



# Player's Guide to the DRAGONLANCE® Campaign

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# Welcome to the World of Krynn!

Ten years have passed since the creation of the DRAGONLANCE® fantasy setting. What began as a series of game adventures has grown into over three dozen novels and anthologies, six calendars, a comic book series, a number of best-selling computer games, award-winning miniatures sets, and numerous game materials. To a newcomer, this may seem daunting. Where do you start reading? Do you have to know the game to understand the books?

The simple answers to those questions are: Here, and No!

The DRAGONLANCE® *Guidebook*, what you now hold in your hands, is your passport into the multi-faceted world of Krynn. This volume is your gateway to the lands and legends of Ansalon, the continent where the DRAGONLANCE saga takes place. It includes details of the nations, the peoples, the myths and histories. You'll find out what—and when—the Great Cataclysm was, how wizards work to keep magic alive, and how kender believe the world was created. The DRAGONLANCE® *Guidebook* is both an introduction and a reference guide that can explain all the aspects of this unique fantasy world—without jargon, or confusing game statistics. You don't have to be familiar with the AD&D® game to read on!

## Natives of Krynn

On Krynn, people are not just people. You will meet many unique races—kender, draconians, minotaurs, gully dwarves, and high ogres, to name a few. On the other hand, some stock fantasy creatures do not appear—lycanthropes, orcs, half-orcs, and halflings. Every creature—even goblins and hobgoblins—is fully detailed and three-dimensional. A sense of wonder and amazement surrounds every species of Krynn.

## Rebuilding from Disaster

Since the Cataclysm, which disrupted society and remade the world of Krynn, scholarly knowledge in Ansalon has grown hopelessly confused. Every journey is, therefore, one of discovery. Once-mighty civilizations lie shattered and suspicious of their neighbors. Fearful folk distrust or revile their brightest and best, the mages and the Knights of Solamnia. Many cities still labor under the draconian yoke. Clearly, the time for heroes is at hand.

## Gods of Krynn

Krynn is ruled by a vast pantheon of gods. These gods are not simply myths, or explanations of natural phenomena from a simpler time. They take an active interest in the lives of their worshippers. They speak through their priests, and allow true believers the powers to perform miracles on their behalf.

Even so, the peoples of Krynn have abandoned the true gods, believing that the Cataclysm proved the gods had forsaken them. Only a handful of priests can still perform miracles of faith. But slowly the world is rediscovering the truth, and returning to the gods.

For their part, the gods continue their eternal struggles. They occasionally appear upon the world in corporeal—or avatar—forms, but more often shape history through worshippers, omens, and go-betweens.

## Stories and Sagas

The tales of Krynn center around glory, honor, and love of family, friends, and heart-mates. Treasure and personal gain are less important goals than justice, truth, knowledge, and freedom. Through personal heroism, adventurers face overwhelming odds and emerge victorious at the last. Fate diverts the lives of common men and women onto the path of heroism, making their small and private struggles pivotal in the grand future of the land. In all cases, the heroic spirit provides the brightest spark of hope in the darkness. Those who can laugh in the teeth of dragons or, single-handed and weaponless, charge a passel of draconian guards, can coax that spark of hope into a flame. And always behind the grim struggle of today lies the bright promise of tomorrow.





## The World Tour

Ansalon covers 1,300 miles east to west and 900 miles north to south—less than 1/30 of the surface of Krynn. But continuous winds and strong currents combine with the wide ocean to discourage exploration. Just as many people once accepted Earth was flat, so do Ansalonians assume they are the world. Only myths hint of lands beyond the sea. Most people are content right where they are. Their continent is rich in resources, brimming with adventure, full of unexplored mysteries.

Over a dozen sentient races call Ansalon their home. There are city-dwelling humans, barbarian tribes, demihumans (what a science-fiction author might call humanoids: dwarves and elves and centaurs) and intelligent monsters (the ugly races of fairytales: ogres and goblins and other nasties).

All of these inhabitants share a world view based on the triangle. Good, neutrality, and evil. Their gods split along this alignment. Their magical orders do as well. Even the Knights of Solamnia use a three-part symbol of Rose, Sword, and Crown.

Some things are familiar. Oaks and elms grow in the forests. Raw ores are refined into copper and steel. There are seven days in the week, and twelve months in the year.

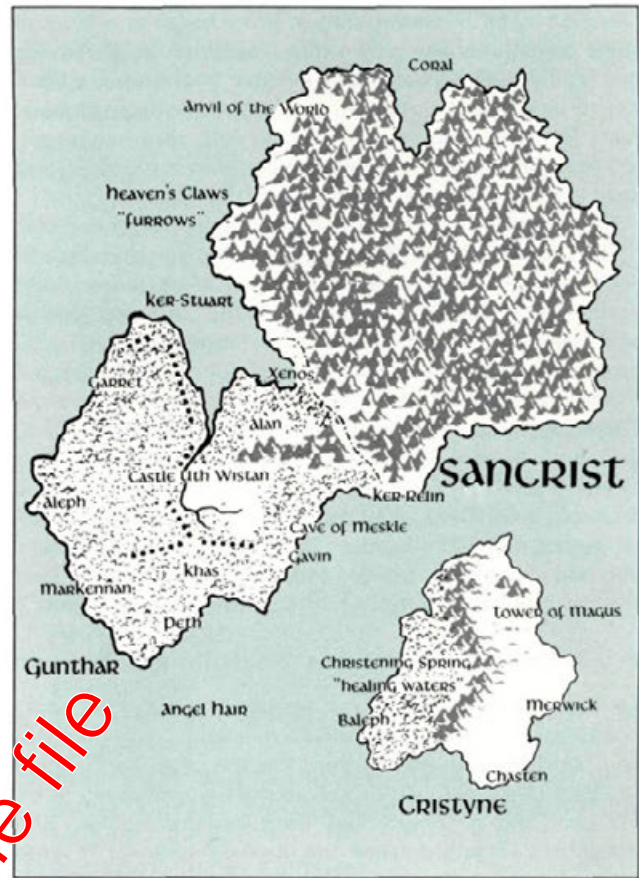
Other details are unique. The city of Solace is built high above the ground—on the limbs of enormous vallenwood trees. Steel coins are more precious than gold in Ansalon's economies. The days and months are named for Ansalonian gods: Gileadai, not Sunday, and Reorxmont, not September. In fact, each language has its own names, reflecting its own racial character and outlook. To a plainsman, January is Ice Glaze, to a dwarf, Dark-Crypt, to an elf, Winter Night. To a kender, it's Snowfun, but to a goblin, the month is Famine.

The best introduction to Krynn is a tour of the world—the continent of Ansalon—as it is today. Starting from the west and traveling east, covering the continent from its northern reaches to the frigid south, what follows is a survey of the nations and cultures of Ansalon.

Each entry includes notes on the dominant culture or cultures of that country, the languages they speak, and their system of government. Following that is a short survey of prominent geographical features. The climate, with its effects on living and travel conditions, comes next. The political situation and the concerns of the nation's rulers follow. Trade policies and economic conditions round out the picture. Sidebars profile important personages, be they political, military or domestic figures.

Through this guide, you can get a concrete sense of the world. Who's fighting, who's trading, and who might be eyeing the border with a mind to expand their own territories. References to Krynnish races, religious groups, and other specifics are followed up in more detailed sections later in the book. When a particular god or species or historical event sparks your interest, skip to the pages that cover that topic. The tour is easy to resume whenever you want.

Interspersed with the geographical entries, Abbra Jehanni, a half-Kagonesti elf, tells of her adventures. Abbra, like you, finds much of Krynn a new experience, because she has spent most of her life in remote forests, isolated from the diversity of life that is her world's greatest treasure.



The tour starts in the northwest quadrant off Ansalon's coast. Enjoy the ride.

### Sancrist

**Culture:** Sancrist has two distinct and separate populations: gnomes and humans. Mount Nevermind is the capital of the gnomish people, and the main settlement. Humans' greatest concentration is at Castle Uth Wistan, the Solamnic outpost. Of course, Gnomish is the prevalent language, and Common, Solamnic, and Ergot are heavily spoken. The occasional ogre settlements speak their own tongue.

**Geography:** The northeastern segment of Sancrist, island nation of the gnomes, contains a vast mountain range that rivals the central Khalkists. The most famous of these mountains is Mount Nevermind, a dormant volcano that has served the gnomes as homeland since before the Cataclysm.

Oddly, the gnomes prefer the rugged mountains in the north to the verdant forests and glades to the south. The western third of the island contains the Gunthar Forest and White-stone Glade. Here, Vinas Solamnus experienced the epiphany that inspired him to create the Knights of Solamnia. After the Cataclysm, the Knights of Solamnia gathered at this same site to regroup. Near at hand stands Castle Uth Wistan, a center for Solamnic Knights for almost two centuries. The forest around the castle contains hearty broad-leaf trees, some apple and cherry trees, and various tuber-type vegetables.

**Climate:** The winters upon Sancrist tend to be mild, with



four months of freeze and moderate snow. At times, blizzards brew up in the Sirrion Sea and sweep across the islands, but only rarely do such snows block the passes for any length of time. The gnomes of Mount Nevermind, of course, worry little about the snow, for the geothermal activity around them melts it quickly. Summers on Sancrist are pleasant. The sea breezes reach far inland, cooling the island and breaking up clouds that might otherwise linger.

**Politics:** Mount Nevermind is governed by an elected Grand Council of clan leaders and guild masters. Over 200 clans and 50 guilds find representation in this council, and each of the representatives serves a lifetime appointment.

Although the gnomes are not intentionally isolationistic, their main concern lies not in diplomacy but in invention. Gnomes believe their best offering to the peace and prosperity of Krynns is technological advancement. They spend much time inventing gadgets for mining natural resources, defending against dragon attacks, and helping the mainland rebuild. The gnomes happily engage in talks with the kender of Hylo, though both parties tend to become distracted by one gadget or another, and no agreement has yet been reached.

**Trade:** The gnomes mine Mount Nevermind for gold, silver, platinum, jewels, and granite, which they export to their neighbors in return for food. The gnomes also ship gears, curios, and knickknacks to the outside world. Attempts to export gnomish inventions fail miserably because few other races have an aptitude for operating and repairing machines.

### Theodenēs



The gnome Theodenēs has a friendly, cheerful voice, and speaks fairly quickly. He always seems to have so much to say, and to fear he might not get to say it all. As is typical among gnomes, Theodenēs, though a fighter first and foremost, is an authority on most any imaginative topic.

He is adventurous and curious and deeply loves mechanical objects. He good-naturedly offers help to anyone and never learns from his mistakes.

Theodenēs gives advice and help to his companions during any crisis, no matter how much he is asked to refrain: he rushes head-long into battle only to trip the whole party; he offers to fix a ship and, when it sinks, confesses that he drilled holes in the hull to let water in for ballast.

Theodenēs has traveled everywhere and anywhere, and has picked up souvenirs from all the places he has been. He travels with a sabre-tooth tiger kitten named Star, who is almost as much trouble as he. Periodically, Theodenēs returns home to Mount Nevermind, either to deliver notes on battle-tested ideas, or to drop off his souvenir trinkets. But he might be met almost anywhere on Ansalon, wherever there is adventure and mechanical gear to be had.

### Gunthar Uth Wistan



Lord Gunthar, Grand Master of the Knights of Solamnia, speaks in a deep, measured, and rumbling voice. He holds himself perfectly erect at all times. While conversing, he always maintains eye contact, seeming to judge a person's soul by the light in his or her eyes.

Gunthar is a concerned leader with a strong sense of duty

and honor. While he is an accomplished warrior, he truly hates unnecessary bloodshed, seeing it as wasteful and cruel. He feels that it shames a commander to lose even one more man than is absolutely necessary to attain a victory.

He feels that if one understands an opponent well enough, one is halfway to defeating him. In personal combat, Lord Gunthar often attempts to capture an adversary rather than slay him outright. In this way, an enemy can often be made a friend. This mercy should not be seen as weakness. With enemies such as draconians, who consider negotiation useless, Gunthar battles ruthlessly.

Gunthar Uth Wistan was forced to take up his title at an early age. His father died when Gunthar was only 14. He took his duties seriously and, realizing that he had much to learn, listened to his advisors well. The respect he held for his betters was returned when they elevated him to Grand Master. He took power when the Knights of Solamnia were still suffering in disrepute; he has done all he can to see their ancient greatness restored.

Gunthar's duties weigh heavily on him; he has few friends. He trusts and respects the leaders of the three orders of the Knights, but does not give in to the temptation to share his burdens with them.

Although his estates are here on Sancrist, Lord Gunthar is rarely found at home in these trying times. He travels all over Western Ansalon, visiting outposts and attending to matters that require his intervention.



## The Sales Pitch

It took most of our first day aboard ship for me to get up the nerve to venture out on deck. My master, Sendrothalas, laughed and taunted me for a Kagonesti landlubber. The crew jibed that my whole skin was turquoise-green, not just the tattooed curlicues across my forearms and cheeks. But seasickness was not my malady.

It was fear. The vastness of the open sky I found oppressive, the gray-green sea an enemy in the midst of being pounded flat. Our ship somehow shot between this plain and the pressing weight above like a quarrel from a crossbow. I felt at any moment we must be crushed. And yet, we were not.

To take my mind off our imminent demise, I suggested Sendrothalas continue with my lessons in magic. I had an ulterior motive: I had been reading ahead in the slim volume that had been my master's first spell book.

I had already learned the first two spells, somewhat to his astonishment. Wanting to impress him further, I had surreptitiously practiced the next spell, which summoned swarms of insects or vermin.

But reading about a spell and actually accomplishing it are two different things. Something in my intonation, my gestures—it wasn't right. So far I had summoned only fragments of bugs and bits of fur. I needed my master to show me. But he refused.

"You're trembling, green as a human."

My breath caught in my throat, but Sendrothalas seemed not to notice—or took it for further evidence of illness.

"I'm going up on deck to speak to the captain. Join me as soon as you feel better. If you can't find your sea legs, I won't risk you on the Thelgaard mission."

I think he was trying to challenge me to get well. Fortunately, our time on the ocean was short, as my master figured it. From Southern Ergoth, the island on which I was born, to Sancrist, the gnomish stronghold, is only one or two days if the winds hold and the ship is swift, and ours did. Sendrothalas tried to convince me that the tiny smudges caught between sea and sky were land. I watched them recede and grow as we traveled. By mid-morning of the second day, the smudge he called Sancrist had pried open the jaws of the horizon, and we could debark into the safety of the woods once more.

The two races of civilized elves, Silvanesti and Qualinesti, both refugees overrunning my homeland, vie politically like jealous siblings. Qualinesti pursued a friendship with Northern Ergoth's Emperor Mercador. My master served as Silvanesti's contact with that nation, to keep an ear on what was promised, how much, and when. When the Northern Ergothians reported the gnomes had developed a magic-detecting machine, naturally, Silvanesti had to investigate. So my master and I were sailing to the semi-yearly Technology Market in the city of Gavin, on Sancrist.

"Come on, girl, get my cloak, too, and let's get ashore. And Abbra," Sendrothalas speared me with his gaze. Quickly I dropped my own eyes floorward, assuming the pose of the servant any civilized elf would take me for. When we were alone, Sendrothalas admired my quick wit and what he called 'fresh perspective.' But we were on a mission now. I tried to act as dull and cowed as my people did in Silvamori. I thought I heard the smile of approval in his tone. "It will be crowded. Don't get lost."

Embarrassment heated my cheeks and I kept my head down, glad that the dark brown of my skin didn't show a blush. I was 66 years old, but I had spent most of my life with only my kin for company, deep in the woods. My second week in Silvamori, Sendrothalas had found me huddled in tears against the door of the Senate meetinghouse. I could read and write, so my brothers had offered my service as a scribe. But the crowds frightened me.

I shouldered my pack, swung Sendrothalas' cloak to my shoulder, and peered through the ragged fringe of hair I wore hanging across my forehead. In less than a year, I had become impervious to the bustle of Silvamori. I could handle crowds, now. To my mind, the vast ocean was more of a challenge, and I had not succumbed. Beyond the warehouses, the road ran in a gentle curve into the trees. Soon we would be safe under their familiar canopy.

But Sancrist had a rude surprise waiting for me. We traveled in the green shade of the woods for only a short while, marching along in a line of carts and travelers like some Silvanesti government procession. I had thought that traffic would get lighter as some of the travelers headed out to their own camps. Instead, it got more crowded.

Sendrothalas strode ahead of me, and it was all I could do, in the press of bodies, to keep his heather-hued jerkin in sight. The shade became spotty, and buildings grew together thicker than chokeweed, until there were no longer even trees. My master had laughed when I spoke of Silvamori as a city, and now I could see why.

"Watch where yer goin', stupid!" A sailor growled at me, elbowing me in the side as he passed. I turned, and nearly ran into a cart laden with pots and pans of shiny copper.

"Make way, youngster!" The woman who pushed the cart was round-faced and friendly. Her blunt ears marked her as human. I stared, and when I turned around again, Sendrothalas had vanished.

Compared to Silvamori, Gavin was enormous, and enormously more crowded, more noisy, more smelly—more everything. My master's words made sense now. I realized Sendrothalas was not just teasing me. But a more immediate problem was finding him again.

"My goodness, is that paint or a tattoo on your face? You must be a Kagonesti elf! I've never met one of your race before. Do you come to the market often? I bet it's your first time, dearie, 'cause you look lost. Well, you're in luck, because I'm terrific at finding things. Do you want some help?"

A small woman in a marigold-colored buckskin cloak smiled and fell in step beside me. A thick braid of soft brown hair framed her wrinkled face and hung down in a tassel by her left ear. That ear was pointed, her eyes the twinkling green of moss at the bottom of a brook.

I ducked my head as a servant should, and stumbled into the fellow in front of me.

"No, dearie, you have to watch where you're going, or no one will forgive you. I'm Millendria Gemgetter. You have a name?"

"Abbra," I said, stealing a sideways glance at her. "And I really have to hurry."

"I won't bite, you know. Now where are you hurrying to? Staying a long time, are you, with all those clothes you're carrying. Oops, dearie, you dropped this—"