

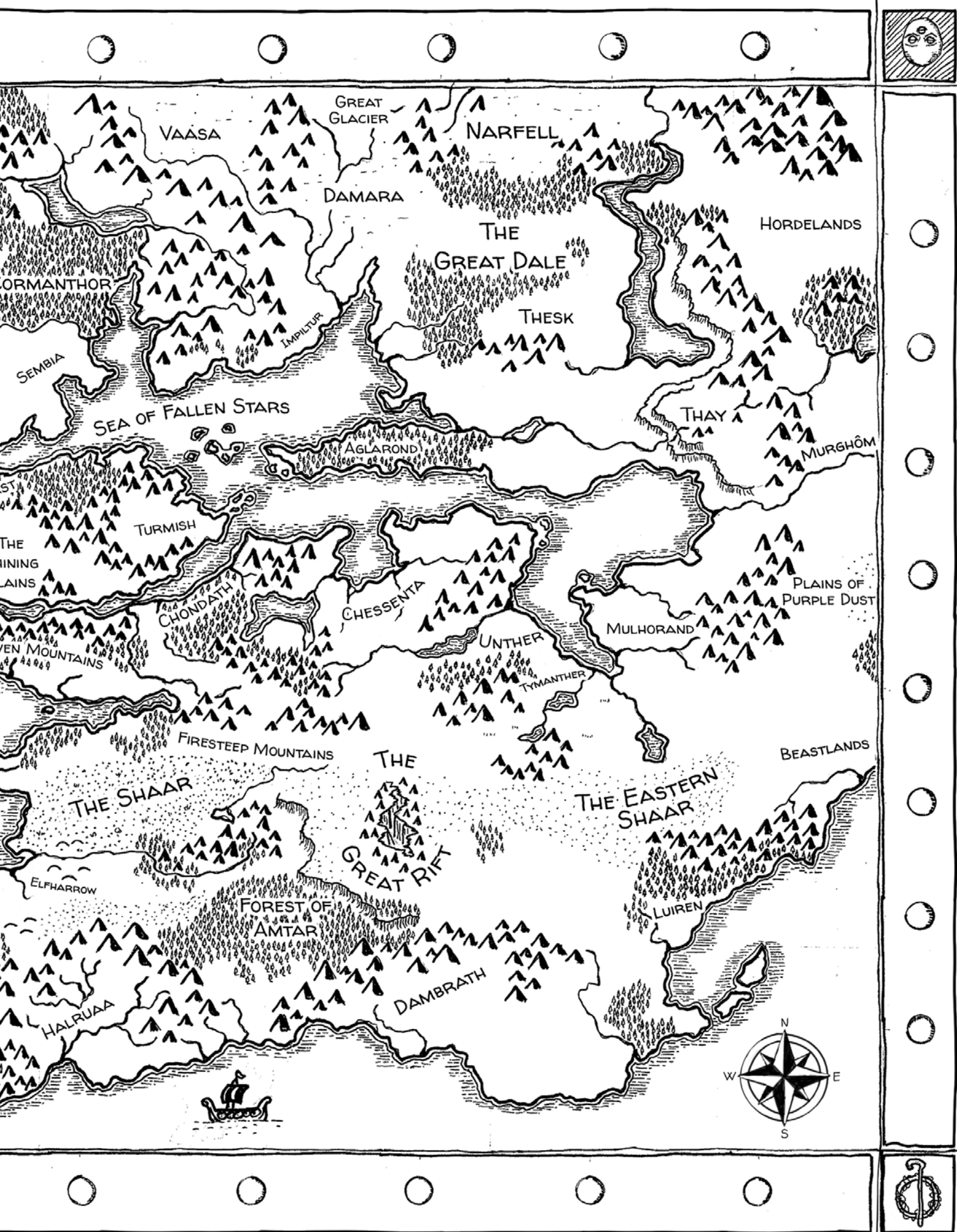
AMARUNE'S ALMANAC



Forests of the Realms







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Definitions

When referencing spells from this book, the

superscript "AA1" is used (for example, *druidic*

practice^{AA1}). Each volume of Amarune's Almanac

uses this notation, with the end numeral changed

to match the volume of the book.

If other definitions are used, they will appear here in future volumes.

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A letter from the publisher to my beloved fans! Yes, you read that right. For once, I, Volothamp Geddarm, am not the scribe who is penning the words you are about to read.

Fear not! The quality of what you will find within these pages suffers not from my lack of involvement. For these are the words of Amarune Lyone Armala Whitewave, Silent Shadow, Rune; or as my beloved editor affectionately refers to her, Amarune Aumar. Yes! These are the words of the great-great granddaughter of the illustrious Elminster, the Sage of Shadowdale.

I met our striking author while fending off an oppressive swarm of mosquitos in Port Nyanzaru. She recognized me—which is not surprising at all since many know me well—but for surprising reasons. We retreated from the incessant insects to the relative safety of a tavern within the Merchant's Ward. There, we shared many tales. Well, I shared many tales! She simply engulfed every cup of wine laid in front of her. Without much prying on my part (short of the endless supply of drink), our young hero shared her purpose in Chult.

After my good friend Elminster had shared her mind and body, and to no fault of his I am sure, she was left addled and with memories of his and not hers, and some of hers but not his. It was all quite confusing, and I drifted in and out of the conversation once or twice, but I gather she has set out to travel all of Faerûn, perhaps even Toril and worlds beyond, to learn all that Elminster knew and anchor the misty memories within her head in reality. A lofty goal, but a noble one.

Before her companion.. Arcy? Arclat? Whomever it was.. bumbled in and interrupted our talk, Amarune shared with me the journal she sought to keep. An account of all she had seen, magical and mundane, catalogued and tabulated. A wonderful tome, one sure to sell!

So without hesitation, I contracted my services. For I have a good relationship with one of the noblemen of Port Nyanzaru who owns a printing press. It cost more than a bit, and I had to halt printing of my own tome; Volo's Guide to Dragons (which, with such a limited run of copies, I am sure now commands a much higher price)! But enclosed here is the first volume of Amarune's Almanac, unedited (as my editor is unavailable at current) and unabridged. A perfect copy of her journal and notes with every margin note and illustration in tact.

A truly magnificent tome! The first of many, I am sure.

While I vouch for her ability and knowledge, please do not hold your good friend and humble scribe Volo accountable for any unfactual locations or loss of limb as a result of information gleaned from this book.

Volothamp Geddarm

The following D&D books provided material and inspiration:

James Lowder, Jean Rabe. *The Jungles of Chult*. 1993

James Butler, Elizabeth T. Danforth, Jean Rabe.

“The Settled Lands”. In Karen S. Boomgarden ed.

Elminster's Ecologies. 1994

Ed Greenwood. *Volo's Guide to Cormyr*. 1995

Ed Greenwood, Eric L. Boyd. *Volo's Guide to All Things Magical*. 1996

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

Sean K. Reynolds, Jason Carl. *Lords of Darkness*. 2001

Sean K. Reynolds, Duane Maxwell, Angel McCoy.

Magic of Faerûn. 2001

Eric L. Boyd. *Part 7: Gildenfire. Mintiper's Chapbook*. 2001

Ed Greenwood and Jason Carl. *Silver Marches*. 2002

Richard Baker, Matt Forbeck, Sean K. Reynolds.

Unapproachable East. 2003

Eric L. Boyd. “Vampires of Waterdeep: Blood of Malar”. *Dungeon* #126. 2005

Bruce R. Cordell, Ed Greenwood, Chris Sims. *Forgotten Realms Campaign Guide*. 2008

Foreword

I love books like this.

Seeing my world alive and thriving under the pens of others has always been a thrill, yes, but tomes that examine the natural world of Toril, as seen through the eyes of beings living in it, really enrich the Realms for all of us, without serving up a specific adventure.

And even when the wayfarers who write such books miss something, or are forced to turn back from danger, they hint at lore they haven't uncovered, and I can swoop in and add things.

For instance, early on in this book, Amarune writes that "nearly every locale within Faerûn has a legend of a lost temple, haunted house, or gateway to another dimension."

Reading that delighted me, because I put most of them there—er, it means someone has noticed the assiduous work of the Chosen of Mystra, who have spread rumors of such 'treasure enticements' for centuries, to prod the adventurous-minded into exploring various ruins and wild places and caverns of the Realms so they can stumble across the scrolls and spellbooks and magic items the Chosen have planted there to further Mystra's aim of putting magic into the hands, claws, or paws of all manner of creatures across Toril.

Work that's been aided and abetted by hungry dragons, eager necromancers, all manner of skulking cults and lurking monsters who want to lure a steady stream of victims into their clutches—yes, those same adventurers, enticed into visiting dangerous corners of the Realms that more sensible folk never want to get closer to than hearing about them in excitedly-whispered tales told late at night over a guttering candle or lowering lantern in a tavern taproom, inn hearthside, or in a snug room deep in a cottage or city tallhouse.

There are layers and layers of lore in the Realms, so secrets still await under what's written here. To look at just one other example, Amarune suffered

dreadfully in the humid heat of the jungles of Chult, and under the stings of its mosquitoes—but she was lucky.

If she'd gone inside that temple or one of many far more overgrown ruins, she'd have felt the agony of encountering firetings. Think of a mosquito as long as half a large man's hand, that drains blood to prolong its own life, and at the same time deposits a larva with the same stinger—conferring a burning agony akin to close your fist around a hot coal or burning ember in the process—that grows JUST under the stung being's skin, so they can watch it squirming and getting larger with frightening speed (a larva matures in a matter of hours) and draining their blood to do so, until it bursts forth and flies away (thankfully, no fireting will return and sting to the body it emerged from).

Amarune might have winced to hear that jungle dwarves and veteran jungle-exploring adventurers actually allow firetings to bite them, and endure the resulting raging fiery pain, because a fireting larva feeding on a host's blood sucks all venom from that host so swiftly that they absorb and neutralize the effects of all reptiles bites. When Dove of the Seven discovered this, she teleported herself to the Royal Gardens in Suzail with more than a dozen snakes that had bitten her hanging from her arms, to cow Vangerdahast into agreeing to something by wordlessly impressing him with her toughness.

Did it work? Of course. What did he agree to?

Oh, no. You'll have to wait for a later Amarune's Almanac—perhaps the eighth or ninth one, if she gets that far. Layers upon layers, remember?

And they're always waiting, if you're an adventurer.

So read on...

Ed Greenwood

{Creator of The Forgotten Realms}

Introduction

My name is Amarune Lyone Armala Whitewave, and I have lived an interesting life. I've burgled the houses of Suzail's wealthiest neighborhoods. I danced behind masks, and only masks, for nobles in the Dragonriders Club. I've been temporarily possessed by my great-great-grandfather, who happened to be a powerful wizard (Elminster, the Sage of Shadowdale, perhaps you've heard of him). I've worked as a mercenary. I served as a Chosen of Mystra.

Like I said, "interesting".

So what does one do after living such a complicated life? If you were to ask my dearest lover, Arclath, he'd say that you take a vacation.

Were it not for such a unique string of events in my life, I might have lived and died within twenty miles of where I was born, as so many others do. Maybe it was silly to get so introspective, but when Arclath and I were walking through the woods in autumn, watching the canopy stir over our heads like banners of gold, copper, and crimson, I couldn't help but wonder how many people would never see such beauty. The people who live near these woods are likely unimpressed with the yearly change of seasons, but someone who's never seen it would consider it a miracle of nature. Surely every corner of the Realms has some natural phenomenon that the locals make no point of recording, but would be fascinating for others to hear about.

Thus, the idea of "Amarune's Almanac" was born. Arclath says I can't call it a vacation if I'm working, but I think I've convinced him we'll get to travel a lot more if I can claim it's for a literary endeavor. Given that I was first inspired by the changing of seasons in the forest, I've decided to devote my first volume to the forests of the Realms. I plan to travel far and wide, from desert to swamp, and everything between and beyond.

I wouldn't say my perspective is the easiest to empathise with; I can't imagine anyone else has been through the same kinds of things I have. So, the lens through which I view the world may be a little strange at times, but I hope that it can provide you with a unique perspective. I must admit, my motives aren't entirely altruistic. There are moments when I see an arcane rune or strange sight that feels more familiar than it should. I have to remind myself that some of my memories aren't mine, but Elminster's instead. I hope that through these travels, I can help sort out the memories that I made, and make new ones along the way.

Seeing The Forests For The Trees

When Arclath asked me what a forest was, I probably looked at him like he'd sprouted an extra head. Though, he posed a good question; if I'm writing this book to explain these locales to people who have never seen them, how would I explain a "forest" to someone who's lived in a desert wasteland for their entire life and never seen a stand of trees larger than a dozen? Saying "you just know what a forest is when you see it" doesn't work anymore.

As it turns out, there's no precise definition for what entails a "forest". I've spoken to experts ranging from cartographers to rangers to farmers, and the density and number of trees to make something a forest ranges from "a fair bit" to "a lot". I was frustrated for a time, but I've decided that for my own purposes, based on the statements of experts, a forest is a place with "a decent number" of trees grouped "somewhat densely". The canopy is usually dense enough to provide some shade. There you have it. That's as specific as I can get.

Forests, as it turns out, can look very different from one another. The types of trees, the undergrowth, and the creatures that live there can vary wildly. It's also fascinating to see the ways that forests have reclaimed land that was once controlled by civilization, or healed over scars left by war and disaster. I've watched some of the most powerful forces in the world collide, watched a literal city be dropped on another city, and since my travels, I've become convinced that nature will heal over all of it if left alone long enough.

Jungles of the Realms

We met a man in Chult named Masamba, who as it turns out, is a researcher and writer native to the land. While merchants trampled in and out of Port Nyanzaru with little interest or respect for the wilds outside the city walls, Masamba was dedicated to recording more about the flora and fauna beyond "this one will make you itch" and "this dinosaur has better stamina for racing".

Arclath decided to complain about the "humid forests" within earshot of Masamba, which didn't go over particularly well. Though it was more accusatory than Arclath might've preferred, Masamba taught us a lot about jungles and rainforests, and the differences between them. As it turns out, much of Chult consists of jungle, in which the underbrush almost completely covers the floor. However, some portions of Chult are decidedly rainforests, in which the canopy is thick, but the floor is generally devoid of cover. This may sound

like a minor distinction, but I assure you, I'd rather make camp in a rainforest than a jungle.

In the end, I decided to include our time in Chult in this volume of the almanac rather than its own. I also imagine that if I'd tried to visit any more jungles to dedicate an entire book to them, Arclath would've had a conniption. I'll take my time to delve into the details later, when we talk about our excursion from Port Nyanzaru.

That is not the only reason that you won't find a "Jungles of the Realms" book in this series. Arclath and I decided to seek out the Mhair Jungle, which as we'd heard, had been sunk into the ocean during the Spellplague. The Second Sundering restored it to the surface, and we were curious what might've become of a jungle that had spent nearly a century buried under salt water. As it turns out, it fared surprisingly well, as seen from afar.

As our boat neared the Mhairan coast, we could see dense, wet jungle, perhaps even more tangled than Chult. With our mosquito nets, waterskins, and determination, we were prepared to make landfall. We watched a great ape emerge from the woods, lumbering down to the water's edge to wash a dirt-encrusted tuber in the salty waves. Suddenly, a fleshy mass of eyes and teeth burst from the underbrush behind him. The largest gibbering moulder I'd ever seen had thrown itself over the ape, and began to tear into him with a dozen different sets of teeth, stripping the great beast to the bone within mere moments. Almost as soon as the carcass was stripped, the jungle stirred with an even greater predator. Tendrils of green fog, like a living *cloudkill*, emerged from the treeline and wove after the moulder. Letting out a truly "gibbering" cry of distress, the moulder scrambled up the coastline to take shelter beyond the foliage, and we watched the fog as it seemed to consciously turn and pursue its prey.

As I stared in stunned silence, Arclath ordered the boat turned around, and we returned to port. I am very content to not write a book on Jungles of the Realms.

The Weave and the Wood

Though our encounter was pleasantly fleeting, the Mhair Jungle did open my eyes to a particular subject. Though much has been repaired and put right since the chaos of the Spellplague, not everything is "as it was". The Mhair Jungle, which was originally the epicenter of the appearance of "blue breath of change", has risen up from the ocean and is teeming with life once more. However, the

Weave still seems altered here. I didn't investigate deeply enough to definitively label it a wild magic zone, but the mere presence of abominations and living spells gives me reason to consider it.

On the other hand, not every magically infused twig is a product of the Spellplague and subsequent Sundering. Druidic influence has left its mark on the world in many places, and dare I say it, elves have made some significant magical changes as well, which you can read more about in my chapter on the Yuirwood. Then there are places I wasn't able to delve into as deeply, like the "Wood of Sharp Teeth", inhabited by dryads, satyrs, werewolves, and even wolfweres. Though the magical influence can't be denied, it's more likely a place like the Wood of Sharp Teeth is the result of mortal tampering than a godly battleground.

JEONSANGO

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR, ARCLATH DELCASTLE

I must confess that I was surprised when Amarune first told me she wanted to write this series of books. We'd already visited several fascinating locales when inspiration struck her, and truthfully, I appreciated the excuse to continue travelling and exploring. I initially had no involvement, besides whatever stories she decided to write about me.

When she told me that she had completed her first book and was ready to see it copied, I was surprised. What she had written, however, was a meandering mix of deserts, swamps, forests, tundra, jungle, and shore. I suggested at the time that she wait, and instead categorize her books by their environment. At first she suspected I was being disingenuous, as though it were some ulterior motive to keep traveling instead of returning to civilization to see her book published, but eventually she understood my point. Luckily, soon after, we came upon none other than the famous Volothamp Geddarm in Port Nyanzaru, swatting at mosquitoes like a madman. He practically insisted on becoming Amarune's publisher, and at that point, she couldn't say no!

Editing this volume was a joy, even under Volothamp's watchful eye, ever-present commentary, and annoying habit of mispronouncing my name. The forests Amarune wanted to focus on for this book are the High Forest, Adhe Wood, Tangled Trees, the Yuirwood, and of course, the infamous jungles of Chult. Needless to say, we didn't visit these locales one after another. These journeys were sometimes separated by months, with many other stops along the way. I hope I'm able to fulfill my role as Amarune's editor by making her work seem as seamless as possible.

Player Options

Presented here are two subclasses, one for the Druid class and one for the Ranger class. These subclasses represent characters who are deeply invested in the forests of Faerûn. The Circle of the Grove, a druid order who revere and protect the forests above all other lands; and the Sylvan Sentinel, a ranger archetype for those who have been granted the boons of the enchanted creatures who guard and tend to the magical forests of the realms.

Circle of the Grove

Druids of the Grove are the caretakers of the forests and jungles of the realm. They bind a local conclave to a specific forest and operate as defenders, keepers, and enforcers of the will of the forest. These druids work closely with dryads and other creatures who call the forest home, and can be found in conflict with those who would seek to encroach on their lands.

CIRCLE SPELLS

Druid Level	Spells
3rd	<i>barkskin</i> , <i>sticks to snakes</i> ^{AA1}
5th	<i>grasping trees</i> ^{AA1} , <i>plant growth</i>
7th	<i>freedom of movement</i> , <i>soothing stone</i> ^{AA1}
9th	<i>commune with nature</i> , <i>tree stride</i>

Grove Beast Forms

Starting at 2nd level, as a constituent of the grove, your familiarity with the denizens of the forest provides you the ability to transform into more powerful beasts. You can use your Wild Shape to transform into a beast that calls the forest 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: Grove

Also 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 forest of your own design. A number of trees up to half your druid level + your Wisdom modifier grow in this area in unoccupied spaces of your choice. Each tree occupies a 5-foot by 5-foot area and can be up to 20 feet tall, but can't grow beyond any existing ceilings. These trees are interconnected, have an AC equal to your Wisdom score, and share a pool of hit points equal to your druid level × 5. The ground in this area becomes covered in undergrowth. Any vertical surfaces become overgrown with vines and other creeping flora. 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.

Take Root

Starting at 6th level, you can take root and nourish yourself with the land's bounty. At the end of your turn, if you have not used any movement, you can choose to become rooted. Your speed becomes 0 and it can't be increased. When you do, you gain temporary hit points equal to your half your druid level, which lasts until you are no longer rooted to the ground. You can choose to end this effect at the start of each of your turns, and it ends early if you are forcibly moved.

Ward of Thorns

At 10th level, the nature of flora to evolve defenses from predators becomes a part of you. Your body becomes coated in thorns. When a creature makes a melee attack against you, you can use your reaction to have thorns coalesce on the point of impact. Make

a melee spell attack against the attacker. On hit, they take 2d6 piercing damage and become wrapped by thorny vines, reducing their speed to 0 until the end of their next turn. At the start of the target's turn, they can choose to break free of the effect early by ripping the vines off, but take an additional 2d6 piercing damage if they do.

Ally of the Grove

Starting at 14th level, you can awaken the living heart of a forest and turn it to aid your cause. As an action, you point to a tree within 60 feet of you that you can see. Its leaves begin to shake, and its roots jar the debris and undergrowth free as a face takes shape on the bark of its trunk. This animated tree uses the statistics of a **treant**, but is unable to use the Animate Trees feature innately. Roll initiative for the tree. If it receives no commands from you, it will protect you from harm and attack your foes. The tree remains animated for 1 hour, or until you dismiss it (no action required), after which it takes root where it was standing and becomes a normal tree.

While this treant is under your control, you can use your reaction on its turn and expend a spell slot of 7th-level or higher to command it to take the Animate Trees action.

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

Sylvan Sentinel

The fey of a powerful forest have taken you under their wing, and in turn you have sworn your allegiance to them and their forests. The elves and gnomes of Faerûn are the most common adherents of this archetype, as the forest spirits tend to be more trusting of those who have a lingering connection to the Feywild.

Sylvan Sentinel Magic

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

SYLVAN SENTINEL SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spells
3rd	<i>faerie fire</i>
5th	<i>misty step</i>
9th	<i>plant growth</i>
13th	<i>conjure woodland beings</i>
17th	<i>modify memory</i>

LARISA KOSHIKINA

Fey-Friend

At 3rd level, you can speak, read, and write Sylvan, and animals understand the meaning of your words when you speak Sylvan.

Additionally, the goodly fey of the realms recognize you as friend. You have advantage on Charisma (Persuasion) and Wisdom (Insight) checks against fey that do not have an evil alignment. If you ever willingly bring harm to such a fey unprovoked, you instead have disadvantage on these checks until you atone to the creature you harmed, or to a sufficiently powerful non-evil fey in a manner the creatures deem fitting.

Gossamer Strikes

Also at 3rd level, you can harness the purpose and elegance of the fey to enhance your attack routines. When you take the Attack action and make a melee weapon attack with advantage, you can choose to make one additional attack as part of that action. If you do, your speed increases by 20 feet until the end of the turn.

You can use this feature once. You regain your use of this feature whenever you score a critical hit, roll initiative at the start of combat, or finish a long or short rest.

Glimmering Misdirection

At 7th level, you can cause your form to shimmer into and out of your opponents' view. Whenever a creature you can see, and that can see you, makes an attack against you, you can use your reaction to force the creature to make the attack with disadvantage. If the attack still hits, you can immediately move 10 feet without provoking opportunity attacks.

Shimmerdance

At 11th level, the spirits of the fey envelop you in a shimmering light as you fight, blessing you with true aim. When you make a weapon attack, but before the DM tells if the attack hits or misses, you can roll 1d6 and add it to the attack roll. You can only use this feature once each turn.

Gift of the Faerie

At 15th level, you have been granted the lifespark of a wilting fey, such that it may live on within you. You can use a bonus action to manifest a pair of silken, spectral wings from your back. While the wings are present, you have a flying speed equal to your base speed. The wings last until you're incapacitated, you die, or you dismiss them as a bonus action.

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.

LIST OF FOREST SPELLS

Spell Level	Spell	School	Ritual	Druid	Ranger
1st	<i>druidic practice</i>	abjuration	✓	✓	
1st	<i>forest spirit</i>	conjuration	✓	✓	✓
1st	<i>woodland step</i>	transmutation		✓	✓
2nd	<i>bestial reawakening</i>	necromancy		✓	✓
2nd	<i>sticks to snakes</i>	transmutation	✓	✓	✓
3rd	<i>grasping trees</i>	transmutation		✓	✓
4th	<i>heart of the forest</i>	divination		✓	✓
4th	<i>soothing stone</i>	transmutation	✓	✓	
6th	<i>shape woods maze</i>	transmutation	✓	✓	
8th	<i>bulwark of irritants</i>	conjuration		✓	
9th	<i>essence of the forest</i>	necromancy		✓	

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: FOREST SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spell
2nd	<i>woodland step</i> ^{AA1}
5th	<i>bestial reawakening</i> ^{AA1}
9th	<i>grasping trees</i> ^{AA1}
13th	<i>heart of the forest</i> ^{AA1}

Spellcasting

The world teems with magic, drawn from the land itself. Presented here are spell options that draw upon the many forests of Faerûn.

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.

Forest Spirit

1st-level conjuration (ritual)

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, E (forest)

Duration: 1 hour

This spell animates a small tree or shrub with the spirit of the forest. This flora becomes a Medium creature, sprouting legs made of roots and has a disposition that matches the overall health of the forest. It has AC 10, 1 hit point, a Strength of 2, and it can't attack. If it drops to 0 hit points, the spell ends.

Once on each of your turns as a bonus action, you can mentally command the spirit to move up to 15 feet and interact with a part of the forest. The spirit can identify if fruit born of the forest is edible or

poisonous, mark tree trunks with an invisible glyph only visible to you (which fade after 24 hours), create a gust of wind that can shake trees in the general vicinity, or grant advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks to locate tracks or creatures native to the forest. If no command is issued, the spirit spends its time tidying up leaves and small sticks from the forest floor.

If you command the spirit to perform a task that would move it more than 60 feet away from you, the spell ends.

Woodland Step

1st-level transmutation

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, E (forest)

Duration: Instantaneous

You become one with the forest, allowing you to pass through its undergrowth with ease. As part of the action used to cast this spell, you must use the Dash action. When doing so, you enter a semi-incorporeal state and move without provoking attacks of opportunity. Additionally, you may make a single melee attack against a creature that is within 5 feet of your chosen path, doing your normal attack damage on a hit.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for every three slot levels above 1st.

Bestial Reawakening

2nd-level necromancy

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a small diamond worth at least 50 gp, which the spell consumes), E (forest)

Duration: Instantaneous

You return a dead beast you touch to life, provided that it has been dead no longer than 8 hours. If the beast's soul is both willing and at liberty to rejoin the body, the beast returns to life with half of its total hit points, reawakened with a blessing from the Oak Father.

This spell also neutralizes any poisons and cures nonmagical diseases that affected the beast at the time it died. This spell doesn't, however, remove magical diseases, curses, or similar effects; if these

aren't first removed prior to casting the spell, they take effect when the beast returns to life.

This spell closes all mortal wounds, but it doesn't restore missing body parts. If the creature is lacking body parts or organs integral for its survival - its head, for instance - the spell automatically fails.

Sticks to Snakes

2nd-level transmutation (ritual)

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a handful of sticks), E (forest)

Duration: Concentration, up to 10 minutes

You transform a stick into a **giant poisonous snake**. The snake turns back into a stick when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned giant poisonous snake is friendly to you and your companions. The giant poisonous snake has its own turn, which immediately follows your own on the initiative order. It obeys any verbal commands that you issue to it (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to it, the giant poisonous snake defends itself from hostile creatures, but otherwise takes no actions. The DM has the creatures' statistics.

Additionally, you can cast this spell on any snakes created by this spell to reverse the effect. Each snake in a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you can see within 60 feet must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be turned back into a stick. This only affects snakes created by this spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you transform one additional stick into a snake for each slot above the 2nd. Additionally, if you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, the duration increases to up to 1 hour. If you use a spell slot of 5th level or higher, the duration is 8 hours. If you use a spell slot of 7th level or higher, the duration is 24 hours. If you use a 9th level spell slot, the spell lasts until it is dispelled. Using a spell slot of 5th level or higher grants a duration that doesn't require Concentration.

Grasping Trees

3rd-level transmutation

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, E (forest)

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

The forest becomes an extension of your body, bending to your whim. When you cast this spell, and as an action on each of your turns while you maintain concentration, you can have a tree you can see attempt to grab hold of a creature within 10 feet of it. The target must make a Strength saving throw. On a failed save, they are restrained by the tree. A creature restrained by a tree can use its action to make a Strength check against your spell save DC. On a success, it frees itself.

Also, on each of your turns while concentrating on this spell, you can use your bonus action to make a melee spell attack against a creature within 10 feet of a tree you can see. On a hit, the target takes bludgeoning damage equal to 2d10 + your spellcasting ability modifier.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d10 for every two slot levels above the 3rd.

Heart of the Forest

4th-level divination

Classes: Druid, Ranger

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Special

Components: V, S, E (forest)

Duration: 1 hour

While casting this spell, you entreat the forest itself. Upon completion of the spell, the forest becomes acutely aware of you, and you it. For the duration, you can't become lost within the forest, and you can't be tracked except by magical means. In addition, you can sense the location of every other living creature within the forest. You can determine the location of a creature to within an accuracy of 30 feet. The strength of this sense is determined by the creature's size, and their proximity to other creatures. A group of medium humanoids clustered together might be indistinguishable from a single huge creature. You do not learn the type of creature, or any information except for their location.

Soothing Stone

4th-level transmutation (ritual)

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (incense worth 150 gp, which the spell consumes, and a moss agate worth 300 gp), E (forest)

Duration: Up to 10 days

You infuse a moss agate gemstone with the life essence of a forest. As a bonus action on your turn within the next 10 days, you can use the gem to heal yourself or a creature within 5 feet of you for 6d4 + 6 hit points, returning the gem to its nonmagical state. The forest only grants you the ability to infuse one gem with this spell at a time.

Shape Woods Maze

6th-level transmutation (ritual)

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: Special

Components: V, S, E (forest)

Duration: 8 hours

Up to 10 creatures you can choose when you begin casting this spell can't move more than 1 mile from the spot you cast it. A creature that attempts to move beyond this range is not immediately aware, as no physical boundary exists. Instead, the woods shape and twist, forcing them in indiscernible patterns that loop back on themselves. A creature traveling against this boundary for any amount of time ends up no further away from the spot you cast this spell, no matter how long it travels in that direction.

However, after each hour spent traveling against the boundary, the target can make an Intelligence (Nature) or Wisdom (Perception) check with a DC equal to your spell save DC. On a success, they become aware of the effects of this spell and that they have been unable to progress beyond its boundary.

Bulwark of Tritants

8th-level conjuration

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S, E (forest)

Duration: Up to 24 hours

One hundred tiny insects native to forested lands cover your body and grant you 100 temporary hit points. Also, you are immune to poisons and diseases for the duration. You gain additional effects depending on how many temporary hit points are remaining:

- 75 or more. You have 3/4 cover.
- 45 or more. You have half cover.

Additionally, once per round, if a single source of damage would remove more than 50 temporary hit points, you can use your reaction to only lose half of the temporary hit points instead. The spell lasts for the duration or when the temporary hit points are depleted, whichever happens first. You can only have one instance of this spell active at a time.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 9th level, you gain an additional 20 temporary hit points and the spell lasts for 10 days.

Essence of the Forest

9th-level necromancy

Classes: Druid

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (a handful of rowan berries and diamonds worth at least 10,000 gp, which the spell consumes), E (forest)

Duration: Up to 24 hours

You touch a willing creature that has 1 or more hit points, infusing it with a blessing granted from the very life-force of the forest. If the target dies during the duration, for any reason except old age, the blessing is triggered. If the creature's soul is free and willing, the target returns to life at the start of its next turn with hit points equal to half its hit point maximum.

This spell closes all wounds, neutralizes any poison, cures all diseases, and lifts any curses affecting the creature when it died. The spell replaces damaged or missing organs and limbs. The spell can even provide a new body if the original no longer exists, which appears in an unoccupied space within 10 feet of where it died.

Locations

Adhe Wood



I've never been especially frightened of spiders. I was never the squeamish sort who cried out for them to be crushed if I found one in my room. In fact, at the lowest points of my life, I remember capturing spiders and putting them in my room to keep the flies at bay. I would say I've always had a good, casual, working relationship with spiders. Adhe Wood seemed intent on destroying this.

It wasn't actually our intention to explore the Adhe Wood. I'd heard of it in passing, and it didn't sound especially attractive. The tales told of a forest infested with gigantic, mutated spiders and ettercaps. However, the people in the city of Turlagol spoke of a temple in the Adhe Wood, baring stone statues of gigantic snakes rearing back to strike, with emeralds for eyes that were larger than a dwarf's fist. Though no one could remember what deity the temple was said to honor, they all agreed that the temple was filled to the brim with gemstones.

You might be wondering why I didn't care. You see, when you travel as much as Arclath and I, you start to realize that nearly every locale within Faerûn has a legend of a lost temple, haunted house, or gateway to another dimension. Trying to chase them all down to tell fact from fiction would be exhausting. Besides that, there are enough adventurers in the world who won't let a few spiders stand in their way to have raided the temple of gems long ago. I was more interested in taking the North Road up to the Brynwood. My great-great-grandfather had left a memory in my head of a story about bunny rabbits in the Brynwood that could whistle like birds, and honestly, I wanted to see if it was true. You might be noticing by now that the Brynwood did not make the cut into this book.

When we were traveling the North Road we passed through a small, not especially unique hamlet called Seveecho. Arclath was struck by the realization that he'd heard of the place somehow. I wasn't interested in investigating his hunch, but while

I was purchasing supplies, Arclath asked around until he found out that Seveecho was home to the apparently infamous Worried Wyvern Inn.

The Worried Wyvern, as it turns out, is one of the finest inns in all of the region. I'm not entirely sure how such a fine inn could come to be in a tiny rural town with a population of less than a hundred, but I quickly realized there was no way we'd be moving on without spending at least one night in this supposed luxury.

I was not prepared for what The Worried Wyvern actually offered. I had assumed the large mansion in the middle of town was the mayor's home, but instead, it was The Worried Wyvern. Inside the grand drinking hall, the wealthy Seveecho family brewed and served their own beer, and it flowed freely, especially to travellers who shared their stories.

After spending a night in a warm, clean room, I decided to ask one of the barmaids about the lost

ARCLATH'S NOTES - A PRODUCT OF ADHE WOOD

Though Amarune wasn't that interested in The Worried Wyvern, I was enamoured with the many ways that the inn is truly a product of the nearby Adhe Wood. The four primary trees of the Adhe Wood can all be found here. Duskwood trees furnish the beams that hold the building upright; truly, any lesser lumber might've crumbled long ago as the inn grew from a two-story lodge to a sprawling mansion. The floors are made of polished oak, and the bar and tables are richly stained oak. Shadowtop logs burn in the grand fireplace and sconces that hang on the walls, filling the inn with light but not choking it with smoke.

The most splendid example of Adhe Wood within The Worried Wyvern, to me, was the inn's use of felsul. Felsul is a small, shrubby plant that burns poorly, but its freshly scraped bark can be used to numb the throat or reduce nausea. Its flowers, however, can be made into a spicy scented perfume. It requires so many of these flowers to produce even a drop of perfume, that a one-ounce bottle can run a hundred gold pieces in any city. When I saw a 'Felsul Scentwater Bath' on the menu at The Worried Wyvern, I had to splurge.

I was treated to a steaming hot bath in a large copper tub, in my own private bathing room. A scattering of felsul petals floated on the water's surface, but the scent that rose up from the water was heavier. I imagine it only took a few drops of felsul oil, but the perfume was extraordinary. It took some convincing to draw Amarune away from her writing to soak with me for a while, but every now and then, she needs to experience the luxury of nature, not simply its raw materials.

temple in Adhe Wood before we set out. I was curious what the locals had to say about it. To my surprise, she smiled and said, "Oh dearie, there's no temple in those woods," and left to go and fetch our breakfast. I was confused. I asked another passing barmaid, and she said she'd never heard of such a thing. The rumor was so prolific in Turlagol, there was no way that the people in Sevenecho hadn't heard. I pressed the bartender, and a water boy, and the owner of the general store, and everyone seemed content to dismiss me and quickly change the subject. Well, now we had to go to the Adhe Wood.

I cannot tell you precisely why the spiders of Adhe Wood are as awful as they are. I can, of course, describe them to you; massive arachnids, ranging from the size of wolves, to the size of small huts. Many of them were mutated in some way, possessing extra legs, extra eyes, or even dripping poisons or acids from between their chitinous plates. At one point, a bear-sized spider was creeping down a tree behind Arclath, and before I could cry out to him, I watched it get snatched up and devoured by a spider easily three times its size, with a stinging tail like that of a scorpion. This is to say nothing of the ettercaps, vile bipedal creatures with the eyes and fangs of a spider, and chitinous claws. As to whether these creatures are the result of some monstrous aberration, or if they guard a gateway to the Underdark, I could not venture a guess.

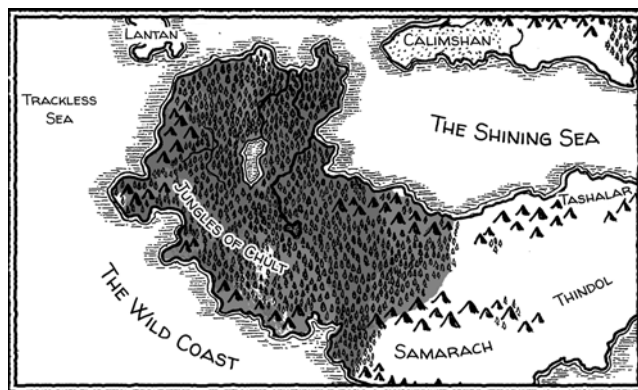
The forest was densely packed with trees, and as if the shadowtops didn't form a tight enough canopy, the forest became a tangle of spiderwebs a mere forty feet above our heads. The further we walked, the darker it became, even at midday. We were faced with the alternating threats of traveling in the dark, or producing a light source that might draw the attention of our many-legged stalkers.

It may surprise you to hear that we found the temple of legend. In fact, it wasn't all that far off the trail from the North Road. I imagine on an especially sunny day, you might even be able to see the emeralds of the snakes' eyes, fully intact, glimmering from the road. However, the temple was coated in a blanket of silk webbing. Sacks of eggs gently pulsated, affixed to nearly every flat surface around the temple. Tangled, dessicated corpses and loose collections of bones dangled from shredded cocoons in the tree limbs above our heads. From the temple's shrouded entrance, we could hear the deep echoes of a million legs skittering.

It may not surprise you to hear that we turned back.

The Brynwood would serve as a palate cleanser after such an awful place. By comparison, even with its rocky and uneven terrain, and ever present threat of fey trickery, the Brynwood is rather pleasant at this time of year. The rabbits really do tweet like canaries.

The Jungles of Chult



There are places in the world so inhospitable, so hellish, that I cannot fathom why anyone would ever choose to live there. Nowhere in the world is this feeling more visceral than in Chult. Truly, every bit of the flora and fauna, and sometimes even the soil and water, seem to actively resist the presence of civilization. No, I'll go further than that... The soil, the water, and every creature, living or otherwise, seem to loathe the very existence of humanoids. If you think I'm speaking in hyperbole, that is only because you have never been to Chult.

Port Nyanzaru is a pleasantly misleading destination. In fact, Port Nyanzaru feels more like a part of Amn than it does a part of Chult. I assure you, this is entirely by design. The city provides creature comforts like inns and bustling markets, and offers up the "exoticism" of Chult on a silver platter in easy pieces to experience. Go and bet on a dinosaur race, or listen to the tales of a guide, and you'll feel as though you've digested the "Chult experience".

You haven't.

You haven't known Chult until you've stared at a pot of boiling water, so thirsty that you're tempted to scald yourself, but you wait. You don't wait because you fear the burns, you wait because you fear the throat leeches, too small to see with your eyes, but the pain of them taking root inside you is worse than any flame or heat.

The heat...gods above, the heat. I've always preferred a warm and balmy summer day to a crisp autumn one, but Chult has given my tastes a different perspective. The heat is almost suffocating, especially when combined with the steamy humidity. If you walk for twenty minutes on a humid day, your clothes will feel as soaked as if you had taken an ill advised jump into a river. But don't you dare take those clothes off. It is tempting to shed the weight, especially when you're miles from civilization. After all, who's there to offend with your immodesty but the cannibals? However, every inch of uncovered skin is like a feast on display for the

ARCLATH'S NOTES - WHAT IS ONE TO DO?

I've always preferred the cold. Maybe it comes from my upbringing, but it's always more comfortable to wear a brocade doublet in the cool weather than in the summer. Amarune, on the other hand, has always enjoyed the warmth, for reasons I fail to understand. Maybe that comes from her own history as a mask dancer, but she seems quite comfortable shedding clothes in the heat.

The colder you get, the more clothing you can don, but there reaches a point in the sweltering heat when you're stripped down to your small clothes and still feel stifled. What is one to do in that kind of heat? Take your skin off? Honestly, I'd have done as much and thrown it to the mosquitoes as a sacrifice if I thought it would buy me a moment's peace.

bugs. At one point, I thought I might even be carried off by mosquitoes. Mosquitoes, what vile creatures. A real vampire may be less annoying than endless swarms of mosquitoes constantly setting upon every glimpse of bare flesh.

If it seems like I'm complaining a great deal, it's because I am. I need to impress upon you the horrors of this fetid jungle. I need you to understand that merely existing here is a trial, so you can understand the respect I have for those who flourish here. Yes, there are people who live in the jungles of Chult, and I'm not talking about the packs of mad cannibals. I'm talking about real threads of civilization--wandering villages, "tribes" as they are called by the locals, that have lived in Chult since time immemorial.

These tribes tend to be small, maybe only a dozen households. They craft their weapons and tools from wood, clay, and stone, with almost no metal to be found at all. What's more shocking to me is the lack of magic to protect themselves from the wilds. Each tribe we encountered had only a single master of the arcane who seemed to command matters of ceremony and the practice of medicine for the tribe. They also functioned as storytellers and record keepers.

We met an old blind woman named Zodwa who made potions for her people and treated their wounds. Zodwa told us of an entity called "Uluu Thalongh" that crept throughout Chult. The creature has no body, but instead, manifests itself within the trees and plants of the jungle. When branches bulge and vines ripple like waves, Uluu Thalongh is near and will possess the wilds to hunt its prey. Unfortunately, Zodwa couldn't tell us much more than that about Uluu Thalongh; its name had long been lost, a product of a previous civilization's

language, and no one has ever successfully managed to kill Uluu Thalongh, even by setting huge swathes of Chult aflame.

I don't know if Uluu Thalongh exists or not. The idea of a single, pervasive, incorporeal creature controlling the vicious plants of the jungle seems far-fetched to me. I say this, because Arclath and I encountered far too many of those beasts.

I can deal with dinosaurs. The fact they're enormous, have free run of the terrain, and make the most awful sounds, is of little consequence to me. Typically, I know when a dinosaur is coming, or if I'm going to walk into one. No stegosaurus ever snuck up on us. Assassin vines, however, are an entirely different story. There is nothing about an assassin vine that sets it apart from any other flora of the jungle, until it's suddenly wrapped itself around your ankles and is dragging you toward its root base. From the remains we saw, we can only imagine how many animals and people had been crushed and laid down as fertilizer before we set that particular vine aflame. Believe me, the jungle crawls with such creatures. Adding to this creatures like the tri-flower frond, tribes of screeching and whistling vegpeygimies, or the aptly named mantrap, and you too may wonder why anyone would ever choose to live in a place like Chult.

If I say nothing else about Chult, I do feel the need to express that great beauty does somehow flourish amidst the creep. One morning, Arclath and I peeked out of our tent to see a small, bright bird had built a circle of twigs and leaves in the clearing nearby. He flicked his wings about, bouncing on his tiny legs, swung his plumage, and seemed to perform a little dance on his stage. At first we hadn't even noticed the dull-colored female sitting on a nearby branch to watch him; we were just too stunned by his colorful display. He chirped and bounced and even seemed to pirouette about for her inspection. As stunning as it was to our untrained human eyes, he must have misstepped terribly, because she flew away without ever glancing back.

Maybe the beauty of Chult is something that our eyes can't see. Maybe there is some deep, mystical allure that has drawn people to live in this land, to fight against its many threats, for ages. Maybe there's a reason that civilizations have risen and fallen, but people will always continue to call Chult their home. Or maybe people are just stubborn.

High Forest



It's hard to talk about High Forest and only discuss the forest itself. I would like to state, for the record, that my "editor" and I had many disputes over what would make it into this chapter. To me, High Forest is so much more than what it sounds—an incredible mixture of mountains and moors, rivers and strongholds. As I sit now gazing at the icy caps of Star Mounts, I remind myself that I'll have plenty of time to delve into this later.

Like several of the realm's most beautiful woods, High Forest has a long history of elvish occupation. The sun elves first settled in this land over 23,000 years ago and founded the elvish kingdom of Aryvandaar, but they departed from the forest following the Fifth Crown War some 11,000 years ago. Sun elves would eventually return to the land, and to the city known as Adofhaeranede. In this location, they erected a "mythal", a type of magical ward so powerful that it could permanently alter the weave of magic. Adofhaeranede became known as Myth Adofhaer, and the city and its inhabitants were locked away in a magical stasis. Some say the city was even removed from Faerûn, vanishing and leaving not a trace. If there was ever a scar left on the land from Myth Adofhaer's removal, it has already been swallowed up by the forest once more.

Though elves remain the majority residents of High Forest, they're far from the only people in this land. Gnolls, centaurs, and orcs carve out their own territories, and defend them fiercely against one another. Sometimes, aarakocra even come down from Star Mount to hunt within the woods. Though humans are few in number, their influence in the land is not to be underestimated, as they are mostly collected into the Uthgardt barbarians.

While Arclath and I were traveling through the forest, we heard a rustling that sounded not unlike the wind in the branches and underbrush, but I felt a chill that had nothing to do with the breeze. I urged Arclath to put up his hands, and we announced our presence. I felt it better to ensure we didn't

startle the forest's residents, rather than try to slip by unnoticed. We watched as no less than twenty human barbarians emerged from behind trees and under shrubs, previously unseen. They accepted our parley, and introduced themselves as, fittingly enough, the Tree Ghost Tribe.

We would spend the next few days in the company of the Tree Ghosts, learning their tales of the land, and how they survived here. They did not trade with outsiders at all; the High Forest provided all of the sustenance they could need. Indeed, they only abandoned their duties of stewardship to make war, and we had run into them as they were returning from their regular torching of an Iceshield orc camp to the east.

Stewardship of what, you might ask? I certainly did. It was then that they lead us to meet with their shaman, an androgenous, wizened old figure with wooden beads, feathers, and colorful cords woven into their hair. For all his noble upbringing and etiquette, Arclath still stuns me when he asks things like, "Are you a man or a woman?" The shaman took it in stride and laughed at him, saying, "I've no need for such things when I am a vessel for the teachings of the land."

The shaman anointed us with oil and chalk, marking our foreheads and forearms with sacred symbols we didn't understand before they lead us deeper into the woods beyond their camp. Here, we found a wide clearing, seemingly invisible from the outside. In the center stood an enormous tree, flanked by smaller oaks in the four cardinal directions around it. I don't know how else to impress upon you the size of the tribe's "Grandfather Tree" but to say the full-grown ancient oaks next to it resembled halflings standing next to hill giants.

Around the base of the Grandfather Tree stood ancient pieces of elven artwork carved into stone, as well as totems of the Blue Bear Tribe of the Uthgardt. Supposedly, the Blue Bears once inhabited this land, but when they chose to move on, the Tree Ghosts separated from them in order to maintain their place as guardians of the tree. The shaman told us that they were informed by their master, who was so informed by theirs, that the tree is an "arakhor", an elder treant that may even be the father of all treants in these woods. When I pressed the shaman about "other treants", they told me of a great treant known as Turlang.

Though we were warned of Turlang's xenophobia, there were too many other tantalizing details of the story to keep us from searching for him and his territory. With the shaman's blessings, and their warnings, Arclath and I prepared to set out

to the northeast. For reasons I did not understand at the time, the shaman anointed us with oil and chalk again, but this time, they painted symbols of the Emerald Enclave upon us and told us not to remove them.

I could almost taste the magic in the air as we walked, following the directions that we had been given. The foliage was thick, like a natural barrier to keep interlopers at bay. But, when Arclath and I approached the thick woods, we were shocked to see awakened trees and shrubs draw back from the previously hidden deer trails. I can only guess that the symbols of the Emerald Enclave granted us passage beyond the wood's magical guardians.

The further we travelled, the more densely we found the woods to be populated by shadowtop trees. This may not seem strange to someone who hasn't spent a great deal of time in forests, but it's worth pointing out that this was unusual, not for the frequency of the shadowtops, but for the utter lack of anything else. There were no oaks, no pines, not even scrubby little shrubs on the forest floor. Even the awakened trees did not grow here, seemingly no longer needed. The thicker the canopy became, the more lifeless the forest floor felt. Knowing how flammable these fibrous trees could be, Arclath lit a lantern and kept it close, not wanting to risk a torch's ember going astray.

Eventually, the forest canopy became so thick that we couldn't tell night from day, save for the tiredness in our bones. Camping in this kind of darkness is an unnerving feeling, and waking in it is even worse. However, we weren't far into our second day of travel when we finally saw daylight again.

Arclath broke into a run when he first saw it, and I wasn't far behind. The rays of light that streamed through the breaks in the canopy seemed almost sacred. The motes of dust and pollen that danced in the air under the shimmering beams of light were faelike in their grace. As a dancer, I could've stared at them for hours, marveling at the way they moved. We found ourselves standing in the middle of a "clearing", surrounded by dense woods of

shadowtops, but in this one place, green grass grew under our feet. I now understood the words for this place that the shaman had told us. We were standing in the epicenter of Shadowtop Cathedral.

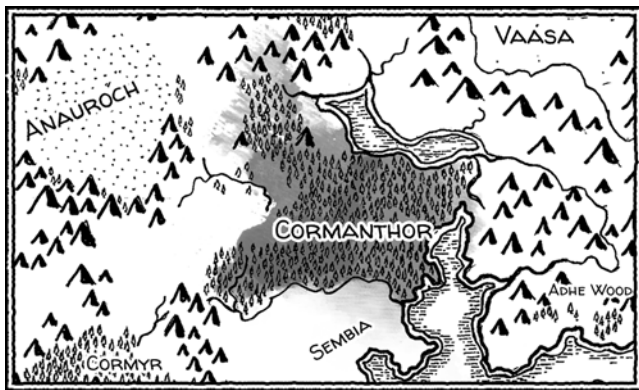
We did not have long to take in the beauty of this place.

The ground seemed to rumble, as though under the steps of an unseen giant. Arclath baffled his lantern and we ran from the cathedral's clearing, ducking behind the trees to the south. As we hid some ten or twelve feet apart, we could barely see one another in the darkness. My heart was pounding in my throat as the entire forest seemed to quake with the steps that grew nearer and nearer. Arclath was frozen stiff. I loathe to say that I don't know what possessed me to do what I did, because I've been possessed and this felt like nothing of the sort. I have no excuse for why I turned to look past the tree. There, I saw him.

Standing silhouetted between me and the divine glow of the Shadowtop Cathedral, was the most massive treant I've ever seen. Moss draped from him like lace from a king's sleeve, and he walked with the heavy, authoritative steps of a ruler. I was an interloper in his land. I watched him pause, and slowly turn his head toward me, his gnarled branches swaying from the turn. He stared in my direction, and I felt as though his glance alone might kill me. After a moment that seemed like an eternity, the great treant Turlang resumed his patrol, walking deeper into the dark woods.

When Arclath picked me up off the ground, he drug me for several steps before I got my feet under me again. We must have run for hours. We ran until we collapsed, and that night, we slept in a small ditch that had eroded under the roots of a shadowtop tree. The next morning, we escaped from the woods, even though it meant fighting our way past the awakened trees that could no longer read the Emerald Enclave crest that had sweated from our brow. We left the cathedral, we left Turlang's wood, and we never looked back.

Tangled Trees



I'm no stranger to Cormanthyr. Arclath and I fought in the battle for Myth Drannor years ago, on the side of the elves. Though the battle didn't exactly go in the city's favor, I thought it might be nice to see how the rest of the land had fared. Little did I know that Cormanthyr was no stranger to awful events.

If I were asked to pick a thousand words to describe the Tangled Trees, "pleasant" would not be among them. The very first time we'd seen another humanoid face in a tenday, I found myself thrown to the ground and threatened by a pack of unreasonably upset wood elves. I have a sneaking suspicion they understood common from the way they looked at me and Arclath when we spoke, but they did not deign to speak it. They also didn't seem to like my particular dialect of city-elvish either.

Captivity wasn't exactly torturous, but they made sure we never got comfortable. I was never given even a moment's privacy to risk that I'd pick a lock or slip between the bars. My sleep was interrupted once an hour by a nudge on the leg for no apparent reason other than to keep me tired. When Arclath decided to inform them of the Delcastle noble lineage in an effort to win some favor or intimidate them into treating us better, they responded by "accidentally" dropping his ration of porridge on the ground. Arc is the teachable sort however, and he kept his mouth shut after that.

After a few days spent in a wooden cage under constant guard and threats at spear-point, we eventually met with an elder who was willing to talk to us. They never clarified if we'd broken any laws or been charged with anything, so I can only assume this was the standard 'hazing' of travellers who come into their territory without warning. Come to think of it, I'm not sure I ever received an apology.

I can't say their bitterness is unreasonable, as the Tangled Trees have had a miserable history, which the elder recounted in excruciating detail. I won't bore you with the specifics of what noble archer

begat what noble archer, but just skip to the parts that will help explain these hellish woods.

Over two millennia ago, the woods were home to a few scattered groups of wood elves, before it was seemingly claimed by a dragon named Venominhandar, more conveniently known as "Venom". Instead of leaving the Tangled Trees to the gargantuan green dragon and innumerable wyrmlings, the elves decided to make their stand for several hundred years.

Venom never seemed to sleep and could never be caught off guard. With the benefit of hindsight, one wonders how they never realized there were two great green dragons over the course of several hundred years, but the concept never occurred to them until they were carrying severed Venom's head home in victory, when they were attacked by her furious mate. I mean, all of those wyrmlings had to be coming from somewhere, but again, I have the benefit of hindsight.

Killing the other Venom brought the Tangled Trees a solid millennia-and-a-half of relative peace, and numerous settlements flourished. Unfortunately, the Tangled Trees is apparently very attractive to dragons, because the red dragon Narlathra put an end to that in 1373 DR. I do mean an end to that, because she killed most of the residents in the Tangled Trees and destroyed every standing settlement. All that remained was a single town, once called Faelorin, and now simply called "Tangled Trees" by itself.

When the wood elves were done making me feel thoroughly unwelcome, they sent me on my way with an amulet bearing the mark of their people. I assume it was intended to keep other settlements from harassing me, but I have little faith it would've worked.

I learned Tangled Trees is not merely an artistic name. Enormous sections of the woods are unnaturally twisted, with oaks, firs, and elms weaving together like barricades. Supposedly these barricades were originally formed by Venominhandar, but after so many centuries, it feels like the trees have just decided to keep up the style for no other reason than to harass anyone who isn't a wood elf. If I'm starting to sound bitter, it's because the Tangled Trees shouldn't have taken nearly as long to traverse as they did. Forests shouldn't have dead ends!

Arclath and I eventually followed a narrow deer path to find the overgrown ruins of what was once a small village. The name 'Dysrisa' was etched in a moss-covered rock nearby, and I can assume it was the name of the village. Had Arc not leaned on the

rock and knocked some of the moss off of one of the letters, its name may have remained lost for another thousand years or so.

As we neared the settlement, I noticed numerous cooshee running through the woods, watching me from a distance. I was afraid we'd be set upon by another pack of wood elves, but no hunters ever came. I've never known cooshee not to be the forward scouts of elven rangers and hunters, but these seemed almost feral. I spoke to them, but they did not react or come nearer to us, only watched through the gnarled branches. It must have been hundreds of years since their last ancestor knew the teachings of a wood elf master, but even if these cooshee had never heard a spoken word in their life, they held some curious interest in a person walking through their woods. Lucky for us, the curiosity didn't extend to "What does that taste like?"

When we found what we can only assume to be Dysrisa, we saw that nature has reclaimed every hut and house in the town, with wood-rotted shacks serving as mushroom gardens and dens for small woodland creatures. In fact, there was an old stable that was closely guarded by a mother cooshee protecting her pups.

One thing that impressed me was the variety of rare berries and roots we found here. Nearly every shrub or overturned rock contained a treasure of alchemical or medicinal making. I'm not too proud to admit I stuffed my bags with various treats known

ARCLATH'S NOTES - TRADITION

It's easy to think of tradition as a creation of the sentient folk, those of us blessed with language, reason, and the arts. Tradition doesn't seem like a very animalistic thing, and yet, I found it being practiced by the Cooshee in Dysrisa.

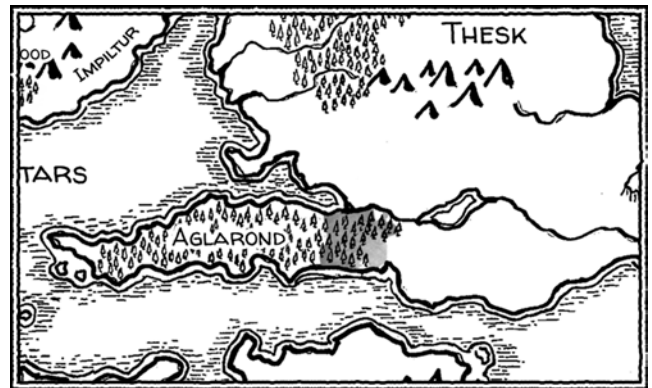
I was perhaps all too enamoured with the half-rotten old stable, where a mother cooshee had whelped her litter. Amarune felt the need to keep reminding me not to get too close, but I wasn't there to try to play with pups, as cute as they were. I did venture into the stable when the mother was away seeking food, and Amarune was taking a nap. While I gave the mossy little nippers their space, I took the time to observe their surroundings.

What I found were the ancient, deteriorated remains of beds and stalls, seemingly perfect for breeding and raising cooshee. In my mind's eye, I could picture ancient elves caring for their faithful wood hounds here. I cannot fathom how many generations of cooshee have returned to this place, like their mothers before them, to birth their own litters. I wonder if their old masters would be proud to see it today.

for a variety of benefits, ranging from magic potions to lovely perfumes and face lotions.

Aside from a few moments of weakness in Dysrisa, we tried our best to move through the locale as quietly and unobtrusively as possible, observing but not disturbing. If there's one thing we've learned about the Tangled Trees, it's that every patch of dirt is someones' grave.

The Yuirwood



If you were to look at the history of the world from an outside perspective, you'd see many great and bitter rivalries. Like the anger and bloodshed between orcs and elves, one might imagine that humans viewed trees as their greatest enemy. After all, forests are the first to suffer when humans arrive. Nowhere but the Yuirwood did the term "deforestation" strike me so deeply.

Thousands of years ago, the Yuirwood stretched to every coast on the Algarondan peninsula, taking its name from the "Yuir", a race of elves who lived there peacefully. That is to say, they were peaceful until control of the land was challenged by the humans of the Untheric Empire. As humans founded settlements along the coasts, they felled countless trees to build their homes, raise their walls, and fuel their hearths.

As a human, it's hard not to bristle at the accusation that we are so destructive to our environment, from the most fearsome armies down to the smallest hamlet. Then again, after all I've seen, I've become the one making the accusation. I mean, obviously we need to cut down trees to frame our homes and keep our fireplaces stoked in the winter, but somehow elves have managed to live in harmony with their forests for countless millennia without tearing them to the ground.

Speaking of elves, after a few hundred years of human harassment, the High Mages of the Yuir constructed stone circles called menhir circles. The menhir circles maintain portals that connect to

other parts of the Yuirwood, but it's also possible that some menhir circles may connect to other planes. Though the portals are reasonably stable and trustworthy today, I wouldn't calmly leap through a portal without being entirely sure of where it would send me, for fear one might drop me on my neck into the Feywild.

The Yuirwood is infused with magic, in every twig and leaf. I don't know if this magic comes from the portals themselves, or is simply left over from the magic used to construct the menhir circles in the first place. There were places where the magic felt ancient, and other places where it felt very 'new', if that makes any sense. What I do know is that the overwhelming mixture of different magics prevents any form of divination from glimpsing into the woods. Good luck to you, should you try to scry on anyone who flees into the Yuirwood, because all you will see is the Yuirwood itself.

As I hear it from the half-elf residents of the Yuirwood today, the forest has a colorful history. Long ago, the Yuir elves, through the menhir circles, broke off a chunk of the Feywild known as Sildëyuir and turned it into a separate demiplane. Sildëyuir became their refuge away from human encroachment, and the Yuir left their woods to withdraw through the circles and into a plane of their own. I'm told that some of the menhir circles still link to Sildëyuir, but I know better than to try to find it. While Arclath was entranced by tales of peaceful forests and citadels of glass and white stone, I figured that the Yuir worked very hard to ensure they wouldn't be disturbed, and might react unpleasantly to anyone who went so far out of their way to bother them.

For a long time after the Yuir withdrew from the world, Sildëyuir was a carefully guarded secret, almost unknown to the elves and half-elves who remained in the Yuirwood. Perhaps it was better known at one time, but after a history of clashes with the Untheric Empire and the Algarondan settlement of Velprin, those who knew either died or decided it best to bury the knowledge. We might not know of it at all today if it hadn't been for the cataclysmic effects of the Spellplague on the Yuirwood.

When the Spellplague came, parts of the Yuirwood became plaguelands, and the menhir circles began to malfunction, some opening to hellish wastelands, and some opening to the Feywild. It was also during this time that chunks of Sildëyuir were ripped back into the Feywild, and became accessible to outsiders again. I can't imagine what this must have been like for the Yuir at the time, and as much as I'd like to know, I have no way of asking them. The Second

Sundering brought peace and normality to the Yuirwood again, restoring the stability of the portals and healing the plaguelands.

It was no small blessing that the half-elves of the Yuirwood were willing to talk to us at all, given their mistrust of outsiders. Unfortunately, we couldn't convince any of them to act as our guides in the Yuirwood. Sharing their story with us was incredibly generous, but they weren't so generous as to risk exposing the remaining treasures of their land to people they couldn't trust. So, Arclath and I were on our own. Luckily, the Yuirwood is a relatively safe place to travel. Unfortunately, there's a big gap between "relatively" and "entirely", and that gap is wide enough to squeeze a small pack of wild hogs into.

We were enjoying a peaceful, relaxing soak in one of the many freshwater streams that bless the Yuirwood when we heard a rustling and snorting from the nearby underbrush. We barely had time to grab our clothes from the nearby rocks before they charged, chasing our bare behinds through the woods. If you were to listen to Arclath, we were being chased by somewhere between thirty and fifty of them (his story changes regularly), but by my estimate it was more like three to five.

By the time we'd lost them, we had no idea where we were, but in that moment, we hardly cared. Arclath and I were standing in the most beautiful meadow we had ever laid eyes on. In the center was a large menhir circle, with a second circle within it. The stones of the inner rings were around six feet tall, while the outer stones towered at nearly twenty. I could not venture a guess as to the age of these circles, because they looked entirely untouched by the passage of time but also ancient.

ARCLATH'S NOTES - RELKATH OF THE INFINITE BRANCHES

I'm no expert on the Seldarine, but I couldn't help noticing that one of the etchings of the pre-Yuir deities felt familiar somehow. The symbol presented on the menhir circle stone was a mixture of man and tree, with innumerable limbs, and I do mean that in both senses of the word; his arms seemed to transmorph into tree branches, his knuckles gnarled like oak, and fingers tipped in leaves. I couldn't put my finger on it at the time... literally, Amaranue wouldn't let me touch it to make a charcoal rubbing of the image... but I committed the image to memory as best I could.

The next time we arrived in civilization, I did some research and found the imagery that seemed so familiar. The god Rillifane Rallathil, more commonly known as the Leaflord, is often depicted as a great sacred tree and feels more primordial than the rest of the Seldarine in many ways. Apparently I'm not the first to come to the conclusion that the Leaflord, or at least some aspects of him, predated the rest of the Seldarine.

Once we got some sense of where we'd wound up, we stuffed ourselves back into our clothes quickly, perhaps out of some feeling of reverence. The place felt spiritual somehow, even before we began to examine the runes.

I expected to see dedications to the Seldarine, but instead, these old elven runes seemed to reference an entirely different pantheon. From what I could tell, they were dedications to the gods and goddesses that roamed these lands before even the Yuir arrived, over ten thousand years ago. I have no idea what happened to these pre-Yuir deities, if they were lost to time, or simply withdrew to the Sildëyuir with their worshippers.

Although Arclath and I are often tempted to make camp in some of the beautiful locales we visit, we never discussed staying here, or even gave it any thought. Centuries had not so much as touched this place, and we would not leave a trace either. We left when the sun fell, and eventually found our way back to the camp, with only memories of the meadow as our souvenirs.

A few days later, we met a group of half-elven hunters traveling through the Yuirwood. We

bartered with them, and offhandedly, Arclath asked them about the meadow that we had seen. They fell silent for a moment, before their leader told us that we had visited an ancient place known as the Sunblade. They told us nothing more before excusing themselves to continue their hunt. As I said before, being told anything by these elusive folk feels like a blessing, and I could ask for no more than to know the name of that place.

Our time in the Yuirwood was peaceful, but also solemn. If we walked too far in any direction, we would find the edge of the forests, and see farmland stretching as far as the eye could see before us. Chimneys dotted the horizon with thin pillars of smoke, horse and ox hooves beat the roads as they pulled their wagons, and the world beyond the Yuirwood's edges seemed entirely different. Whenever we would find these edges, I felt an overwhelming urge to turn away, and retreat into nature again. Perhaps it was selfish of me to want to enjoy so much of a place that my people have destroyed, but I hope that my words can influence others to treat these lands with more respect.

Between Adventures

The forests of the realms are not only a place to find adventure, danger, and intrigue - they also represent an environment lush with resources and value; for those who know how to find it. 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, and their DC.

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	The trail you were following is not where you thought it was, adding two days to your expedition.
2	A persuasive and intrusive bard meets you on your journey and insists that, because you overheard his music, you owe him compensation.
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	It is too early or late in the season for the plant to have its clear indicators, 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.

FIL KEARNEY

REGIONAL FLORA TABLE

	Abeirwood	Beetle Palm	Bloodroot	Blueleaf	Chimeleaf	Chime Oaks	Darkberry	Duskwood	Feather Skin	Flamebriar	Foxberry	Ironwood	Mordayn	Muskcap	Relshar	Rowan	Shadowtop	Spellbane	Star Willow	Weir
Agjarond			✓					✓	✓				✓		✓			✓		
Amn					✓			✓	✓									✓		
Anauroch									✓									✓		
Beastlands									✓									✓		
Calimshan						✓					✓									
Chessentea			✓					✓	✓									✓		
Chondath			✓					✓	✓						✓			✓		
Cormanthor								✓	✓			✓	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓
Cormyr									✓									✓	✓	
Damara			✓				✓		✓							✓		✓		
Dambrath									✓					✓				✓		
Elfharrow											✓									
Elturgard					✓				✓									✓		
Forest of Amtar						✓			✓				✓	✓				✓		✓
Great Glacier							✓									✓				
Halruaa									✓				✓		✓			✓		✓
Hordelands									✓									✓		
Jungles of Chult				✓		✓				✓			✓							
Lantan									✓						✓			✓		
Lapaliiya				✓		✓			✓	✓				✓				✓		
Luiren									✓		✓			✓				✓		
Mhair Jungles				✓		✓				✓			✓		✓					
Moonshea Isles					✓				✓				✓		✓			✓		
Mulhorand									✓									✓		
Murghôm	✓								✓									✓		
Narfell							✓						✓							
Neverwinter					✓				✓						✓			✓		
Plains of Purple Dust											✓									
Samarach				✓		✓			✓									✓		
Sembia								✓	✓									✓		
Silver Marches					✓				✓									✓		
Tashalar				✓		✓			✓	✓								✓		
Tethyr						✓			✓									✓		
Thay									✓				✓					✓		
The Dragon Coast								✓	✓						✓			✓		
The Great Dale			✓				✓		✓			✓				✓		✓		
The High Forest					✓				✓				✓					✓		✓
The High Moor					✓										✓					
The Shaar						✓					✓									
The Wealdath									✓				✓					✓		✓
Thesk			✓				✓		✓									✓		
Thindol						✓			✓									✓		
Turmish								✓					✓							
Tymrather		✓							✓									✓		
Unther		✓							✓									✓		
Vaasa							✓									✓				

Flora

Presented in this section are details of some of the exotic flora you can find in the various forests in Faerûn. 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: Forests

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
Abeirwood	25 lbs of wood, or 1 gallon of sap	30 gp
Beetle Palm	50 lbs of wood, or a dozen nuts	5 gp
Bloodroot	1 root weighing about 0.5 lbs	500 gp, or 1000 gp to vampires
Blueleaf	50 lbs of wood, or 5 lbs of leaves	5 gp
Calan	50 lbs of wood	4 gp
Chime Oaks	50 lbs or 1 acorn	100 gp
Darkberry	one berry	5 gp, limited per customer
Duskwood	50 lbs of wood	4 gp
Feather Skin	1 petal	150 gp
Flamebriar	0.5 lbs in berry rich branches	2 gp
Foxberry	1 lbs of berries	20 sp
Ironwood	75 lbs of wood	Not usually sold
Mordayn	1 dose, which is about 1/4 of the plant	200 gp
Muskecap	1 mushroom	150 gp
Relshar	half a pound of mushrooms	5 sp
Rowan	50 lbs of wood, or 5 lbs of berries	3 gp
Shadowtop	50 lbs of wood	3 gp
Spellbane	1 leaf, or 1 dose of distillate	150 gp
Star Willow	50 lbs of wood	Not usually sold
Weir	10 lbs of wood	100 gp

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.

Abeirwood

Also known as dragontree, abeirwood is an import on Faerûn, courtesy of the Spellplague. A common enough tree in Abeir, its like is almost completely alien juxtaposed with the relatively common trees of Methwood. The thick trunk of this tree has bark that resembles dragon scales, ranging in color from a ruddy brown to a glossy but dark red. The leaves sprouting from the crown of the tree have bone-like fingers of dense material that support the broad and thin webbing-like leaf, not unlike the wing of a bat.

After the Second Sundering, this tree became even rarer but is cultivated by the dragonborn holdouts from Tymnather in Djerad Thymar. Groves of it have taken hold in the eastern foothills of the Smoking Mountains and are prospering in the hot, ashy atmosphere created by volcanic mountains in the east. Abeirwood that grows in proximity to dragon lairs, such as the lair of the now deceased green dragon Skuthosiin within the Methwood, grow to almost double the height.

While its relatively new to Faerûn, the wood with the bark intact has already become a prized possession of the rich and superfluous to adorn their halls. It's large, coconut-sized seeds also bear this dragon scale like appearance and can be misrepresented as a dragon's egg to an unsuspecting individual. This, however, does not hold up to even the most basic of scrutiny.

The sap from the tree is a delicacy among the dragonborn of Tymnather, and is known to attract lesser dragons such as wyverns and drakes in its raw form. When the inherent water is boiled away, the thick and sickly sweet syrup remaining is a natural sweetener that does not spoil.

Beetle Palm

Native to the Midwood area of Cormanthor, this tree can reach upward of 100 feet. Its name comes from its smooth, black, scaled bark which is said to resemble the carapace of a beetle. The wood itself is oily and burns well, making it a good cooking material. It would be a fine building material as well,

but it has the tendency to become brittle and snap into segments as it ages.

Once a year, beetle palms produce around a dozen plum-sized nuts at the base of their large, branch-like fronds. The nuts are quite bitter, but could be used as a substitute material component for the *goodberry* spell. If someone casts *goodberry* using a spell slot of 2nd-level or higher, with a freshly-picked beetle nut as a component, creatures that eat the resulting goodberries have advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks for the next hour.

Bloodroot

Hidden under the canopy of the Mhair Jungles of the Chultan Peninsula, keen eyes can spot a red, rose-like flower rising from a small fern bush. You can find this elusive plant nestled between the roots of large trees in the area, where its roots siphon water and nutrients from its host. The flower of the bloodroot plant is a lovely deep crimson, but unimportant to its pursuers. The flower hides tuberous roots, similar to a radish, though the bloodroot has more appendages and a dull scarlet color.

The bloodroot itself heightens the taste of blood in whatever consumes it. Particularly wealthy merchants may use it to season meats immediately before eating, however most are not very open when

doing so. This is because bloodroot is known to be a highly addictive substance to vampires, known to inspire in them a euphoric bloodlust. Black market dealers are said to have sold a whole root for upwards of 1000gp to powerful vampires.

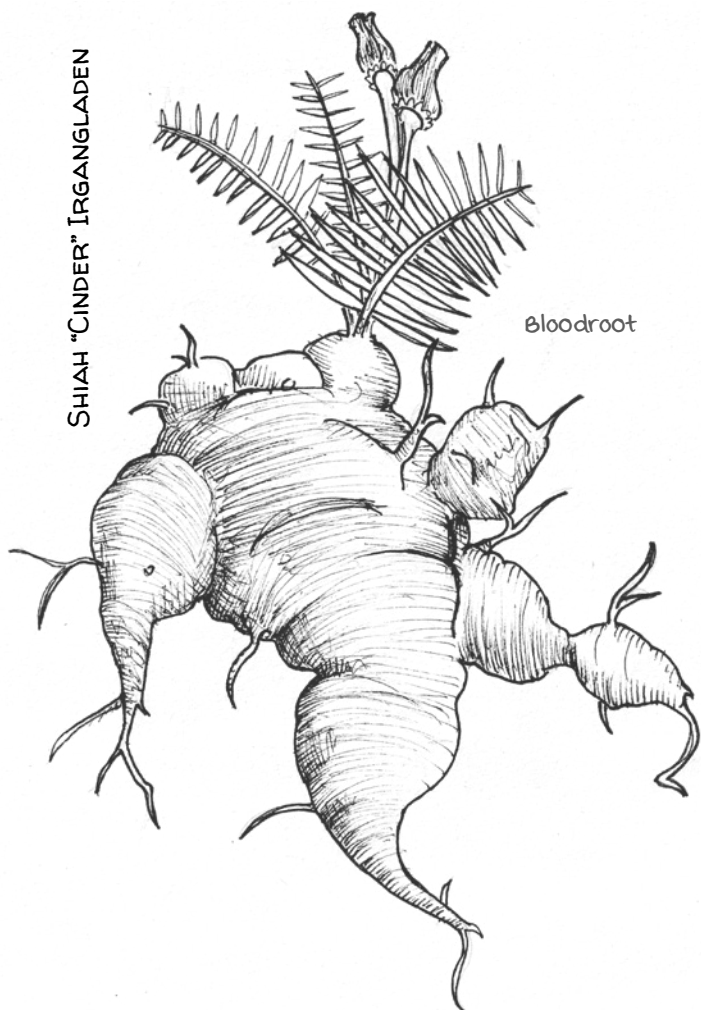
Any vampire that consumes bloodroot must succeed on a DC15 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the start of their next turn. Regardless of if they succeed or fail, for the next minute, they have advantage on all saving throws. Additionally, they must seek out and attack the nearest living creature it is aware of and attempt to drink its blood, regardless of any potential harm to itself. Any effect that cures poisons removes this effect.

Blueleaf

A common tree in Faerûn, blueleaf leaves were a primary ingredient to bright blue dye textiles exported from the northern region of Amn. They can be easily found in places such as the Ardeep Forest, the forests surrounding Evereska, and lining the streets of Silverymoon.

The wood of the Blueleaf tree is known as bluewood, and can be crafted into weapons and armor. With just a touch of magic, it can become equal in hardness to steel and weigh less too. Bluewood armor is a staple for druids and various elf cultures of the Amn region.

In addition to its strikingly bright blue color, the dye and fabrics lined with it could be used to create a blue pyrotechnic effect. A notable bard once completely draped himself in these fine blue linens while performing an elaborate sword dance. An errant spark set him ablaze in a brilliant and vivid blue inferno. The roar of the audience only subsided upon the realization that it was not a part of the act.



NOTE FROM ARCLATH

Tymanther is not a place I'd like to call home. Under the constant threat of invasion (or is it liberation?) by the God-king Gilgeam and the displaced Untherites, coupled with the somehow both dry and humid air produced by the nearby mountains, it is as hostile an area as I've ever known.

It is, however, not entirely uninteresting. As we headed to Methwood, Amarune and I came across a plantation of a tree unlike anything I had ever seen. Those large, wing-like leaves gave me an immediate idea, but the tymantheran guards seemed unlikely to allow me to take even just the two leaves I'd need.

I suppose I will continue to have to rely on the potions of flight to fulfil my fantasies of soaring through the clouds.

Calan

Prized among Calimshan and Tashalar, calan wood and calantra (the heartwood of the calan tree) is used in all manner of crafting. From walking sticks to furniture, its hardness against the various rigors of the elements makes items crafted from it exceptionally durable.

Its thick trunk is crowned in a tangle of thin branches that makes dense copses of the tree a hazard to travel through. Such copses can be found from the Forest of Tethir all the way south to Chult and across the Shaar. The area where the Great Rift existed before collapsing into the Underchasm had a distinct variety of calan tree that grew twice as tall, bearing much more of the calantra, a typical export of the area. Since the sundering, this larger variety has not yet returned to Shaar.

Chime Oaks

Chime oaks are large oaks native to the East Starwood of Cormanthor. They are easily distinguished from the fir and elms of the region's north, as the tree itself appears to be made of entirely of refined glass. On a clear day, a passerby may even be able to see the clear sap swirling up and down the tree's interior. Though it may appear glass-like, the chime oak is still a tree: it can be used as firewood, and carved, and so forth.

The chime oak gets its name from the fact that it does not drop its leaves in the autumn or winter, leaving them to freeze solid in the colder months. When the frozen foliage catches a breeze, the rustling and clinking creates a pleasant chime that fills the otherwise still winter wood.

The ring of the chime oak is a very pleasant song, but experienced travelers of the Starwood know to avoid that sound whenever possible, as the chime is known to attract basilisks. The sound is very relaxing to the creatures, and more than one can often be spotted dozing under its canopy. Particularly large or old chime oaks are often surrounded with statues of unwitting people and animals who caught a basilisk's gaze.

Chime Oak acorns are a rare thing to find, which scholars believe is part of why they have not expanded much past the Starwood. They are often sought after by wizards and alchemists, as they are said to be a reagent in a longer lasting variation of a *potion of invisibility*. Druids may also seek such a plant for their groves, but are rarely willing to pay gold for such a thing.

Darkberry

Darkberries grow in foot-tall shrubs hidden in the darkest regions of the forests around the Sea of Fallen Stars. These dark purple berries are unique because they infuse themselves with shadowstuff as they ripen. Shadowstuff is well known to illusionists and those acquainted with the planes as a form of matter innate to the Shadowfell that is easily shaped to a caster's whim. If a ripened berry is split or crushed, a 5-foot wide sphere of darkness emerges in its space and lasts 1d4 rounds before dissipating.

In the years leading up to the Spellplague, these already rare berries were becoming rarer still. Only a few of darkberries on a given shrub actually ripened enough to fully nourish its small, grape-like seeds, and these were often foraged by wayward mages. It saw a large boom in population following the Spellplague, particularly following the formation of the Shadowfell from the Plane of Shadow. Since then, its population has been maintained by way of sustainable farming efforts from the various kingdoms around the sea. Today, a darkberry goes for 5 gold a piece, but there is usually a limit on how many berries an individual or organization can purchase at a time.

Duskwood

Duskwood trees are found all across the continent of Faerûn, and owe both their success and their name to their tendency to form eerie, dense groves wherever they arrive. These trees average around 60 feet tall, and can be easily distinguished from others by its straight, black, smooth trunk, which culminates in a single crown of lacy branches and green leaves.

Duskwood itself is known to be extremely durable and fire resistant, to the point where people claim it to be as hard as iron. It is very often used for ship masts and important structural supports. When exposed to flame, the smoke-gray wood would smolder rather than catch, and could be put out with little effort.

Although shaping it requires very specific skills, duskwood's durability allows it to be used to create any weapon that is made of mostly metal, such as a sword or mace. Weapons with large wooden hafts, such as most polearms, are untenable due to how it affects the weapon's weight distribution. Duskwood normally can't be used to make effective armor, as shaping it into fine rings is impossible and it lacks flex. However, it is known to make serviceable shields and breastplates.

Feather Skin

These astonishing blooms grow deep in the jungles of Chult. A rare plant, found only in the harshest environments, feather skin flowers have remarkable healing properties.

Though seldom seen, their striking pale-blue blooms are undeniable. The petals are as thin as gossamer and even the most skilled and dextrous hand will have a hard time separating them from the flower intact.

Each petal has the potential to cure its imbibor of any and all natural diseases afflicting them. A single petal must be placed on the tongue, allowing it to dissolve with a bitter and flora effervescence.

Flamebriar

This bush has dark red leaves that shimmer like a live flame in the sunlight and its short branches are covered in a smooth black bark. The full height of flamebriar bushes is only 5 feet tall but it can expand into massive thickets that stretch across acres of forest.

The most notable thing about flamebriar is the fact that it is almost completely impervious to flame. This allows it to spread across large areas after wildfires sweep through, culling its competition but leaving it unscathed. Small wildlife look to these bushes as a sanctuary during fires for this reason, and druids weave the branches through their clothes, hoping to attract animals in danger.

The teardrop-shaped berries that it grows are a fluorescent orange and make for a wonderful dye if dried and crushed. Clothes dyed with the berries of a flamebriar bush share its properties, and while they may glow red hot, will not burn even over a direct flame.

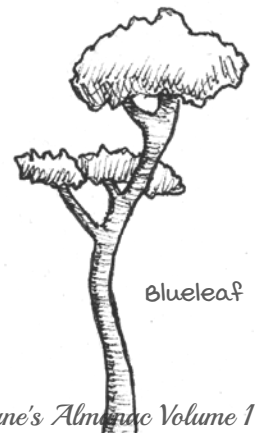
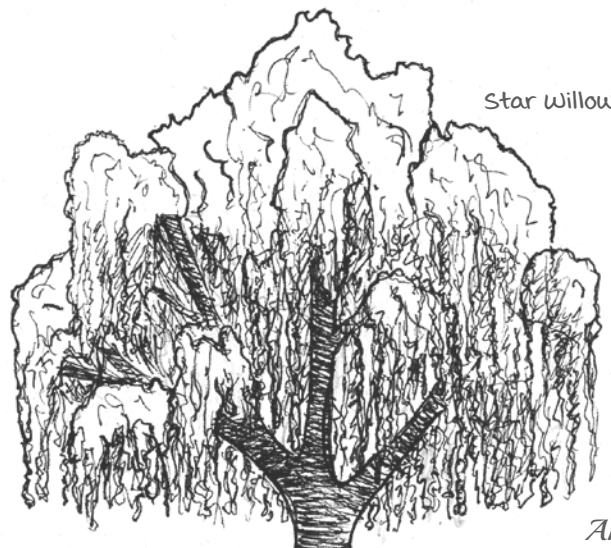
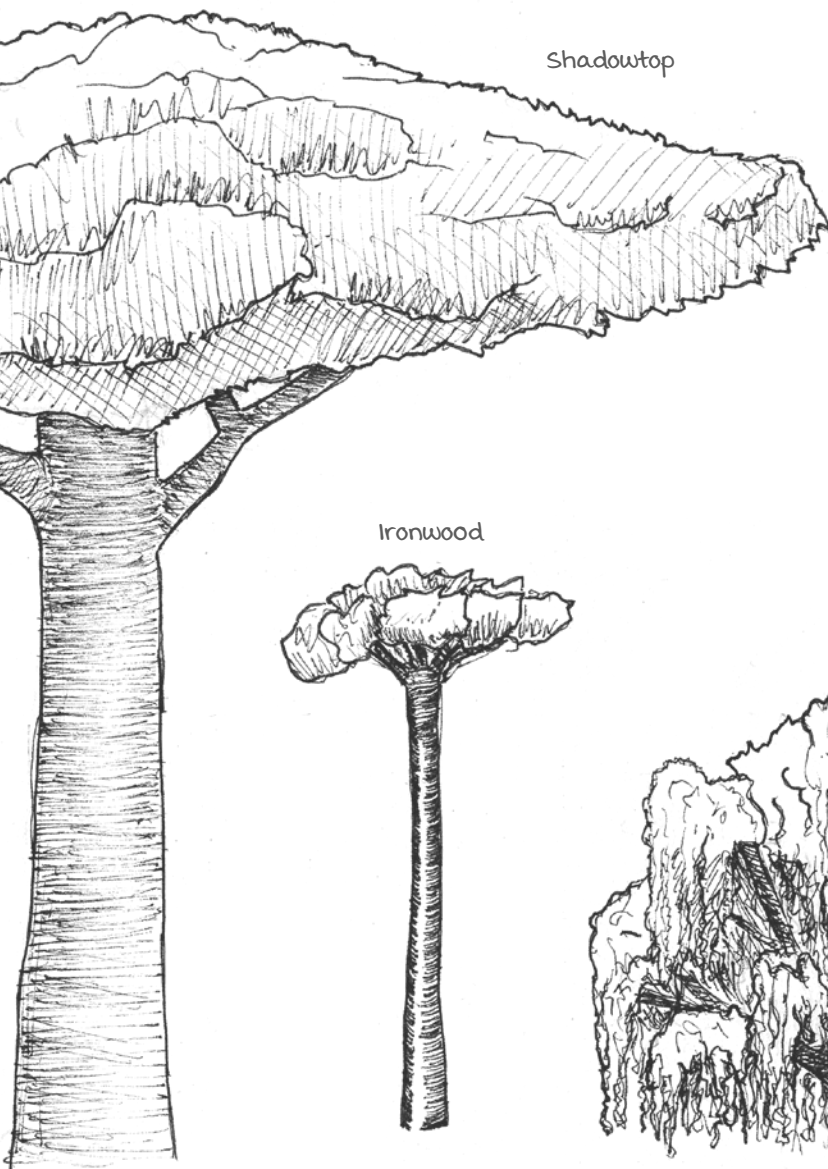
Foxberry

The foxberry is a thin, parasitic vine that grows along Cormanthor's Midwood region. The vine snakes around the trunks of fruiting trees, with a special preference for cherry trees. The vines tie around the roots of the trees and pierce the bark to drink of the tree's sap.

The vine's berries are greasy and yellow, making them quite easy to spot, but their defining characteristic is the fact that they both smell and taste like meat. Not only that, but the forests' carnivores regularly eat of the berry with no known ill effects. Cooked foxberry is a well-known substitute for meat and is particularly popular among elves that have sworn off of consuming the animals of the forest.

Ironwood

There are a good few trees that are said to be as hard as iron in the Realms, but none deserve that title more than the Ironwood tree. These trees take after the classic oak in appearance, but with a rustic gray bark and with shiny orange veins lining its recesses. Its leaves are a dark green, but take after copper as the autumn comes.



These trees are unique, in that they were artificially created. To protect their home forests from the devastating effects of the Spellplague, druids and dryads joined in massive rituals to convert swaths of their forests into these nigh-on-invincible trees. Prior to that point, Ironwood only existed in the form of weapons and armor the druids fashioned for themselves with a smaller version of the same ritual.

Since then, Ironwoods have become a regular part of almost every druid grove located in or near temperate climates. Their lumber is carefully and graciously used by druids to create armor and weapons as durable and lasting as their steel counterparts. Some particularly experienced elven enchanters have said that ironwood is much easier to enchant than most other woods.

This tree's seeds spawn once every decade, and appear as nuggets of iron tipped with an acorn's cap. A spellcaster casting the *barkskin* spell while holding one of these acorns can allow the spell to consume it. If they do, the spell appears to coat them in a sheet of iron, granting a +2 bonus to *barkskin*'s AC alteration.

Mordayn (Dream Mist)

Mordayn is a scarce herb native to the southern forests of Faerûn, including the Southern Lluirwood and Amtar Forest. The herb itself looks unremarkable, but a keen eye can distinguish it from similar herbs by peculiar way the base of its stem bulbs outwards. The herb itself is sought after for its extremely potent hallucinogenic properties. When it's ready to seed, the bulb moves up the plant to feed the flower, resulting in a week-long period where it's green flower releases a continuous mist of spore-like seeds.

Mordayn is most commonly used by taking a small portion of herb and steeping it in water, as if it were a tea. The vapors that emerge from the water are called *dream mist*. A dose of this exotic vapor can be sold for as much as 200 gp in the northern parts of Faerûn. Dream mist is a highly addictive substance that sends humanoid into an hour of incredibly beautiful visions. When a humanoid creature begins its turn exposed to this vapor, it must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw to resist its effects, although it can choose to fail. On a failure, the creature is unable to take any action that directly or indirectly harms a creature or object for the duration. The hallucinations are so beautiful in fact, that the creature must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw, or be compelled to find more *dream mist* after the effect ends (as if by the *suggestion* spell), because their life feels so gray and uninspired comparatively.

The herb is so potent that the tea itself is nearly lethal when drunk. A creature that eats the herb or drinks this tea must succeed on a DC 17 Constitution saving throw or be reduced to 0 hit points and dies in 1d10 minutes unless they receive magical healing.

Muskeap

Easily identifiable by its dark-brown coloration and star-like green marking, this infamous mushroom grows the heart of most temperate forests above Baldur's Gate. The muskeap's name comes from the fact that it constantly exudes a skunk-like odor to ward off unwanted visitors. Skunks, goblins, and similar creatures that can bear the smell are drawn to these edible mushrooms, since their presence creates a smelly safe haven for them. The second the mushroom is violently disturbed, it shoots foul-smelling spores onto the picker, which then drop back down onto the ground as the target moves away. This mushroom is famously said to taste like roast beef and sewage, making it a goblin and troll delicacy.

Muskeap is only rarely collected, but this foul fungus has a fertile assortment of functions. Alchemists can refine its pungency to new heights to create flasks of foul liquid known as oil of vile. When thrown, such a flask can mimic the effects of the *stinking cloud* spell (DC 15). If sprayed directly at a single creature instead, the creature must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour. While poisoned this way, the creature is blinded and it can't smell.

Additionally, a spellcaster casting the *stinking cloud* or *cloudkill* spells while holding one of these caps can allow the spell to consume it. If they do, the radius of the gas made by either of these spells increases by 10 feet.

Relshar

Within the Dalelands, no other fungus is so coveted as the relshar. Primarily found within the Yeavenwood of Battledale, this mushroom is plentiful, edible, and delicious.

A relshar's stalk is narrow and its cap is wide and dark grey in hue. When boiled, the liquid (usually water, but occasionally a mild grain alcohol) absorbs the flavor and much of the color creating a hearty broth that is has a full and earthy taste. The alcoholic beverage known as battlebrew is a welcome addition to respite and a taste of home for soldiers and warriors traveling among the Dales.

Rowan

Known for its lustrous red berries, rowan are a relatively small tree - only reaching a height of about 40 feet at its maximum. Its trunk is substantial, despite its lithe silhouette. The bark of this tree is a dark grey, and its leaves are fern-like, with multiple leaflets along its stem each with a serrated edge.

The dark bark has two primary uses within the Realms. First, as a component of a black dye used by druids to create ceremonial robes used only for practices relating to the moons' phases. The other, is as an etching surface for rune magic. While giantkin are more likely to etch stone, firbolg and goliaths who call forested areas home will use the tough bark and emblazon it with runes - unlocking their potent magic.

The berries themselves are edible, and produce a sour and sticky paste when crushed. The paste is used for dyes, creating alcohols, and all other manner of mundane reason. However, when applied to a doorway to a home using specific druidic symbols, it can ward off intrusion from chaotic or evil creatures. A creature that is either chaotic, or evil, must make a DC 12 Charisma saving throw when attempting to cross a threshold that has been warded in this manner. A creature that is both chaotic and evil makes this saving throw with disadvantage. On a failed save, the creature becomes compelled to not pass the threshold for the next hour. If they do so anyways, they take 3d10 psychic damage.

Shadowtop

Shadowtops are lovingly referred to as the soaring giants of Faerûn's forests, as they are able to reach up to 90 feet in height, and 20 feet in diameter. Their name refers to the fact that its canopy of dense, feather-like foliage leaves the forest floor below it showered in perpetual shadow. This is amplified by the fact that its leaves all cluster to the trunk's top, and have a coppery underside.

These trees are extremely common. They are found in almost every humid area across the continent of Faerûn. The wood of the shadowtop tree—called shadow-wood—is quite tough and fibrous. Shadow-wood fibers are used in small quantities in ropemaking to increase the strength and durability of the coils. The wood burns slowly and with little smoke, making it perfect for cooking. Chefs love the almost tangy aftertaste it adds to meat.

Though strong, its fibers can be easily split, making the wood unsuitable for large constructions. However, arcanists prize the wood as an affordable but potent material from which to craft wands and staves. It is said that when shadow-wood is used to house druidic spells, the spells become slightly more potent.

Spellbane

One of Cormyr's deadliest exports, Spellbane is an aptly named plant that hinders the ability to cast spells. Found deep within the forests of Cormyr that border mountains, such as King's Forest, Hullack Forest, the Redwood, Stonewood, and Semberholme, it can be found growing in shaded, stony areas such as the cave entrances.

Its flower is an unremarkable reddish pink, though its leaves are of note as they are clover-shaped with a waxy texture, and are the only valuable and potent part of the plant. If a creature ingests a raw leaf, they are prevented from casting spells for 3d4 hours. For this duration, the creature can also add half their proficiency bonus (rounded down) to any Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma saving throw they make that doesn't already include their proficiency bonus.

This effect can be rendered into a distillate if proficient with an herbalism kit or poisoner's kit, which can be administered orally even if mixed with another fluid. The effects are reduced drastically, but is a potent ally in subduing or capturing a wizard. When administered in this fashion, the imbiber can make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a successful save, the poison has no effect. On a failed save, the imbiber suffers the effects described above for 1d4 minutes instead.

Star Willow

These trees can be found as a rare appearance within the giant oaks and maples of Starwood, primarily around the ruins of Myth Drannor. They stand between 30 and 40 feet on average, dwarfed by the other trees in the area. Their branches and twigs are pendulous, hanging under the weight of the foliage. Unlike a traditional willow, the long leaves stay an amber color in all seasons, including winter. In addition to this oddity, each leaf has multiple nodules dotting the underside. These nodules are a byproduct of the powerful magic seeping from the ruins of Myth Drannor, and glow a brilliant blue when exposed to moonlight. These nodules create a sort of constellation effect, giving the willow its name.

NOTE FROM AMARUNE

Cormanthor, particularly the area around Myth Drannor, is rife with wild magical energy, which is what is likely creating the strange willow trees. I get the feeling that this energy is a result of the mythals, powerful magical effects created to ward large areas. No such mythals were present as I traveled through Cormanthor, but the memories I have from my great-great grandfather told me this was true.

The elves who still call Cormanthor home will seek out these willows during festivals and during sacred rituals, weaving the leaves into their hair and the fabric of their clothes. The magic glow only lasts until the dawn of the day after it is cut from the tree.

Another common practice is to sit under the tree, completely surrounded by its foliage. Being underneath the canopy of the tree creates the sensory effect of floating within the stars. Seers who divine the future through the movement of the night sky will speak of how visions and predictions made from underneath the star willow tree are more likely to come true.

Weir

A musician's favored wood, weirwood comes from the rare weir tree found in the northern regions such as High Forest and Ardeep. The trees are found deep within the forests, and grow into a supermassive tree that resembles an oak if left undisturbed. Children of the forest, such as dryads and druids, will actively protect the weir trees in their home forests from harm. The gold dragon Aerosclughpalar (aka the Druid Dragon) in High Forest used a grove of weir trees to protect its hoard.

When crafted into a musical instrument, the sound created is notably warm and clear. The wood is also durable, and is so resistant to the effects of fire and burning that only magical flame can cause it to ignite. Wooden armor and shields crafted with this wood are thought to provide additional protection from non-magical fire.

The leaves of the weir tree had a silvery brown top, and a black velvet underside. When exposed to magical light, such as that of the *light* spell, weirwood and the leaves of the weir tree would begin to glow. This radiance lasts for 1d4 minutes after the magical light is moved away or extinguished.

FREE—PHOTOS

Appendix

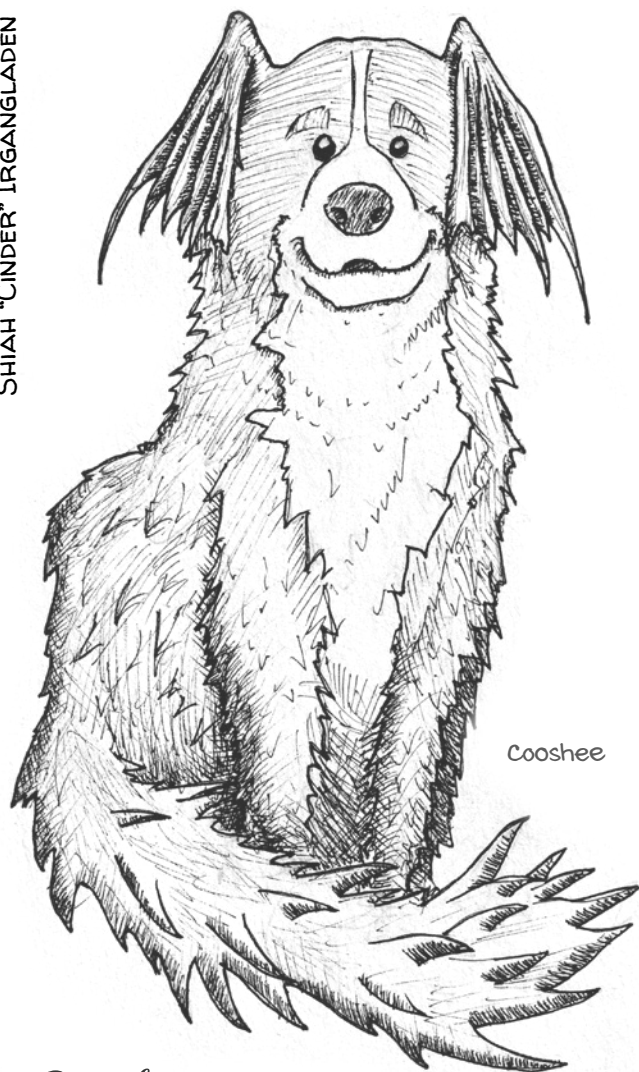
Beasts and Monsters

Within almost every forest in Faerûn you'll find hares, wolves, and insects. Even a creature as simple as a grub has a story worth telling. In this tome, I've chosen to write about those beings that are simply enchanted, unusual, or integral to the world around them.

MONIKAP

REGIONAL BEASTS TABLE

	Giant Armadillo	Cooshee	Hangman Tree	Gore Boar	Ironwoodpecker	Kermode Bear	Redwood Bear	Moss Bear	Silverback Crawler	White Stag
Aglarond		✓			✓		✓		✓	✓
Amn				✓	✓		✓	✓		
Anauroch				✓						
Beastlands				✓				✓		
Calimshan			✓	✓						✓
Chessentea				✓	✓			✓		
Chondath				✓	✓			✓	✓	
Cormanthor	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Cormyr				✓			✓	✓	✓	✓
Damara				✓				✓		
Dambrath				✓	✓			✓		
Elfharrow		✓		✓						✓
Elturgard				✓				✓		
Forest of Amtar				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Great Glacier				✓					✓	
Halruaa				✓		✓	✓	✓		✓
Hordelands				✓				✓		
Jungles of Chult		✓		✓		✓		✓		✓
Lantan				✓				✓	✓	
Lapaliiya		✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓
Luiren				✓	✓			✓	✓	
Mhair Jungles		✓		✓		✓		✓		✓
Moonshea Isles				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Mulhorand				✓	✓			✓		
Murghôm				✓	✓			✓		
Narfell				✓		✓		✓	✓	
Neverwinter				✓				✓	✓	
Plains of Purple Dust				✓						
Samarach				✓				✓		
Sembia				✓	✓			✓		
Silver Marches				✓			✓	✓	✓	✓
Tashalar		✓		✓				✓		✓
Tethyr				✓	✓		✓	✓		✓
Thay				✓		✓		✓		
The Dragon Coast				✓	✓			✓		
The Great Dale				✓				✓	✓	
The High Forest	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
The High Moor				✓				✓		
The Shaar				✓	✓					
The Wealdath				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Thesk				✓				✓		
Thindol				✓				✓		
Turmish				✓		✓				
Tymanther				✓	✓			✓		
Unther				✓	✓			✓		
Vaasa				✓				✓	✓	



Cooshee

Otherwise known as the elven hound, cooshee are massive canines who served as allies to the ancient sylvan elves of Faerûn. It is unknown whether cooshee are a naturally occurring creature, or purposely bred with magical influence by their elf masters.

They weigh between 160 and 300 pounds, yet can move through the forest as silently as an elf. Their fur is dense and soft yet only sheds during a brief period during the autumn season, so as to avoid leaving an evident trail while hunting and tracking. The cooshee's bark can be heard for up to 1 mile, but it is unsurprising that they are so rarely seen - as they only make noise to warn their master and the masters of the cooshee are long since gone. Rumors of cooshee sightings are not uncommon near some of the oldest woods of Faerûn and at least one sighting in the ruins of Dysrisa in Tangled Trees has been confirmed. Their lithe and groomed form has changed over the years, but they have lost none of their loyalty to the elves or the traditions ingrained in them.

Amarûne's Almanac Volume 1

Cooshee

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 52 (8d8 + 16)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	3 (-4)	14 (+2)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +4, Stealth +5

Senses passive Perception 14

Languages —

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

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

Plant Camouflage. The cooshee has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks it makes in any terrain with ample obscuring plant life.

Pounce. If the cooshee moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a tackle attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the cooshee can make one bite attack against it as a bonus action.

Verdant Rush. The cooshee can move up to 40 feet in a straight line as a bonus action on each of its turns.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Tackle. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) bludgeoning damage.

Giant Armadillo

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 93 (11d10 + 33)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)	3 (-4)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Str +7, Dex +5, Con +6

Skills Stealth +5

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages —

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Aggressive. As a bonus action, the armadillo can move up to its speed toward a hostile creature that it can see.

Durable. The armadillo regains maximum hit points when rolling Hit Die, and regains all Hit Dice on a Long Rest.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 18 (4d6 + 4) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned. While poisoned in this way, a creature gains no benefit from a long rest. Every 24 hours that elapse, the creature may repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on a success.

Ball Defense. If the armadillo has no rider, it curls up into a ball. Until it uncurls, it gains a +4 bonus to AC and has advantage on Strength and Constitution saving throws. While in its shell, the armadillo is prone, its speed is 0 and can't increase, it has disadvantage on Dexterity saving throws, it can't take reactions, and the only action it can take is a bonus action to uncurl.

Giant Armadillo

The weight of the armadillo is only surpassed by its toughness. Each 400 to 500 pound step can be heard and felt nearby. What is remarkable about this creature is its speed. While it is happy to patiently wait out attackers in its curled form, it can also lash out in a rapid flurry of motion. Unlike its average sized counterpart, its bite carries with it a deleterious venom. Most often, the armadillo is content to poison its attacker and escape.

Notably, these armadillo are known beasts of burden and mounts to the denizens of the jungles and forests of the Chultan Peninsula. They are also used in the areas east along the Shaar, the Forest of Amtar, and are even known to be seen between Dambrath and Luiren since the Spellplague.

For those that hunt the armadillo, the thick plates of hide can be crafted into exceptionally sturdy light and medium armor, but the meat is particularly unappetizing.

Gore Boar

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 59 (7d10 + 21)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	10 (+0)	17 (+3)	2 (-4)	8 (-1)	5 (-3)

Skills Athletics +6

Senses passive Perception 9

Languages —

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Blood Thirst. When the boar scores a critical hit or reduces a creature to 0 hit points on its turn, the boar can take a bonus action to move up to half its speed and make an attack.

Charge. If the boar moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a bloody tusk attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 10 (3d6) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Relentless (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest). If the boar takes 15 damage or less that would reduce it to 0 hit points, it is reduced to 1 hit point instead.

Actions

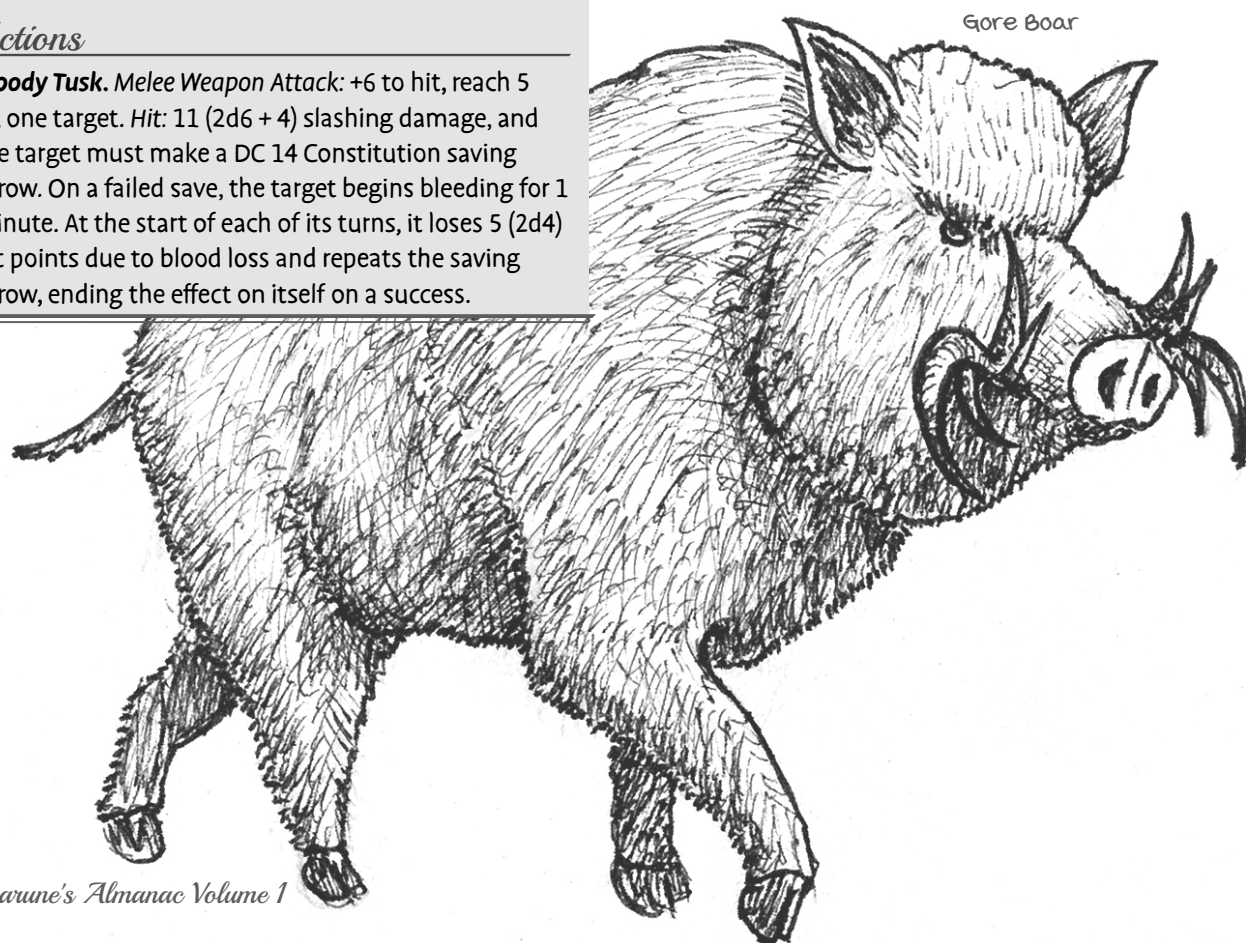
Bloody Tusk. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage, and the target must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the target begins bleeding for 1 minute. At the start of each of its turns, it loses 5 (2d4) hit points due to blood loss and repeats the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Gore Boar

Even amongst others of their kind, **gore boars** are vicious and cruel beasts. Their gnarled tusks, perpetually stained with blood, often sport rotting remnants of their recent kills. They often let their victims run away after being gored, only for the boar to leisurely follow the blood trail to an exhausted, dying creature.

The tusks of the gore boar itself provide a means of protection against their attacks. Ground bloody tusk can be refined into a potion with a DC 13 Intelligence check using an alchemist's kit. When you drink the potion, your wounds begin to clot and heal much faster than normal for 1 hour. For the duration, you're immune to bleed effects, and regain twice as many hit points when you spend a Hit Die to heal.

SHIAH "CINDER" IRGANGLADEN



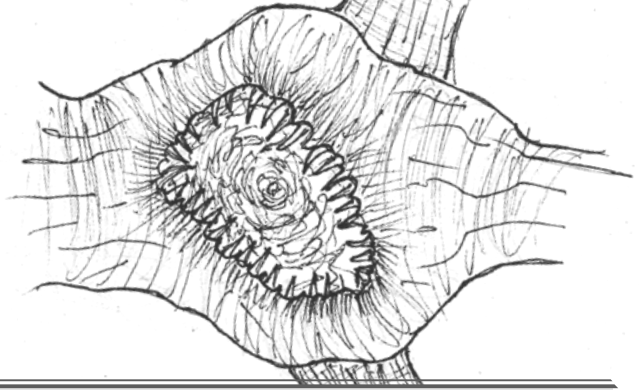
Hangman Tree

Blurring the lines between flora and fauna, the **hangman tree** is a staple threat among the subtropical regions of Faerûn. The tree itself has shallow roots, as it is known to move from place to place (albeit so slowly that it is barely noticeable). Due to these shallow roots, and its sinewy vine-like leaves that closer resemble rope than a typical leaf, it is unable to draw nutrients from the ground or sun and must rely on a carnivorous diet to subsist. The same sinewy leaf-vines and long branches allow it to ensnare prey, lifting them into the crown of the trunk where an opening to a swell of acid lies.

The only time it is safe to be near a hangman tree is winter, when it digs its roots deep and lies dormant. During this time, ambitious hunters will locate the trees through the use of divination magic (as its empathetic pheromone based aura makes them nearly impossible to locate) and fell them. This is

done both to make the forests safer for travelers, and to harvest two components: the acid, which is used to etch hard steel and even some more magical metals that are normally impervious to traditional acids; and the pheromone glands that produce the aura of normality. This pheromone is distilled into a perfume which is commonly used by thieves, spies, and assassins to move unseen.

Hangman Tree—Top view



Hangman Tree

Huge plant, neutral

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 152 (16d12 + 48)

Speed 0 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	15 (+2)	14 (+2)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Str +9, Con +7, Wis +6

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing

Condition Immunities blinded, charmed, deafened, frightened

Senses blindsight 120 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 12

Languages Common

Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Aura of Normality. The tree emanates a hypnotic aura, making any creature within 120 feet of it believe it is a normal tree. If a creature affected by this aura sees the tree hurt it or its companions, the effect ends and they are immune to it for 24 hours. A creature immune to charm is not affected by this aura.

Inescapable Noose. Creatures provoke opportunity attacks from the tree even if they take the Disengage action before leaving its reach.

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

Actions

Multiattack. The tree makes three attacks with its tendrils, uses Reel, and then uses Swallow.

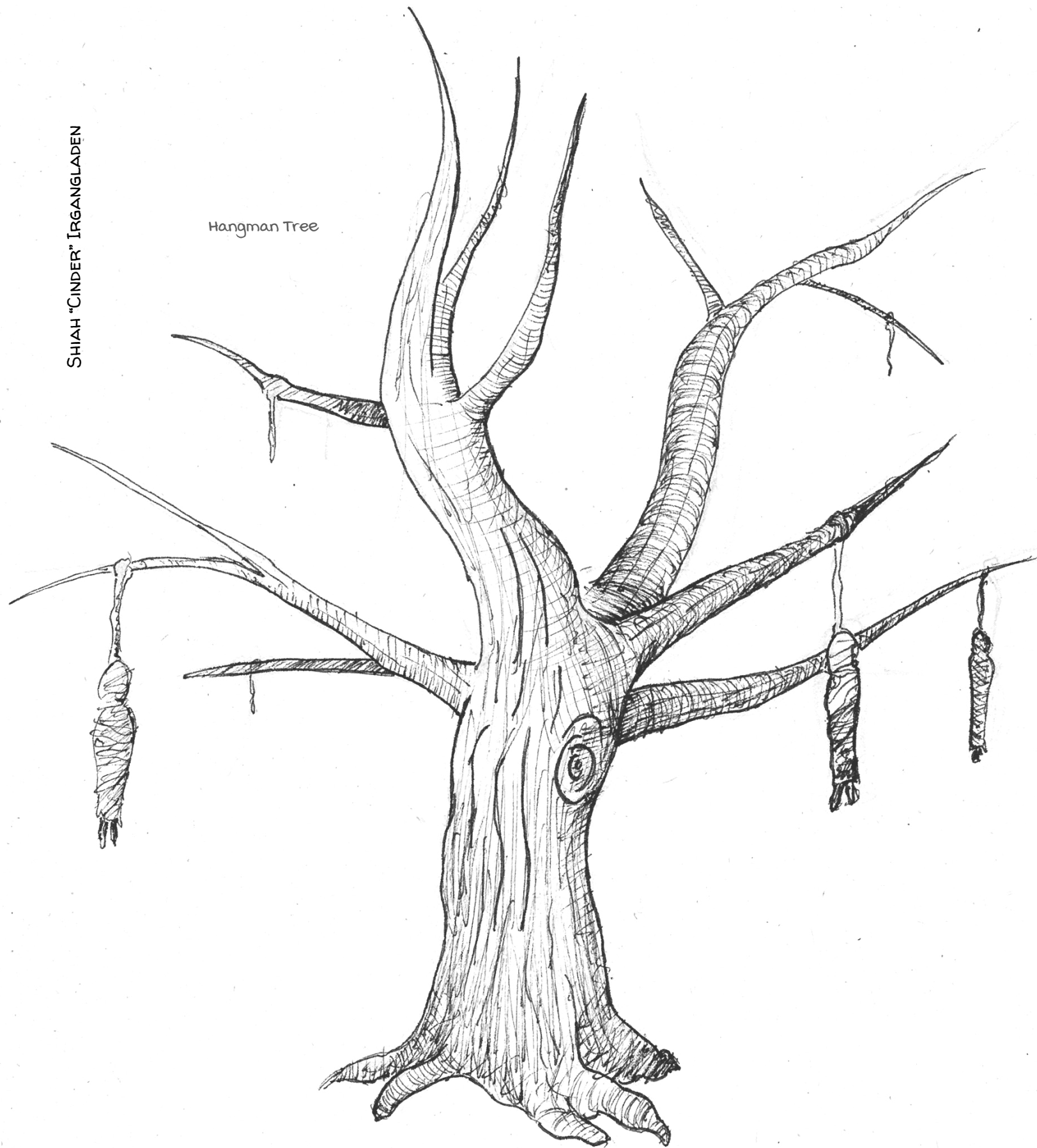
Tendrils. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 30 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (1d12 + 5) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 17). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained. While restrained in this way, a creature is unable to breathe or speak, can't cast spells that includes a verbal component, and is at risk of suffocating. The tree has eight tendrils, each of which can grapple one target.

Reel. The tree pulls each creature grappled by it up to 25 feet straight toward it, also raising them 10 feet above the ground.

Swallow. The tree drops a creature grappled by it into the acidic pool atop its trunk. The creature immediately takes 21 (6d6) acid damage, and takes this damage again when it ends its turn inside the trunk. The tree's trunk can hold up to three Medium or smaller creatures at a time, one at its top, middle and bottom. While in the middle or bottom space, a creature is blinded and has total cover against attacks and other effects outside the tree.

A creature on the top of the trunk can use its action to make a DC 12 Strength (Athletics) check, freeing itself on a successful check. A creature at the middle or bottom of the trunk can use its action to make a DC 17 Strength (Athletics) check, going up a space on a successful check and taking 5 (2d4) piercing damage. If the space below a creature is unoccupied, the tree can instead use this action to lower the creature to the next space.

Hangman Tree



Ironwoodpecker

Scholars and naturalists debate over the origins of the **ironwoodpecker** as it had never been documented in Faerûn before the spellplague and the creation of the ironwood tree by the druids and dryads of the realms. Of course, the ritual was only designed to affect the trees themselves but arguments are being made that the wildlife became altered as well. What is odd, though, is that no ironwood bears, squirrels, or beetles appeared in cohort with the birds so most experts chalk it up to coincidence.

Ironwoodpecker

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 16 (3d6 + 6)

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	16 (+3)	14 (+2)	5 (-3)	14 (+2)	7 (-2)

Saving Throws Str +1

Skills Perception +4

Condition Immunities deafened

Senses passive Perception 14

Languages —

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

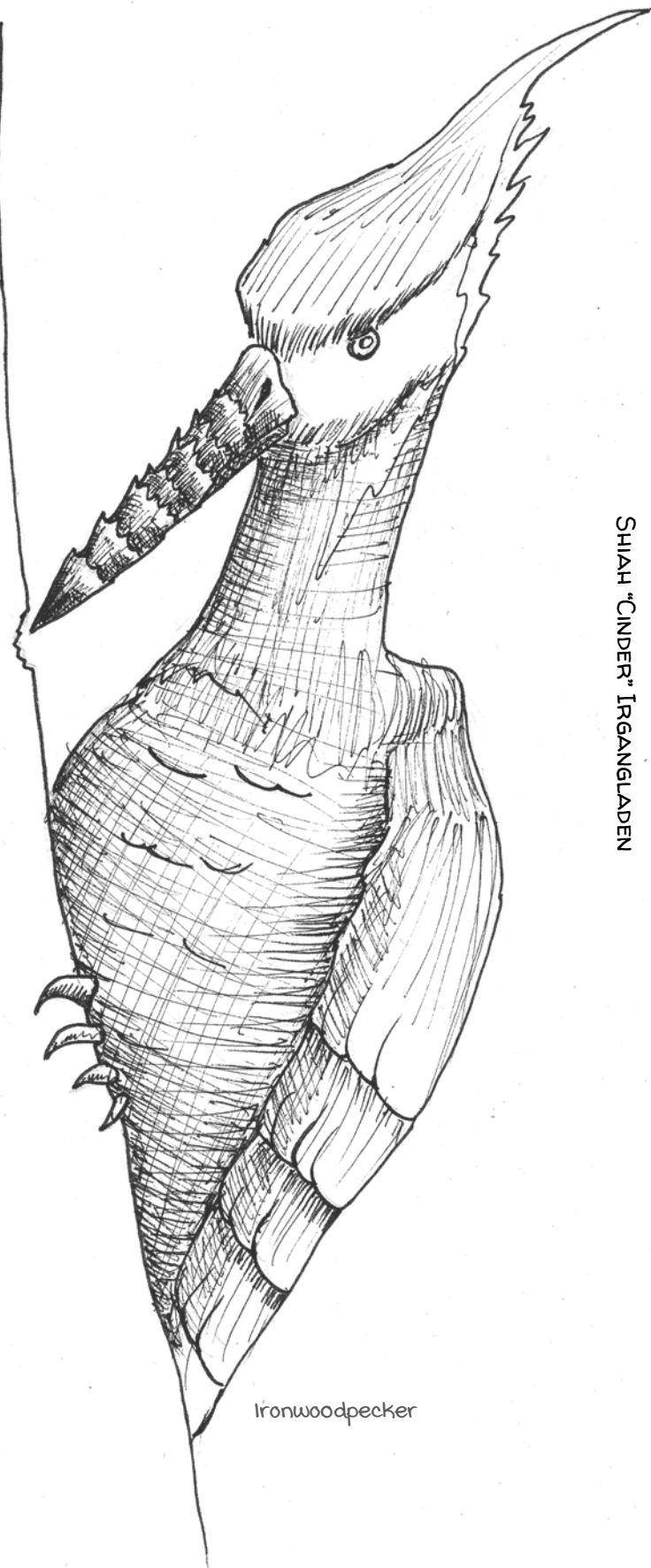
Keen Sight. The woodpecker has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

Iron-piercer. The woodpecker gains a +5 bonus on attack rolls against plants and targets made of metal or wearing metal armor.

Woodpecker. The woodpecker deals double damage to objects, structures, and creatures made of wood.

Actions

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d4 + 3) piercing damage, and if the target is made of metal or wearing metal armor, it must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or take 3 (1d6) thunder damage and be deafened until the end of its next turn.



SHIAH "CINDER" IRGANGLADEN

Ironwoodpecker

Kermode Bear

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 95 (10d10 + 40)

Speed 40 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	11 (+0)	18 (+4)	3 (-4)	15 (+2)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Wis +5

Skills Perception +5, Stealth +3

Senses passive Perception 15

Languages —

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Between Worlds. The bear has resistance to all damage, advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks, and can hide while in plain sight. In addition, the bear can see creatures on both the Material Plane and Ethereal Plane, and creatures in either plane can see and affect it.

Keen Smell. The bear has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Phasing Strikes. When the bear makes an attack, it shifts to either the Material Plane or Ethereal Plane, whichever the target is on. The first attack it makes after this shift has advantage unless the target is able to see into both planes, as with the spell *see invisibility*. Until the beginning of its next turn, it loses all benefits of its Between Worlds trait and can not be seen or affected by creatures outside of the plane it shifted to.

Actions

Multiattack. The bear makes three attacks: one with its bite and two with its claws.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d8 + 5) piercing damage.

Claw. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 12 (2d6 + 5) slashing damage.

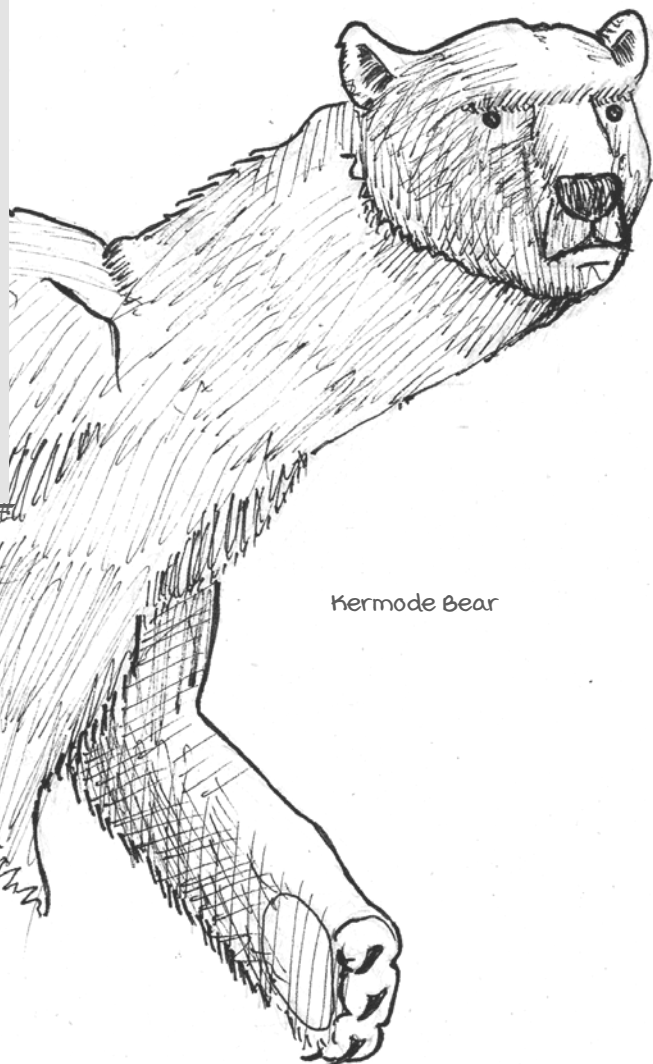
NOTE FROM ARCLATH

I swear I saw a polar bear in the Wealdath. We were camped out, and the fire had just died down to low embers. I woke groggily, needing to relieve myself, and headed to the edge of the clearing. It was there, then it wasn't! I woke Amarune to tell her, but she kept insisting that no polar bears would be this far south along the Sword Coast, and that it could only have been a mythical kermode bear. Maybe it fell asleep on an iceberg and floated down the coast? Who knows!

Kermode Bear

The spirit bear can be sighted in the late hours of the night, wandering between trees, disappearing and reappearing like the moon's rays between the shifting canopy. It's pale white fur and bulky, but graceful, form give it an air of surrealness, giving those who sight it a reason to doubt their own eyes. Its true name is the **Kermode Bear**, a nearly mythical beast that is said to live between worlds.

Wherever one of these bears can be found, a crossing to the border ethereal is not far. In some cultures, the bear is believed to be a guiding spirit, leading the departed into the afterlife. In others, it is regarded as a warden, preventing errant and vengeful spirits from returning to the material plane.



Kermode Bear

Moss Bear

Moss Bears are a unique type of black bear that has formed a symbiotic relationship with moss, which is allowed to grow freely among its fur. The moss is able to absorb energy from the sun and provides protection to the bear, allowing them to grow older and tougher than their mundane cousins.

When harvested from the bears fur, the symbiotic moss can be processed into a potion with a DC 13 Wisdom check using the herbalism kit. When you drink the potion, you regain 1d4 hit points each hour for the next 8 hours.

Moss Bear

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 13 (natural armor)

Hit Points 42 (5d8 + 20)

Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	2 (-4)	13 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Perception +3

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Keen Smell. The bear has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Moss Coat. When the bear starts its turn in sunlight, it gains 10 temporary hit points. If the bear takes 10 or more fire damage in the same turn, it loses this trait until it finishes a long rest.

Actions

Multiattack. The bear makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Redwood Crawler

Redwood Crawlers are enormous isopods that live amongst the roots of the largest trees, where they feast upon the largest detritus that falls to the forest floor. When threatened, they are able to curl up into themselves, turning their chitinous exoskeleton into a hardy shield against attackers. While nominally scavengers, they are not picky about what they eat, and are known to hunt small animals using their venomous bite. Their impressive ability to climb trees allows them to drop onto unsuspecting prey from above, or even smash bird's nests out of high branches to the ground.

The venom of a redwood crawler can be refined from its internal glands into a single dose of crawler venom with a DC 15 Intelligence check using a poisoner's kit. Crawler Venom is applied to weaponry as an injury poison, inflicted on the first creature struck. The target must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or take 3d12 poison damage. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

moss Bear



Redwood Crawler

Huge beast, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 93 (11d12 + 22)

Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	18 (+4)	15 (+2)	1 (-5)	7 (-2)	3 (-4)

Senses blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 8

Languages —

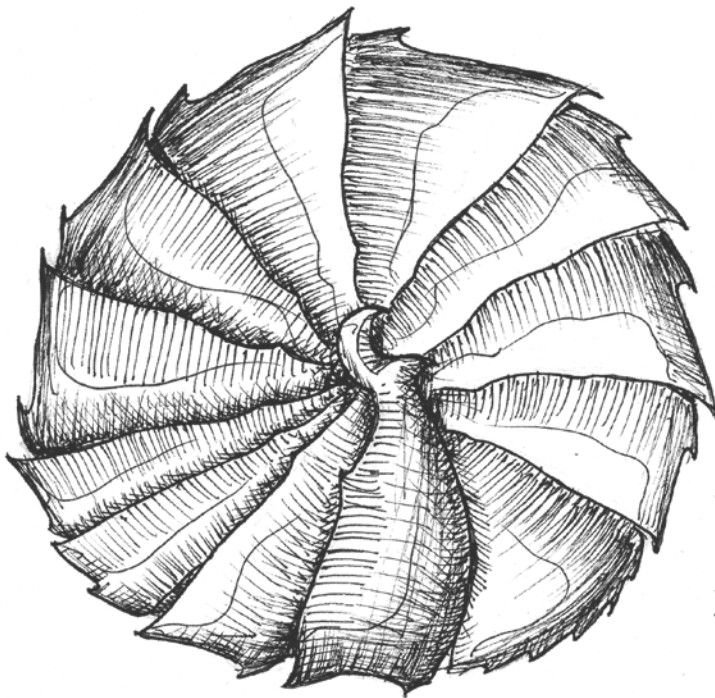
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or take 19 (3d12) poison damage. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Reactions

Curl Up. When the crawler takes damage, it can curl up into a defensive posture, gaining a +3 bonus to its AC until the start of its next turn. When the crawler uncurls at the start of its turn, a creature of its choice within 5 feet of it must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the target is knocked prone.



Amarune's Almanac Volume 1

Silverback Ape

These large primates primarily inhabit the jungles of the Chultan Peninsula, acting as apex hunters, at least, until you consider the massive dinosaurs and killer plants. In fact, apex probably isn't quite the right word, but fearsome for certain. The **silverback ape** is omnivorous by nature but defaults to primarily carnivorous habits as a mechanism of defense and marking the borders of their dominion.

There is a nobility to these creatures. Their families are tightly knit and they have an air of civility and hierarchy among their communities. Do not be fooled, however, as they are fiercely wild and no attempt to domesticate them has ever bared fruit.

Silverback Ape

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 85 (10d10 + 30)

Speed 35 ft., climb 35 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	6 (-2)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Skills Athletics +6, Perception +3

Senses passive Perception 13

Languages —

Challenge 3 (450 XP)

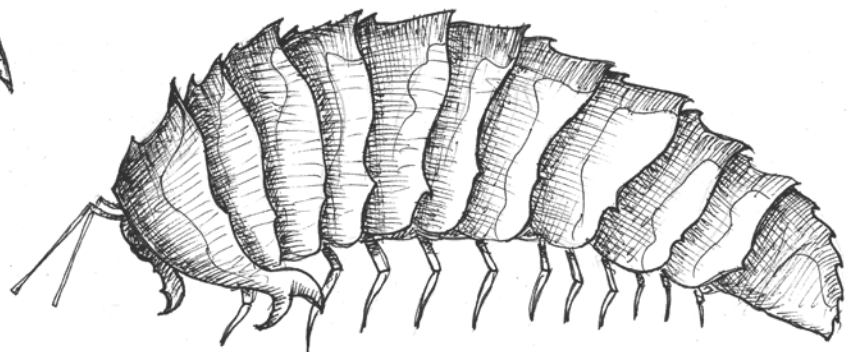
Actions

Multiattack. The ape makes two fist attacks.

Fist. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Rock. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 30/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 18 (4d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

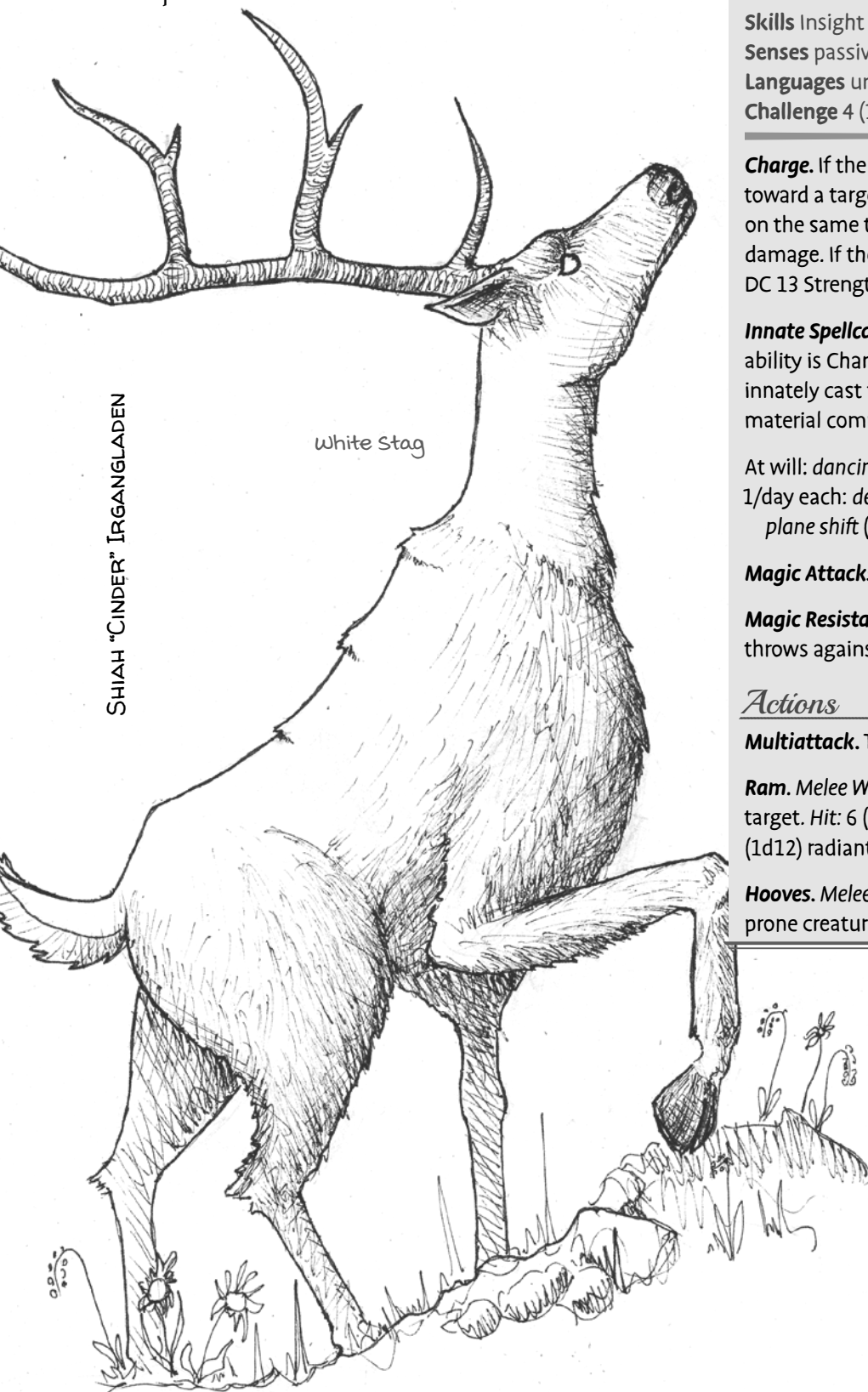
Redwood Crawler



White Stag

More than a mere variation in color, white stags are lesser emissaries of nature deities, sent to watch over scared forests. They are known to appear before trespassers as a warning, or are sent as messengers of danger to forest druids.

The tears of white stags are infused with a modicum of divine energy, acting as holy water. This gift can be offered to those who the stag determines require its aid.



White Stag

Large celestial, neutral good

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 88 (16d8 + 16)

Speed 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)

Skills Insight +6, Perception +6, Nature +2,

Senses passive Perception 16

Languages understands all languages but can't speak

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Charge. If the stag 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) damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 13 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

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

At will: *dancing lights, guidance, light, resistance*
1/day each: *detect evil and good, freedom of movement, plane shift (self only), protection from evil and good*

Magic Attacks. The stag's weapon attacks are magical.

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

Actions

Multiattack. The stag makes two Ram attacks.

Ram. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage plus 6 (1d12) radiant damage.

Hooves. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one prone creature. *Hit:* 10 (3d4 + 3) bludgeoning damage.

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.

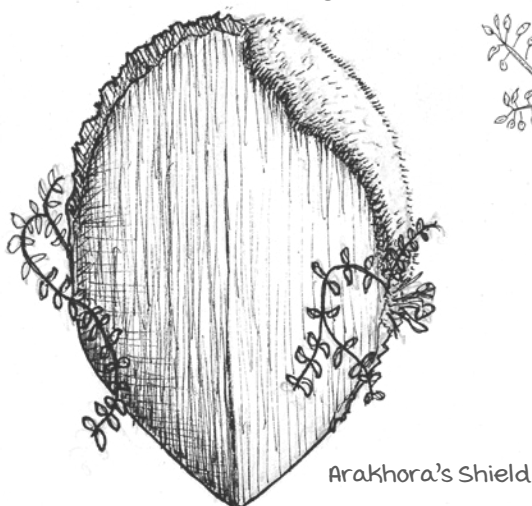
Arakhora's Shield

Armor (shield), legendary (requires attunement)

This wooden shield is unpainted, instead covered in living vines and even some branches growing off its carved edges. While attuned with this shield, you gain proficiency in Intelligence (Nature) checks if you were not proficient before and your proficiency bonus is doubled if you were already proficient. Additionally, you are able to understand plant creatures, and if you speak Druidic they can also understand you.

Canopy of Protection. While within 30 feet of a Huge or larger plant that is not hostile, you and any creatures of your choice have half cover while within range of the plant as the roots and branches reach out to your aid.

Shepherd of the Forest. You can call to the plants around you as if you know each of them by name. If you spend 1 minute touching this shield against a Huge or smaller plant with an intelligence of 3 or less, it awakens. The target plant gains an intelligence of 10, and the ability to speak one language you know. It also gains the ability to move its limbs, roots, vines, creepers, and so forth, and it gains senses similar to a human's. Your DM chooses statistics appropriate for the awakened plant, such as the statistics for the **awakened shrub** or the **awakened tree**. The awakened plant is initially friendly towards you but is not charmed or compelled to do as you ask. Once you have used this ability you can not use it again for the next 2d6 days.



Arakhora's Shield

Child of the Forest

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

This old gnarled stump is stubbornly still growing branches from what is left of the trunk despite being chopped down. When you get closer to it the branches tremble and slowly stretch towards you as if it is trying to get your attention.

When attuned, you may order the stump to "stay" or "follow" if you are within one mile of it and you have a vague sense of where it is while within that range. If told to "follow", it will uproot itself and follow you with a movespeed of 30 feet, or a swimming speed of 10 feet. It will also follow you across uneven terrain, up or down stairs, slopes and the like, but can't cross an elevation change of more than 5 feet. The stump can hold up to 500 pounds, and will do its best to keep the items you place on it from falling off with its branches. If more than 500 pounds is placed on it, it will refuse to move until the excess weight is removed.

If the stump is told to "stay" and is farther than one mile from you, or has not had enough water to satisfy a large mount within the last three days, it will attempt to root itself where it is. It will remain rooted until you are within one mile and it has had its fill of water.

Eldath's Boon

Wondrous item, very rare (requires attunement)

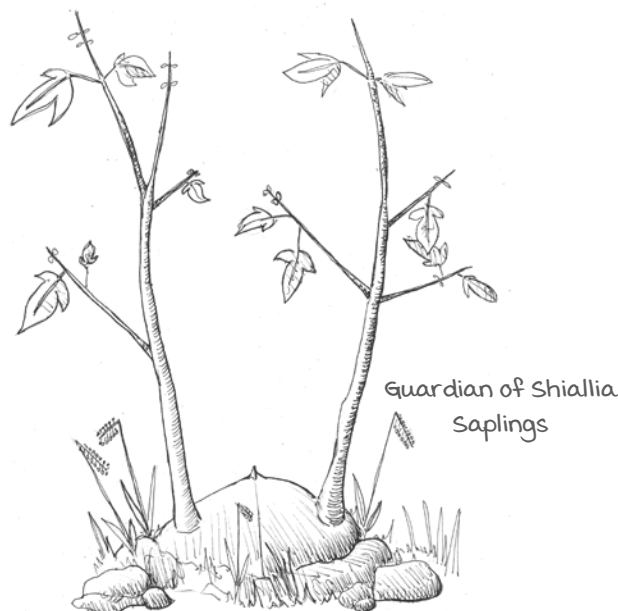
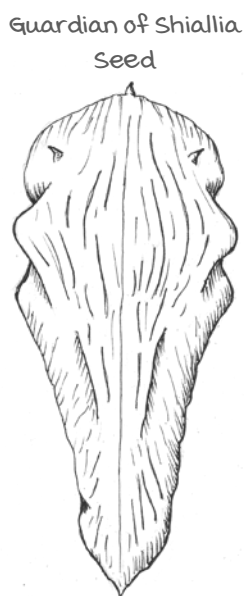
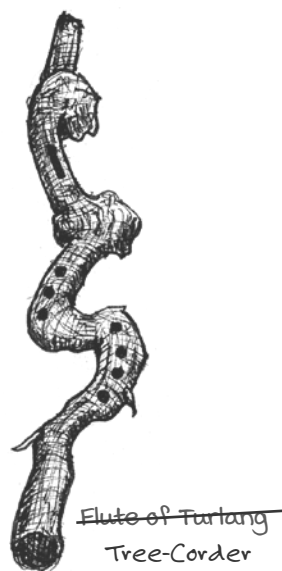
This necklace has beads made of various woods, and each type carved into a miniature replica of that tree's leaf, all strung on a woven cord.

Once per turn, you can use 10 feet of movement to magically step into one living tree within reach and emerge from a second living tree within 60 feet, appearing in an unoccupied space within 5 feet of the second tree. Both trees must be Large or bigger.

Dryad's Pact. Over the course of an 8-hour ritual you can create a bond with a Huge or larger tree and the dryad living within. As long as this tree is



Child of the Forest



alive, once per day you can cast one of the following spells without a spell slot and ignoring material components:

- *commune*, which puts you in contact with the dryad also bonded with your tree
- *find the path*, if the destination is your bonded tree
- *commune with nature*.

If you create a bond with a new tree, you may incur the anger of the previously bonded dryad because of your unfaithfulness. If your bonded tree is killed, you immediately suffer 5d10 psychic damage that can not be resisted or decreased in any way.

Flute of Turlang

Wondrous item, very rare

This flute has been crafted from one of the most gnarled pieces of wood you have ever seen, but its sound is clear and pure. Inside this flute you find several rolled up sheets of parchment with a song written on it.

If you are within 30 feet of a Huge or larger plant that is not a creature, you can play this ancient song to shape the plants around you. The song takes 10 minutes to play, during which time the plant life, in particular the Huge or larger plant, slowly grows, creeps, and bends to form a small shelter. This shelter is connected to or even within the plant, and is created in a form of your choosing. This shelter can be up to 10 feet tall, has an area of up to 100 square feet, and when you create it you can choose some basic items to be created within the area such as beds, chairs, platforms, shelves, and doors.

Once you play this song, you cannot shape plants with it again until 2d4 days have passed and the changes you make with it are permanent unless you use this item to return them to how they were. If

there is already a shelter created in this way within range, you can instead choose to expand it by the same 100 square feet. This can be done up to 5 times per Huge tree, and 5 additional times for every size above Huge.

Glades and Canopies: A Forest Guide

Wondrous item, uncommon

Though this book is well-worn and coated in moss and leaves, a vague picture of a wooded clearing is visible on its cover. You doubt you could take off the forest debris covering the book without damaging it.

If you spend 8 hours studying this book, the forest biome becomes favored terrain (as described in the ranger's Natural Explorer feature) for you for the next week. Additionally, you can ask up to three questions about a specific type of creature or plant native to the forest. The DM gives a short reply to these questions. Finally, by looking through the book, you can identify any tree, even outside the forest, with a successful DC 12 Intelligence (Nature) check. If you succeed by 5 or more, you can ask the DM one question about the type of tree you identified.

Guardian of Shiallia

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

It is rumored these seeds originated from a single tree lost deep within the High Forest, planted by Shiallia herself. After being planted for several weeks, these seeds grow into two jagged saplings before going dormant for many years. Eventually, the earth beneath these saplings heaves as a fully grown stag crawls from the ground, its hide as tough as bark, roots along its legs, and the twin saplings as its antlers. When it's mother tree is not in danger, or when a stag perishes, it returns to its seed form to wait until it is needed.

On this scarred, fist-sized seed you see ancient runes of the name of the young stag within. When you attune with this seed, you learn the meaning of these runes and how to awaken it. If you plant this seed in the earth and call it's name, over the next minute the twin saplings rapidly form and the stag rises from the ground.

This stag has the statistics of a **warhorse** but has an AC of 16, ignores difficult terrain made of earth, and can not be slowed or damaged by nonmagical plants. Additionally, while you are attuned to the stag and using it as a mount, you are granted its protection and your AC can't be less than 16, regardless of what armor you are wearing. It is friendly to you and follows your commands as best as it is able. If you give it no commands it defends itself but otherwise takes no other actions.

If this steed dies, it returns to its seed form and cannot be summoned again for 3d10 days.

Razorleaf Emerald

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

The centerpiece of this amulet is a pearlescent green emerald. An etching of a leaf can faintly be seen in the sheen of its surface, and the gem is framed by delicate silver branches. This item has 4 charges and regains 1d4 charges each day at dawn.

While attuned to this amulet, you know the cantrip *gust* if you did not previously. As a bonus action, you can focus on a number of leaves up to your casting ability modifier (minimum 1) that you can touch. When you do so, the leaves become hard as iron and can be treated as darts for the next minute. Additionally, as an action, you can expend a charge to cast *gust of wind*. If you are in a forest biome, foliage and debris within the area of the spell swirls around you as the wind gathers and is forcefully thrown through the air like knives. Each creature in the spell's area must make a Dexterity saving throw against this effect, taking 3d8 slashing damage on a failed save or half as much on a success.

If you are not a spellcaster, your spellcasting ability for this item is Wisdom.

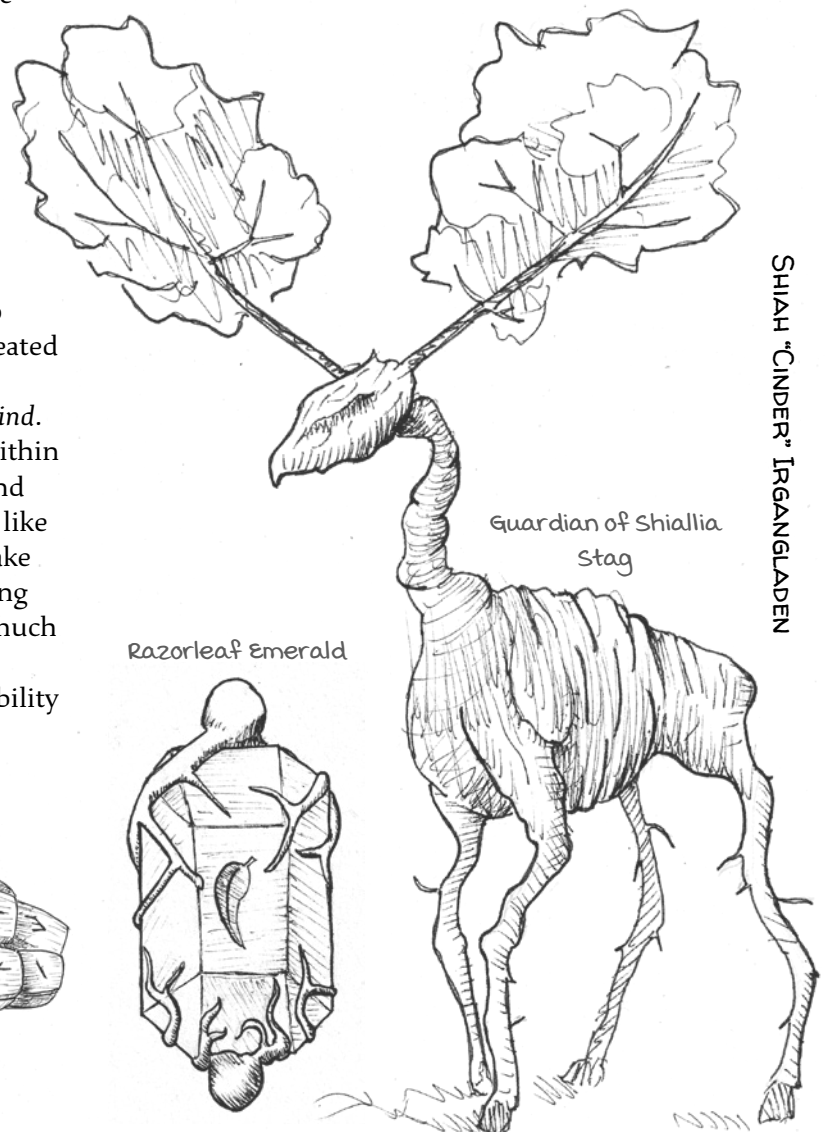
Rootshape Gauntlets

Wondrous item, uncommon (requires attunement)

This gauntlet is covered in overlapping hickory slabs rather than plates of metal. Each of these plates has runes carved into its roughly-hewn face that have been filled with dirt over time. This item has 3 charges and regains 1 expended charge each morning at dawn.

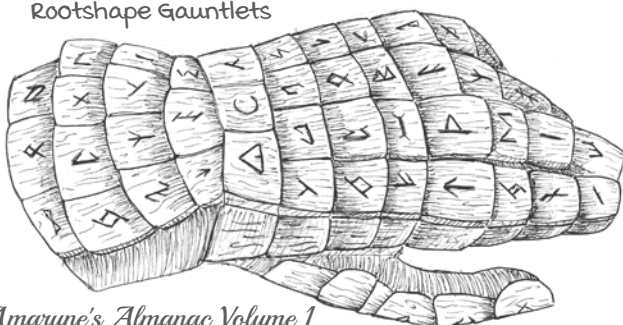
If you are within arm's reach of a tree, as an action you can expend a charge and press your hand against the tree to draw a weapon or pieces of ammunition from it. This can be any weapon, or 2d4 pieces of ammunition for any weapon, with which you are proficient. The look and feel of each item changes with the type of tree from which it is drawn, but these differences do not affect its function in any meaningful way.

Weapons created in this way splinter beyond repair if the d20 roll for an attack is a 1, or after 1 day without being bathed in water. If you spend an action to return an un-splintered weapon created in this way to a tree within arms reach, the gauntlets regain an expended charge.



SHIAH "CINDER" IRGANGLADEN

Rootshape Gauntlets



Sacred Grove Acorn

Wondrous item, very rare

This large acorn is covered in delicate carvings of leaves and vines and has been carefully preserved in a glass vial. The first time the acorn touches dirt it explodes with life, covering everything around it in verdant flora.

Over the next minute the acorn erupts into a massive tree, 120 feet tall, and with a trunk 10 feet in diameter. During the following hour, a grove of trees springs from the ground in a 100-foot radius around the towering tree and all manner of flora along with them. Small dancing lights illuminate the bows of these trees both night and day, providing dim light to those under the trees. This area is now considered a forest biome even if it was not before. Additionally, undead and fiends are unable to enter the area and can not possess, charm, or frighten creatures within it. Any creature possessed, charmed, or frightened by such a creature is no longer affected upon entering.

Silver Bands of the Forest

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

These three silver rings are elegantly simple but subtly different from each other. They magically adjust to fit your index finger, middle finger, and thumb. All three are etched with incredibly detailed vines and leaves on both the inside and outside. While attuned, as an action you can call to one or more rings to activate them or deactivate them.

When activated, each ring expands to a large razor sharp chakram in your hand. These chakram are finesse, thrown melee weapons (range 30/120) that deal 1d6 slashing damage. As a bonus action, you can call to one or more chakram and they will return to your hand if possible, moving around obstacles and creatures to do so.

While within a forest biome these chakram's thrown property increases to have a normal range of 80 feet and a long range of 320 feet. Additionally, their thrown attacks ignore half cover.

