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FOREWORD

The rotten corpses, stolen from their tombs, stagger across the cave. Their ragged-nailed hands clutch the air, seeking warmth, blood, flesh. Behind them, the Deathmaster leers, blood dripping from his sacrificial sickle.

You fight to breathe, the stench of death clogging your throat. The war-hammer in your hand droops, made leaden by despair. This is the innermost fane of the Chemoshan cult: you came here to face this, and now your heart begins to fail you, Fear not, a voice whispers in your head. It is your patron, Kiri-Jolith, god of bravery and battle. Do my will. End this.

You reach to your throat, for the medallion there: two bison's horns, wrought of steel. The scent of clean air washes over you as the dead things draw near.

"Thou art the strength of my arm," you pray. "Drive out these abominations, and give them peace!"

You feel it, intoxicating, like wine: the god's might, flowing into you. With a cry you thrust the horned amulet forward. Blue light flares, shivering the air. The corpses throw up their arms—then dissolve to ash, burned away by the holy glare.

The Deathmaster glares, baring teeth filed to points. His face is painted to resemble a skull. Fingerbones are woven into his beard.

"Wretch," he snarls. "You will not leave this place."

He turns to the altar, the hollowed-out skull of an ancient dragon, and raises his arms. "Harken, lord!" he cries. "Let your shade snuff out this accursed light!"

And then you feel it: a presence, the likes of which you have never sensed before. Something looms in the shadows, slowly taking form—a black-cloaked shape with a ram's skull where its head should be. Darkness slides off it in sheets, pooling across the floor. It is a presence of power ... horror ... awe. The sight repulses you—and yet you feel the urge to fall to your knees before it. To worship at its feet.

The Deathmaster turns, and grins. Chemosh has heard his bidding. The god has come.

The gods can be felt everywhere. They are in a healer's gentle touch, the cold shadow of the black moon, the stillness of a sunlit glade. They are in the broken idols of sunken cities, the song of hammer and anvil, the constant scratch of a quill on parchment. They are even in a befuddled wizard who can't find his hat.

In Krynn's greatest tales, the gods have always played a part. They gave the dragonlance to Huma, shattered Istar with fire and stone, warred with dragons and dark-souled mages. Without them, the world dims: magic fades, and the cries of the needful go unanswered. For years Krynn lay beyond their sight, and it nearly proved its undoing.

The War of Souls has ended, and the gods have returned. They wait within, for you to discover.

Chris Pierson

HOLY ORDERS OF THE STARS

The Dome of Creation fills the world with light, the Abyss anchors the world in darkness, all while the Hidden Vale brings them both together in the middle. These places are the homes of the gods who walk the face of Krynn. Gods of Good, Neutrality, and Evil, all of whom serve their followers, the mortal races, while guiding or manipulating those same followers to achieve their own goals.

The gods play an enormous role in the lives of every person who walks Krynn, whether they worship the gods or not. From the most devout priest to the avowed atheist, the gods are always pushing and prodding the mortal races, requesting or demanding things of them. Holy quests, sinister plans, defending the innocent, conquering neighboring lands, upholding the law, subverting the truth, whether they know it or not, people do these things because the gods have planted the seeds for such deeds in every person.

It is not just the people of Krynn, however, that depend on the gods. The gods depend on their followers in an equal, if not greater, amount. Without followers, the gods would be ineffective and unable to spread their influence. The priests of a god enact their god's will, and therefore further their patron's plans. In this way, the gods must serve their followers as their followers must serve them.

Not all races worship the same gods in the same way. In fact, not all races worship the same gods at all. Each race has its patron or benefactor, though not every member of a particular race follows that deity. Worship of the gods varies from place to place and culture to culture. Free will is a gift from the gods, and this gift allows mortals to choose the manner in which they worship, regardless of race or culture.

The lives of everyone on Krynn, god and mortal, are intertwined. Join us as we journey through heaven and earth of Krynn exploring the Holy Orders of the Stars.

Chapter One

PRIESTS OF ANSALON

“Once a cleric of Morgion—that’s the god of pestilence and disease—came to Kendermore, looking for converts. Eiderdown Pakslinger had always wanted to be a cleric, so he volunteered. The cleric said Eiderdown wasn’t really the type Morgion had in mind, but he’d give him a try. Well, the very week that Eiderdown put on the black robes, almost every kender in Kendermore came down with a severe cold in the head. You never heard such sneezing and coughing and nose-blowing!”

“The sickest of all was the cleric of Morgion. He was laid up for a week, wheezing his lungs out. Eiderdown took credit for the whole epidemic. And even though the head cold was something of a nuisance and we all ran out of handkerchiefs, we were really proud of him—poor Eiderdown had never been much of a success at anything before this. Eiderdown said he’d try his hand at bunions next, and maybe ringworm after that. But the cleric of Morgion, once he quit sneezing, took Eiderdown’s black robes away from him and left the village rather suddenly. We never did know why.”

—Tasslehoff Burrfoot

Dragons of Summer Flame

by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman

A HOLY CALLING

Sovella felt a deep need to explain her Calling to her dearest sibling, Areen, as she finished setting up the ritual space. “I know you have never really understood me nor how I behave. The way I have never sought to impress the lads around town nor accepted any of their gifts of courtship. It is simply not who I am. I have always felt separate from that. Meant for more. I have always known that my body and soul belong to another.”

She lay out the silken cloth on the low table next to where Areen reclined, watching her silently. Upon it, she lay a white mask and a virgin silver sickle. “There are times I have thought of not going through with this. Of turning away to a normal life. It would be so much easier. But, always, my thoughts returned to him, what he stands for and what he offers me. I think of how I could serve him and how right it feels. I never thought I would want to be in the service to another but this is exactly what I want now. I believe it is my fate, my destiny. After all, I was born on this day, his most holy of days; the Autumn Equinox.”

Turning her back to her sister, she slid out of the rough garb of everyday life, picked up the black silken robe and yellow sash. She reverently put them on. Just wearing these robes made her feel that much taller and full of purpose. “I want you to be happy for me. I really do. I will see things you will never be able to imagine. He will grant me eternal life in his service.”

Shoulders squared, she opened the door and to admit a small person in similar robes whose face is obfuscated by a white skull mask. Respectfully, Sovella bowed her head to the

one who entered then turned back to her prone sister, bound and gagged on the table. “I will miss you greatly, Areen. You are my dearest one. The sacrifice of my most cherished sister will ensure that Chemosh accepts me into his service on this night. From this moment forward, I know I will not die. Can you imagine the things I will experience over the next thousand years?”

She leaned over to kiss the forehead of her youngest sister who whimpered softly. “Shhh,” she murmured. “It will be all right. I hope you understand the honor I do you of making you my first and most personal death. You will never be forgotten.” Sovella picked up the skull mask and put it on. It was time for her new life to begin.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

Becoming a priest is not a decision to be made lightly. It means a lifetime commitment, of servitude to a singular path. Often, there are strict rules pertaining to all aspects of life: clothing, food, assigned or proscribed weapons, and other strict rules of behavior. Why would anyone willingly place themselves into a life of servitude and rules? The answer to that is: it depends on the point of view of the person entering into the priesthood.

The Healer. This is the person drawn to the priesthood out of the need and desire to help others and the environment. They fully give over to their caregiver’s nature and wish to heal those around them. As children, they were the ones who were constantly bringing home strays to care for and heal. They also most often seek out those deities who most represent the concepts they are drawn to. These people are most drawn to deities like Mishakal, Habbakuk and Chislev.

The Self-Righteous Man. This is the person drawn into the priesthood out of a strong sense of right and wrong, based on their upbringing and experiences. This is the priest who seeks the “right” way to do things, in order to be able to spread the gospel to the ignorant. Often harsh in his judgment, the Self-Righteous Man is the most unforgiving when laws and rules are broken. In the view of this type of priest, laws and rules are there for a reason. To break them is to disrespect those who put them in place. These people are most drawn to deities like Kiri-Jolith, Majere and Sargonnas.

The Seeker of Knowledge. This is the person who always asked “Why?” as a child. To them, every day brings new lessons and new knowledge to savor. These are the priests who sit in contemplation, have vigorous philosophical discussions, travel far to experience all that their deity wishes to show them. They enter into the priesthood to serve their need, to have their questions answered, and to serve the one who inspired the questions in the first place. They see themselves each as a part of the deity’s grand plan. They are the ones to enlighten the masses, though

their means vary widely. This type of person is most drawn to deities such as Branchala, Zivilyn and Hiddukel.

The Leader of Men. This is the type of person who is always there to stop a fight or to protect those weaker than themselves. This person is drawn into the priesthood out of a sense of willing duty to their fellow man. They are the priests who take an active role in the community, serving it to the best of their ability as they serve their chosen deity. These priests often gain rank within their respective orders due to the merit of their actions. These people are most often drawn to deities such as Gilean, Shinare and Mishakal.

PRIESTLY EDUCATION

The young scribe adjusted his pack for the hundredth time. Unused to such physical exertion, Lanten winced at the dull pain in his aching shoulders and tired feet. It was a long way to the Golden Palace of Gilean in Palanthis, and the road was rough on his body, formed by its scholarly upbringing. Regardless of his discomfort, he meant to present himself to the Order of Aesthetics at the appointed time to receive the necessary training to become a priest of the most holy one: Gilean, the Gray Voyager, the God of Neutrality who held the all-knowing Tobril. His eyes brightened at the thought of the goal at the end of this journey. No path was too long nor too tough for one who would follow in the footsteps of this great God...

Gods and goddesses rarely act directly to recruit individuals into their churches. Therefore, upon making

the decision to enter the priesthood, it is far more common for a new devotee to approach a temple or monastery him or herself. There, they learn the religion's tenets from the elders of the faith. This path is typically open to people of all ages, and some have come to it under the most unusual of circumstances.

Initiation requirements and rituals may differ markedly from one faith to another, just as does their presence in the communities of Krynn. One certainly would not expect a temple of Morgion, the God of Pestilence, to be widely accepted in any town, whereas a temple to Mishakal, the Goddess of Healing and Protection, would be quite welcome. In contrast, those who worship Branchala, the God of Music and Bards, have an extremely loose-knit community and, more often than not, enlist their followers at the festive celebrations where they perform.

Below, the most common ways to enter the priesthood (Monasteries, Churches, Universities, Lone Mentors, Self-Teaching) are discussed in greater detail. However, it is important to remember that while these are the most common ways to join a faith, they are not the only ways. If it suits the story being told, and the deity being worshipped, there is no reason to place limits.

MONASTERIES

The Night of the Mantis was almost upon them. Kolu quickly finished setting up the meditation space for his fellow brothers of the faith. Soon, the festivities would begin. It was one of Kolu's favorite days. They would fast and spend



the afternoon in quiet celebration, the night chanting or in meditation, then induct the new initiates the following morning. The entire monastery always radiated a special kind of calm and focus for weeks after the honoring of Majere's most holy day.

The most cloistered of the ways to enter a faith is through a monastery. A monastery is a building, or small group of buildings, constructed to house people who have taken religious vows. The followers of the faith spend their lives in contemplation, living in sparse, simple surroundings, and caring for their home while they learn about their faith. Traditionally, monasteries are built outside of town boundaries and its members do not interact with the outside world unless it is to gather supplies or to take in a weary traveler for the night.

Though it is not common, a monastery could also house a convent on its premises. Most often, monasteries and convents are located some distance away from each other. Monasteries are segregated by gender when vows of celibacy are part of the ascetic life, as having the opposite sex in close proximity at all times could challenge even the most devout follower's restraint. It is also important to note that monasteries house both clerics and monks. Both take religious vows but have different duties. A cleric is ordained to perform the holy rites and rituals of their faith, while a monk takes on the vows of the religious order but does not commonly perform the sacred rites of their deity for the public.

Most, but not all, of the monasteries on Ansalon belong to Majere, the God of Good, Law, and Meditation. All clerics and monks of Majere receive their training in monasteries. The followers of Majere take on the vows of poverty, obedience, and celibacy while focusing on achieving enlightenment through self discipline and the contemplation of Good.

One of the most well-known monasteries of Majere was the home of the famous monk, Vandar Brightblade. The monastery is located in a forest of the southern part of the Plains of Solamnia. It is directly east of Solanthus and directly south of Vingaard Keep. Another former monastery of Majere is called Bloodwatch. History tells when the Kingpriest grew corrupt, people turned to the monastery, begging the monks for help. The monks turned the people away. The monastery was spared the damage of the Cataclysm, but its unworthy monks were later made to watch its destruction as punishment for their pious pride.

CHURCHES

Kiren, third daughter of a wealthy fabric merchant, made her way to the front of the church of Shinare. She gazed at the wealthy and industrious building, watching the clerics in rich robes move about with purpose. All of them were businessmen and women of note, bringing prosperity to both their faith and the city in which they worked. Her father had been kind but blunt, "Kiren, my lass, I have little I can give you. Your older siblings will inherit the business when I am gone and that will leave little for you. You are keen-witted and fair. You deserve more than mere scraps. You need to think of some way to make it on your own in this world,

and I will be disappointed if you choose the easy route of a tradesman's wife." It had taken some time, but in the end, young Kiren had decided her father was right and had found a path worthy of her ambition. Now, it was the time to see if the clerics of Shinare would accept her.

By far, the most common way for a seeker to enter into a faith is through the many churches existing across the land. Almost every town, no matter how small, has, at the very least, a small shrine. Larger towns and great cities have many churches dedicated to their chosen deities. Someone seeking a life in the faith can spend time choosing which deity to worship, based on the teachings presented at the churches and spending time speaking to the local clergy.

Churches are also one of the most common ways to spread the represented deity's message to the masses who do not enter into the more personal relationship of becoming a cleric. People in need come to churches for solace, help, and advice. Sometimes this assistance is free. Sometimes, depending on the deity, this assistance carries a fee of some type with it. There is always a fee of time required to listen to the clergy's message of their deity. This can be as simple as a short blessing, or as long as a history lesson and lecture – should the cleric decide it is necessary for the one seeking help.

While most notable churches are those of deities aligned with good and neutral gods, even evil deities have churches that can be found if one knows where to look and whom to bribe. Members of those faiths carry out their holy rites in secret, but even they need a place to meet to honor their deity. However, some clergy of evil gods, such as Sargonnas, need not always practice in dark, hidden places. Worshipped in the open as Sargas by minotaurs, he represents for them a deity of vengeance. It all depends on the society as to how hidden the churches of the evil gods need to be.

UNIVERSITIES

During his first year at the University of Palanthas, Aerndale, a young noble student of philosophy, found himself drawn more and more to the teachings and faith of the deity of wisdom, knowledge and insight, Zivilyn. He had intended to study history and tactics in order to become an advisor to his lord. But the more he read of Zivilyn and what he stood for, the more the student questioned his chosen life's purpose. Tomorrow was the Day of Reflection, the most important day for clerics of that faith. Aerndale decided it would be an important day for him as well. He needed to think about what his future life would be, and whether or not he would stay his current course or follow this new calling of his heart.

Traditionally, universities are places of learning, not worship. It is a gathering place of like-minded people from different walks of life. Universities are often the gateway to the exploration of all things philosophical and spiritual. However, when faith and knowledge co-mingle, it may occasionally be difficult to separate one from the other. Especially when knowledge, and the preservation of knowledge, is the nature of the faith involved.

Students who come from one culture with a particular point of view are suddenly thrust into an environment

where their background is not common for one and all. They are confronted by different points of view and opinion. They are encouraged by professors to discuss their ideas and beliefs while they are challenged by their peers to give good reasons to uphold the ideas and beliefs they currently have. It can be a very daunting environment for some, while it can be very liberating for others.

This intellectual and philosophical “bubble” world leaves impressionable youth, often away from home for the first time, open to religious recruitment and conversion. They are seeking to stretch their wings and are more willing to listen with an open mind to all of the ideas presented to them. This gives the opportunity for a cleric of one faith to present the case for their deity to a willing audience, as well as to provide an open forum for questions and debate.

Also, the open access to many religious tomes and texts can give rise to the questioning of the faith of one’s upbringing, or may encourage solo investigations into a new faith for students who were not previously religiously inclined. For some students, this sudden wealth of philosophical and spiritual knowledge is like a clear fountain to a parched man. They find something they never knew they were missing. Then, once found, they never leave.

LONE MENTOR

“Yes, laddie boy, I love being a cleric of Branchala! I’ve got the best job in all the land. I bring music and joy to one and all. I get invited to the best parties, too. Oh, this isn’t to say that my life is all fun and games...” The pretty cleric pushed her midnight hair back, timing her pause just right. “... Actually, yes, it is. I’m always welcome at every feast and every celebration. You know, laddie, you’ve got a set of pipes on you. You sing with a lust for life. Tell me, have you ever thought about using your talent for a greater cause?” From the brightness of his eyes, Elea knew she had this one hooked. He was exactly the one she had been looking for.

It is a classic tale. Cleric elder goes looking for apprentice. Young person is looking for a purpose. The two meet, the stars align and the rest is history. The most intimate of ways to enter into a faith is that of the lone mentor and student. Some faiths, specifically those of Branchala and Chemosh, are set up that way. There is no central place for one to receive the doctrine and dogma of those faiths. It focuses on the one-on-one relationship and the tradition of the faith passed from the Elder to the student. Obviously, the teaching methods vary from Elder to Elder, and the doctrine bears the Elder’s own personal spin on it. However, this does allow greater flexibility and growth for these faiths, at the levels of both individual counselor and broader community.

SELF TAUGHT CLERIC

Sria’s recovery was nothing short of miraculous. Every healer who had seen her wasted body had been certain she would die. It would take divine intervention to save her, but no divine help came until she was on her last breaths. Then, he appeared, hidden in the folds of gray robes. He promised

her life in return for her servitude. Fearful of death, she had agreed, and more damned was she for it. Now, she was a slave of Morgion and cursed everyone else who had let it come to this. As she had suffered, so would they.

The other way for one to become a cleric without going through a central religious forum, such as a church or university, is that of the self-taught cleric. These clerics are extremely rare and usually involve divine intervention of some sort. It could be as little as the subtle guidance to long-forgotten hidden tomes, or as blunt and powerful as a deathbed epiphany, where the divine one communicates their wishes to the cleric of their choice.

PATHS TO GREATER POWER

“What do you mean by ‘What do I do now,’ Mirelle?”

“Just that, Elder. I have completed my training. But, I know this is not all I am supposed to do.”

“Have you?”

“Of course, I have!”

“What do you believe you should do?”

She gave an explosive sigh. “I don’t know! That is why I am asking you.”

“You should do exactly what you believe you need to do now. This is not for me to say. It is for you to contemplate.” He gave her a shrewd look. “I am surprised you, of all the clerics, are the only one without a plan.”

“That’s because I didn’t enter the Order to gain for myself. I did it to serve SIRRION!”

“Perhaps you may only gain for our God by first gaining for yourself.”


“But, by gaining what for me?”

He smiled enigmatically. “That is the question, isn’t it.”

A priest’s life does not end when the training has been completed. Far from it. More specifically, the training a priest receives does not end when the acolyte training in the temple, university, or with a mentor ends. A priest’s training continues as they choose an archetypal path to follow, such as the Adventuring Cleric, the Contemplative Monk, or the Evangelical Preacher, to name a few.

Eventually, a cleric needs to decide upon a quest that is greater than themselves, if they are to follow in the footsteps of the legendary priests who have come before them. Only when they choose this quest can they pursue the path to greater power, to become greater than the sum of their parts. Many clerics never take this path. They are content to remain humble servants of their order and, while they are good people, they will never become great. In turn, the deity they serve will never reap the rewards of their servant’s greatness.

Paths to this greater power may be as basic as bringing the knowledge of the deity to the ignorant people of a newly discovered land in such a way as to gain many worshippers and much prestige, perhaps through the creation of a reputable temple or school that does more than just teach. On the other hand, a quest may be as complex and difficult as striving to become the earthly avatar of the chosen deity in order to vanquish a millennia old enemy, thereby changing the face of the world for the next thousand years.



Whatever the quest may be, the end result (if not death, since no one said anything about quests being easy) is amassed power, wealth, and prestige for the one on the quest, the order they belong to, and the deity whom they have worked so hard to serve.

HIGH PRIESTS AND CHOSEN PROPHETS

Mareth, the High Abbot of Northern Ergoth, put down his writing quill and sighed softly. The region had not been kind to the worshippers of Majere this last month. A caravan traveling from Gwynned to Lancton with twelve acolytes had been attacked. Three of the acolytes were dead, two were injured and two, both female, were missing. The search parties had found nothing over the last fortnight. He prayed that they were somehow safe... or dead. The alternative was too unpleasant to contemplate. Yet he must. That was why he had called upon the Swords of Justice to seek out the missing acolytes and to bring the attackers to justice. With a word, a courier arrived in his office. He handed the young man the scroll. "This is for the Prophet of Majere and no other." The courier accepted the scroll and was on his way.

As with any organization, there is a hierarchy. Someone, somewhere, must be in charge. The same goes for religious orders. Every faith has a chain of command, but this varies widely from organization to organization based on the precepts of the deity worshipped.

For some, like clerics of Branchala, Habbakuk, Chisleiv, SIRRION and Zeboim, the hierarchy and clerical organization is extremely loose. There is no central main temple or formal faith leader to answer to in a regular, organized fashion. However, this loose formation of faith suits the deity and its precepts very well.

Others, such as the clerics of Mishakal, Gilean, Zivilyn and Hiddukel, have a more formal organization with a church head to answer to and a more organized set of temples to gather within. However, this is not to say these organizations are alike. They are not. For example, where the clerics of Mishakal have one leader, the Chosen Prophet, to answer to, the clerics of Zivilyn have a hierarchy based upon age; the older you are, the higher you are in the hierarchy.

Finally, for the clerics of Kiri-Jolith, Majere, Reorx, Shinare, Morgion and Sargonnas, the hierarchy is ancient and strictly obeyed. Whether it be the militarist clerics of Kiri-Jolith, the merchant-like clerics of Shinare, or the enslaved clerics of Morgion, there is a firm chain of command to follow. There is no question whom the leaders and the followers are. Each faith is deeply set in its ways and would be hard-pressed to change.

RACES & WORSHIP OF THE GODS

The gods of Krynn are seen in a multitude of incarnations throughout the lands. While some themes remain the same, each region and each race sees a different side of the gods. No single race or region sees the full picture, instead

seeing only the aspects of each deity that are reflected in their society.

Not every region worships every god, either. Many regions revere a select number of the gods, creating their own "pantheon." Many regions and races have tendencies to revere only the gods who play important roles in their lives. As history progresses, each region tends to create their own views of the gods, creating what is, for them, a cohesive whole.

HUMANS

Of all the races, none are more varied in the worship of the gods than humans. The diverse nature of humanity offers worship to all of the gods. Worship is often based on culture and the traditions of a region, although there are always exceptions to the rule.

ABANASINIA

Abanasinia has a large variety of religious beliefs, perhaps more than anywhere else on Ansalon. Plainsmen and civilized humans both live in this area, sometimes clashing in their religious practices. Abanasinia also is a place that draws in outcasts and those who fit in nowhere else.

The plainsmen tribes developed a religion based on ancestor worship. This practice was established after the Cataclysm, and lasted until the end of the War of the Lance when Goldmoon introduced the worship of Mishakal to the various tribes. Many tribes took up the worship of the other Gods of Light as well, especially Habbakuk and Paladine. The Age of Mortals has seen a return to the ways of ancestor worship, coupled with the power of mysticism. Mishakal is seeking to reestablish a presence with the plainsmen. A plainsman woman named Whispering Wind (female human cleric of Mishakal 1) plans to travel to the Citadel of Light to study the ways of Mishakal, and afterwards bring the word of the Blue Lady back to her people. She feels that if only they remember the example set by Goldmoon not too long ago, they will be quickly swayed back to devotion to the goddess.

The civilized peoples of Abanasinia are a "melting pot" of religious beliefs. Each of the gods are worshipped in one fashion or another. As such, no single faith is dominant.

In the years preceding the War of the Lance, two false faiths of note came about. The first was the worship of Belzor, a supposed serpent god that turned out to be nothing more than a charade by a renegade illusionist.

The second was the Seeker movement. The Seekers, who sought new gods, established a theocracy in the region, and took over the governing of several towns. This movement was short-lived because of the return of the true gods during the War of the Lance.

BALIFOR

The trials and tribulations that the people of Balifor have endured have generally turned them off to the worship of the gods. It was the gods who caused the people of the area to suffer after the Cataclysm, and who again abandoned them during the early Age of Mortals. Most people of the area are very leery of the gods. Civilized humans especially

TARMAK (BRUTES)

Little is known about the religious beliefs of the Tarmak. They are said to pay homage to unfamiliar gods, although some theologians believe that they are merely unfamiliar aspects of the gods of Krynn. Amarrel, a demigod of some importance, features prominently in their beliefs.

Rumor has it that in their homeland of Ithin'carthia, the Tarmak have an order of clergy called the Keena, priests of the White Flame. The Keena maintain the histories, legends, and prophecies of their people and promote religious beliefs. They are led by an Imshallik (the name in their tongue for "high priest").

The Keena wear the typical blue war paint of the Tarmak, but with one noticeable differentiation. They

accent the blue paint with a red paint, which they use to create various markings on their forehead (for strength of mind), their arms (for strength of body), and their torso (for strength of soul). Scholars have yet to determine the true nature of these markings, although legend has it that this red paint has mystical qualities.

Takhisis, through her Tarmak name of Kadulawa'ah, was long highly revered and draconic imagery plays an important part in Imperial Tarmak religion. After the death of the Dark Queen, Sargonnas has each taken an interest in the Tarmak, and schemes to use them in his plans of conquest. However, the Tarmak have yet to be receptive to the god of vengeance, or indeed any of Ansalon's deities.

have little to do with the gods, although the desert nomads still hold on to some ancient beliefs.

Chief among the deities revered by civilized humans of the region is Hu-del (Hiddukel). His followers, the Duskmens, live amongst the peoples of Port Balifor and Flotsam, seeking to promote bad business deals, and generally spread discontent and lies.

The Blue Lady (Mishakal) knows the suffering the peoples of Balifor have gone through, and seeks to establish a presence in the region. She wishes to help them heal their wounds, both physical and emotional, though this has proven difficult. The "twice-wronged" peoples of the region have a hard time allowing themselves to confide in any god. Her few clerics in the region keep a watchful eye on the Duskmens of Hu-del, exposing their lies and treachery when possible.

The desert nomads of the region base their religious beliefs on the heavens above. Chief among their deities is the Skylord (Habbakuk), who is seen as a physical and spiritual manifestation of the sky.

The nighttime sky also figures into the religious views of the nomads. White Eye (Solinari), Red Eye (Lunitari), and Black Hand (Nuitari) are bringers of omens. While there are no clerics of these gods, their followers are said to possess strange, magical powers. Those who follow the Black Hand are rare, and are considered to be somewhat insane for believing in a third, black moon that no one else can see. Typically, the desert nomads who follow these gods are hedge wizards, although a few do leave the region to take the Test of High Sorcery.

BLOOD SEA ISLES

The human mariners of the Blood Sea Isles, primarily those in Saifhum, pay homage to Zeboim above all gods. As the goddess of storms, tempests, and the sea, Zeboim can bring good fortune to those sailors who pay tribute to her, and bring ruin to those who do not pay their proper respects.

The human populace in Kothas pays homage to Zeboim as well, although they know it is wise to pay tribute to her father, Sargas (Sargonnas). To not honor Sargas may even risk bringing the wrath of a minotaur cleric on your head.


Occasionally, minor cults will pop up in more remote regions, though few have any staying power. One cult, devoted to the false god Bazul, has recently risen in a remote location of Saifhum. Bazulites believe that Bazul came from the Maelstrom, which closed behind him on his birth, and that one day, he will make a new Maelstrom, one that will not only destroy him, but all of the Blood Sea Isles. Bazulites practice piracy, confiscating treasure as "tribute", and making sacrifices of the crews they capture. The late Emperor Hotak of the minotaur empire recently assigned the ship *Indomitable* to find these cultists and destroy them.

ESTWILDE

The people of Estwilde have no true religion, revering regional gods, ancestors, and fetishes. The gods who are worshipped vary from region to region, and hold few followers. Oftentimes, these gods reflect local beliefs or customs, or are remembrances from ages past when people of the area worshipped the true gods.

Beginning in the early Age of Mortals, some mystics in Estwilde began to use fetishes, called *Ahlashiwe*, as a focus from which they would draw their mystical power. These fetishes represent the spirits of animals or the forces of nature. Fetish mystics tend to pick a fetish that matches their inner spirit. For example, those who possess great strength may choose a bear fetish.

Estwilde was once a stronghold of Gilean's worship. After the Cataclysm, the religion lapsed and only a smattering of followers remain. These priests use dice, called *Calantina*, that, so the priests say, allow them to predict the future by interpreting signs of different animals with prophetic verse.



It is said that Mishakal cried during the Cataclysm, and that her tears formed the area known as the Loam. With the return of the gods, a few individuals have felt a calling to the Loam. Those who return are said to possess the talent for healing.

GOODLUND

The area of Goodlund, which has become the Desolation, has very few humans remaining. Most are plainsmen who have adapted to the harsh climate.

The plainsmen of Goodlund are ancestor worshippers, who believe their ancestors ascended to godhood when the ancient gods abandoned the world during the Cataclysm. This belief has remained with the plainsmen since that time. Even the return of the gods after the War of the Lance did little to detract from this practice.

With the War of Souls, the spirits of those plainsmen who died in the Age of Mortals refused to leave the world. The conclusion of the war saw some move on, but others have remained behind. A new group of spirit shamans now commune with those spirits, and believe that their shamanic mystical power comes from these dead souls.

ICEREACH

The barbarians of Icereach tend to view the gods in terms of the harsh environment around them. The gods are seen in the glaciers, in the winter storms, and in nature around them. Many tribes take on a single deity as their patron.

Meshal (Mishakal) is goddess of the hearth, where one can come to warm their bones. Meshal knows the harsh climate that the barbarians live in, and seeks to make life a bit more bearable. Meshal is also the goddess of love and fertility. Barbarian clerics often oversee marriage rituals, blessing the woman so that she may have many children.

Many tribes, such as the Arktos tribe, revere Kradok, also known as Chislev Wilder. She is seen as half-bird, half-fish, and is goddess of the hunt. Kradok provides food for those willing to hunt for it. Her clerics are known for teaching their peoples techniques of the hunt.

Zivilyn Greentree, sometimes known as the Greenstar, is represented by a green, sparkling star in the sky that is never seen in the same place twice. It is no wonder that Zivilyn's avatar in this region often appears as the kender Coraltop Netfisher. Zivilyn teaches people to discover wisdom within themselves.

Nilat the Corrupter (Takhisis) is the mother of all white dragons, herself appearing as a five-headed white dragon. Worship of Nilat increased during the War of the Lance, when clerics who served the Dragon Highlord Feal-Thus convinced some of the people of Icereach of the righteousness of Nilat's cause. When the truth emerged, however, Nilat gained a secondary name as "the Corrupter." The truth of Nilat is that she is a powerful goddess, and a speaker of lies. As mother to the white dragons, the people of Icereach know that to cross Nilat is to bring down the wrath of her children.

Gonnas the Strong (Sargonnas) appears as a massive ogre. While the Willful One is patron to ogres, some barbarians also follow his path. Gonnas wears the hide of

a polar bear that he killed with his bare hands. Gonnas is said to have once walked straight through a glacier, never once faltering, just because it was in his way.

Zebyr Jotun (Zeboim) is goddess of the winter storm, and daughter to Nilat the Corrupter. Zebyr Jotun's changing moods can bring on snowstorms, blizzards, and the occasional bout of hail. She also controls the sea, and is not above sinking ships with icebergs if the crew displeases her.

Chemos Joton (Chemosh) is the god of frozen death. It is said that no place in the world is as cold as his black heart. The barbarians see Chemos Joton as a cold, emotionless being, with blank uncaring eyes. His icy breath is said to be able to freeze a person instantly, killing them on the spot.

Morgi the Wasting God (Morgion) is the god of weathered souls. Through plague and the wasting effects of the arctic wind, he seeks to slowly destroy all that is alive and good.

ISTAR (AGE OF MIGHT)

The theocracy of Istar was a nation that stood for a thousand years, and was largely responsible for shaping the Age of Might. Istar was devoted solely to the worship of the gods of Good, dedicated to the extermination of all evil. Even those who walked the line of neutrality were considered evil.

In 280 PC, Istar installed a Kingpriest, and claimed to be the moral center of the world. This move was applauded by Solammnia for championing the cause of righteousness. Soon after, from 260 – 212 PC, the Temple of the Kingpriest was built as a testimony to the glory of Istar.

In 118 PC, the Kingpriest declared Evil as an affront to both gods and mortals. Those guilty of offenses on the Proclamation of Manifest Virtue faced execution or the gladiatorial arena. Many priests at this time began losing clerical magic, no longer able to perform miracles. The clergy became the Kingpriest's enforcers and exterminators. The Proclamation was amended in 94 PC to state that certain races are inherently evil, and must be "brought into the Light" (sold into slavery) or exterminated. So it was that the minotaurs were conquered, becoming a slave-race as they had once been to the ogres nearly three millennia before.

Within the last century of the Age of Might, Istar's clergy became the dominant power on Ansalon. Wizards were hunted as ungodly, resulting in the destruction of the Towers of Losarcum and Daltigoth, and the capture of the Tower of Istar. The Tower of Palanthas was cursed by the Black Robe wizard Rannoch, even as the remaining Wizards of High Sorcery were exiled to Wayreth.

The Kingpriest soon plotted his own passage to godhood. In 6 PC, the Edict of Thought Control was issued, asserting that evil thoughts equate to evil deeds.

The Kingpriest sought to elevate himself to godhood, even above the other gods. Angered, the gods sent thirteen signs to warn the people of Istar – signs that were unheeded. On the thirteenth day of Yule, the third day of

the new year, a fiery mountain falls upon Istar, dragging it to the bottom of the newly formed Blood Sea, and beginning the Age of Despair.

During the prime of Istar, its people followed the ways of the gods of light. This is a view that changed over time. At the dawn of Istar, this belief was more along the lines of the traditional beliefs of the gods found throughout Ansalon in its many forms.

As time progressed and the Kingpriest took power, the people of Istar increasingly believe that they are the moral center of the world. As such, the gods of Istar were the very epitome of perfection, the most perfect of which being Paladine.

The Istarians knew Paladine as Bah'Mut, depicted as a long-bearded man in dragonscale armor. Bah'Mut is the Valiant Warrior, who appears in other forms such as the Platinum Dragon, the Dawn-Father, or an old monk (among others). The Revered Sons and Revered Daughters of Bah'Mut wear white robes and wear the symbol of the Sacred Triangle, and are prohibited to wield edged weapons. Bah'Mut is the epitome of perfection, absolute in his goodness. Bah'mut is also known as Palado Calib, or "Blessed Paladine."

Bah'Mut champions the fight against Tii'Mhut, the Queen of Darkness. As Bah'Mut is absolute perfection, Tii'Mhut is absolute evil and corruption. Tii'Mhut stands as the anthesis of all that Istar stands for, and is the enemy that must be destroyed.

Kiri-Jolith is the Sword of Justice, Bah'Mut's son and champion of Istarian warpriests. The Horned One is seen as a great warrior with horns on his helm. The Jolithian warpriests wore golden vestments, wearing golden armor and carrying gold-trimmed weapons in the field of battle. If Bah'Mut is absolute goodness, the Kiri-Jolith is the sword by which absolute goodness is worked. Kiri-Jolith is also known as Carnid.

The primary enemy of the Sword of Justice is Argon (Sargonnas), god of the heathen minotaurs and god of wrath and rage. With the "purification" of the minotaur race, the people of Istar know that Kiri-Jolith's righteous fury will extinguish Argon's flame.

Habbakuk the Kingfisher is the Istarian god of nature. The people of Istar do not recognize Chislev, and they despise Zeboim. Habbakuk represents all that is good within nature, and is representative of the power and inner goodness of life. The Kingfisher's clerics wore purple vestments, accented in blue and white.

Mishakas the Healing Hand (Mishakal) is the wife of Bah'Mut, and is goddess of healing, artistry, and family. The Lady of Tears is gentle and compassionate, healing the wounds of body and the heart of all the people of Istar. Mishakites wear blue vestments.

Mishakites seek to rid the world of H'rar the Scourge (Morgion), god of decay, pestilence, and rot. H'rar was responsible for releasing the "Longosai" (Slow Creep) that is eventually defeated after Belidinas the Lightbringer



becomes Kingpriest. Mishakites hope that they can eventually rid the world of disease, so that Istarians will no longer have to suffer from plague again.

Branchala is the Song of Life, god of choristers whose spiritual music praises the glory of Bah'Mut and the people of Istar. It is said that all mortal hearts beat in time with the music of Branchala, and that to listen to it is to know absolute truth. Branchala's clerics wear green vestments.

Branchala's foe is M'Fistos, the Prince of Lies (Hiddukel). M'Fistos spreads deceit and corruption throughout Istar with his forked tongue.

Majere is the Master of Mind, god of thought and wisdom. The Rose God is advisor to the great Bah'Mut, and his wisdom guides the Kingpriest and the people of Istar. His clerics wear the symbol of the copper spider.

Neutral deities, as a rule, are not revered by the people of Istar, who equate neutrality to "evil by association." The one exception to this rule is Gilean. The Library of Gilean in Istar is dedicated to the God of the Book, and is the greatest center of knowledge of the known world of the time, with the possible exception of the Library of Palanthas.

KHAROLIS

The peoples of Kharolis, as a general rule, do not carry a strong faith in the gods. That is not to say that the presence of the gods is non-existent. Typically, the people of Kharolis give thanks to the Gods of Light or Gods of Balance, while keeping a wary eye on the Gods of Darkness.

The small city of Alsip has one of the few temples in the region, dedicated to Kiri-Jolith, the Holy Avenger. Kiri-Jolith is the protector of the region, standing against all those who would seek to do the people of Alsip harm.

Shinare, goddess of industry, is also revered in the area. Many people in Kharolis believe in the ways of commerce, and so silent prayers are muttered to the goddess to ensure and give thanks for successful transactions.

Within the Firecrab Hills lies a dark druidic cult dedicated to the worship of Morgion. The Cult of the Black Blight is said to abduct local townsfolk for bizarre sacrifices, conducted over several weeks, where the hostages waste away until they die.

During the Age of Mortals, the Knights of Neraka took over much of Kharolis. The Order of the Skull forced the ways of dark mysticism, all in the name of Takhisis, upon the people. This practice was only paid lip service by most. With the end of the War of Souls, a resistance movement seeks to expel the "outsider dogma" of the Dark Knights.

KHUR

The people of Khur are a deeply spiritual people, having never lost faith in the gods, even during their absence. The gods, as most people of Ansalon know them, are foreign to the people of Khur, who see them as "lesser gods for lesser people." Until the War of the Lance, the people of Khur believed that these lesser gods disappeared after the Cataclysm.

Chief among the Khurish deities is Eldin the Judge. He is also known as Skyfather, or the Great God. He is considered to be father of all the gods, and patron of the great sky and the heavens above. The identity of the Skyfather has caused much debate amongst theologians, some of whom believed Eldin to be the High God. Some theologians have interpreted this great deity differently, and support the perspective that Eldin is Paladine.

Ayyan the Deceiver, sometimes called Darkmother or Queen of Night, is the mother of all dark things within the bower of the earth. She is believed to be the Khurish incarnation of Takhisis.

Kargath the Warrior is the god of warfare and horses. He is a brave and noble fighter who gathers to him brave souls who have fallen in battle and organizes them into an army to fight against those who threaten the safety of the world. Kargath the Warrior is associated with Kiri-Jolith. The Khurs embrace his courage and bravery, although they do not view him with the same sort sense of lawfulness that the people of Solamnia do. Warriors of extreme athletic ability are said to bear the blood of Kargath.

Rakaris the Hunter is worshipped by those who hunt for necessity, rather than for sport. Priests of Rakaris wear blue and green robes, teaching the skills of hunting and the lessons of maintaining the balance of nature. Scholars from the outside believe Rakaris to be an incarnation of Chislev.

Torghhan the Avenger is the Khurish god of vengeance, and is considered to be an aspect of Sargonnas. The Avenger is revered by warriors who seek swift and vicious retribution, as well as by those who believe that victory is more important than honor. Torghan carries a large scimitar that thirsts for the blood of his enemies. The smallest temple in Khuri-Khan is dedicated to his worship.

Baizia the Fierce is the goddess of storms, bringer of both the cleansing rains and the floods of destruction. She is most commonly associated with the goddess Zeboim.

Elir-Sana is the goddess of healing, water, and bringer of plenty. Many of the most powerful seers of Khur recognize her as the goddess of dreams and portents. She is the god thanked when food and water are available. Elir-Sana is associated with Mishakal by outsiders.

Anthor the Hermit is the god of scholars, poets, and dreamers. His heavy association with contemplation and mental discipline cause most to connect him to Majere.

Hab'rar the Messenger is the carrier of the winds, an important figure to a desert people, and is often associated with Habbakuk.

The Khurish people are known for their seers, but none are as renowned as the Seers of Delphon. The Seers revere Ziris the Sage (Zivilyn), and are said to be the wisest of all the peoples of Khur. Occasionally, the Seers of Delphon receive omens of things to come—warnings and portents that the people of Khur have come to trust.

Kensin the Sly is a mischievous trickster, considered the patron of music, laughter, dancing, and wine. His pranks can be more malicious if he feels that someone should be taught a lesson. He is most commonly associated with Branchala.

Soro the Firemaker is another important Khurish deity, a god representing hearth and home. The image of the homefire cause many to associate him with Sirror.

The Three Sisters are Solara, Lura, and Nuira, goddesses of the three moons, patronesses of magic, illusion, and the watchers of the dead. The three are always seen together, each a mirror of the others, save for the color of their eyes, which matches the colors of their robes (white, red, and black respectfully).

During the War of the Lance, some Khurs converted to the worship of Chemosh, who became known as Kherish the Sand Devil. Chemosh had sent agents to the lands of Khur to seek recruits for the Soul Traders, a sect who believed that serving Chemosh would grant them immortality. The cult died off shortly after the War of the Lance, and has not been heard from since.

The goddess Chislev also has a presence within Khur, although the Khurish people do not see her as a god, but more so as the living world around them, created by the Skyfather and cared for by Rakaris. As such, the Khur have no name for her, and she is not worshipped directly.

Some within the Mayakhur tribe pay secret homage to Hidek the False (Hiddukel), a hidden god who plots and schemes from the realm of shadow, born out of the darkness of the Darkmother. Hiddukel is seeking to reestablish ties with the Mayakhur after the War of Souls, seeking payment for ancient debts owed by the tribe.

NERAKA

Scholars often say that one cannot study the history of Neraka without also studying its faith. Indeed, the two seem interwoven.

The earliest of faiths in the area is that of Takhisis. It was in the Valley of Neraka at the Temple of Darkness where Takhisis gathered her forces. Her Dark Pilgrims served their Queen in many ways. They gathered recruits for her growing armies, and went out into the world to sow the seeds of corruption, in order to pave the way for the Dragonarmies.

The War of the Lance greatly diminished the number of Dark Pilgrims. Some worked with the dragon highlord Kitiara during the Blue Lady's War, but then went into seclusion in the years remaining.

The Dark Pilgrims had mostly died out by the time of the Summer of Chaos. Some were recruited into the ranks of the Knights of the Skull, the spiritual branch of the Knights of Takhisis. During Ariakan's invasion of Ansalon, the Knights of Takhisis retook the lands surrounding the haunted Valley of Neraka. The Skull Knights re-established the worship in Takhisis as the dominant faith in the region, securing a presence that lasts even to the present day.

NORDMAAR

The people of Nordmaar have close ties with nature, so it comes as no surprise that they hold Earth Mother (Chislev) as the highest of their deities. The Children of the Earth Mother are Chislev's clerics and druids, who work together to promote living in harmony with nature.

The Nordmaar tribes believe that Chislev gave birth to the new lands that came about from the "Rising" (Cataclysm), and that she fell into a great slumber in the years following, waking once again during the War of the Lance.

It was at this time that some of the peoples of Nordmaar began the worship of the Horse Lord (Habbakuk). With their ties to Solamnia, they were exposed to the Solamnic gods. Habbakuk was the most appealing of those gods, and with his ties to nature, he was readily accepted.

Habbakuk's followers are a group of nomadic horsemen known as the Emphyrean Riders, rangers who seek to protect the people of Nordmaar and its environs. Once a year, they travel to the Horseman Monument, which they have adopted as a physical representation of Habbakuk. The Riders are led by a woman named Catharan, a matronly figure who has a natural affinity towards horses. Catharan is said to be the daughter of the Horseman himself.


Morgion the Defiler, known sometimes as the Black Blight, is the anthesis of all the people of Nordmaar hold dear. He is disease, plague, and waste, seeking to destroy the life found throughout nature, or corrupting it to his own ends. Morgion's followers are a secretive cult of dark druids known as the Soilbrood. The Soilbrood reside in a secret lair within the Great Moors, formed unnaturally through dark nature magic. The Soilbrood have recently made contact with a black dragon named Acerbius, and hope to make him an ally.

NORTHERN ERGOTH

The religion of Northern Ergothians dates back to the Age of Might, a time when, according to Ergothians, they were the cultural center of the world. The Ergothians are traditionalists, and as such they quickly welcomed back the gods. Yet there is also a strong following for the ways of mysticism as well. The two paths of spirituality vie now for prominence and followers in Northern Ergoth.

The Shrine of the Heart in Gwynned is the center for mystical learning in Northern Ergoth. Princess Mercideth "Mercy" Redic commissioned the shrine to be built, and is head of the Silver Hearts, those who follow the ways of mysticism at the Shrine. Princess Mercideth learned the ways of mysticism at the Citadel of Light, and so the teachings she learned there heavily affect the Silver Hearts. There was some concern over Princess Mercideth, who claimed to have seen the souls of the dead during the War of Souls. Since that time, she has returned to normal, save that she is occasionally seen talking to invisible spirits. There are those who are concerned that she may not be mentally well enough to eventually assume the Ergothian throne.

Draco Paladin (Paladine) and Draco Cerebus (Takhisis) are the twin gods of dragons. They are the respective parents of the Gods of Light and Gods of Darkness. It is their struggle that shapes the world, as it has for generations. The Dragon Queen is held in high contempt for disobeying the wishes of her brother, and for



not staying in her place supporting Draco Paladin. The fall of the Lord of Light and the death of the Dragon Queen left many Ergothians uncertain in the modern time, as they see potential strife between the remaining gods, as well as between clerics and mystics.

The cavaliers of Ergoth revere Corij (Kiri-Jolith), as the god of warfare, courage, and glory. Corij is an Ergothian warrior who wears ancient Ergothian armor, which reflects on the glory days of the Empire. Clerics of Corij despise cowardice in their search to weed out evil.

Corij's brother is the Blue Phoenix (Habbakuk), who some call the Fisher King. The Blue Phoenix is revered by mariners for protection against Rann, and by Ergothian hunters and falconers.

Those who study at the Ergothian Bard College in Lancton revere the god Bran (Branchala). There are many courses of study at the College, from the mundane to advanced study; of course, most important to Bran's devotees are those courses on spiritual music. Indeed, many choristers come from the College. In the Age of Mortals, bards emerged who used the creative energies of wild sorcery to produce magical effects through their music. New courses opened up at the college to teach this practice. No matter which path one takes to learning the ways of the bard, magical or mundane, each student is expected to pay homage to Bran.

Manthus (Majere) is god to the theologians and scholars of Ergoth, held in highest regard by those who attend the Imperial University in Gwynned. Some of the instructors at the Imperial University are clerics of Manthus. A copper rose sits in the headmaster's office, said to be a holy relic of Manthus. Manthus also has monasteries throughout Ergoth, where his clerics study and train in a setting of greater solitude.

Mishas (Mishakal) holds a smaller following in Ergothian society, a reflection of her lesser status among other deities there. Mishas knows her place in the pantheon, as the subservient wife of Draco Paladin, and mother to Corij and the Blue Phoenix. Mishas is a nursemaid who heals those who come into her care. Ergothian society still teaches women that they have their place and should not strive to overcome it, so the involvement of Mishas' followers is limited to their healing service of others.

Northern Ergoth has produced several wizards in its time. As such, those who follow the ways of magic pay homage to Solin (Solinari), Luin (Lunitari), and Nuin (Nuitari).

Walking Liberty (Shinare) is the goddess of trade, merchants, and barter. Shinare is not seen as an individual so much as a concept, although clerics of Walking Liberty come to realize the truth of the matter. Clerics promote trade and business, often serving on business councils.

Argon (Sargonnas) is god of vengeance and bloody warfare. He is most revered by warriors who fight in the bloodsports of the Ergothian arena games. Warriors in the bloodsports call upon his fighting spirit. Those most devout smear blood on their foreheads prior to arena battles.

Aeeth (Chemosh) holds power within Northern Ergoth as well. Aeeth holds the souls of the town Even, now in ruins, captive to do his bidding. Aeeth is seen as a dark warrior whose sword is said to steal souls.

Rann (Zeboim) holds sway over Ergothian sailors, who brave the seas that are her domain. Most Ergothian sailors, like most sailors on Ansalon, pay tribute to Rann, and some worship her outright. Rann's clerics often captain ships, giving sacrifices to the sea. These clerics are known as the Stormdancers. They are called this as they are often seen outside dancing in the most horrible of storms.

H'rar (Morgion) is the god of fear, pain, suffering, and plague. He is said to give scurvy to mariners, and to make wounds fester. His clerics are said to spread wood rot to ships, sinking them. The touch of his clerics brings about pain; to look into their eyes is to know your worst nightmares.

PLAINS OF DUST

The people of the Plains of Dust are not too keen on the gods. In fact, many clerics who venture through the Plains are met with hostility. It was the Cataclysm that caused drastic changes to the land, especially to the former port city of Tarsis, now landlocked. The Second Cataclysm also altered the environment greatly. The Plains of Dust, formerly a tundra landscape, became a desert, where the tundra conditions only return during the winter. These changes instilled a fundamental mistrust in the gods, who could wreak such disasters on the mortal plane.

While worship of the gods is rare, it is not unheard of. Sargonnas is known to some nomad tribes as Misal-Lasim, the "Desert Wind." The harsh desert falls within the domain of Sargonnas, who has taken to a liking of the changed environment in this region following the Summer of Chaos.

The worship of Mai-tat (Takhisis) grew during the years of the War of the Lance. Mai-tat could be found wherever there was corruption, whether in taverns in Tarsis or in the hearts of corrupted nomads.

In the lands around the ruins of Wallach, the god Zivilyn is worshipped. Here stands the Grandfather Tree, one of the few vallenwoods to grow outside the town of Solace. This is considered a holy place for clerics of Zivilyn, who often travel there to seek visions or portents that their god may bless them with, as well as the plains people of Duntollik.

SANCRIST

The humans of the isle of Sancrist are Solamnics, believing in the Solamnic Triumvirate, as do their cousins in the lands of Solamnia (see *Solamnia*, below).

Perhaps the most holy of sites on Sancrist, if not on all of Ansalon, is the Whitestone Glade. It is in this glade that the Solamnic Triumvirate (Paladine, Kiri-Jolith, and Habbakuk) appeared to Vinas Solamnus, sparking the creation of the Knights of Solamnia.

The Whitestone was blessed by the Kingpriest himself, who forbade anyone from touching it. This command was followed until the War of the Lance, when, during a