, M (white dragon scales worth 450 gp), E (arctic)

Duration: Instantaneous

You invoke the frigid cold to freeze your foes. All creatures other than yourself within 20 feet of you must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or take 6d8 cold damage, suffer disadvantage on Dexterity saving throws, and have their movement speed halved until the start of your next turn. On a successful save, a target takes half damage and suffers no other effects. A creature resistant or immune to cold damage automatically succeeds on the saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, the damage of this spell increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 4th.

Snow Globe

4th-level transmutation

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (a hollow glass sphere), E (arctic)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

You cause the area around you to flurry with blistering winds and razor-sharp snowflakes. A 20-foot-radius sphere centered on you springs into existence. The sphere is filled with a blizzard. Creatures inside the sphere cannot be targeted by creatures outside of it.

Each other creature that starts their turn in the sphere must make a Constitution saving throw, taking 4d8 cold damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.



Land of Eternal Night

5th-level transmutation (ritual)

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Self

Components: V, S, E (arctic)

Duration: 1 hour

You summon a gigantic aurora in the sky above you. This effect covers an area 6 miles across. In any area that can see open sky, areas of darkness are instead dim light. Areas of dim light count as bright light.

At Higher Levels. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the duration for the spell becomes 8 hours. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 7th level or higher, the duration for the spell becomes 12 hours. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 8th level or higher, the duration for the spell becomes 24 hours. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 9th level or higher every day for a year, the duration becomes permanent (until dispelled).

Glacial Efflux

6th-level evocation

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 5 feet

Components: V, S, E (arctic)

Duration: Instantaneous

You touch the ground within 5 feet of you, sending a wave of ice shooting forward that lasts until the start of your next turn. The ice forms a line outward from your position that can be up to 80-feet long, up to 10-feet wide, and up to 20-feet tall. Each creature within the area must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 4d8 cold damage plus 4d8 bludgeoning damage. Additionally, its movement speed becomes 0 until the start of your next turn. On a successful save, a creature takes half as much damage and it does not suffer a movement speed penalty, but must move to a square within 5 feet of it that is not covered in ice by this spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 7th level or higher, the cold damage and bludgeoning damage both increase by 1d8 for each slot level above 6th.

Arctic Embrace

8th-level enchantment

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (white dragon scales worth 600 gp), E (arctic)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

An icy chill passes over your body, giving you a better understanding of winter's fury. For the duration, whenever you cast a spell that deals cold damage to a creature, you cause the creature to become vulnerable to the cold damage dealt by the spell. If a creature is resistant to cold damage, it loses its resistance against the spell damage instead.

Avalanche

9th-level evocation

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Components: V, S, M (a handful of stone and snow), E (arctic)

Duration: Instantaneous

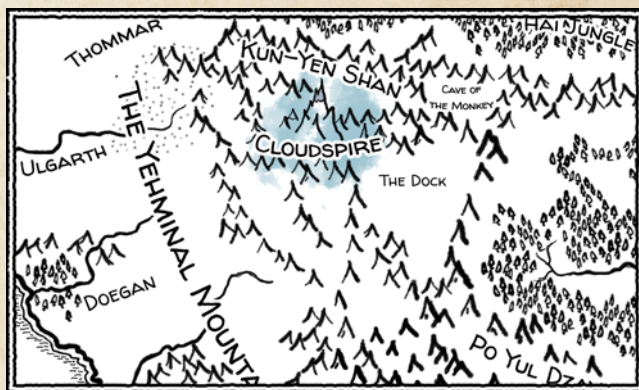
Throwing the handful of material at a point you can see within range, a wave of ice, snow, and rock comes crashing through that area. A line, 30-feet wide originating from you and extending to the point you chose, moves all creatures caught within it towards the end of the line.

Any creatures moved this way must make a Strength saving throw, taking 1d6 bludgeoning damage on a failed save or half as much on a successful one for every 5 feet they are pushed. Creatures who fail this save are also restrained as they are partially buried in the avalanche. Any creature can use their action to free a creature restrained in this way with a Strength (Athletics) check against your spell saving throw DC.

Each creature in a 40-foot radius from the point you choose must make a Dexterity saving throw, taking 20d6 cold damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one. This area becomes difficult terrain.

Locations

Cloudspire



Rising up to form a great division between Faerûn, Kara-Tur, and Zakhara, are the Yehimal Mountains. This mountain range, sometimes just called “the Yehimals”, is roughly as long as the Sword Coast itself from end-to-end, and made up of countless peaks and points of interest. It is not a place I had intended to travel from the outset of this book, but I quickly realized that if I did not see other far-off places, my book on the arctic would be nothing but a list of places in the far north. The opportunity to see such arctic terrain so far south was too appealing.

When we reached the Yehimals, we went in search of a porter who could serve as a guide in traveling up the side of the mountain. At a small mining town in the southeast of Ulgarth, we stopped in a tavern to ask for advice on getting a porter to travel up to the highest points of the Yehimals. After they were through staring at us as though we’d asked for our own execution, the locals guided us to look for a woman named Brigga.

Brigga, as it turns out, was a stout dwarven woman with dark red hair, green eyes, and mahogany skin. We wondered at first if we were being tricked; so many porters and northern-dwelling folk we’d met were obviously marred by their lifestyles, scarred and maimed, and yet Brigga looked like a fresh-faced young dwarven woman. Her voice, however, contradicted our first impression; though she looked as though she’d barely reached adulthood at the youthful dwarven age of fifty or sixty, her calm advice and wise words seemed more befitting of a woman who’d been climbing mountains for a century or two. Never one to shy away from a bold question, Arclath asked Brigga directly why she didn’t look as rugged as the others we’d met or worked with. Brigga laughed his question off and said, “Because I respect the mountains.”

Upon hearing we wanted to see ice and snow, Brigga told us we’d want to climb Yauvdagh. As we tried to twist our lips around the strange word, she chuckled at us, and told us of the mountain’s many other names; Dzayur, Kulmount, Mount Huul, the elves called it Arthael, and the gnomes called it Yavalaur. However, the simplest and most evocative name she could present us was “Cloudspire”. As she said that word, she pointed out a distant mountain that reached so high its tip was obscured by the roof of clouds. “It goes a few thousand feet above those clouds,” Brigga said, “You’re stupid if you want to go up there, but I’ll take you as far as you want to go until the coin runs out.”

At first, we had some concerns about Brigga spending our coin too freely. She looked over all of our equipment, and very sternly told us what would be useful and what wouldn’t stand up to the task. Soon we were buying new boots, more pitons, more rope, and tent covers made of specific hides. Any time we questioned the necessity of another purchase, she reminded us rather casually, “I’m being paid to escort you there and back, but I’m not being paid to drag what’s left of you back.”

Our travel to the base of Cloudspire was a journey in itself, taking two tendays of walking and hand-pulling wagons of our supplies. Though I generally don’t balk at “roughing it”, even I was beginning to question the wisdom of wasting so much time, energy, and our supplies on a trip that could’ve been made easier by renting mounts. As Brigga explained, however, we were taking the time to let our bodies adjust to the thinner air as the elevation rose; though we hadn’t even begun climbing the mountain itself, the air would only become thinner as we progressed. To our surprise, she explained that she needed these three weeks to decide if she was even going to risk trying to take us up Cloudspire.

By the time we reached the “base” of Cloudspire, it was already taking its toll on our bodies.

“I took a cartographic mage up the mountainside once,” said Brigga, “Strange little gnome fellow. I was surprised he could move his arms and legs in all the layers he’d bundled up in, and with his pointy hat, he looked like a brown star waddling up the side of the mountain. Nothing would slow him down. He told me that if you walked straight out in the air from where we made our base camp until you reached the ocean, the waves would be over seventeen thousand feet under your feet. That’s almost as far as the clouds are above you now.”

We spent five tendays at the base camp, and once a tenday we had to move our tents, because of



the migration of the glacier underneath our feet. Each day, Brigga took us for hikes up and down the mountainside, both to hunt and to get our bodies “acclimatized” (a word she’d learned from the gnomish cartographer). Our primary source of meat was hunting Yehimalan musk oxen, a species so hardy and thick-pelted that they can’t survive at higher temperatures. And we were not alone; snow leopards were a common sight, preying on the oxen. We guarded our preserved rations carefully, because we knew we’d be reaching a point where even the yaks would not climb, and hunting would be too wasteful of energy.

Eventually, after almost two moons had passed from setting out on this journey, Brigga decided we were ready. We replaced the wheels on our small wagons with skis, and began our steady ascent. Though Arclath and I were focused on our heartbeats and keeping our breathing steady, always alert for any signs of sickness from the altitude, Brigga filled the silence with stories.

“There’s no good mining in these mountains,” she said, “but there are some caverns where white dragons used to live. We’re not far now from Morglauzendieyr’s old stomping grounds. Klauth killed him though, tore his throat right open.”

“They called it Kulmount after a miner named Kuldur,” she said, “He tried to find ore and gems, but fell off the mountain and died. Not sure why they decided to name the whole mountain after a failure, but maybe that’s why they don’t let me name things.”

“Stay away from the mountain goats,” she said, “They like to butt people off the mountain, but more importantly, you don’t want a remorhaz to confuse you for a goat. Oh yeah, there’s remorhaz up here.”

Sleep is not restful at high altitudes. On every third or fourth breath, you may find yourself uncontrollably gasping, jerking yourself from your sleep. Each day felt more exhausting than the last. By the time we reached our next camping location, at roughly 19,000 feet up, we could feel the atrophy in our overworked muscles. Even with all of our preparation, all of our acclimatizing, our bodies did not want to comply.

I am not too ashamed to admit that the insomnia and thin air robbed me of my senses for a time. We continued our upward climb, and while I put on a brave face and a confident voice, my body could not follow through. I lost my footing as we were crossing a gap in the glacier using ropes, and I slid down the icy surface, travelling faster than anything I could have imagined. Were I not so heavily insulated in

my clothes, I’m sure I’d have broken half the bones in my body, but instead, I was lucky enough only to break my leg and crack several ribs by the time I hit the bottom. I could barely hear the sounds of Arclath screaming my name.

For what felt like hours, I laid on cold ice, watching my breath fog the air above me. My lantern laid out on the ground nearby, glistening on the frozen walls and ceiling. As I gazed through the ice, I could see many things, but I could not be sure what was real and what was a figment of my weary mind. I could see grand arches of gold, silver, copper, and iron, intricate metalwork woven through dark stone, and bands of gold and silver still decorating the long-dead dwarven bones in their frozen graves. I felt as though I was drunk. My body burned, and my numb fingers sought to unlace my coat, seeking some relief. I suppose I should be grateful that the pain in my ribs didn’t allow me to shed my layers, even as I felt the hot flashes overcame me.

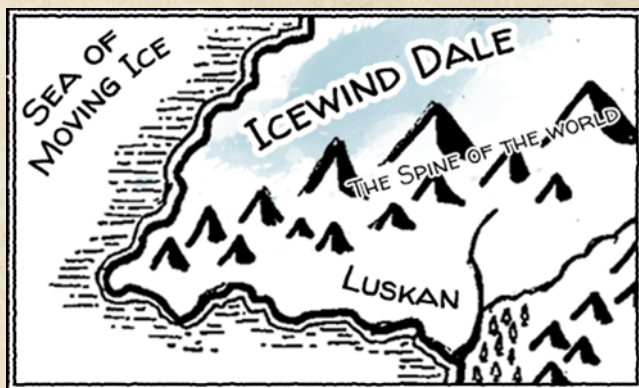
Though I drifted in and out of consciousness for some time, I don’t remember being truly awake until we’d returned to the village at the bottom of the mountain. I woke in a warm bed, being cradled by Arclath, who sobbed as he petted my hair and held my hand. I had apparently been groaning and muttering for some time before I took hold of my senses again, but it was enough to fill him with joy to see me so alive. I had no doubts Arclath would not leave my side, but I was more surprised to see Brigga nearby.

“You almost shared the grave of Clan Tarve,” said Brigga, “You fell into a crevice in the High White, and right into one of the ancient dwarven cities, ruined by denizens of the Underdark ages ago. You’re lucky we got you out before the glacier shifted and sealed you in.”

Though stories of death and doom were not my favorite uplifting tales, Brigga visited me often while I recovered, and told me time and again how lucky I was. She even told me that many times climbers don’t leave themselves enough energy to get back down the mountain when they’re done. Once, she took a druid to the top of the mountain, and he died standing on the summit. Cloudspire has claimed the lives of far too many brazen folk, and I was nearly one of them.



Icewind Dale



Some might call Icewind Dale the “edge of the world”, as it is the northernmost explored region in all of Faerûn. Travel north beyond the dale is impeded by the ice floes of the Trackless Sea and biting winds so cold that exposed flesh would blacken in minutes. I’ve known so many explorers who would journey through the most hostile environments solely to see what was on the other side, but there is something about the northern limits of Icewind Dale that turns even that sort back. I somehow doubt it’s even the obvious danger, but rather the lack of any perceived reward; what is one to find beyond the cold and death besides something even colder and more barren?

Yet, there are still people who see reason to live at the extremes of what is considered to be inhabitable. There are ten towns in Icewind Dale, rather unimaginatively called the Ten Towns, lying along a tangle of paths woven between three lakes. The largest of these towns is the walled settlement of Bryn Shander, the dale’s gateway to the rest of the world and foremost trading post of the North. The road leading into the city is fittingly named Caravan Trail.

The caravan we travelled with decided to settle for the evening in an inn known as Kelvin’s Comfort, but Arclath and I decided to see a bit more of the “local flavor” and gravitated to a tavern that seemed popular among the residents. We found ourselves at a place called the Hooked Knucklehead, a more lively hearth than any we could’ve imagined in such a frozen wasteland. Fishers were trading increasingly grand stories about their most legendary catches and business folk were making deals over roaring volumes and sloshed pints. We ordered our own mugs, and I was immediately surprised by the vessel that was served to us.

In my hands was a wooden mug, made like a tiny keg with metal bands and a handle of carved bone. The handle, however, was decorated with intricate stippled designs of soaring birds. Arclath’s,



meanwhile, displayed fish leaping from waves. We never expected to see this level of elegance on display in a common tavern.

Through chatter with the locals, we'd learn that this art form was called scrimshaw, and as taken as we were with the carving of our mug handles, those turned out to be the rough practice work of children, and not something produced by a true artist. Icewind Dale scrimshaw, as it turns out, is produced from the bones of knucklehead trout, which are fished from all three of the major lakes in the dales. One of the fishers, with a drunken flushed face and a grin all too proud of himself, said, "If you want to see the real jewel of the dales, you should visit Dougan's Hole!"

We should've known by the uproarious laughter that erupted from him and his friends that we were not in on the joke being told.

We spent the night in the Hooked Knucklehead, and while we technically paid for a room, we didn't use it. The rooms were as cold as ice, and I mean that quite literally; the pitch by the wash basin was frozen solid. Instead, like so many other patrons, we slept in the main room by the hearth.

The next day, we set out for the quaintly named Dougan's Hole to find the supposed capital of scrimshaw artistry in the North. What we found was a town of less than thirty buildings, with two piers extending out on Redwaters, the smallest of the lakes. We'd not yet given up the hope that perhaps some master craftsman dwelled here, but we were beginning to understand why all the other locals laughed.

The largest structure in Dougan's Hole was the fishhouse, and it wasn't difficult to understand why. Nearly all aspects of life in the town revolved around the Redwaters and what came out of it. Each morning, a small fleet of boats launched from the docks at sunrise; sometimes this meant workers would be breaking up the ice that formed along the shore by lantern light for hours before. Each boat was equipped with massive nets, thrown out into the lake in hopes of hauling back something impressive. Fish that were too small were thrown back overboard, though some of the ships kept the freshwater crabs they dredged up, throwing them into a crate for the day's dinner. The catch they were seeking, however, was none other than the massive knucklehead trout.

Each adult trout they kept was no shorter than five feet in length, with some of them approaching seven feet long. The massive beasts wriggled as they were hauled aboard by the strength of four to six men, and

were quickly set upon by the crew's more nimble members, who would knock the fish unconscious with a quick strike of the club. Once it was no longer fighting, one fisher with a long knife would deliver two quick cuts, one to the back of the head, and one under the gill, to serve it a quick end and begin bleeding it out over the edge of the deck.

We were informed that these crews, which functioned with practiced precision, were common all over the dale. Knucklehead trout and the crafts made of their bones were the primary export from these parts, often in exchange for wood from the south; the constant need for heat and construction materials to repair their weather-beaten homes was too much for the nearby logging town of Lonelywood to meet demand.

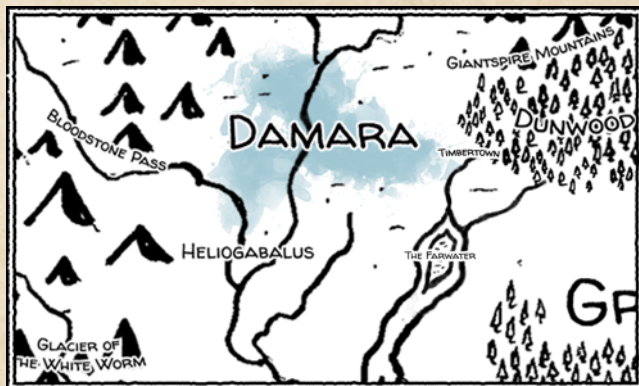
Just as we were preparing to leave Dougan's Hole, I noticed a strange structure to the southwest of town. Upon investigation, I found an open field, with twenty granite standing stones erected in a perfect triangle around a singular larger slab in the center. If anything was ever etched upon this granite, the ages had worn it away so smoothly that nothing could be read upon them. I spoke with the village's "speaker", a gruff woman by the name of Edgra Durmoot, who said that sages come by the town from time to time to take a look at the rocks, but nothing ever comes of it. Edgra told us the structure, called the Twenty Stones of Thruun, was there long before Dougan Dubrace cut his fishing hole, and some of the sages thought it was perhaps built by an ancient giant or in honor of some ancient deity now lost to time.

ARCLATH'S NOTES - THE DELICATE ART

Scrimshaw is an incredibly elegant artform, I find. Though most nobles back home in Suzail would look upon bone sculptures as crass, barbaric practices, I was endlessly impressed by the etchings produced in Icewind Dale. I took a while to sit and observe an elderly man teaching a small group of children the art. His hands were gnarled by rheumatism until he could barely move his fingers, but he was still able to wedge tiny tools between his mangled joints in order to carve designs into scraps of bone. He squinted and leaned close to see what I could barely see with my youthful eyes, working thin etchings into the surface and gently blowing flecks of ivory dust away from his work. It was not until the end, when he rubbed an ink-dabbed cloth over the etching, that it came to life. Detailed imagery of a sailing ship on cresting waves, complete with all its rigging and billowing sails, sprung to life as the ink seeped into the lines, and the excess was wiped away. What incredible talent!

Knowing the way the Spellplague has shaped our land, and how the Second Sundering reshaped it again, I cannot imagine how the lands of Icewind Dale have changed over countless millennia. Perhaps, once upon a time, the Twenty Stones stood in the middle of green hills, surrounded by wildflowers, warmed by the afternoon sun. Or, perhaps, people have always been crazy enough to lay down roots in a place as inhospitable as this.

Damara



For thousands of years, the Great Glacier dominated the north east. Though there are several legends as to how it came to stretch so far, the most popular tale involves the god Ulutiu, father of the giant-kin races. Many believe he laid himself to rest on a funeral barge on the Cold Ocean, and when his divinity departed for the Astral Plane, the shell of his body sank into the sea. A magic necklace he wore encased his body in ice, and that freeze would spread far and wide, forming the Great Glacier.

Thousands of years later, the glacier was claimed by Ice Queen Iyraclea, a cleric of Auril the Frostmaiden, who would overcome the elven high magic that had kept the glacier at bay for so long and spread its icy touch further south than ever before. I remember little of the Ice Queen herself, but from my great-grandfather's memories, I recall her being only one of six women he ever knew to have eyes the color of moonlit snow. This made her a candidate for the focus of a prophecy, one of the Caliph Auguries, though my great-grandfather didn't believe she had the power or the intent to destroy the Realms.

The Ice Queen stopped her expansion of the glacier several hundred years ago for reasons no one can be quite sure of, and the ice ebbed, revealing the lands that would be known today as Vaasa and Damara. After the queen's demise, the land began to recover, and dwarves delved deep into the once-frozen Galena Mountain in search of gold, silver, and a precious material known as bloodstone.

THE VALUE OF BLOODSTONE

Bloodstone is a peculiar mineral known for its magical properties. At first glance, it is an interesting looking rock, but not especially beautiful; it is a deep green-gray stone, appearing nearly black when polished, and speckled with flecks of red jasper throughout. I'd seen it many times as a child, often cut in smooth oval forms and set into jewelry. I had gotten the impression from my mother that it was a simple, perhaps even tacky gem, as cheap as a chunk of quartz. Of course, as I've grown more worldly, I've realized that fifty gold pieces is nothing to sneeze at for the common folk, so your impression may vary.

The true value of bloodstone lies not in its aesthetics, but in its use. Like the herb bloodstaunch, which doesn't grow as far north as bloodstone is mined, this mineral can be used to staunch bleeding, close wounds, and even remove poisons. Once upon a time, the bloodstone was considered such a vital part of the Damaran economy that the noble houses produced bars of bloodstone marked with their seals for trade. The rise of the witch king in the neighboring Vaasa, which I'm sure Amarune will speak more on later, led many to believe these trade bars were "cursed", valuing them even less than uncut stone. However, their value is beginning to recover today as the Damaran people rediscover their previously abandoned culture in spite of their leadership.

Today, it would be hard to believe that Damara has had such a brief history. The land is organized into eight provinces, each as duchies and baronies under their crown, with three provinces hosting major cities, and the rest as farming and mining lands. Today, the land is ruled by a petty tyrant of a king, a human by the name of Yarin Frostmantle, but the people seem to be thriving under his rule in spite of his incompetence.

In truth, Arclath and I had only intended to pass through Damara on our way to Vaasa, and I doubted I'd be writing a chapter on it at all. However, we arrived at the end of Damara's brief farming season, at the height of the harvest when the land and its people were at their most vibrant. The people were wealthy with plenty, and even the miners came down from their mountains to help bring in the harvest. During this time, small "tent cities" formed at the edges of farmlands, where the miners stayed in between days of picking. Each miner could count on being paid by the bushels they gathered, but the majority of the crop was being taken by the king before anyone got paid. Still, most of the miners were more interested in taking a share of the crop

than being paid money for it, no matter how small; gold and silver meant little for their families' bellies over the winter when supplies would run thin.

As Arclath and I were wont to do, we decided to participate in the last days of the harvest, as the autumn chill was settling over the land. In exchange for camping space in a warm and spacious tent with a stout gnomish gentleman named Fizzletun, we agreed that everything we harvested would be attributed to him, as we were only interested in the experience and not an actual share of the crop.

Let me tell you, harvesting parsnips is an awful chore. The soil was bitterly cold in the early morning, as the parsnips were left to endure the first few nips of frost, though they needed to be harvested before the hard freeze came. I had assumed we could simply grab them by the foliage and yank them up, but no, it turns out parsnips are surprisingly fragile. So here we were, under the first rays of the morning light, carefully digging up foot-long parsnip roots from the ground with the rusty spading forks that Fizzletun could spare. Arclath was bemoaning his own adventurous spirit and complaining about how often he listens to me when I say we should try some manner of labor simply for the experience of it, but I had tuned out his bellyaching in an effort to just focus on my work in the hopes it would go faster. Perhaps this tunnel vision on parsnip roots was why I didn't notice the ruckus around me sooner.

As a sharp, bitter rush of wind blew down from the mountains over top of us, other farmers leapt up from their work and began to run for the foot of the rocks. I only took note when one of them kicked dirt over my nearly dug-up root vegetable, and when I looked up, I saw a crowd of people all running for the end of the field. Even Arclath was among them. When I asked what was going on, he replied, "I don't know, but everyone else is going over here!"

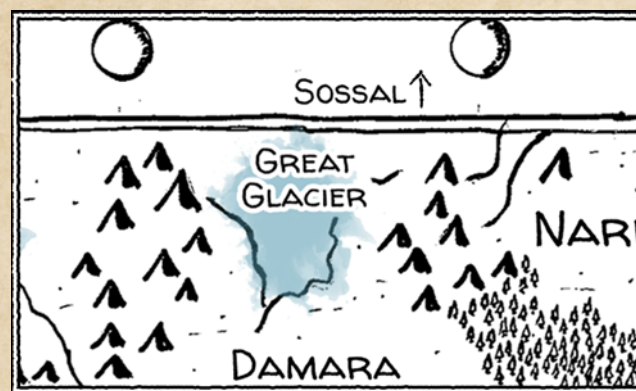
Large, strange tumbleweeds, which I would later identify as *tumblethorns*, were rolling down the rocky hill, bouncing off of ledges and falling toward the pickers. When the tumblethorns fell toward them, they moved quickly out of the way, but then reached out with their tools in hopes of trying to snag the rolling weed before it got too far. I was too confused to know what to do at the time, and if Arclath hadn't pulled me out of the way, I'd have been struck by one of the tumblethorns!

Once all of the runaway tumblethorns had been captured, the farmers carefully worked at carefully digging into the thorny tangles. A few of the empty-handed farmers went back to work as each group dissected their own weed, but some remained just

to watch, like Arclath and I. After about ten minutes, we heard an uproarious cheer from one of the groups. A human woman leapt up, with dirt on her face and scratches on her arms, holding a curious bauble above her head; a glass orb filled with water, a shining clockwork goldfish swimming back and forth in its sloshing confines.

Tumblethorns, as it turns out, are known to blow down from the mountainside at times, and rarely they contain relics of adventurers, mages, and strange creatures that fell to the ice hundreds or thousands of years ago. Farmers told of magic rings, ward tokens, and other incredible finds that have rolled into their fields in the bitter winters. As we all returned to our picking work, trying to salvage the trampled parsnips from the soil, I realized that many of the miners likely came down for this work not only to receive a share of the crop, but to gamble on the off chance that a ten-pound ball of thorns and treasure might fall out of the sky on top of them.

Great Glacier



You learn quickly enough in travelling the world that someone is always trying to sell you something. You also will realize, hopefully sooner rather than later, that most of these merchants do not have your best interests in mind. I was lucky to learn this lesson as a child, watching an unscrupulous halfling selling phials of the same burbling, so-called "medicinal" concoction to every customer who approached his wagon regardless of their ailments. Though his sleight of hand skills were impressive, I knew not to trust in his medical expertise.

Arclath, on the other hand, is not as careful or as jaded as I am. Wealth and nobility afforded him the luxury of taking risks on these kinds of things. A week's worth of a town guard's wages was nothing for him to throw at a merchant, gambling on whether or not a product would actually be useful. We have argued at times over our two different

approaches to shopping for traveling supplies, but we usually find some comfortable ground somewhere in the middle.

Nowhere has it been more important to buy only what we need than when travelling in the arctic. The goal is to travel lightly, but also to ensure that you have everything you need. Any extra weight you carry will burn more energy that you do not have to spare. So, you can imagine how suspicious I was when merchants began trying to sell us equipment that I had never heard of or encountered before.

When preparing to trek the Great Glacier, we were introduced to a piece of equipment called crampons. When I first saw them, I confused them for small bear traps. They were odd metal devices, with sharp jagged teeth, and leather straps attached at four corners. As it turns out, the straps were designed to secure the crampon to the bottom of one's boot, with the metal teeth facing downward, to provide extra traction while walking or climbing on slick icy surfaces.

Next, we were introduced to ice axes. They appeared at first to be small pick axes, and this assessment isn't far from the truth. However, the job of the ice axe is not to break away stone in search of precious metals and minerals, but instead, to provide handholds for climbing icy surfaces.

Then, of course, there were the materials we were already accustomed to. We already carry rope with us, and replace it frequently enough as it becomes worn or needs pieces cut off; it's too valuable and functional for an adventurer not to carry a fifty foot coil of. We also carry pitons with us, because sometimes you just need to climb something that you were never intended to climb. We of course assumed the pitons would be plenty useful for glacier trekking, and we weren't exactly wrong, but we were also introduced to a better option: the ice screw. Whereas a piton is smooth, and could slide out of the ice more easily, the ice screw is drilled into the surface more securely. It takes more time, but safety is worth it.

Among the most important lessons to keep in mind was one the glacier would frequently repeat; unlike a solid rock mountain, a glacier is constantly moving, even if you may not be able to tell at a glance. However, the crevasses that form in a glacier are a deadly reminder. Each crevasse is a deep, jagged crack in the ice, and its walls are almost perfectly vertical, making climbing in or out a dangerous process. The most deadly crevasses, of course, are the ones that you don't see, covered by bridges of snow that have fallen in the previous winter season. What appears to be a smooth surface is instead a fragile

arc of packed snow, that can easily collapse under a climber and the weight of their equipment.

The next most deadly threat comes in the form of seracs. A serac is a jagged column of ice stretching upward, like a stalagmite outside of a cave. Even a seemingly sturdy serac can crack and break at any time, given the movement of the glacier under it, crushing or impaling hikers nearby.

In spite of these many dangers, Arclath and I took it upon ourselves to climb the glacial mountains of the Lugsaa Chain. This 1,200 mile chain of mountains stretching from the Tuutsaa Chain to the Angsaas Chain, acted as a barrier between the domains of Damara and Vaasa, and the Alpuk region to the north. You might notice the similar naming conventions between these chains; "saas" meaning "shield", I presume in an ancient frost giant tongue, and thus the Lugsaa Chain was known as the Southern Shield. Our goal was to see Alpuk, and its herds of wild caribou. The path we plotted would take us near the base of Mount Okk, the largest mountain in the range.

Reaching Mount Okk was no easy feat, as it was surrounded by other, smaller mountains. To call any mountain "small" feels strange, even after seeing the grand elevations we've encountered to date. They never feel small when you're standing at their feet. Regardless, after we crested the neighboring mount, we were almost overwhelmed by the sight of Mount Okk before us. Luckily, our plan was to travel the valley around Mount Okk, as we had no desire to "conquer" it. We made our slow and careful descent into the valley, keeping our eyes peeled for any threats.

One landmark we wanted to take our time to see was a large fissure at the base of Mount Okk, supposedly opened several hundred years ago by an

CONQUERING MOUNTAINS

In our travels, I've heard much talk of people "conquering" mountains. I do not mean this in the militaristic sense of planting one's flag and claiming a mountain as a viable resource of strategic locale. No, I am referring to climbers who consider the act of climbing to be akin to conquering. Having seen more than my fair share of frozen corpses along these icy trails, I cannot know if they are speaking artistically about conquering their own fears or weaknesses in making the climb, or if they genuinely feel as though they are conquering the mountain itself, but I am certain of one thing: the mountain didn't take notice.

earthquake. Though we had no intent to walk to the edge and peek in, we were surprised by how much of the valley had been ripped open by it, forcing us to weave along steep footpaths to avoid it.

As we were hiking, Arclath asked me if I thought there might be hot springs down inside the fissure. I had no idea why he might be asking such a thing; we certainly wouldn't be stopping for a soak, even if we found a hot spring that wasn't likely miles beneath the surface. However, I still found myself responding, "No, why?" It was then that he pointed out steam rising from the fissure, which I had never noticed before. At first, I could only stare at it, as my mind tried to process what I was looking at. It didn't seem to be any sort of mirage, but I was also positive it hadn't been there only minutes before.

Maybe the rumble underfoot is what triggered my mind to find its answer, or maybe I just like to convince myself that I realized it just before it showed itself, but the truth put itself in front of us in the most terrifying way. A remorhaz, easily measuring forty feet in length, burst from the fissure and scuttled across the surface of the ice with horrifying speed. We could feel the intense heat of its body even at a distance as it shot across the valley like an arrow, racing after us.

There was no outpacing it, and while I'd ordinarily have been poised to fight it, I was less inclined while wrapped in heavy winter clothes with crampons still strapped to my feet. Instead, Arclath and I ran for cover, dodging and weaving between the rocks and seracs that did little to slow the remorhaz's pace. Lucky for us, the huge monstrosity had also stirred up every other form of life in the valley, and even creatures that were previously unseen to us were on the move, as snow rabbits burst from their burrows and owls took swift flight from the trees. As Arclath and I slid down a narrow crevice, one we hoped to be able to extricate ourselves from later, we watched the chaos of nature unfold.

A startled snow fox fled from its burrow, and its light steps across the snow attracted another hunter. An ice worm burst from under the snow, lunging for the fox, and that in turn drew the remorhaz's gaze the moment we had slipped away. The remorhaz instead turned its attention on the ice worm, lashing out to sink its fangs into the worm's leathery hide. We did not stay to watch the fight, instead using our pitons to climb out the far end of the crevasse, as far from the fight as we could.

Though the rest of our glacial trek was not entirely uneventful, nothing brought us as near to death as the remorhaz at the base of Mount Okk.

Vaasa



When leaving Damara, Arclath and I travelled along Bloodstone Pass, the only significant road running through the Galena Mountains. Bloodstone Pass connects the kingdom of Damara to Vaasa, an untamed wasteland standing in stark comparison to its well developed neighbor. One might wonder how Damara could thrive so much in the few hundred years since the thawing of the Great Glacier, while Vaasa would remain so barren. The answer is both complex and simple: Zhengyi the Witch-King.

Zhengyi was once a Red Wizard of Thay, but through the demon lord Orcus, he became a lich with command over armies of undead. Though he died and his armies fell over a hundred years ago, I had heard he counted among his allies someone called the Grandfather of Assassins. That name resurfaced in the recesses of my mind as we were travelling along Bloodstone Pass, from the strangest of sources.

One of the wagons travelling the road near us was being driven by an orc, hauling mining equipment, as well as his human wife and two sons. The elder brother was a scrawny human boy, presumably from the woman's previous marriage, while the 'baby brother' was a half-orc lad who towered over his half brother by at least a foot. The two boys kept getting into fights, in which the elder kept coming out of it with a black eye or a bloody nose, but the younger wound up bawling. I heard their mother shout in exasperation, "If you two don't behave, I swear on all the gods and all the dragons, I will let the Grandfather of Assassins take you both!"

When we stopped to water our horses at the same stream, I couldn't help but introduce us to the other family. While the boys were chasing one another around the wagon, I asked their father about the "Grandfather of Assassins" I had heard mentioned earlier. The enormous orc rubbed his broad jaw and said, "The old man of the mountain. They say he's an immortal, but he wears a mask, so I don't know how they get around claiming that."

USEFUL INFORMATION

In these very mountains we were passing through, who knows how near or how far to this well-travelled road, there was apparently the Assassin's Guild of the Galenas, headed by a presumed immortal warrior. I don't know why no one saw fit to mention this to us before we set out on the road to Vaasa. Perhaps they should distribute pamphlets.

We travelled with the orc and his family through Bloodstone Pass, and they seemed grateful for our company. I think the father welcomed the additional security, while the mother was grateful that her boys had someone else to bother for a while.

We eventually arrived in the town of Palischuk. Palischuk was once a fortress, long ago destroyed in the Witch King's war, and later rebuilt by a community of half-orcs. Needless to say, Palischuk was more welcoming to the small, blended family than most of the places they travelled in Damara; I venture to say humans made up less than a quarter of the population, with the rest being orcs and half orcs. Still, humans were treated fairly even in the minority, as the rugged people of Palischuk seemed to place more value on the sweat on one's brow and the calluses on their hands than the color of their skin or sharpness of their teeth. Even if demand for mining equipment was higher in Damara, the family we travelled with was more comfortable calling Palischuk their home. The last bit of advice the family gave us before parting ways was that if I wanted to write something exciting about Vaasa, I'd best ask around about Castle Perilous, the ruins of the witch king's fortress.

Of course, a name like Castle Perilous was intriguing, but we didn't set out from Palischuk immediately in search of its dolorous spires.

We took our time to restock and supply, and as suggested, we asked around for more information about the area. Unlike Damara, Vaasa was clearly a land that had not yet recovered from the rule of Zhengyi; their economy was based almost entirely on what they could dig out of the mountains to trade for food and necessary supplies from other regions. The Warlock Knights, their leadership and primary defense, resided in a fortress-village called Darmshall, but they were seldom seen outside the safety of their walls unless they were fending off goblinoid attacks or collecting taxes from Vaasa's overworked population.

A few days later, we departed from Palischuk with packs full of preserved food, fresh hiking boots, and a few small bloodstones in case of emergencies, with directions to cross the Cinnabar Wastes along a rough road called The Reach, before leaving the road and traveling north on foot in search of the abandoned castle of Zhengyi. I'm thankful we spent a couple of nights in the comfort of an inn, resting up for the journey, because the Cinnabar Wastes are positively awful to traverse. The land itself is a mixture of huge boulders and fields of something called "scree."

Scree, as it turns out, is the word for the mixture of rocks and pebbles one may find at the base of a mountain. I'd seen it many times before, but never so widespread. As an half-orc miner would later tell us, Vaasa is filled with scree because of the rockfall from the dangerous mountainsides, but also because of its weather; the hard freeze of winter helps break up otherwise solid rock, which tumbles down into piles in the thaw. Not only is scree dangerous and exhausting to travel (not unlike walking in sand





that constantly threatens to crush you), but the Cinnabar Wastes have become the hunting grounds of fog giant nomads and their pet bulettes, which traverse the scree with all the ease and grace of a whale swimming through the ocean. Dearest reader, heed my words when I tell you the Cinnabar Wastes are terrible and if anyone tells you they have a good reason to go there, you should not be friends with that person. You do not need to associate with those kinds of people.

Had we been walking on solid ground, we could have reached Castle Perilous in two days. While traveling on the scree and keeping out of the way of the nomads and their pets, it took us five and a half days. When at last we finally reached the other side of the wastes, we took shelter in a small copse atop a hill, hiding our tent under brambles and trying our best not to impale ourselves on the dead timber that lay scattered about. Though surrounded by dead wood, we had a great deal of difficulty getting a fire started, as the rotting timber was saturated with moisture.

Though we could see the vague shape of Castle Perilous in the distance, we dared not venture toward it before taking another night's rest; Arclath and I have learned our lessons about pushing our bodies too far and not leaving ourselves enough energy to return to safety once we've reached our destination. Once we finally had a campfire started and we hunkered down for the night, the sun was beginning to set in the west. As the last rays of light shone over the Lugsaa Chain mountain range, they lit up the edges of Castle Perilous like a somber beacon in the fog. Laying around the base of the castle was the rubble of its previous facade, and what remained was a gleaming edifice of what looked like onyx. Even from the distance I could see faint runes shimmer on the surface of the castle.

The sight was terrifying, but also awe inspiring, as it was not a lifeless picture; the sky above the castle swirled with chromatic dragons of all ages, sizes, and colors. They circled the castle as though they were waiting for something, though I know not for how long. Whatever strange mysteries and treasures laid within the witch king's castle would have to wait for someone who loved risk far more than I. The following day, we began our hike back to The Reach, with intent to travel south. The bitter wasteland of the north had taken enough of a toll on my soul, and I longed for the sight of green grass and the feel of a balmy breeze on my skin again before I could ever take another walk near the glaciers.



Between Adventures

The tundras of the realms are not the lifeless wastelands devoid of bounty or meaning that some believe. In fact, the land is rich with plant-life that is entirely unique to the region that could be seen as alien to a southerner. 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.

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 | Unrelenting winds create whiteout conditions making it impossible to use landmarks to travel, adding two days to your expedition. |
| 2 | You come across the frozen corpse of a long dead noble. Upon further inspection, you find an heirloom of some value. (Roll on the d100 Trinkets table found in Chapter 5 of the <i>Player's Handbook</i> to determine what is found.) |
| 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 | Blowing snow has created dunes of fresh powder burying much of the local flora, 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

	Crackleleaf	Druid's Balm	Harlichen	Ice Moss	Icegleam Vine	Kanishta	Lapis Moss	Mycosabrak	Powderpuff	Snow-Drag	Snow-Worm	Snowflower	Songwood	Spirit Fir	The Dragon Tree	Thuglud	Tumblethorn	White Stars
Aglarond																		
Amn																		
Anauroch				✓					✓						✓	✓		✓
Beastlands																		
Calimshan																		
Chessentea																		
Chondath																		
Cormanthor																		
Cormyr																		
Damara	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓
Dambrath																		
Elfharrow																		
Great Glacier	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Greypeak Mountains	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓
Halruaa			✓		✓			✓						✓			✓	✓
Hordelands	✓																	
Icewind Dale	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Jungles of Chult																		
Lantan																		
Lapaliya																		
Luskan	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓
Mhair Jungles																		
Moonshea Isles			✓												✓			
Mulhorand																		
Murghôm				✓				✓					✓				✓	✓
Narfell	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Neverwinter	✓		✓					✓						✓				✓
Plains of Purple Dust																		
Rashemen	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓
Sembia																		
Silver Marches	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Sossal	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Tethyr																		
Thay		✓																✓
The Dragon Coast																		
The Great Dale		✓																✓
The High Forest														✓				✓
The High Moor																		
The Shaar																		
The Shining Plains																		
The Western Heartlands																		
Thesk		✓																✓
Turmish																		
Unther																		
Vaasa	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Yehimal Mountains	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓

Flora

Presented in this section are details of some of the flora you can find in the frozen wastelands of the north of Faerûn and among the tops of mountains. 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: Arctic

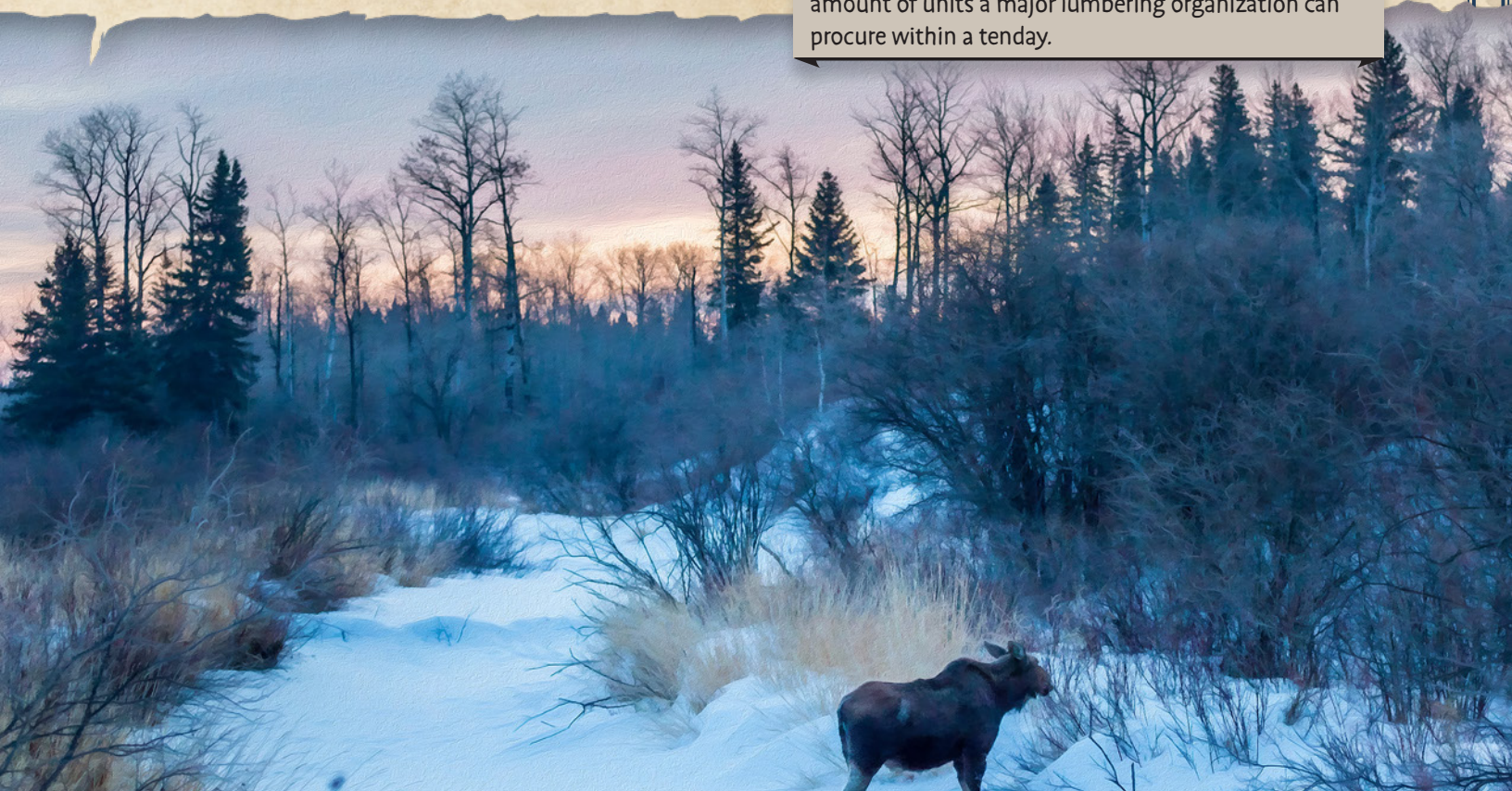
Below is a table which lists each plant included in this book, sorted alphabetically. Each plant has a quantity of material and a gold cost associated with that quantity. The costs listed are for high quality and adventurer-grade examples of each material.

Flora	Unit	Value
Crackleleaf	1 herb	1 sp
Druid's Balm	2 lbs each of berries and leaves	25 sp/lb of berries, 50 sp/lb of leaves
Harlichen	10 lbs of harlichen	50 gp/lb
Ice Moss	15 lbs of loose moss	5 gp/lb
Icegleam Vine	a single live clump of icegleam	5000 gp
Kanishta	one root	25 sp
Lapis Moss	1 vial of powdered moss	25 gp
Mycosabrak	1 pod, which hasn't spread spores	15 gp
Powderpuff	a half dozen intact plants	30 gp

Scardrag	1 lb each of berries and leaves	1 gp/lb of berries or leaves
Snow-Worm	two dozen snow-worms weighing 5 lbs	15 sp per snow-worm
Snowflower	a vial of snowflowers, suspended in liquid	50 gp
Snowwood	a vial of snowwood sap a perfect snowwood lumber sample	1 gp 30 gp
Songwillow	5 lbs each of leaves and branches	1 gp/lb of leaves, 5 gp/lb of branches
Spirit Fir	1 spirit cone	500 gp
Stonefang	5 seeds (kept at subarctic temperatures)	50 gp per chilled seed
The Dragon Tree	one tree's worth of wood and water, 35 lbs	10 gp
Thurglood	a half dozen tendrils	20 gp each
Tumblethorn	20 vines, weighing 10 lbs	50 sp per vine
White Stars	a dozen full-sized plants weighing 2 lbs	5 gp per plant

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.



Crackleleaf

On the shores of Icewind Dale's three icy lakes grows the marble-patterned crackleleaf herb, named for the distinct ease with which the leaf crumbles. The plant itself does not flower or produce seeds, rather portions of its rock-textured leaves fracture and fly along the Icewind to new shores and waters. Should it land on an area of exposed earth, an identical crackleleaf grows in 4 to 6 weeks.

Crackleleaf is quite famous among the Uthgardt tribes and along The Ten Towns as a spice to sprinkle on meats, including the region's biggest export: the Knucklehead Trout. The crumbled leaves are said to have a spicy and salty punch that complements the cold air. The other major use of Crackleleaf is as a warning: when the plants begin to sprout, the tundra yetis have awoken and are on the prowl.

Although it is entirely mundane, alchemists have found that some of their more extraordinary ingredients react to the frigid essence of this herb quite well. A DC 20 Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies reveals that when a sprig of crackleleaf is added to a concoction that provides resistance to cold damage, or allows a creature to exist comfortably in extreme cold, the potion's duration is doubled.



Druid's Balm

Druid's Balm

Druid's balm is a ground cover plant, growing where loose soil and dirt are exposed and not covered by snow. Typically it's found in the mouths of caves, along the beds of waterways (mostly subterranean), and in and around rare thermal vents. The leaves grow up and out along the same plane as the ground, being left aloft by thick and rigid stalks. Each leaf is heart shaped (ending in a point) and roughly 8 to 12 inches in average diameter. The texture of the leaves is soft and velvety, with a very fine hair-like coating. When crushed, the leaf expels a cooling gel that can soothe burns and rashes.

Beneath the leaves are one or two berries attached to each stalk. They are roughly half an inch in diameter and are an ice-blue color. These berries are inedible to any creature that doesn't have the jaw strength to crush rocks, and non-nutritious still. They are, however, chill to the touch. This chill feel can last up to a full year after the berry is separated from the plant, at which point the berry rapidly decomposes. Exposure to energetic heat sources (like that of open flames) will end their chilling effect immediately, but passive heat such as that of the sun or humidity only marginally hastens their decline.

Both the leaves and the berries are common exports, cultivated in the arctic regions even if not found naturally. The nobles of Cormyr, in particular, are exceptionally fond of the leaves as a sanitary wipe and the berries to keep their drinks cool.

NOTE FROM ARCLATH

Balmleaves! The one endearing thing to be found in these frozen wastelands. When Amarune and I started our travels, I packed so many balmleaves into my pack that they began to ooze gel the moment I first slumped the bag down after a tiring hike. Amarune laughed at me - why spend good money on these things when she could just cast prestidigitation to clean up any unsanitary conditions? It's not about the result, it's about the experience: the soft texture, the cooling sensation, and the knowledge that the experience is reserved for those of us who could afford it. There was nothing about it that wasn't distinctly noble.

Harlichen (“HARR-like-enn”)

Harlichen is a steel-gray lichen that grows on rocks in Torilian arctic regions only. It is a macrolichen (bushy or leafy, not flattened), but like all lichens doesn't have roots that absorb water. It flourishes only where it can get some sunlight and lives for centuries. Musk oxen, rothé, mountain sheep, and goats all graze on it and find it nourishing, but its chief benefit to all sentient races (from dragons and wyverns to orcs, halflings, and humans) is that it purifies living systems, working to purge them of poisons and infections (the effects of one pound consumed are equal to a *vial of antitoxin*, plus has a 2 in 6 chance of being as effective as a *protection from poison* spell, and a 1 in 12 chance of having the instant effects of a successful *lesser restoration* spell). No other lichen has the steely gray hue of harlichen (it's named for Har Handstone, a long-ago dwarf adventurer, who had a long beard and long head-hair of exactly the same hue) so can't be mistaken for other plants. One peak in the Yehimal range, Harfang, is so named because wherever its rock is exposed to the sun, it's cloaked in furry harlichen. Harvested harlichen retains its purifying effects for 3 months or more, and so is valued by alchemists, healers, and priests who know its properties.

Ice Moss

This moss grows very thinly on bare ice and on rocks. It is furry, a sickly brown-white-with-olive-green-edges in hue, and is very rich in nutrients, so an essential part of the diets of arctic birds and animals in the high, cold regions of Toril. Hungry humans have found that a handful of ice moss is as rich as a large meal, and if plucked from its rocks, it retains its flexibility and edibility for days, and so can be harvested by wayfarers on the move to serve as staple, sustaining food. One pound of ice moss is equivalent to one pound of rations.

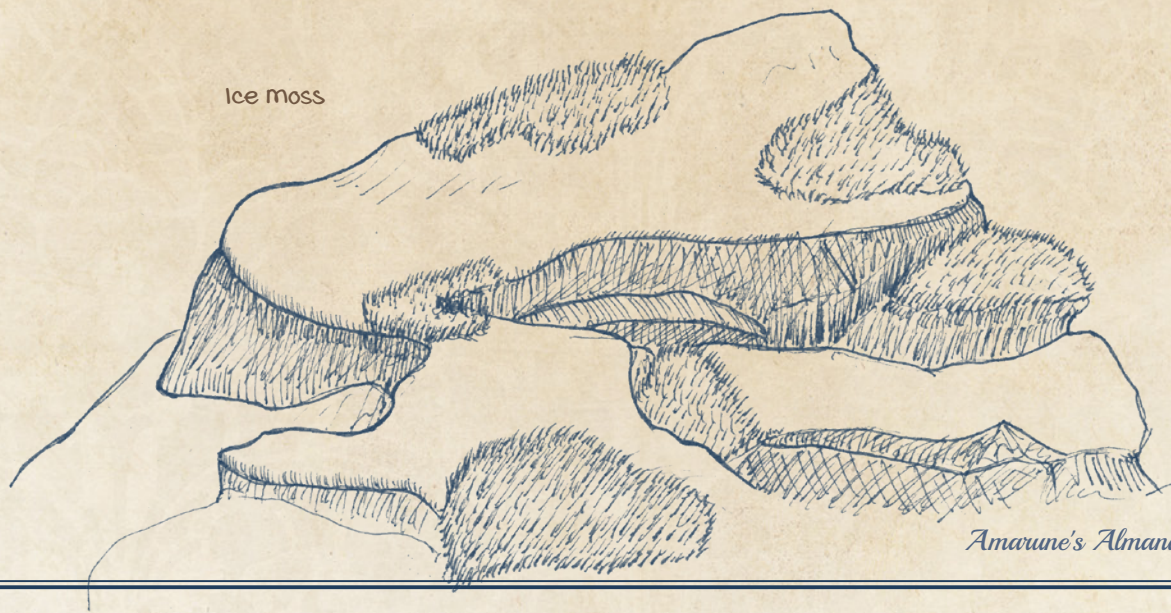
Ice moss is deadly poisonous to beholders, and ‘bombs’ of ice-moss-coated rocks, as well as ice moss-festooned arrows, have been effective in fighting beholders; exposure to even a small amount of ice moss causes shuddering convulsions, short darting flights in random directions, and the lids of eyestalks and the beholder's central eye to constrict and close involuntarily. Such poisons and weapons are contraband in cities such as Waterdeep and are only available (rarely) through fences at ten times their normal price.

For non-beholders of seemingly all sorts, ingesting ice moss, or touching ice moss to an external wound, causes instant coagulation or closing of wounds and blood vessels, so bleeding stops in that localized area nigh-instantly. Some healers grow their own small colonies of ice moss (it can survive in non-arctic climates, though it grows very slowly when too warm) to aid in staunching blood flows. For this reason, ice moss is becoming a trade good to specialized markets (alchemists and healers almost everywhere), where its rare availability commands high prices.

Icegleam Vine

This dun-brown, furry vine is about as thick as an adult human finger and grows in an untidy pile atop itself, in an ever-expanding webwork, on exposed ice and rock in arctic regions of Toril. Icegleam vines crisscross over themselves, bonding at each crossing, and from these fusions grow tiny many-petaled flowers with translucent, wet-looking petals that resemble ice. These flowers are edible, sweet, and high in both sugar and life-sustaining nutrients—and over the centuries have been the salvation of many a hungry human, dwarf, or rothé lost and wandering in high, icy places. Icegleam vines absorb minerals from ice and rocks and leach almost everything from any carrion that falls on

Ice moss



them—hair, flesh, and bone—melting corpses away to nothingness over time and growing greatly from such infusions. Icegleam vines don't do well in warm or dry conditions. However, they have been harvested and taken great distances across Faerûn to cold locales that don't happen to be high in the mountains or have much ice or rock. They have survived the journeys and have even been placed in the pits of fortresses, encampments, and even cities to serve as refuse- and dung-devourers. They thrive in such service and, given sufficient time, make everything dropped onto them disappear. If fed 'too much' they soon outgrow their pit, filling it in with a tangle of vines. When so enlarged, they can survive being cut up into several smaller vine-clumps that can be separated to function as several new 'devourers.' Although this property is little known (and as a result the market is small), those who know of it will pay princely sums (up to 5000 gp) for even a small live icegleam vine clump.

Kanishta

Within the area about the Great Glacier's center, in the country of Narfell, one can find a small plant of thick, dark red stem, with willowing flowers of red, yellow and white. The person who comes across this plant is lucky indeed, for they found a kanishta root, ready for harvest, within one of the coldest regions of Faerûn. Once chewed, this bitter root grants one creature the sensation of an inner fire and allows them to automatically succeed on saving throws against extreme cold for the next 8 hours.

There have been many attempts to farm such a root, but each has failed, as each small plant requires a disproportionate amount of space to thrive. The alchemists that tried had succeeded on a DC 25 Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies to deduce that the plant could theoretically be distilled into *potions of fire resistance* with enough roots and time, though the exact formula was never publicly put forth.



Kanishta

Lapis Moss

Just before the spring melt, in the brief interlude between storm season and dangerous melt, a beautifully colored fungus of iridescent blue coats the bare rock-faces and treebark of the bare icelands across Northwestern Faerûn. Lapis moss, which is actually a kind of lichen, uses the perfect interlude of available water and intense cold of the pre-spring to bloom rapidly in fronds and twists and frills of a blue so pure that the hill dwarves that originally discovered it mistook it for refined lapis.

Nowadays, this fungus is highly sought after as a dye used in coloring noble's robes. During this brief period, it's relatively common, making collecting it a job that pays well. However, it's a job that is rarely taken. Those experienced in the ways of the north avoid travelling during this time of year, on account of the dangerous creatures that are all awakening from hibernation in a mad hunger. One specimen can be harvested and dried into 1d4 + 1 vials of powdered lapis moss.

Illusionists also crave this powdered moss, as its mesmerizing color pattern can be used to enhance the effects of the common color spray spell. A spellcaster casting the color spray spell can use any number of vials of powdered lapis moss as an additional material component for the spell, whereupon the vials are consumed. For every vial spent this way, the number of dice you roll as part of the spell increases by 2d10.

Mycosabrak

Mycosabrak is a dwarven word which can be translated to "cracking fungus." It is a parasitic fungus first formally reported by the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn in Icewind Dale. The fungus has two major stages in its life cycle called the "net" and the "pod." When the spores of the mycosabrak land upon high snows, they immediately begin to take root in the snow, forming a net-like pattern within. There it waits for its prey: the infamous polar worm, or remorhaz to scholars. When the burrowing monsters pass through the net, the fungus latches on.

Over the course of the next several weeks, the net grows light-grey, rigid, conical pods, similar to a barnacle, which continuously cracks the exoskeleton of the remorhaz. Every 24 hours, such a creature must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution check or gain a level of exhaustion, which can't be removed until the pods are. Eventually, afflicted polar worms die and the pods release a massive amount of spores into the air around the body, which are carried upon the dale's famous wind.

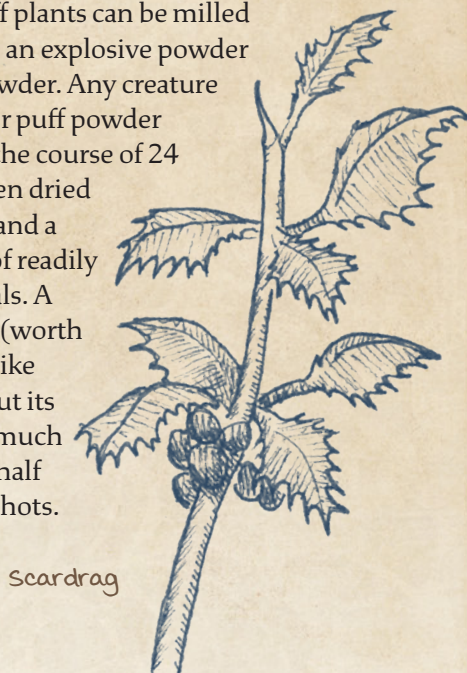
Some people swear that the pods have medicinal qualities, though there is little evidence of the claim. Still, you can generally find people to buy fully grown pods for a sum of coin in Ten Towns or among the tribes of the Uthgardt.

Powderpuff

Known to only a few, the powderpuff plant grows only in the Frozenfar to the north of Icewind Dale. Easily identifiable by its bluish leaves and tri-stemmed structure, the powderpuff dainty, fuzzy white flowers hide potent danger. Any harm brought to the plant causes it to secrete a potent contact poison. Any creature whose skin touches the poison has to succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw, or be immediately knocked unconscious for 1 hour. On a success, they are poisoned for the hour instead.

A vial of puffpuff poison (worth 1000 gp) can be made with two dozen flowers over the course of 80 hours (8 hours a day for a tenday) by a creature proficient with a poisoner's kit or alchemist's supplies. At the end of the period, the creature makes a DC 23 Intelligence check using either of those tool proficiencies. On a success, they make a vial of puffpuff poison. On a failure, they waste half their resources and do not get a vial. The vial has enough for one application, which forces a creature to make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw upon contact with the fluid. On a failure, the creature is unconscious for the next 10 days, appearing for the duration to be dead upon mundane inspection. On a success, the creature is poisoned for 10 days instead.

The real spark of powderpuff (and their namesake) however, comes from what one can do with the plants after they have been milked of their poison. Dried powderpuff plants can be milled into puff powder, an explosive powder akin to smoke powder. Any creature with the recipe for puff powder can make it over the course of 24 hours from a dozen dried plant specimens and a small collection of readily accessible minerals. A keg of puff powder (worth 450 gp) behaves like smoke powder, but its explosions do as much damage and fuel half as many firearm shots.



Scardrag

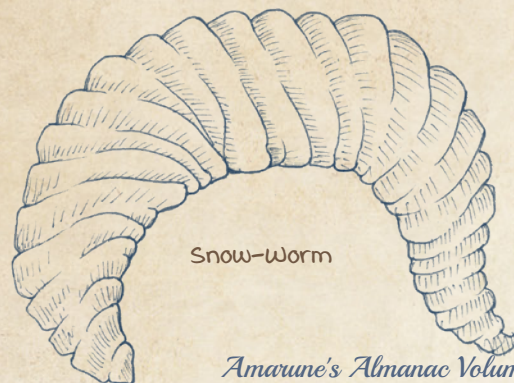
Scardrag (Whiteberry)

This holly-like bush has waxy, dark green leaves with irregular dagged edges (edges scalloped to an uneven number of sharp points). Clusters of small, round, waxy, and vividly red berries grow at the bases of some leaves, but not others (in no discernable pattern), and the bush grows up in flexible stalks from a webwork of creeping ground-vines, so a given plant may cover up to eighty feet in one direction (often under snow or ice) and sprout up from the ground-vines into a dozen or more small, low-to-the-ground bushes. Scardrag grows in cold, damp alpine regions of Toril only; dry or warm weather withers it and prolonged such conditions kill it.

Scardrag deadens pain and brings on drowsiness in humanoids; when its leaves or berries are ingested by a creature that also has imbibed alcohol recently, slumber almost always results—a pain-free sleep so that surgery, amputations, or other extremely painful conditions can be experienced without shock setting in. To horses, mules, donkeys, rothé, cattle, sheep, goats, and all dragonkind (wyverns and lizards as well as true dragons), any part of a scardrag plant is toxic; if ingested, the creature must make a DC 21 Constitution saving throw, taking 4d4 poison damage on a failed save and half as much on a successful one.

Snow-Worm

This odd plant looks like a gigantic white grub, an off-white segmented worm. It acts like a worm, wriggling along the ground and burrowing through snow and unfrozen mud (and 'swimming' in water and loose ice) with a corkscrewing motion. Therefore, generations of sentient alpine dwellers and visitors can be forgiven for mistaking it for a creature. Yet a snow-worm, despite its name, is a plant that spends its life endlessly traversing cold landscapes seeking nutrients it absorbs through its outer sheath-skin, which resembles the leaves of artichokes in texture and construction. This sheath-skin also takes in moisture from snow, ice, and water (sometimes this water is created by the



Snow-Worm

snow-worm's own body heat as it tunnels through snow). The plant isn't sentient—sages, priests, and wizards who've examined it all agree—but seems to deliberately choose to give off heat, or not, responding instinctively to the conditions of its surroundings.

Snow-worms resemble creatures in the way they reproduce, too; when one traveling worm-plant encounters another, they briefly fuse, internally liquify small amounts of their bodies, pour the liquid into the fused area until it swells into a human-fist-sized 'bud,' then break off from either end of the bud and depart, leaving a new 'baby' snow-worm behind.

Snow-worms are edible and sustaining, but uninspiring; some who've sampled them describe the taste as akin to raw parsnips, while others say they're closer to uncooked artichokes. Everyone who's tried roasting or frying them, however, cautions that they shrivel into inedible charcoal after briefly flaring up due to internal oils—though these flare ups have been used to ignite frozen or damp wood and make campfires, or larger conflagrations (such as burning down frozen wooden structures or barriers), possible.

Snowflower

The snowflower bush is an arctic tumbleweed, which can be seen rolling in the winter winds across the High Ice and Great Glacier. The plant only grows in the dead of winter, taking one to two months to burrow its stem through the thick layers of ice and snow and eventually flower. Its stem is a cold brown, thick and insulating, but lightweight. Its edible flower has five petals, which can be purple, pink, or yellow green, but has several false petals underneath that are stark-white.

The flowers are the primary food source of ice worms, meter-long furry worms that dwell within the ice and glaciers of north-eastern Faerûn. Those that brave the cold and collect the flowers can be expected to receive a handsome reward from perfumers, who hail the fragrance of the hard-to-reach flowers for their ability to create a fresh and wintery atmosphere.

Those that succeed on a DC 23 Intelligence (Nature) or a DC18 Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies surmise that the stomach juices of the ice worms enhance the scent powerfully before they are entirely digested, increasing its price to perfumers fourfold.

Snowwood

This tree of blue bark grows on top of, and along the area bordering, the Great Glacier. Its thin and pine-like leaves are a perpetual white, giving the tree an appearance of being barren and frozen in place.

Actually a highly specialized variant of oaktree, the snowwood is highly prized by the people of Pelvuria for its sap, which functions as a contact and ingestion safe antifreezing agent. That, combined with its sweet taste, makes it exceptionally common as a way to treat meat in the region while not allowing it to lose any of its integrity over long periods of time.

Lumber wrought of the snowwood is exceptionally hard and difficult to shape, but its long-term durability is nearly unmatched in the tundras of Faerûn. Druids and seekers of the arcane value snowwood as a material for making wands and staves, as its wood is particularly receptive to icy magic. If a wand or staff made of snowwood contains only spells that can do cold damage, or create areas of snow or ice, the DC to resist the spells of the item increases by one.

Songwillow

This entire tree appears to be carved from a solid block of ice. The trunk, 1 foot around and on average 10 feet tall is semi-translucent and frosted blue-white and twists with a corded-looking exterior until it frays at the top like rope, extending outwards and dropping down around the trunk like a frozen fountain. The waterfall-like branches are lined with string-like leaves not unlike a weeping willow, which are the only part of the tree that moves as the arctic wind blows. The leaves tingle and chime lightly in the wind creating an eerie musical atmosphere where the trees are most concentrated.

During the long nights, when conditions are just right and the sky illuminates in brilliant waves of colored light, the trees seemingly come alive. Absorbing that light into their leaves, branches, and trunk - acting like a prism refracting a beam of light. Known to those who have seen it as a forest aurora, this phenomenon is linked to druidic practices and ceremonies in the region. Even once the sky's aurora fades, the light continues to be trapped within the wood for 24 hours.

Wildfolk from the frozen north weave the leaves into their clothes and even use the wood to create wands and druidic focuses for their magic, which is often mistaken by outsiders as glass.

Spirit Fir

Native to the Sea of Moving Ice, these small trees grow and live on large ice-floats. The Spirit Fir is a thin fir tree with beautiful blue-green needles, which grows to be 18 feet tall. Without soil, these trees gain most of their nutrients directly from the water and from the waste of animals that live in its expansive underwater root system. Said root system grows outward from the float in a half-sphere, the radius of which usually correlates to twice the tree's height. The roots also form a support system for the ice-float itself, which allows the float itself to grow over time.

The tree's name is actually a translation of its Uthgardtian name, as the wandering tribes are among the few who venture near the Sea of Moving Ice. The tribes believe that the firs are gravestones of Icewind Dale's great nature spirits and serve as gateways into a different world, as on clear nights the tree actually reflects the night sky on each of its tiny needles. In a way, they are not wrong, as the trees were created from the body of an archfey known as Durvail, the Duke of Night, after he was slain by Queen of Air and Darkness long ago (Requires a DC 28 Intelligence (History) check to discern). His body was placed along the ice floats, as it was said to be his favorite place on Toril, where he could see the night for what it was. To this day, goodly fey occasionally visit the trees to pay respects to the good Duke.

The tree produces mirror-like cones once a decade, which float along the water until they find a suitable ice float to grow from, starting from its underside. The wood of the tree is a mystery, as there is no known record of its use. Attempting to harvest the wood from a spirit fir will draw the full fury of the Uthgardt. Its cones however are known to respond to spells that create light and darkness. When such a spell is cast, you can use the cone as an additional material component. If you do, the cone turns to dust and the radius of the spell's area of light or darkness is doubled.



Spirit Fir

Stonefang (Giant's Finger)

This unusual plant of the high arctic regions of Toril is often mistaken for a rock; its seed resembles a human-hand-sized green banana, and when this seed roots in snow or glacial ice, it throws down thread-like roots and grows swiftly in length and girth, going gray and hardening as it does, to thrust up out of the snow looking like a pointed rock pillar. Growing with speed and vigor initially, it slows after a few years, and gains girth as well as height. Older stonefangs (which may be centuries in age) can be quite large and as hard as stone. Some arctic dwellers and visitors think they look like petrified dragon fangs thrusting up out of snow or ice, while others think they resemble the reaching fingers of buried giants (hence their nickname). Stonefangs rot and shrivel down into liquifying putrescence if their surroundings get too hot or dry for too long, and so can't be removed intact from cold alpine regions. In their preferred home, however, they can be carved with edged tools or weapons as if they were made of wet clay, and seem to survive being sculpted without ill effects (though completely severed portions will wither and die, and so are unsuitable as missiles or carved portable items). As a result, stonefangs are often carved into sledge runners, railings, pointing markers, sign holders, and all sorts of other useful "out in the open weather" things by arctic dwellers and wayfarers. Many have been fashioned into the likeness of man-sized armored sentinels, standing guard out in the open.

Stonefangs are inedible (except by those seeking a violent purgative). At several times throughout the life of a stonefang, its uppermost portion will turn purple, split, and spit out a trio of seeds, hurling them skyward with force and vigor. The banana-like seeds are light in weight, and are typically expelled in gales, so may travel considerable distances before taking root. A stonefang seed that doesn't land on snow or ice will stay dormant indefinitely (in cold conditions) until chance transports it to a suitable spot to root. Alchemists and wizards will contain stonefang seeds in containers designed to maintain arctic conditions, as they are a potent ingredient in a variety of potions and poisons such as a *potion of growth* and *torpor* poison. The most common of which is a *stonefang potion* which, unbecoming of its name, will render its imbibor petrified on a failed DC 15 Constitution saving throw.

The Dragon Tree

This tree looks like a bush because it grows so close to the ground, but actually has the shape of a miniature oak tree to begin with. As the years pass, its canopy stays the same but its trunk gets thicker and thicker until it is almost as big around as the leaves above it. It stores a lot of pleasant-tasting potable water in its trunk, and its name derives from its popularity with true dragons of all sorts, who find it not just a very tasty morsel, but also containing everything they need (trace minerals, rare nutrients) to flourish. A dragon tree is almost impossible to uproot because its root system is so extensive and reaches so deep (typically in bedrock crevices) and it will wither and die in any warm environment. Its water-laden wood is heavy, soft, and readily carved, and has attractive swirling internal mottlings like a choice oak burl that make it very valuable for interior panels and carvings for the few who are wealthy enough to afford it.

Thurglud (False Roper)

This carnivorous plant grows amid rocks or on glacial ice or in deep snowpack in cold alpine locales of Toril. As its nickname implies, it looks like a stone stalagmite, but when heat, vibrations, or actual physical contact tell the plant a living creature is near, it sprouts tendrils—like the monster known as a roper—that reach toward the creature.

Unlike a roper, a thurglud has no eye or mouth, isn't intelligent, and its tendrils don't entwine and grasp. Instead, they are incredibly sticky, like a sundew, and will instantly exude this stickiness and adhere if they touch a living creature. If a tendril is close to the heat of a warm-blooded creature, but doesn't touch it, it will detach as the thurglud fires it in the precise direction of the heat it can sense. Detached tendrils can slowly wriggle back, humping and wriggling like the caterpillars commonly called "inchworms" to rejoin the parent plant. They will start doing this immediately if they miss a living target, and will do so after feeding if they hit a creature.

Hurled or by direct reaching contact, thurglud tendrils adhere (though they can be torn off as an action with a DC 17 Strength check, or made to unstick and drop off by contact with any open flame or splash of alcohol) and suck blood and essential fluids from their target, draining 1d4 + 3 hit points worth on initiative count 20 (losing initiative ties), to a maximum of 20 hit points. If the target dies or the tendril drains 20 points' worth, it will drop off and begin wriggling slowly (5 feet per turn) back to its parent thurglud.

Thurglud of sufficient age turn reddish-purple and split into three young thurgluds. Thurgluds can move very slowly (a few feet per month), and when one splits, the three 'babies' will instinctively move apart, though for some years they will stand in a close cluster. Over time, they will continue to migrate away from each other unless constrained by physical barriers or unsuitable terrain (such as frigid flowing waters or thin black ice).

While the body of the plant is dangerous and provides no tangible benefit or resource, the adhesive qualities of the thurglud's tendrils can be used to mend tarps, repair tools, and affix broad planks to shoes to help traverse loose packed snow. This adhesive is rumored to be a key ingredient in the magic item *sovereign glue*.

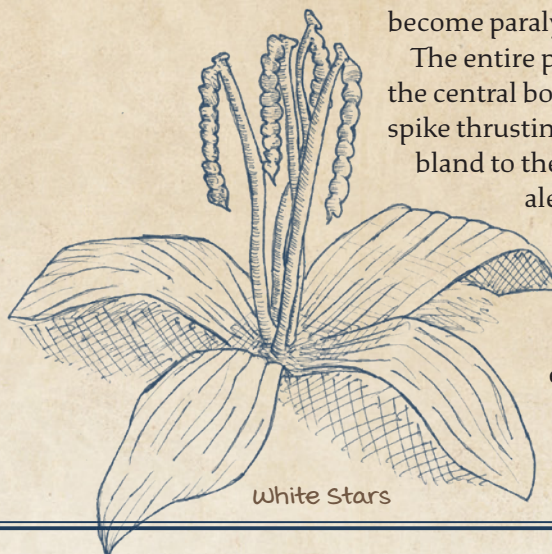
Tumblethorn

This reddish-purple torus of thorny vines blows across arctic areas of Toril, pushed or briefly borne aloft by the chill winds. Made up of a single long, tough, flexible vine coiled into a circular shape and sprouting rigid sharp thorns like long wooden needles, tumblethorns are used as nests by some arctic creatures. They are especially popular when fetched up in numbers against a rocky barrier to be used as climbing aids by sentient creatures. They often have their thorns harvested for weapon points, hide-sewing needles, or as hand tools.

Tumblethorns live for centuries, and if slit open so something small can be introduced into the wound, will quickly grow over and around the foreign object, encasing it within days (if the tumblethorn plant is placed in water it can absorb the water as a fuel to make its growth swift). Dwarves used this property to smuggle gems for years until word of the ruse spread; they would hide scores of gems in a dozen or so tumblethorns and put the plants at the bottom of a cart they filled with manure or gravel, appearing to transport useful but low-value bulk cargo.



Tumblethorn



White Stars

Occasionally, 'wild' tumblethorns are found blowing about alpine valleys and glaciers that contain small valuable items—including, in one case, human finger bones and an enchanted ring, the vine having entirely absorbed the flesh of the finger. Legends say ward-tokens that will admit bearers into Candlekeep or Silverymoon have been hidden in tumblethorns that were then hidden in specific alpine locales as emergency backups. Any creature that uses an action to inspect a tumblethorn can roll a d20. On a result of 20, roll on the d100 Trinkets table found in Chapter 5 of the *Player's Handbook* to determine what is inside. The results of 1 and 100 are replaced with a Silverymoon and Candlekeep ward-token respectively.

White Stars

These large four-petaled snow flowers are often found spread out atop unbroken snow. Their windborne alpine seeds germinate in warm sun, then taken by the winds to colder areas where they settle atop crusty snowpacks and begin to grow, soaking up sun and water (snowmelt; their fleshy, growing leaves give off just enough warmth to melt a little of the snow, which they then absorb). White stars then thrust up white sprouts (that resemble human-hand-length bean sprouts) to take in more wind-borne moisture and sun, and any birds and insects that happen by. To ensnare the latter, the white star sprouts are coated with a sticky secretion that paralyzes creatures of about rabbit size and smaller; larger creatures are numbed by the secretions, so white star leaves can be 'milked' to yield a painkilling drink. A creature that imbibes this drink (a single dose requires five full-sized plant's worth of secretions) becomes resistant to nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage for 1 hour, but also becomes sluggish, granting them disadvantage on Dexterity checks for the duration. If the creature is Tiny, they must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or become paralyzed for 1d6 x 10 minutes.

The entire plant (the four long, broad leaves and the central body, which is a white, parsnip-like spike thrusting down into the snow) is edible, but bland to the taste unless roasted; if doused in ale or wine, it will soak up the taste of the alcoholic drink, and this taste will intensify during roasting; if there's no beer, wine, or spirits to be had, roasted white stars taste of earth and nuts.

Appendix

Beasts and Monsters

The tundras and snowy mountain peaks of Faerûn are home to some of the most unique creatures. Cold-adapted beasts, abandoned golems, elementals, and more. In this time, I've chosen to write about those beings that are simply enchanted, unusual, or integral to the world around them.

EBERHARD GROSSGASTEIGE

REGIONAL BEASTS TABLE

	Corrupted Dire Wolf	Emperor Penguin	Glacier Goat	Iceworm	Narwhal	Orglash	Snow Fox	Snow Golem	Walrus
Aglarond									
Amn									
Anauroch	✓							✓	
Beastlands									
Calimshan									
Chessentea									
Chondath									
Cormanthor									
Cormyr									
Damara					✓		✓	✓	
Dambrath									
Elfharrow									
Great Glacier	✓			✓	✓			✓	✓
Greypeak Mountains	✓			✓				✓	✓
Halruaa				✓			✓	✓	✓
Hordelands		✓					✓	✓	
Icewind Dale	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓
Jungles of Chult									
Lantan									
Lapaliiya									
Luskan			✓			✓		✓	✓
Mhair Jungles									
Moonshea Isles								✓	
Mulhorand									
Murghôm							✓		
Narfell	✓				✓		✓	✓	✓
Neverwinter			✓			✓		✓	✓
Plains of Purple Dust									
Rashemen							✓	✓	✓
Sembia									
Silver Marches	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓
Sossal		✓	✓		✓	✓		✓	✓
Tethyr									
Thay				✓			✓		✓
The Dragon Coast									
The Great Dale								✓	✓
The High Forest								✓	
The High Moor									
The Shaar									
The Shining Plains									
The Western Heartlands									
Thesk				✓			✓		
Turmish									
Unther									
Vaasa	✓	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓
Yehimal Mountains	✓			✓				✓	✓

Boreal Stinger

The boreal stinger is the only variety of scorpion that can be found north of the Silver Marches. The extreme cold of the frozen wastes is normally inhospitable to such creatures, but the ebb and flow of ices over Anauroch and the Great Glacier throughout the last hundred years have caused such adaptations to become necessary.

These creatures bear a closer resemblance to the pedipalp (whip scorpions) found in the Underdark than a typical desert scorpion. Their low, flat bodies and semi-translucent icy hued exoskeleton allow them to hide in various arctic terrains, waiting to ambush encroaching prey.

Hunters who are trained to anticipate the boreal stinger's tactics make use of their kill for food and for the poisons that can be extracted from the stinger. In a pinch, the stinger itself can be roped to the end of a pole and used as a spear capable of dealing an extra 1d4 poison damage for the 24 hours after the kill; but more commonly the poison is distilled and stabilized with a successful DC 14 Intelligence check using alchemist's tools and used to tip arrows. Creatures damaged by these arrows must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned until a creature uses their action to remove the arrow, after which the poison runs its course by the start of the creature's next turn.

Boreal Stinger

Huge beast, unaligned

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)

Hit Points 76 (8d12 + 24)

Speed 40 ft., burrow 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +6

Skills Stealth +8

Damage Resistances cold

Senses blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages —

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

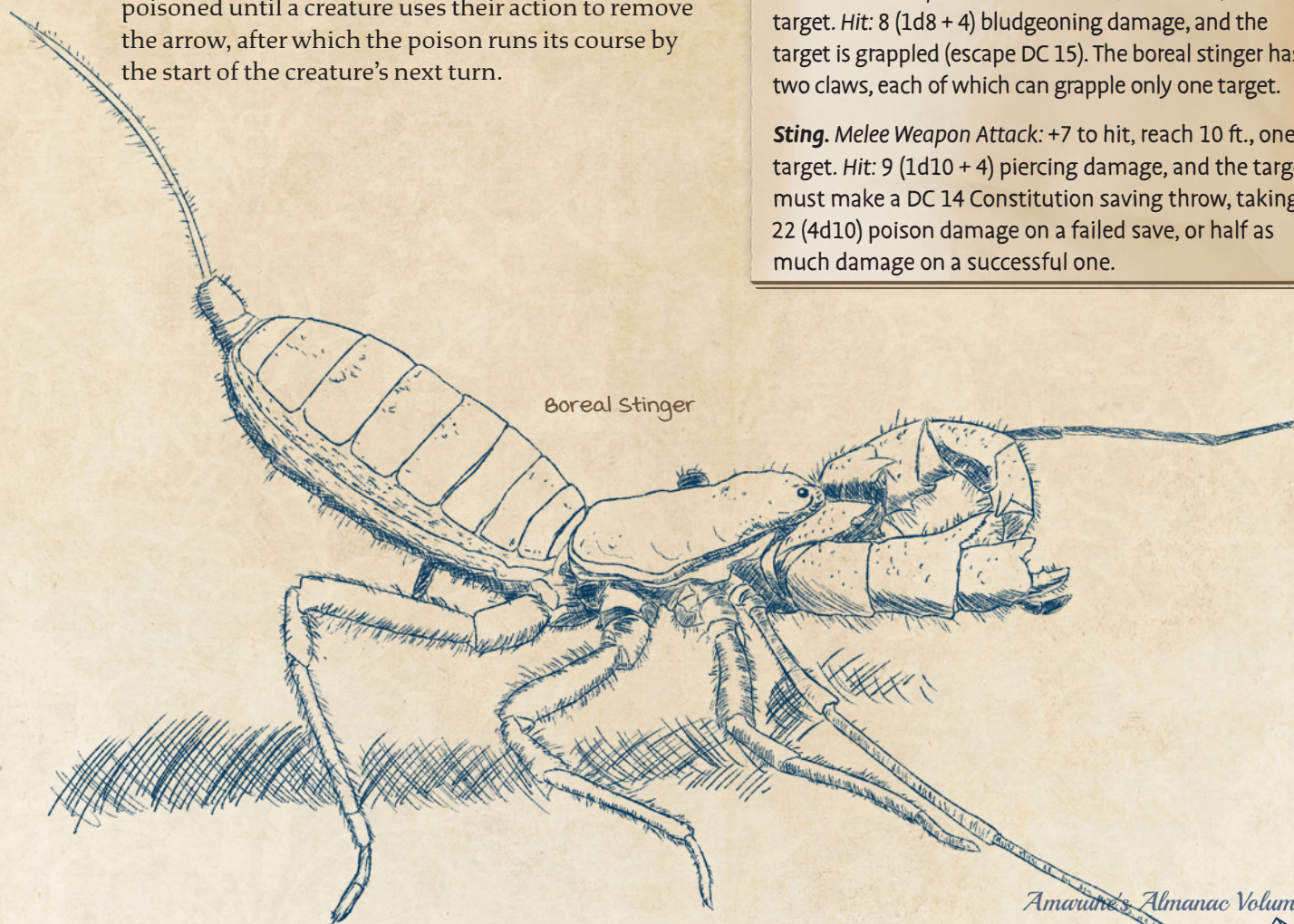
Superior Ambusher. In the first round of a combat, the stinger has advantage on attack rolls against any creature it surprised, and if it hits with an attack, the target takes an extra 4 (1d8) damage from the attack.

Actions

Multiattack. The stinger makes three attacks: two with its claws and one with its sting.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 15). The boreal stinger has two claws, each of which can grapple only one target.

Sting. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d10 + 4) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, taking 22 (4d10) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



Corrupted Dire Wolf

Large undead, chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)

Hit Points 85 (10d10 + 30)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	17 (+3)	17 (+3)	2 (-4)	8 (-1)	6 (-2)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +6

Skills Perception +2

Damage Resistances cold, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, slashing from nonmagical attacks

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities exhaustion, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages —

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Dark Imbuement. While within 5 feet of black ice, the wolf has advantage on attack rolls and on saving throws against any effect that turns undead.

Glacial Walk. Difficult terrain composed of black ice, ice or snow doesn't cost the wolf extra movement.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) piercing damage plus 5 (1d10) necrotic damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Black Ice Breath (Recharge 6). The wolf exhales black ice in a 30-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, taking 13 (3d8) cold damage plus 16 (3d10) necrotic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

The area also becomes slick with black ice (see sidebar), making it difficult terrain. A creature reduced to 0 hit points by this breath weapon becomes covered by a thick layer of black ice until it thaws or the ice is destroyed (AC 13; hp 10; vulnerability to fire and bludgeoning damage; immunity to poison and psychic damage).

Corrupted Dire Wolf

It is said that much of what happens in the North defies the natural order of things. Black ice, the magical mineral created by the necromantic radiation of Crenshinibon, is without a doubt the source of that myth. Corrupted creatures roam the northern reaches of Faerûn, beasts that have fallen on the ice due to exhaustion or fatal wounding will absorb this energy and walk again after 24 hours of exposure. Humanoids, beasts, and even giants have been known to succumb to this affliction.

The corruption imparts unique traits onto any creature that falls to it, and they even become attuned to the mineral itself. Northfolk have used the material to create weapons, tools, and armor—only to later find it ineffective against these rare but fearsome monstrosities. Where you find a corrupted creature, close by or just under the snow beneath your feet, you'll find sheets of black ice. Ingots made of the ebony mineral can be sold for 50 gold pieces each in the North, and as much as five times that amount in the temperate regions south of the Silver Marches where the material can't normally be found.

Corrupted Template

After the corpse of a beast, giant, or humanoid is exposed to black ice for a full day, it reanimates as a corrupted mirror of itself, brought to some semblance of life by the necromantic corruption of Crenshinibon, the Crystal Shard.

Retained Characteristics. The corrupted retains its Hit Dice, speeds, vulnerabilities, resistances, and immunities.

Lost Characteristics. The corrupted loses its original saving throw and skill bonuses, special senses, and special traits. It loses any action that isn't Multiattack or a melee weapon attack that deals bludgeoning, piercing, or slashing damage.



Corrupted Dire Wolf

Type. The corrupted's type is undead, and it no longer requires air, food, drink, or sleep.

Alignment. The corrupted is neutral evil.

Armor Class. The corrupted's natural armor is 14 + its Dexterity modifier. If the corrupted was wearing armor, it instead gains a +2 bonus to its Armor Class.

Hit Points. The corrupted gains twice as many Hit Dice as it previously had.

Ability Scores. The corrupted's ability scores change as follows: Int 2 (-4), Wis 8 (-1), Cha 6 (-2). Its Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution scores are increased by 2.

Saving Throws: Strength and Constitution. The corrupted gains proficiency in Strength and Constitution saving throws.

Skill Proficiency: Perception. The corrupted gains proficiency in Perception.

Damage Resistance. The corrupted has resistance to cold, necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, slashing from nonmagical attacks.

Damage Immunities. The corrupted has immunity to poison.

Condition Immunities. The corrupted can't be poisoned. It also doesn't suffer from exhaustion.

Senses. The corrupted gains darkvision with a radius of 60 feet.

Languages. The corrupted loses all known languages.

Dark Imbuement. While within 5 feet of black ice, the corrupted has advantage on attack rolls and on saving throws against any effect that turns undead.

Glacial Walk. Difficult terrain composed of black ice, ice, or snow doesn't cost the corrupted extra movement.

Improved Natural Attacks. The corrupted's natural attacks, such as claws or a bite, deal an additional 5 (1d10) necrotic damage.

New Action: Black Ice Breath. The corrupted gains a breath weapon, which deals both cold and necrotic damage in a cone, whose saving throw is Constitution and save DC is equal to **8 + proficiency modifier + its Constitution modifier**. The size of the creature determines how this action functions, as shown on the Black Ice Breath Table below.

BLACK ICE BREATH TABLE

Size	Cold Damage	Necrotic Damage	Cone Size
Medium or Smaller	2d8	2d10	15-foot
Large	3d8	3d10	30-foot
Huge	4d8	4d10	60-foot
Gargantuan	5d8	5d10	90-foot

HAZARD: BLACK ICE

Black ice, also known as ebony ice, is ice infused with necromantic energy from some unhallowed source or a monster that was corrupted by it.

When a creature enters an area covered by black ice for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there, it must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, it falls prone.

For every hour a creature that isn't corrupted spends within 5 feet of black ice, it gains a level of exhaustion. A dead humanoid, beast, or giant that remains in contact with black ice rises 24 hours later as a corrupted version of its former self unless the creature is restored to life or its body is destroyed.

A creature corrupted by black ice that is within 5 feet of black ice has advantage on attack rolls and on saving throws against any effect that turns undead.

Emperor Penguin

While they bear claim to no known kingdom, it is difficult to not lay sight on an emperor penguin and immediately recognize some semblance of nobility. These squat birds stand with perfect poise and bear faces wreathed in golden oil-slicked feathers which one could mistake at a distance for a laurel crown.

The similarities to a kingdom don't end with the monarch, though. In fact, their societies boast such high numbers that should they develop the ambition to bear arms against a neighboring realm, such a threat shouldn't be taken lightly.

Alas, the civilizations of the north remain unthreatened by these crowned nobles. The reality is quite the opposite. Their numbers are so vast and plentiful, those who call the northern reaches their home often hunt them for meat (which tastes more like fish than fowl) and—more importantly—the fatty oils produced by their skin. These oils are contained in liquid-tight skins and used in a variety of ways, such as: treating fishing spears to penetrate the water's surface with less disruption, treating leathers and hides to wick the moisture of the chill wet snows of summer, and medicines and balms primarily used to treat chapped and cracked skin. Lastly, the hollow fowl bones are used to create a sort of pan flute commonly found in the possession of children. The noise it creates seems to carry along the snowy drifts for miles—an unmistakable low drone.

Emperor Penguin

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 16 (3d6 + 6)

Speed 20 ft., swim 40 ft.

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

Skills Perception +4, Survival +6

Senses passive Perception 14

Languages —

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Belly Slide. On slick surfaces, such as ice, the penguin gains twice as much movement from taking the Dash action, or four times as much if going downhill.

Hold Breath. The penguin can hold its breath for 30 minutes.

Actions

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 3 (1d4 + 1) piercing damage.

Glacier Goat

These northern beasts of burden bear a thick coat of long, knotted fur. Two horns protrude from their head, coiled backwards over their neck. It is thought that this horn shape was adapted to protect from the falling rocks and ice common to their habitat on mountain sides. Each of their narrow legs terminate with a split cloven hoof, capable of gripping even the narrowest ledge. The black rocks that jut out from the snows in the north can often be seen dotted with the white haired goats.

Thick mats of the hair are used in the roof structure of more permanent settlements in the north, acting as a form of insulated shingle. The natural oils are incapable of being ignited or even singed, so fires can be built in the center of these homes. This lends itself to the unusual family home design of having no individual bedrooms, but instead a central room to sleep. Someone skilled in both leatherwork and weaving can manipulate the hides of the glacier goat into a fire resistant suit of medium armor, although it weighs twice as much as armor made from a more common material.

Glacier Goat

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 11 (natural armor)

Hit Points 30 (4d10 + 8)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	2 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

Senses passive Perception 11

Damage Resistances fire

Languages —

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Beast of Burden. The goat is considered to be a Huge animal for the purposes of determining its carrying capacity.

Charge. If the goat moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a ram attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 7 (2d6) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Sure-Footed. The goat has advantage on Strength and Dexterity saving throws made against effects that would knock it prone.

Actions

Ram. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Emperor Penguin



Iceworm

Large monstrosity, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 115 (10d10 + 60)

Speed 50 ft., burrow 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	6 (-2)	23 (+6)	4 (-3)	13 (+1)	5 (-3)

Saving Throws Con +9

Damage Immunities cold

Senses blindsight 30 ft., tremorsense 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages —

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Iceburst. When the worm emerges from burrowing through ice, frigid air blasts out around it in a 15-foot radius. Each creature in the area must succeed on a DC 17 Constitution saving throw or take 18 (4d8) cold damage and have its speed reduced to 0 until the end of its next turn.

Tunneler. The worm can burrow through solid ice at half its burrow speed and leaves a 10-foot-diameter tunnel in its wake.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 18 (3d8 + 5) piercing damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or be swallowed by the worm. A swallowed creature is blinded and restrained, it has total cover against attacks and other effects outside the worm, and it takes 14 (4d6) acid damage at the start of each of the worm's turns.

If the worm takes 30 damage or more on a single turn from a creature inside it, the worm must succeed on a DC 20 Constitution saving throw at the end of that turn or regurgitate all swallowed creatures, which fall prone in a space within 10 feet of the worm. If the worm dies, a swallowed creature is no longer restrained by it and can escape from the corpse by using 20 feet of movement, exiting prone.

NATHANAËL ROUX

Iceworm

Iceworms tunnel through icebergs and glaciers, before bursting out and ensnaring hapless prey. Unswayed by the frigid cold of their environment, their favorite prey are those creatures unaccustomed to the cold. Many an unprepared adventurer has suddenly disappeared in a cloud of snow and ice.

Iceworm teeth are a rare prize among arctic hunters, and the hide of an iceworm has incredible insulating properties when correctly worked. With a successful DC 18 Dexterity check using leatherworker's tools, it can be fashioned into hide or leather armor that grants the wearer resistance to cold damage.



Narwhal

Narwhals are toothed whales that grow a single large “tusk” out through their face. They are uniquely specialized for under-ice fishing, keeping close to cool waters even through their migration pattern. While narwhals may use their tusk as a weapon, its primary use is actually sensory, detecting the currents and vibrations of the water along its entire length.

Narwhals make for a good source of meat and blubber. Some arctic warriors are known to carve narwhal tusks into slender spears, javelins, or even swords.

Narwhal

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)

Hit Points 22 (3d10 + 6)

Speed 0 ft., swim 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)	4 (-3)	13 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +3

Damage Resistances cold

Senses blindsight 120 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Charge. If the narwhal moves at least 30 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a tusk attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 3 (1d6) piercing damage.

Hold Breath. The narwhal can hold its breath for 30 minutes.

Actions

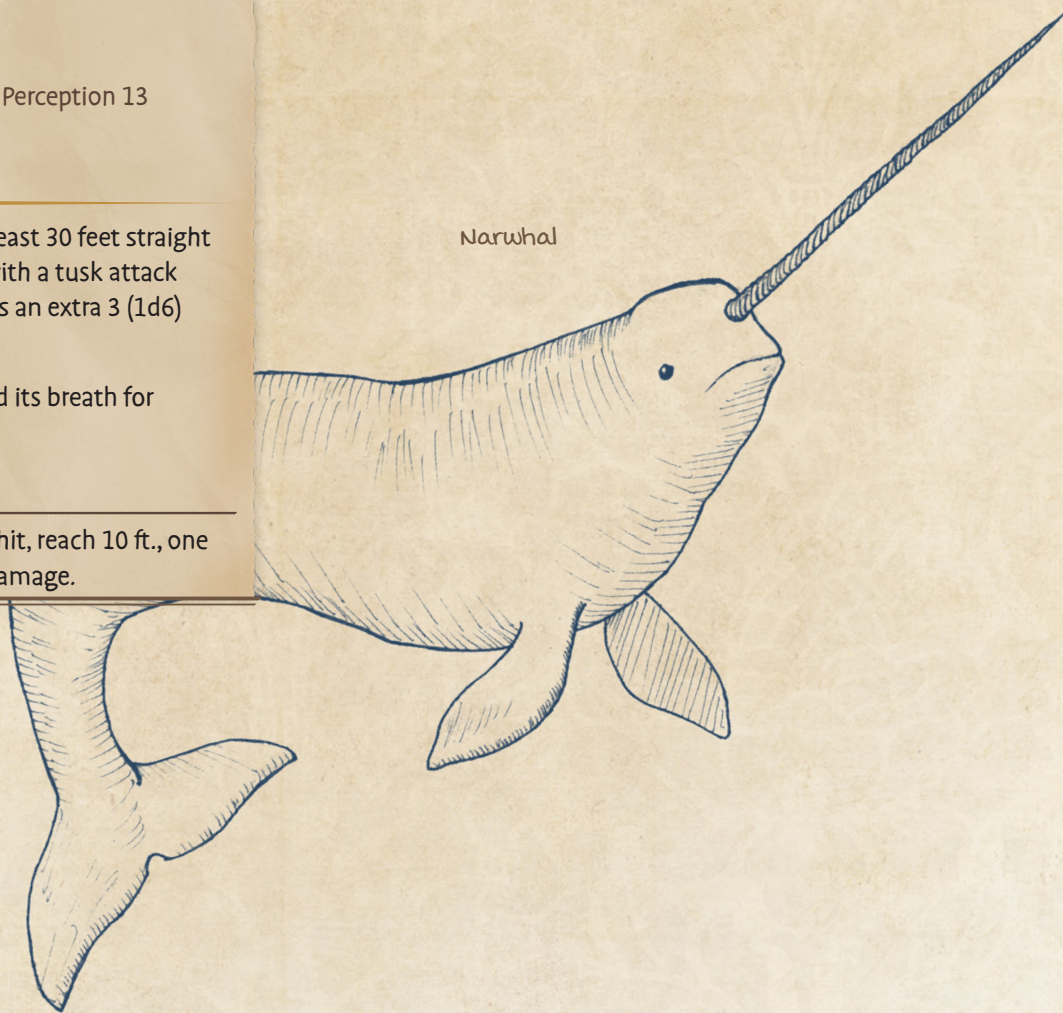
Tusk. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d12 + 2) piercing damage.

Orglash

Otherwise known as ice spirits, these chill cyclones are native to the Rashemen area. They are solitary creatures who inhabit mountain peaks, ice caves, and snow fields. Orglash are attuned to the land of Rashemen, and stalwartly protect it against threats from without, and within.

Despite being a wholly magical being, unlike many other elemental creatures, orglash are native to the material plane. This natural physiology imparts upon it the inability to survive in warm climates. When an orglash is slain, it leaves behind a shard of elemental ice. If the orglash took fire damage in the last minute before it died, the shard melts immediately. A shard of elemental ice can be affixed to an arcane focus, allowing the bearer to reroll 1's and 2's on cold damage dealt by spells they cast.

Narwhal



Orglash

Large elemental, neutral

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 102 (12d10 + 36)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	21 (+5)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)

Damage Resistances lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

Damage Immunities cold, poison

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

Senses blindsight 10 ft., darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Aquan, Auran

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Air Form. The orglash can enter a hostile creature's space and stop there. While a creature is within the orglash's space, it is blinded and heavily obscured. The orglash can move through a space as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing.

Coalescing Chill. The orglash regains 5 hit points at the start of its turn if it has at least 1 hit point and is in extreme cold.

Fire Susceptibility. If the orglash starts its turn within 5 feet of an open flame that produces heat, it takes 5 fire damage. In addition, whenever the orglash takes fire damage from a spell or attack, it takes an extra 10 fire damage.

Innate Spellcasting. The orglash's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 12). The orglash can innately cast the following spell, requiring no components:

3/day: *cone of cold*

Actions

Multiattack. The orglash makes two slam attacks.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 14 (2d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage plus 4 (1d8) cold damage.

Whiteout (Recharge 5–6). Each creature in the orglash's space must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, taking 16 (3d8 + 3) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

If the saving throw fails by 5 or more, the creature also gains a level of exhaustion.

Snow Fox

Snow foxes are white-furred foxes acclimated to the most frigid of regions. They have become imbued with a small amount of elemental frost, granting them resilience against cold and a freezing bite. They are adept at using their environment to flee and hide from predators, as well as hunters looking to harvest their fur, which is much sought after by those in high society.

The frigid blood of snow foxes has some useful alchemical properties. With a DC 15 Intelligence check using alchemist's tools, it can be distilled into a *potion of cold resistance*. When drunk, you gain resistance to cold damage for 1 hour.

Snow Fox

NATHANAËL ROUX



Snow Fox

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 27 (5d6 + 10)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	17 (+3)	15 (+2)	4 (-3)	14 (+2)	5 (-3)

Skills Perception +6, Stealth +5

Damage Resistances cold

Senses passive Perception 16

Languages —

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Keen Hearing and Smell. The fox has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Snow Camouflage. The fox has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made to hide in icy or snowy terrain.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage plus 5 (2d4) cold damage.

Snow Golem

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 9

Hit Points 60 (8d8 + 24)

Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	8 (-1)	16 (+3)	3 (-4)	6 (-2)	1 (-5)

Damage Vulnerabilities fire

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks that aren't adamantite

Damage Immunities cold, poison, psychic

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8

Languages understands the languages of its creator but can't speak

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Cold Absorption. Whenever the golem is subjected to cold damage, it takes no damage and instead regains a number of hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

Immutable Form. The golem is immune to any spell or effect that would alter its form.

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

Magic Weapons. The golem's weapon attacks are magical.

Actions

Multiattack. The golem makes two slam attacks or two snowball attacks. It also uses its Freezing Field if it can.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage plus 4 (1d8) cold damage.

Snowball. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 20/40 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (3d4) cold damage.

Freezing Field (Recharge 5–6). Each hostile creature within 15 feet of the golem must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, a target takes 7 (3d4) cold damage and has its speed halved until the end of its next turn.

Snow Golem

Snow golems are much weaker and cruder than those made of sturdier materials, but also easier to create and repair. They are a useful stepping stone on the road to learning to create proper golems, or can be made in a pinch out of local materials if needed. Like other golems, they mostly act as guardians and living weapons, carrying out the commands of their master to the best of their meager ability.

Being made of snow, sometimes adorned with a carrot or pumpkin, snow golems offer little to the prospective corpse-harvester. However, buried in the very center of a snow golem is its icy core, the nexus of its animating magic. This core isn't of much use once the golem is defeated, but it remains ice-cold, unmelting, for 8 hours afterward.



Snow Golem

Walrus

Basically big blobs of blubber with tusks, walruses are simple creatures who generally stick to icy coastlines. Their thick hide and immensity allow them to regularly go toe-to-toe with polar bears and other large arctic predators. Those who sail through icebound waters sometimes hear unearthly whistling echoing across the waves, only to stumble upon a colony of walrus.

Walrus ivory is just as valued as that of other creatures, and even a single carcass can yield weeks of meat if properly butchered.

Walrus

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 11 (natural armor)

Hit Points 57 (5d10 + 30)

Speed 10 ft., swim 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	6 (-2)	23 (+6)	4 (-3)	13 (+1)	5 (-3)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +8

Skills Athletics +7

Damage Resistances cold; bludgeoning and piercing

Senses blindsight 10 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages —

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Immense. The walrus has advantage on Strength checks and saving throws to avoid being moved against its will, knocked prone, or grappled.

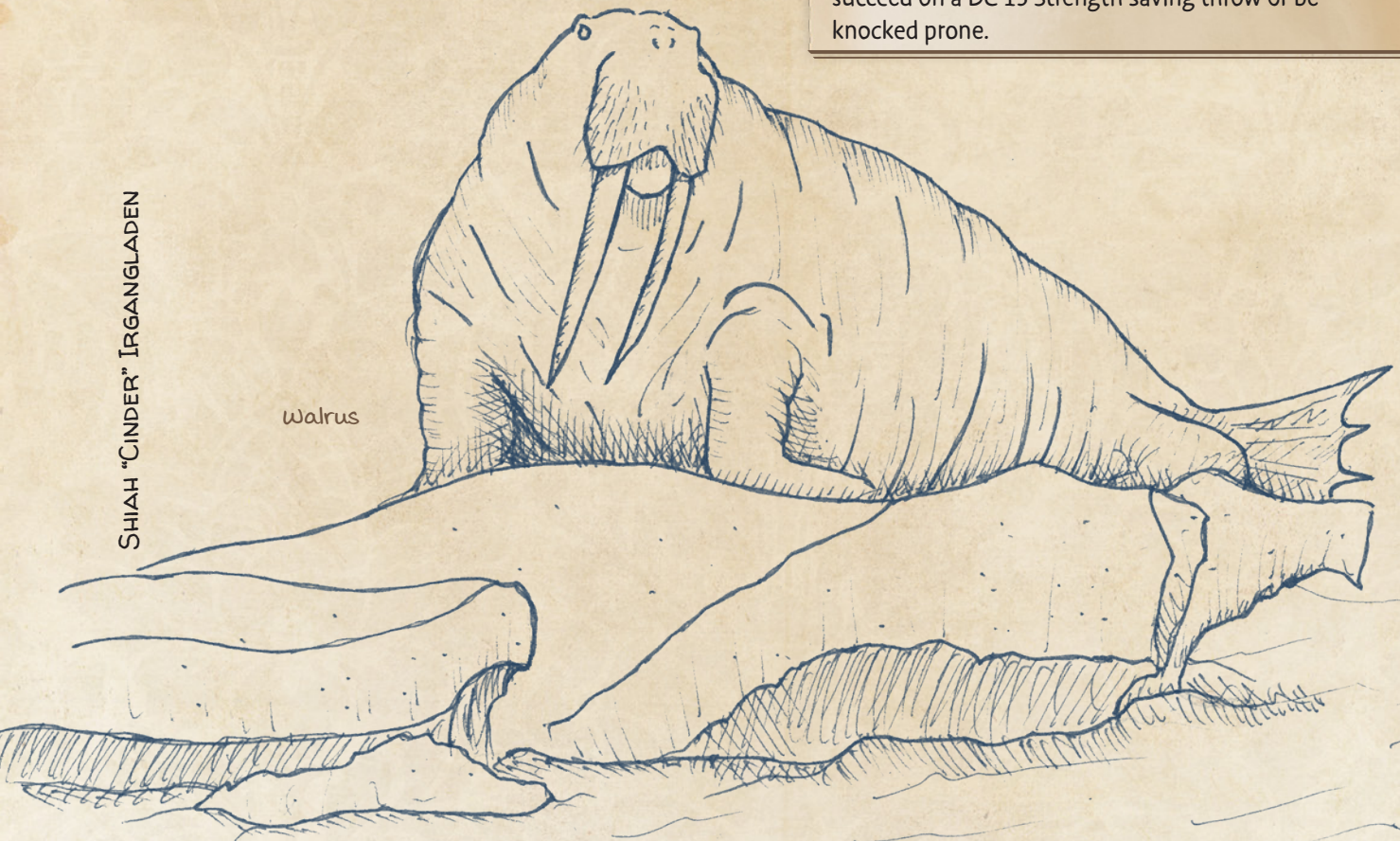
Actions

Tusks. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 14 (2d8 + 5) piercing damage.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage, and if the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

SHIAH "CINDER" IRGANGLADEN

Walrus



Magic Items

In addition to the flora, fauna, and specific forests and jungles of the Realms, throughout my travels I have learned about or interacted with multiple wondrous artifacts. Relics of druidic conclaves long gone, the seeds that sprout magical groves, and even gifts from near mythical creatures.

Adbar's Crown

Wondrous item, legendary (requires attunement)

This simple yet imposing crown made of ice, enchanted to never thaw or crack, is set with a pair of rough diamonds. This crown has 3 charges and regains 1 expended charge each day at dawn.

While attuned to this crown, you always know the location of Citadel Adbar, and can never become lost in what is left of its twisting passages. Additionally, you know the cantrip *frostbite* if you did not before, which you can cast as a bonus action. You are also able to cast *armor of Agathys* at will, without expending a spell slot.

Finally, as an action you can expend a charge to cast *Otiluke's freezing sphere*, *investiture of ice*^{XGE}, or *wall of ice*, ignoring material components.

If you are not a spellcaster, you use your Constitution as your spellcasting ability for this item.

Black Ice Circlet

Wondrous item, very rare (requires attunement)

This rough circlet chiseled from black ice has a single onyx set in its face and glistens a cold blue in the light. While you are attuned to this circlet, you automatically succeed on saving throws against effects that would deal necrotic damage and are resistant to psychic damage.

Additionally, you know the cantrip *chill touch* if you did not before, which you can cast as a bonus action. If you are not a spellcaster you use your Charisma as your spellcasting ability for this item.

Curse. While attuned to this item you are considered to already be corrupted when interacting with black ice. Additionally, if you die while attuned to this circlet, you rise 24 hours later as a corrupted

version of your former self (see the **Corrupted Dire Wolf** for the Corrupted template) unless you are restored to life or your body is destroyed. This curse can only be removed with the *remove curse* spell while surrounded by black ice, or by wish.

Darmshall Plate

Armor (plate), uncommon (requires attunement)

From the rough angles and scaly texture of this icy-blue plate armor you can tell it's obviously crafted from some creature's chitin. The underside of each scale is a spectacular orange and flares of brilliant color are visible through the chinks of the armor. While attuned to and wearing this armor you are immune to the effects of extreme cold climates. This armor has 3 charges and regains 1 expended charge each day at dawn.

As an action, you can expend a charge and when you do so the armor shudders slightly and all joints visibly tighten as you feel a sudden surge of heat. For the next minute any fire damage you take is reduced by 10.

Fang of Eternal Frost

Weapon (dagger), very rare

This dagger carved from a fang of Old White Death, Arauthator, during The Darkening is still as cold as ice and constantly steams like a breath in the frigid winter air.

As a bonus action you can press it against your bare skin, taking 2d8 cold damage, and on the next successful attack with this dagger, the target creature must succeed a DC 19 Constitution saving throw. Creatures with resistance to cold damage or that are naturally adapted to cold climates have advantage on this saving throw, and creatures with immunity to cold damage automatically succeed.

On a failed save, the target creature is restrained as it begins to freeze solid. A creature restrained by this effect must make another Constitution saving throw at the end of each of its turns. If it successfully saves against this effect three times, the effect ends. If it fails three times, it is turned to ice and is petrified. The successes and failures don't need to



Adbar's Crown



Fang of Eternal Frost

be consecutive, keep track of both until the target collects three of either.

The first time a creature is petrified by this effect the fang becomes mundane and begins to melt.

Frost Giant Goggles

Wondrous item, rare

While wearing these blue-lensed goggles you are able to see in any dim light as if it were bright light, and you are able to see through snow and blizzards with ease. You do not have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks, and do not suffer from the blinded condition, if it would be caused by ice, snow, or other cold weather effects.

Frostbite and Glaciers: An Arctic Guide

Wondrous item, uncommon

This book's cover is so brittle it seems like it could shatter at any moment, and you can see a gleam of frost for just a moment each time you turn a new page.

If you spend a long rest or an equivalent amount of time studying this book, the arctic becomes favored terrain for you for the next week, and you can ask up to three questions about a location, creature, or current weather conditions in the arctic that the DM gives a short reply to. Additionally, you can determine the migratory habits of creatures in any biome with a successful DC 12 Intelligence (Nature) check while looking through the book. If you succeed by 5 or more, you can ask the DM one question about the winter survival strategy of the creature you identified.

Gauntlets of the Great Glacier

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

These bulky leather gloves are decorated with a white filigree and are chill to the touch. If you are familiar with the Great Glacier region you will recognize the markings on these gauntlets as those of the Iulutiu tribe.

When you make unarmed attacks while wearing these gauntlets you can choose to deal cold damage instead of bludgeoning damage.

Additionally, if you grapple a creature with both hands while you are wearing these gloves the grappled creature takes 2d6 cold damage at the beginning of your turn until they are no longer grappled. If they break free from your grapple they must roll a DC 12 Constitution saving throw. On a failure they are restrained by ice until the beginning of their next turn.

Heart of Brass

Wondrous item, uncommon

This amulet is a heart of hammered brass, with flames of gold and copper twisting around it. If you speak Ignan, you know that this is an insignia of the Order of the Fiery Heart.

While wearing this amulet you have resistance to fire damage and advantage on Constitution saving throws made to avoid exhaustion in cold weather. When you are forced to make a saving throw to avoid taking cold damage, you can use your reaction to succeed on the saving throw before rolling. Once you have used this feature you cannot use it again until the next day at dawn.

Shield of Dorn's Deep

Shield, rare (requires attunement)

This pure white kiteshield is emblazoned with blue fractals along its edges. It is said to be forged from the scales of the white dragon Icingdeath to defend Dorn's Deep. This shield has 10 charges and regains 1d8 + 2 expended charges each day at dawn.

As an action, you can hold the shield aloft and speak its command word, expending a number of charges. As you do so an icy blast comes forth from the shield casting *wall of ice* forming a number of 10-foot-square panels equal to the charges spent.



Shield of Dorn's Deep

Spear of Rellavar

Weapon (spear), rare

This spear has a large head, tinted blue, and engraved with an intricate etching of a winter landscape. When thrown, it creates a billowing cloud of snowflakes in a 10-foot radius from the point it strikes that heavily obscures the area until the end of your next turn.

Additionally, as an action you can drive the spear into the ground, creating a 15-foot radius of frost and ice. Stagnant and slow moving water within this area is also frozen, and any nonmagical fires are extinguished. This area remains frozen and is considered difficult terrain until the beginning of the turn after you remove the spear from the ground.



J-aerûn

SOSSAL ↑



