

# DUNGEONS DRAGONS CLASSICS

## Written by Jeff Grubb and Dan Mishkin

Pencils by

Jan Duursema

Inks by

Jan Duursema with Dave Simons and Rick Magyar

Letters by

Steve Haynie

Colors by

Gene D'Angelo and Matt Webb

Original Edits by

Elliot S. Maggin

Cover by

Jan Duursema

Cover Colors by

**Joanna Lafuente** 

Collection Edits by

Justin Eisinger, Denton J. Tipton and Alonzo Simon

Collection Design by

Shawn Lee

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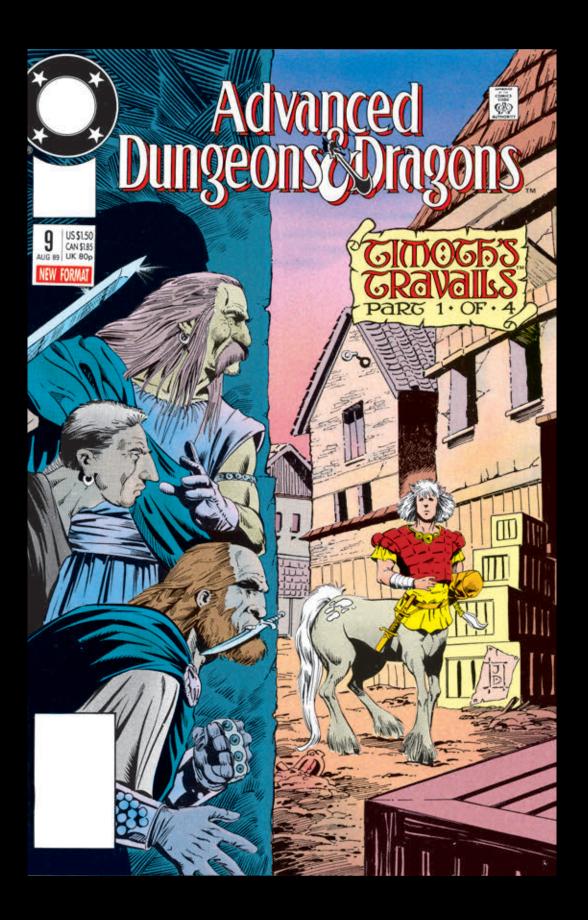
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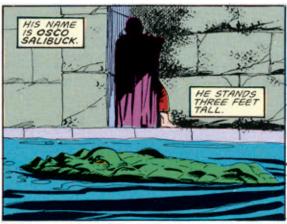
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WRITER: JEFF GRUBB ARTIST: JAN DUURSEMA LETTERER: STEVE HAYWIE COLORIST: GENE D'ANGELO EDITOR: ELLIOT S. MAGGIN





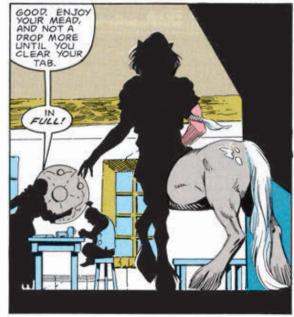






























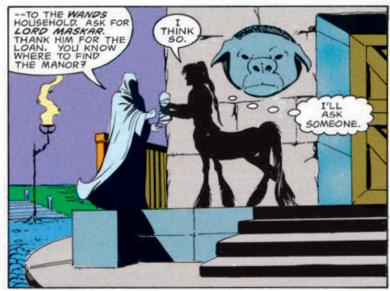


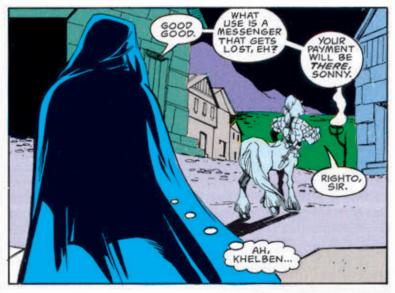
















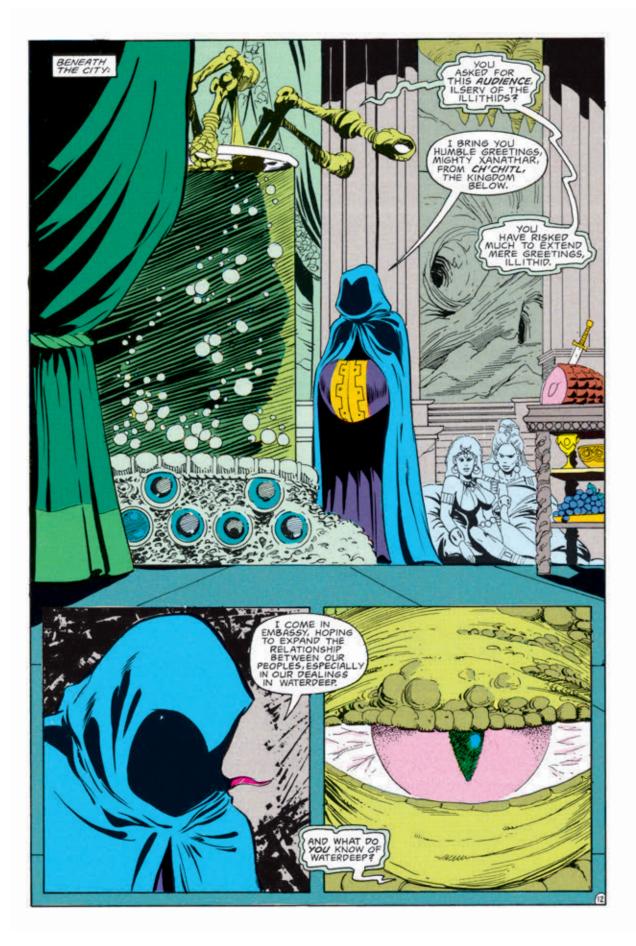










































FIREBALL!
LIGHTNING BOLT!
POLYMORPH!

ANY NICE,
PESTRUCTIVE
MAGIC YOU
KNOW!





























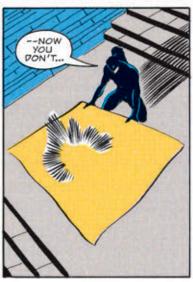


















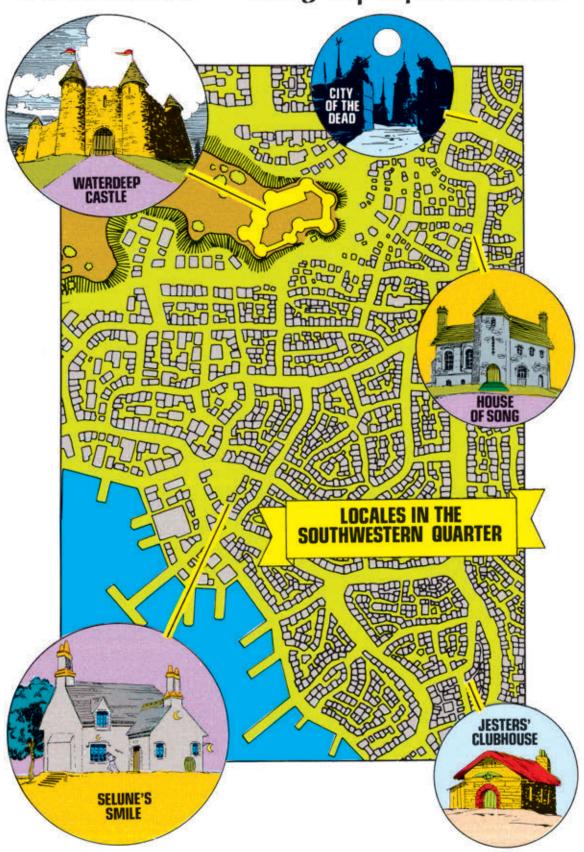


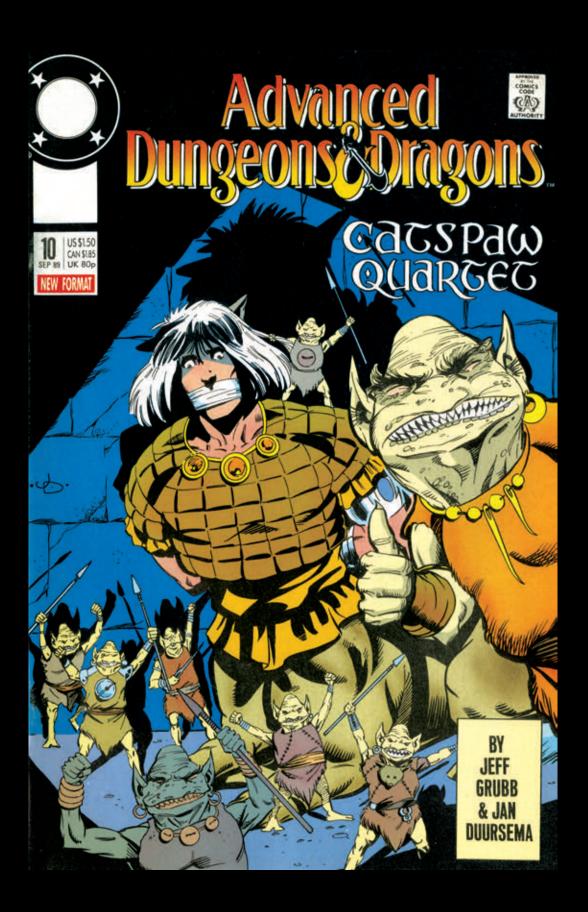






### WATERDEEP - City of Splendors













I'M MAKING THIS RECORD NEAR THE WAY INN ON THE TRADE ROUTE TO CORMYR. I'VE MISSED MUCH OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, AND INTEND TO MAKE UP FOR IT NOW.

I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW IT FEELS TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE WATERDEEP AND THE BROKEN LIFE I LED THERE, AND WANTED TO THANK YOU AGAIN FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE DONE TO RETURN ME TO FULL HEALTH.

WISH ME GOOD FORTUNE, AND KNOW THAT YOU'LL ALWAYS BE IN MY THOUGHTS, WHEREVER I MAY BE. FARE WELL.



























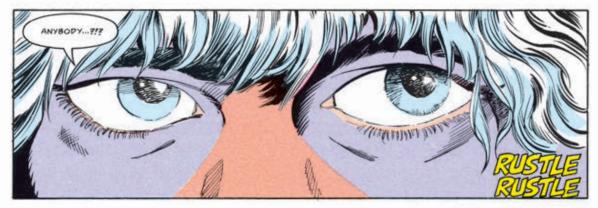
























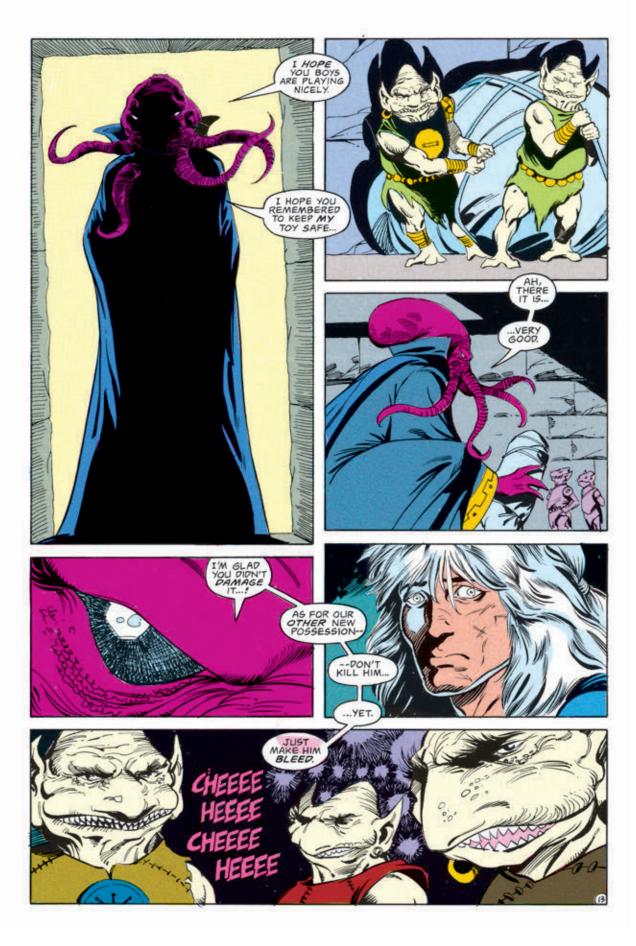






























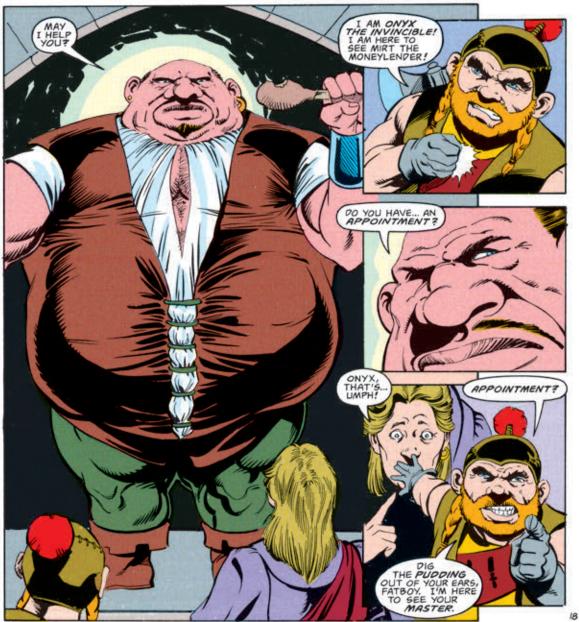




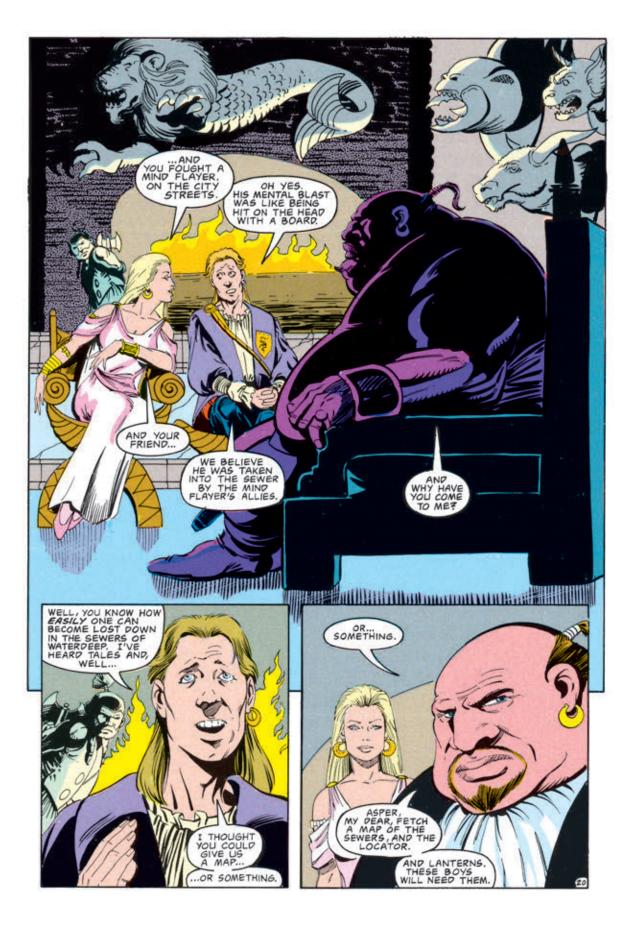




















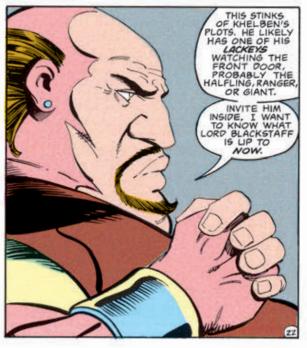














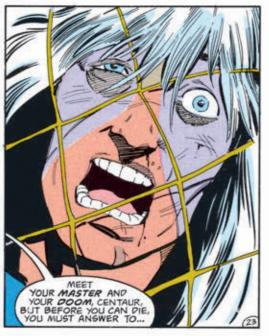










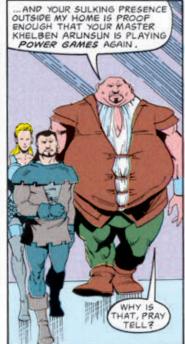






















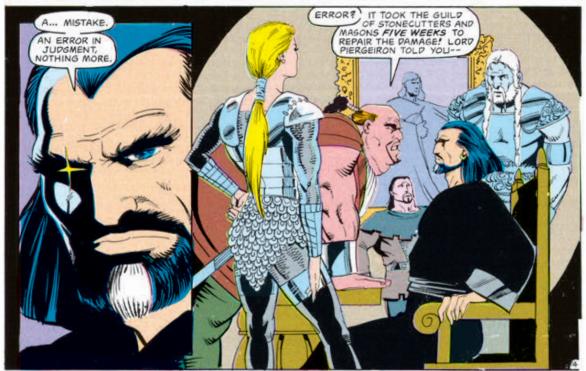












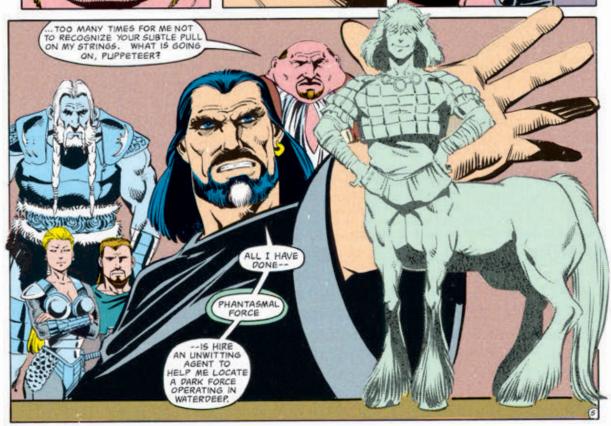












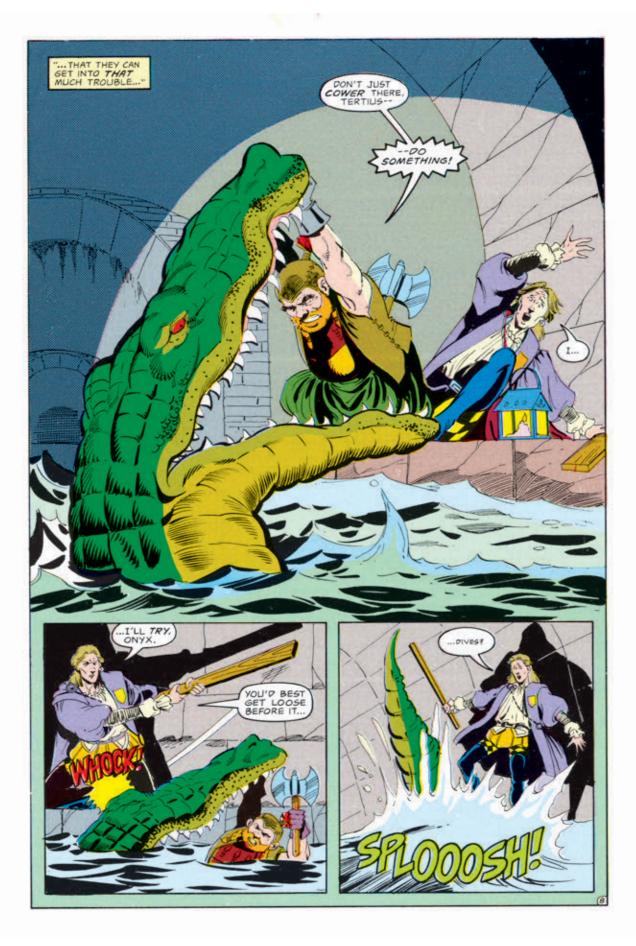






























































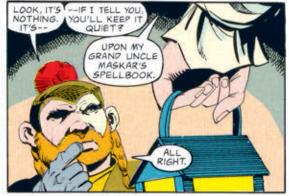


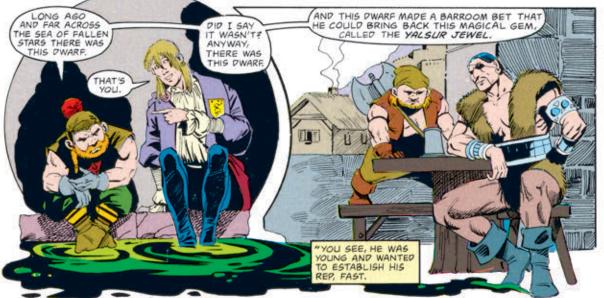


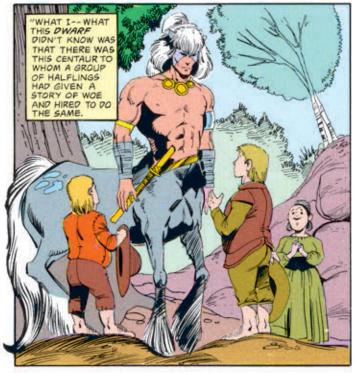




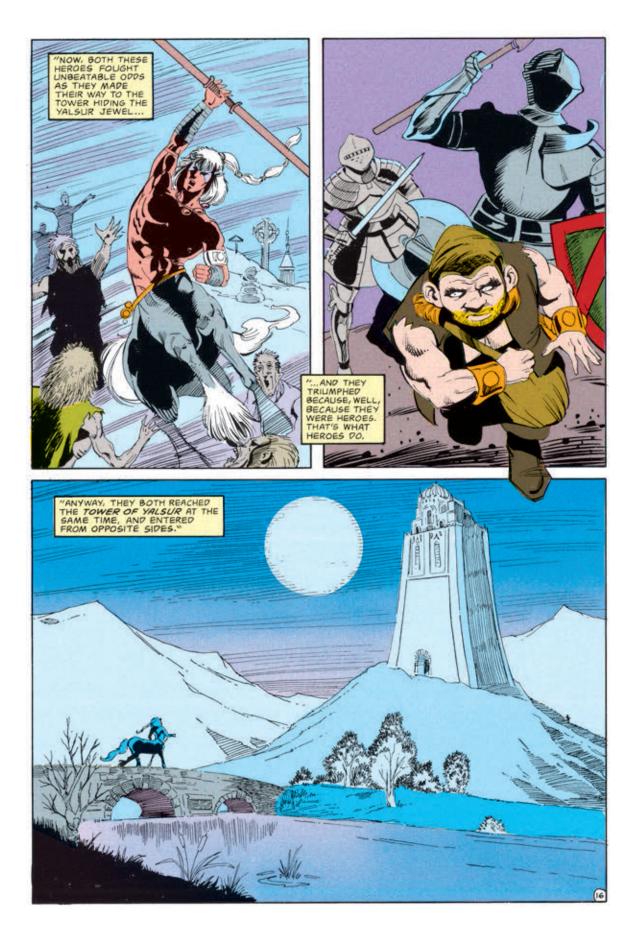




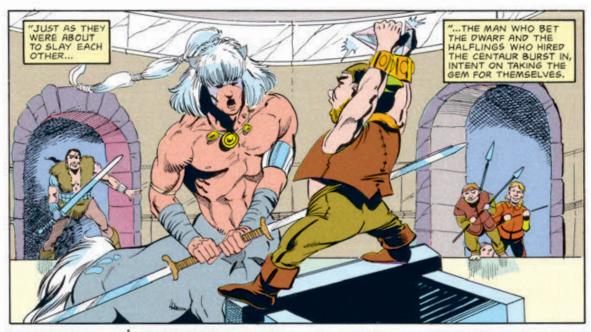




















































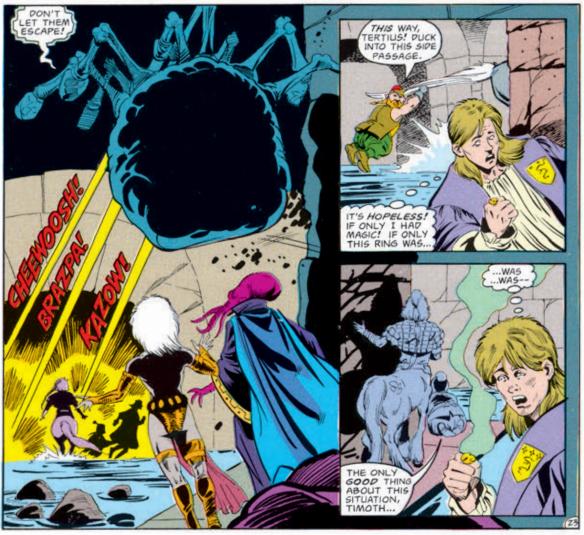






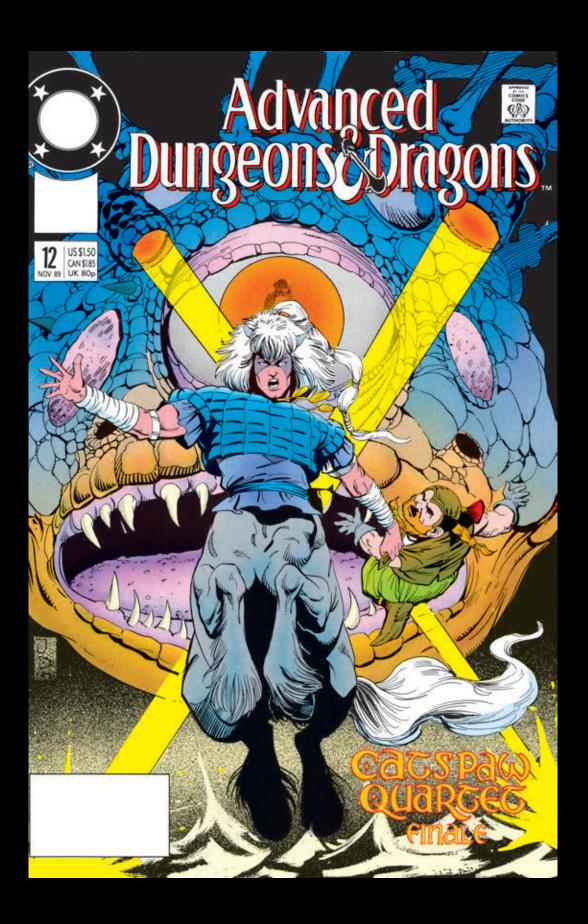


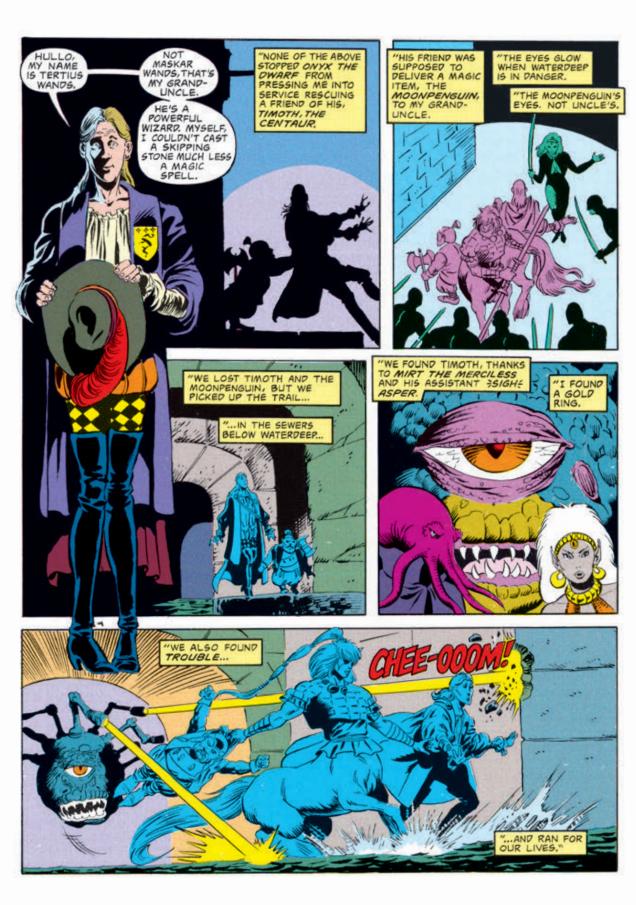




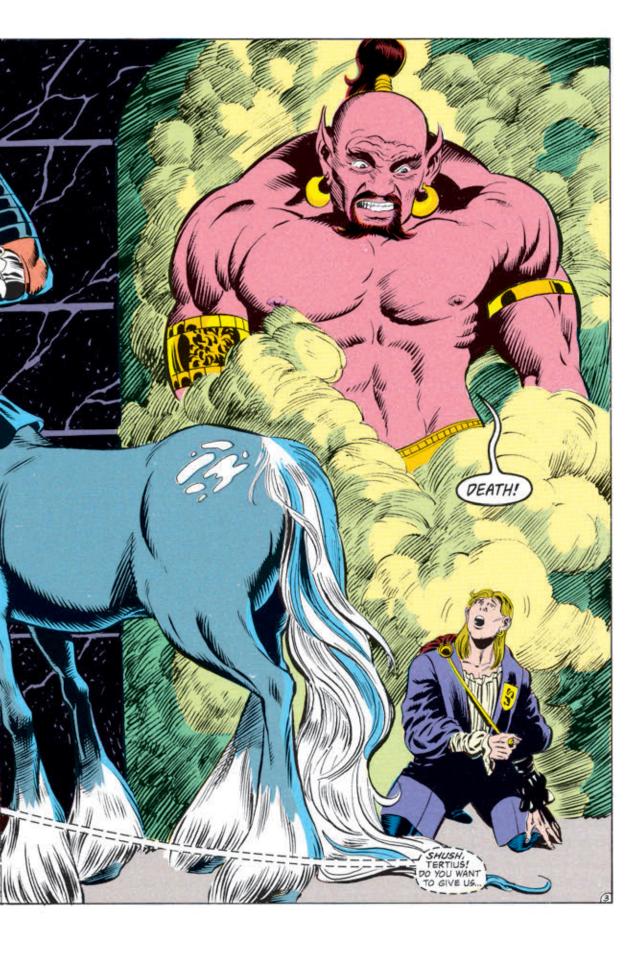
















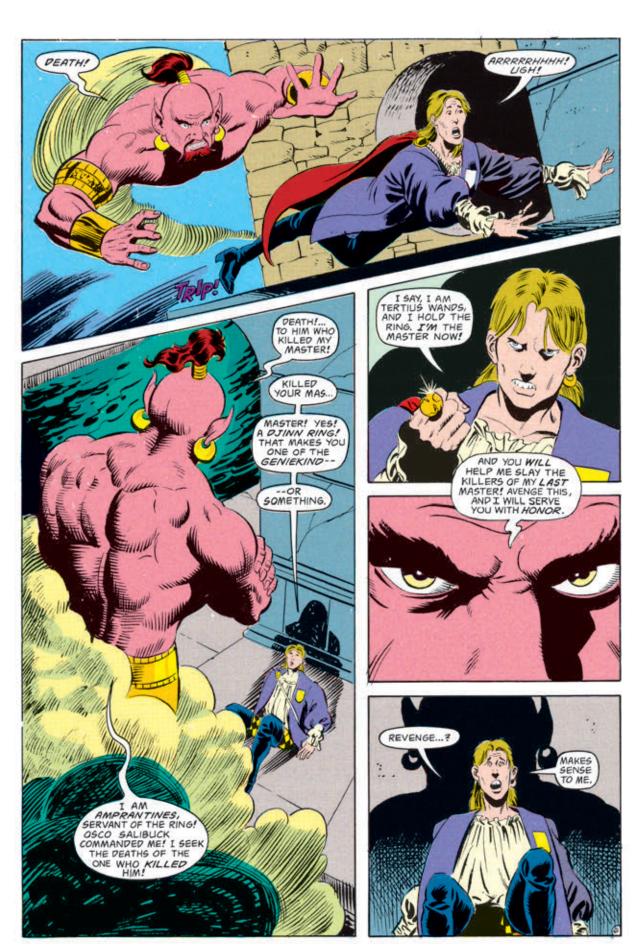














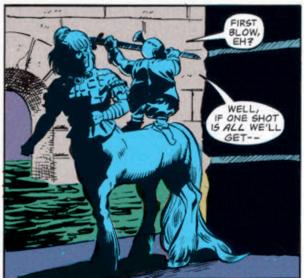














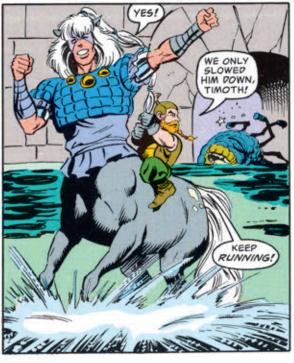


















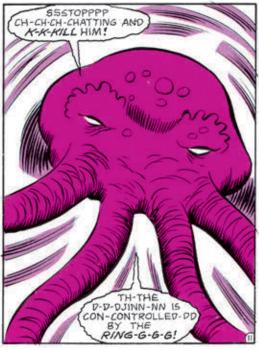


















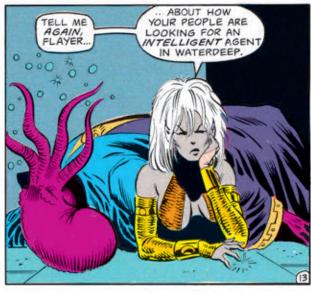


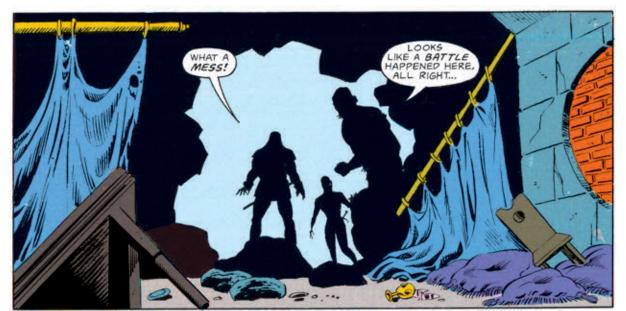












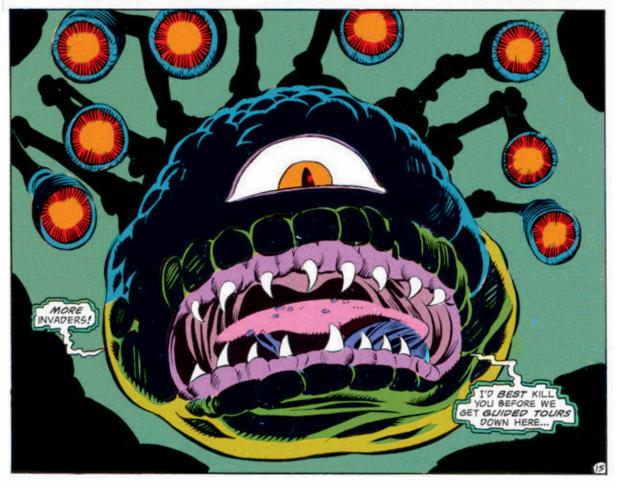






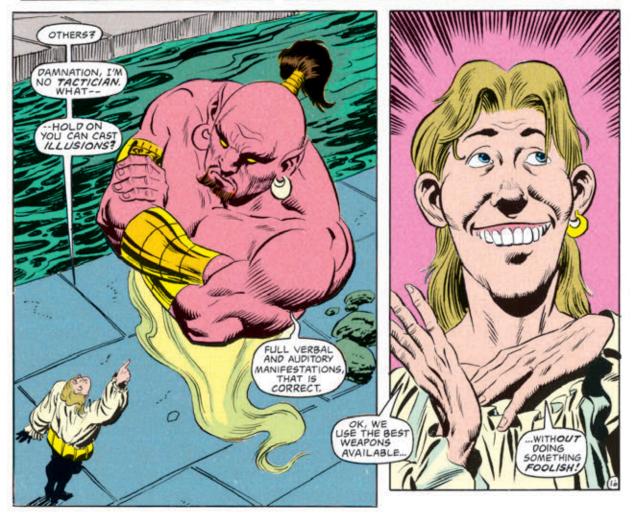










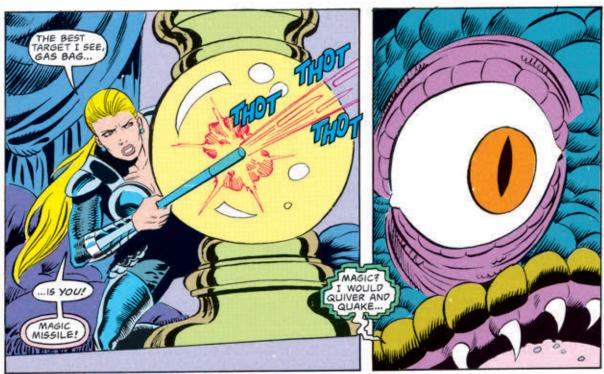


















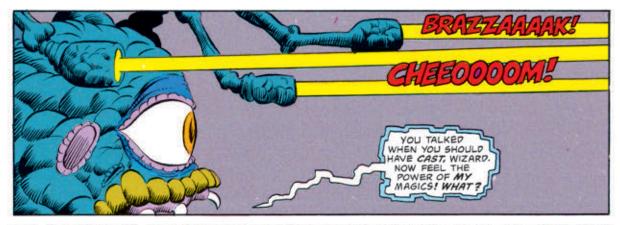




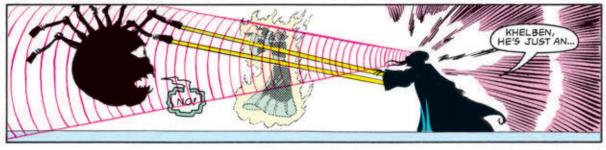






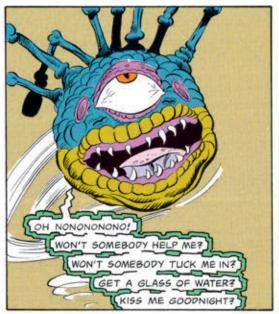


















































## Dungeons Dragons c o m i c

FROM THE DUNGEON By Jim Lowder

The Lords of Waterdeep

Waterdeep has one of the most unusual governments on the continent of Faerun (perhaps even on the entire planet of Toril). The city is ruled by a mysterious group called "the Lords of Waterdeep."

The first Lords came into being hundreds of years ago, when the city was first becoming a major trading port. At that time, Waterdeep's future was in question. Some of the city's residents, led by a warlord named Raurlor, wanted Waterdeep to become a major military power. Others wanted to see the port become a place where crafts would flourish, not armies.

A great wizard, Ahghairon, became the spokesman for those opposed to the warlord's plans. Though he presented a convincing argument in favor of a peaceful future and a majority of Waterdeep's population favored the mage's plan, Raurlor determined to pursue his dreams of conquest.

When no other options were left to him, Ahghairon killed Raurlor in a duel. When the conflict was over, the mage called all the people of the city together and declared himself the first Lord of Waterdeep. He promised that from that time on, the city would respect wisdom, not armed might.

To this end, Ahghairon gathered a few others of great wisdom to rule the city in secret. Unlike the mage, though, the other Lords never revealed their identities, wearing identical masks, helms, and robes in public. In addition, the Lords' helms made it impossible for mages to control their thoughts or read their minds.

At first, the populace of Waterdeep were suspicious of this new ruling body, and many wondered if they had traded one despot for another. But the Lords soon proved to be able leaders. Their laws were fair and their justice swift, so the city quickly accepted them.

The Lords of Waterdeep soon needed help in dealing with everyday matters in the city, so they established guilds. These professional unions were to watch over the various trades being practiced in Waterdeep. They did things like set standard rates for work and monitor craftsmen to make sure they were honest and skilled.

The guilds' power grew, however, and soon the guildmasters were scheming to bring about the downfall of the Lords. By the time Ahghairon died of old age, the guilds had discovered the identities of most of the Lords and assassinated them. Only two Lords escaped, and the quildmasters took over the city.

But the guildmasters quickly fell to fighting among themselves, and Water-deep plunged into a six-year period of civil strife and bloodshed. When the Guild Wars ended, only two guild-masters remained.

One of the remaining Lords, a woodworker named Baeron, revealed his identity to Waterdeep's citizenry and promised to save the city from the bloody reign of the guildmasters. The Waterdhavians enthusiastically accepted the return of the Lords, and Baeron soon gathered a new group of secret rulers around him.

Baeron also formed a Lords' Court, over which twenty-six magistrates presided. These magistrates handled the mundane matters of city government, enabling the Lords to remain even more secretive. Because of this, most of Waterdeep's populace now only see a Lord in court. There, two masked Lords and the one publicly recognized Lord preside over the court's proceedings.

Sixteen Lords currently run Waterdeep, and Piergeiron "the Paladinson" is the Lords' only known member. The 
son of a famous adventurer, Piergeiron 
is also Waterdeep's chief diplomat, 
commander of the city's watch and 
army, and overmaster of the city's 
guilds. He is immensely popular in 
Waterdeep, and most residents think he 
is an ideal ruler and spokesman for their 
government.

Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, Mirt the Moneylender, Larissa Neathal, and Texter are often spoken of as suspected Lords of Waterdeep and, in fact, all four are members of the secret government. Khelben and Mirt are quite involved in city affairs, and both men have been known to hire agents on the Lords' behalf to deal with Waterdeep's problems.

Larissa Neathal is a courtesan who plays the giggling, bubble-headed wench for most visiting envoys and diplomats. Using this guise, she gathers information for the Lords and tries to sway foreign dignitaries to the Lords' secret agenda.

Texter is also a commonly-suspected member of the body. He is a powerful paladin who is very active in the city's defense. Texter often leads patrols of Waterdeep's harbor and roads. The other Lords keep their identities hidden, though many of them are well known citizens.

One of the most unusual members of Waterdeep's government is "Kitten." Few of the Lords even know her full name: Nymara "Kitten" Scheiron. Nymara is an entertainer and thief from the city's docks. Though she can disguise herself as a fine lady, she is more comfortable in "common" surroundings and prefers shouting matches to calm discussions. Nymara adds a flavor of practicality to many of the Lords' judgments. She is often in the company of Mirt and his old adventuring companion. Durnan.

Durnan, a former fighter, runs an inn called the Yawning Portal and, as a Lord, works for justice and equality. Durnan, however, is not entirely happy with the justice the Lords mete out. Because laws constrain the Lords, a guilty man will sometimes go free on a technicality or a basically good man will be punished for a minor infraction.

To correct these "injustices," Durnan works with the Red Sashes, a group of vigilantes who think they are fighting against the Lords. Durnan uses this company to punish the guilty and reward the innocent, as well as to further the Lords' basic goals.

The other Lords are even more elusive, but they all work together to improve Waterdeep. The goal that Ahghairon set for the city when he founded the Lords—that the port should be a place for all peaceful races to live together—has yet to come to pass. With the Lords of Waterdeep constantly working for justice in the city, however, Ahghairon's dream comes closer to reality every day.

With next month's issue, we will be running your letters in at least one out of every two issues. So write. Unless someone comes up with a better suggestion, we will henceforth call this space, "From the Dungeon."

This month's cover is a product of the pen of Jan Duursema and the colored pencils of Tatjana Wood.





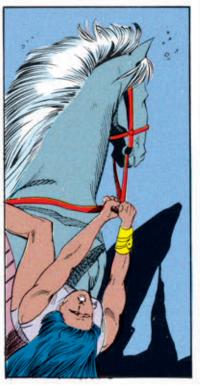


























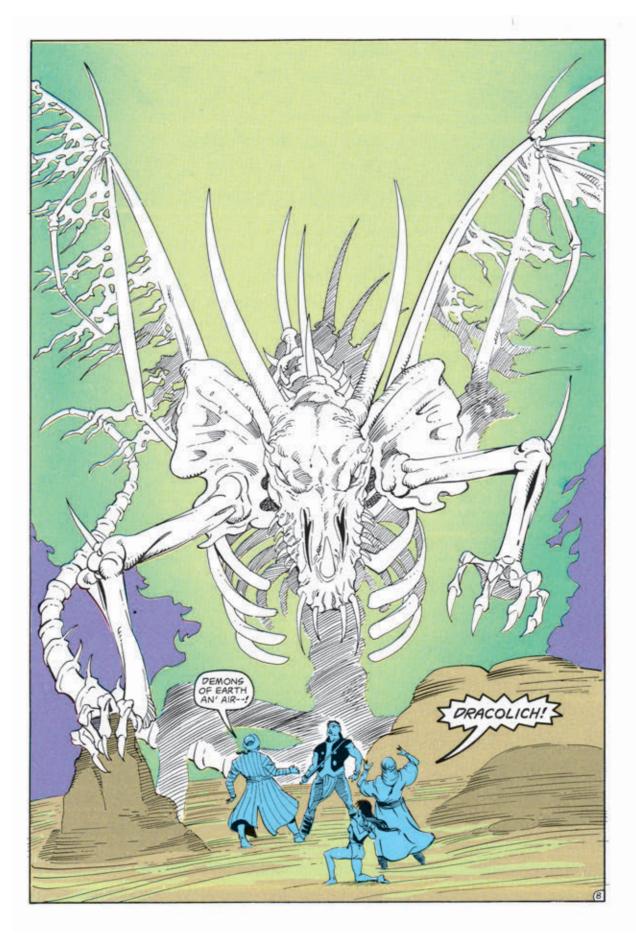
























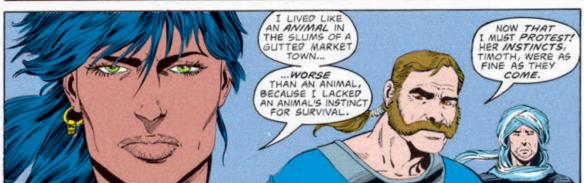


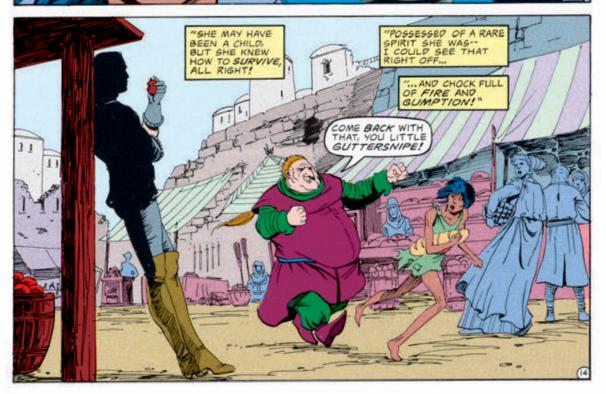


























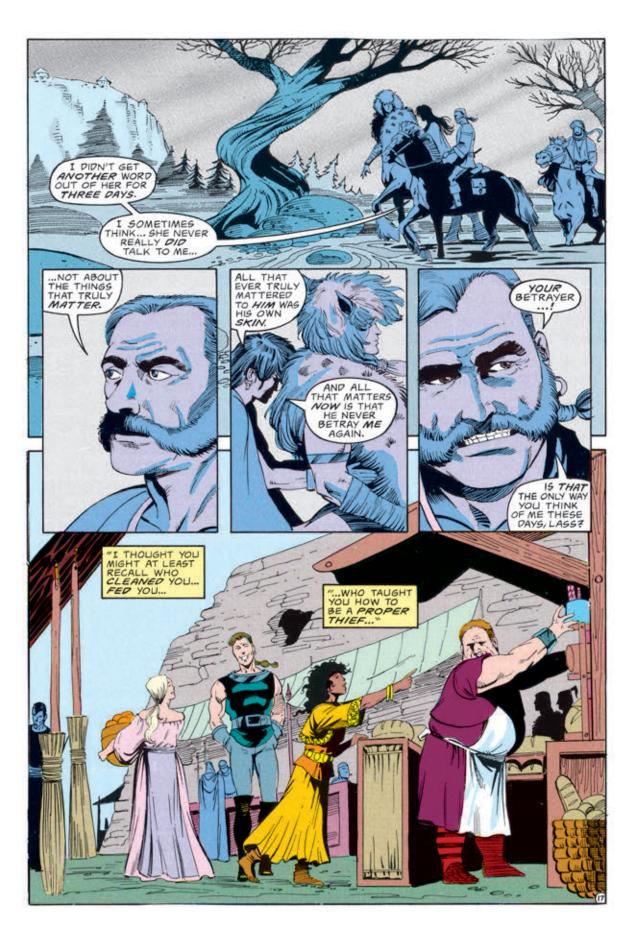










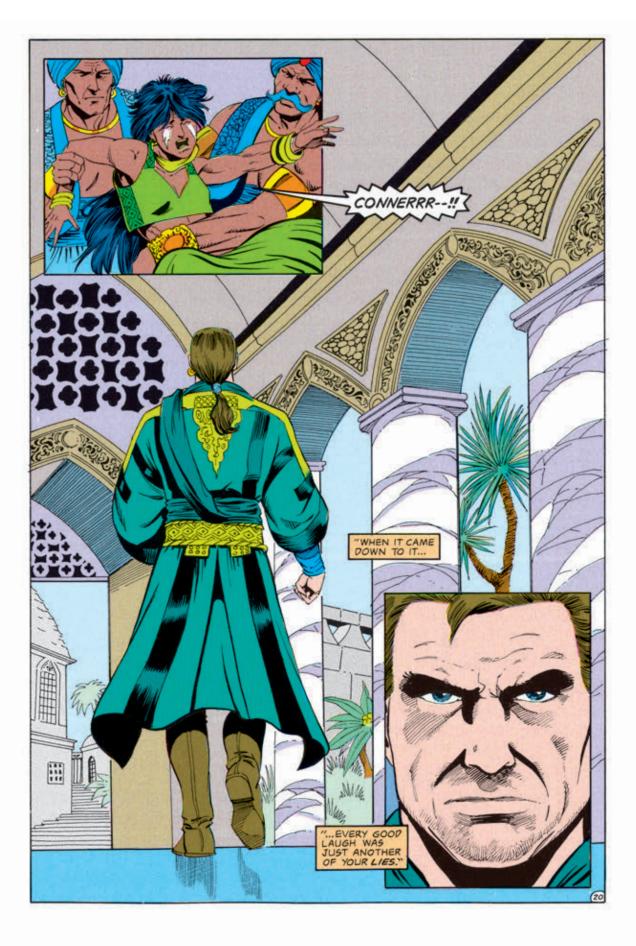
















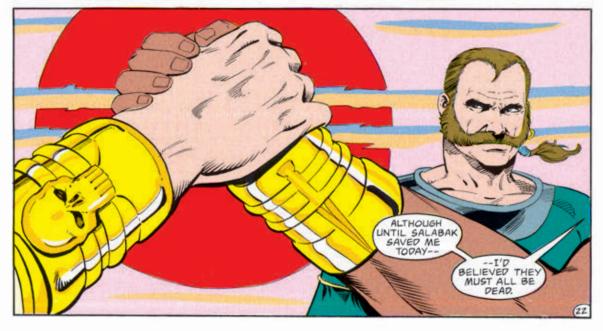








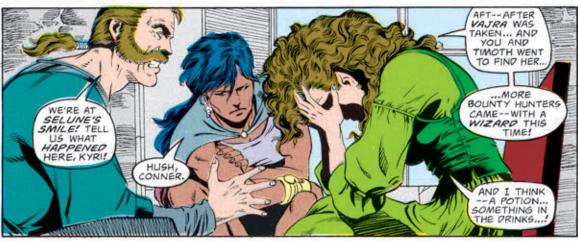


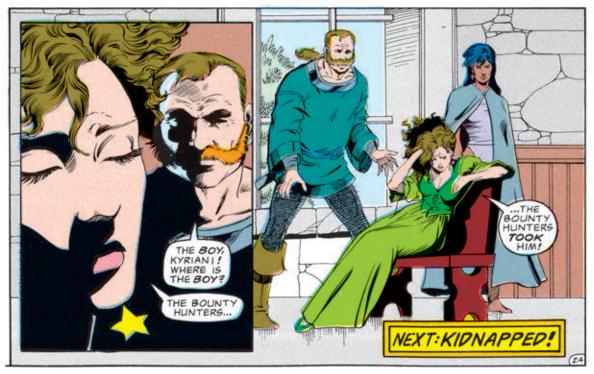




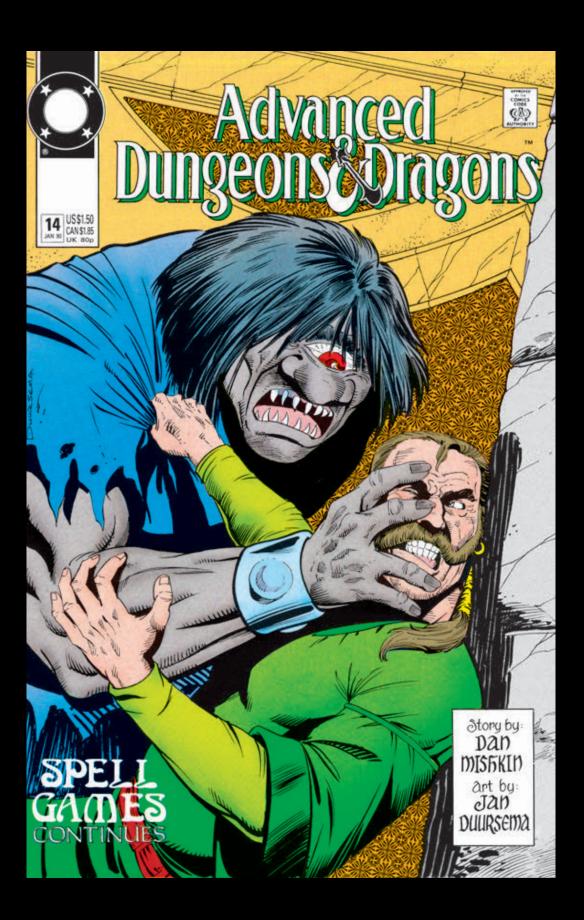












































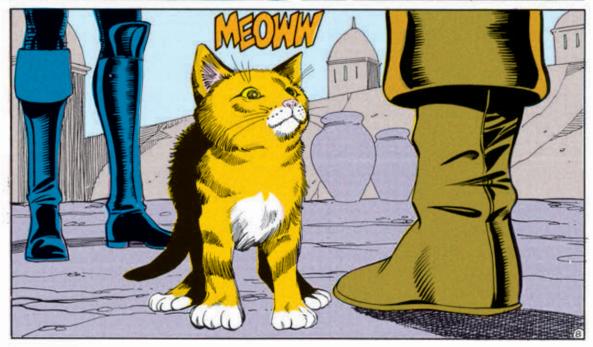




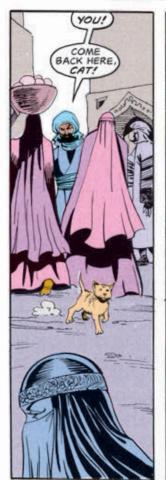






































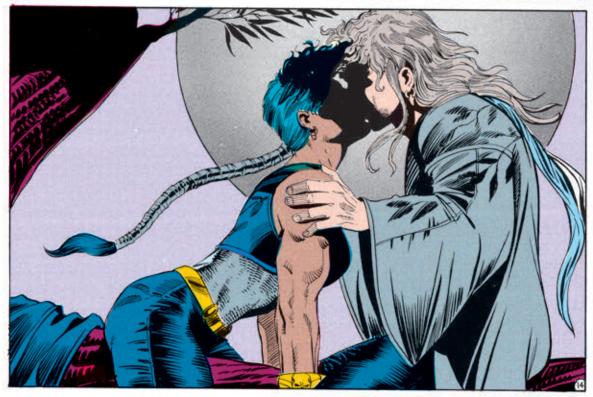












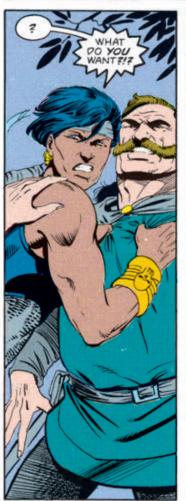








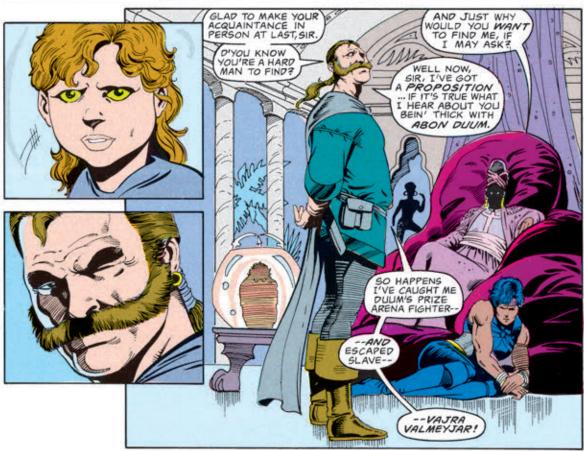












































































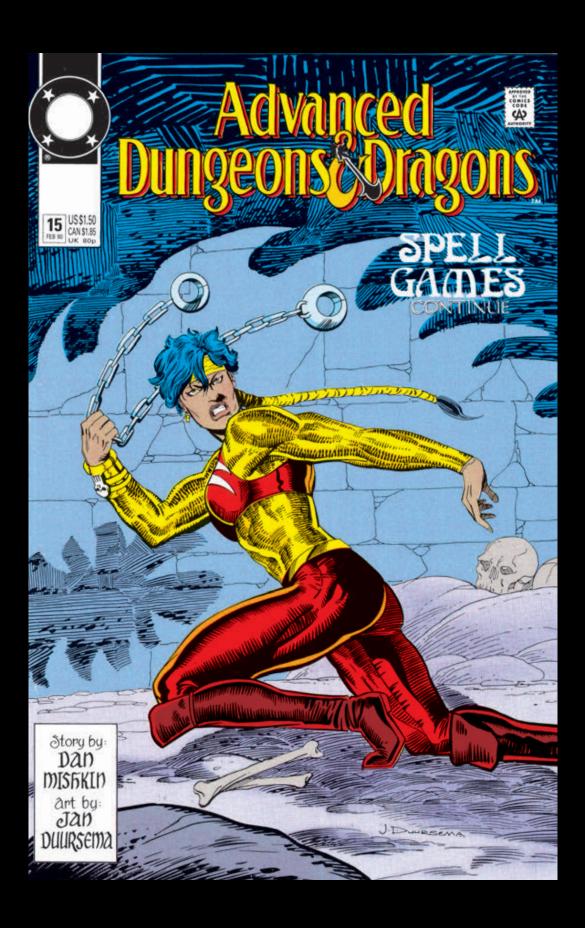




























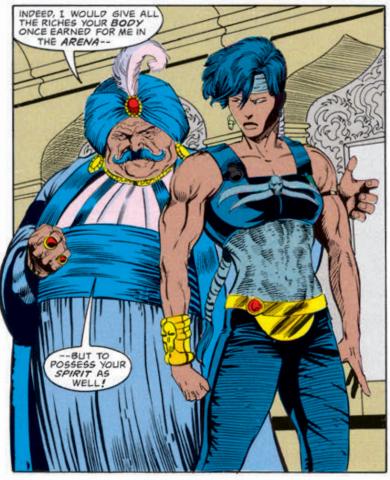






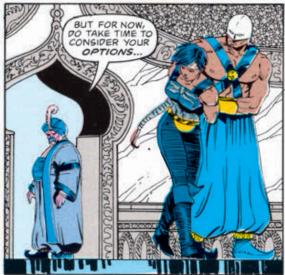










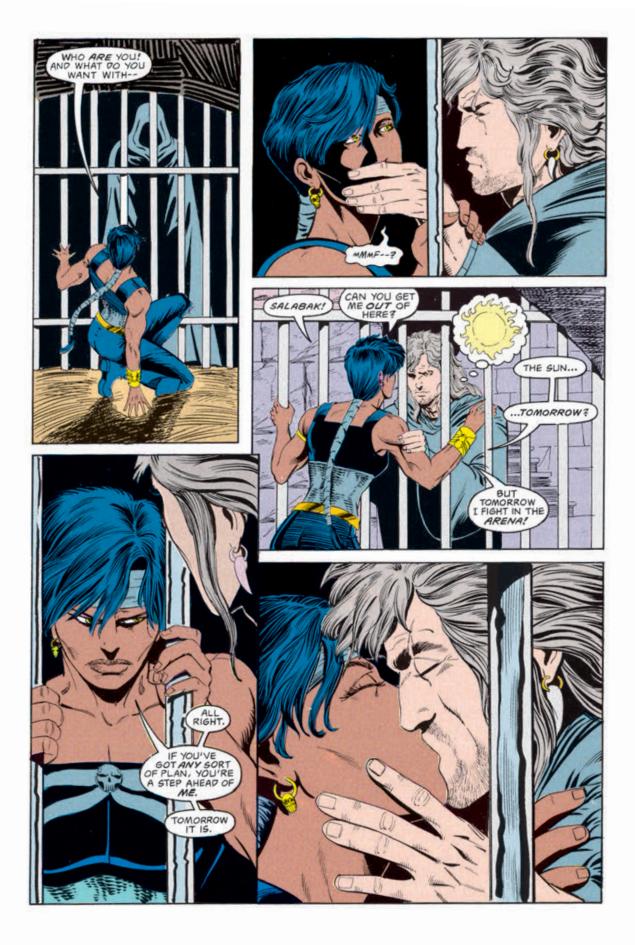


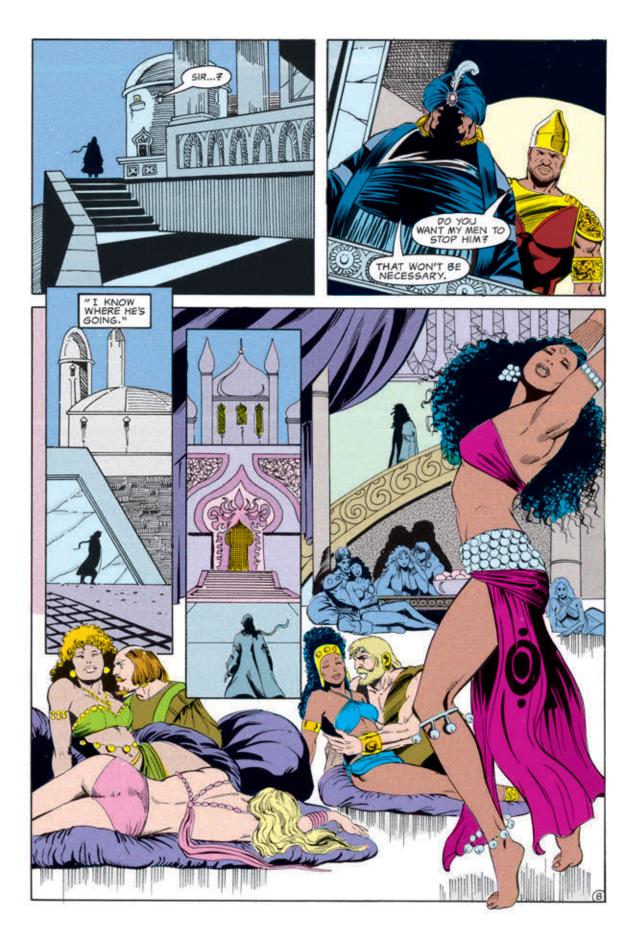


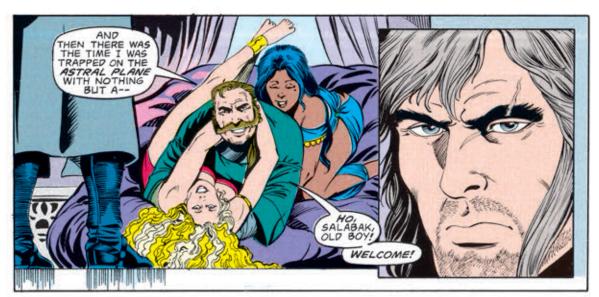








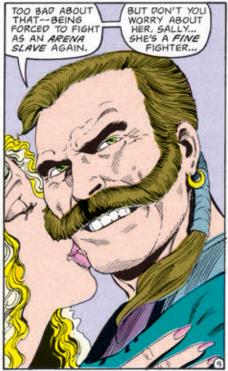






































































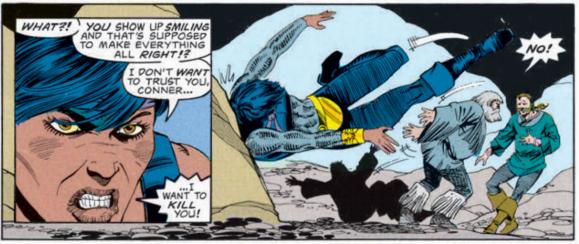


















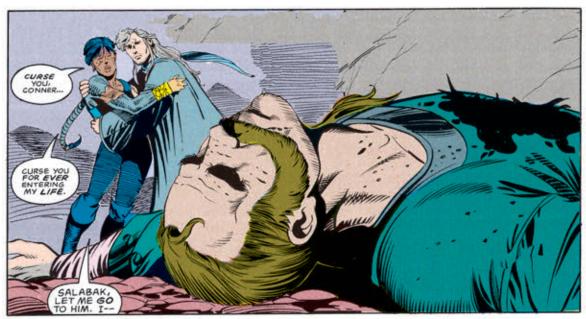










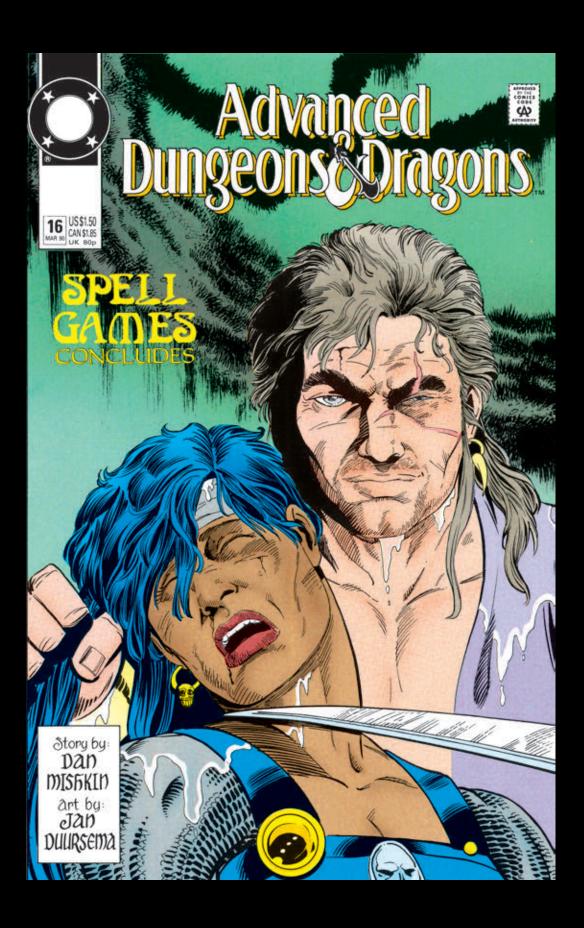












































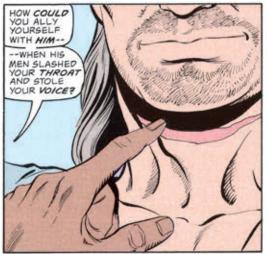




















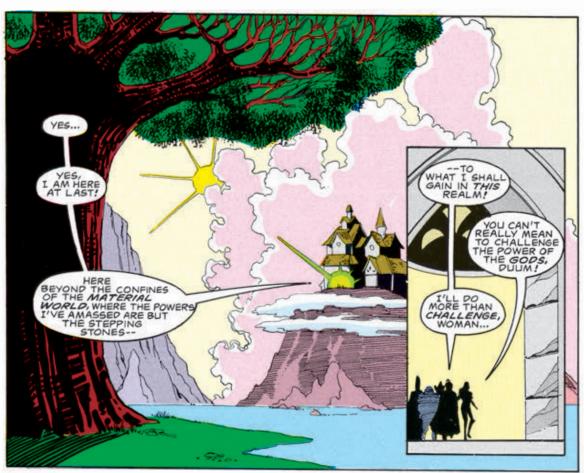






















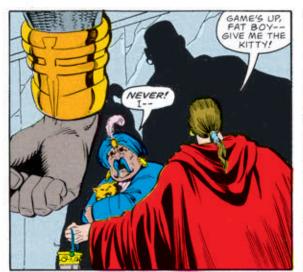










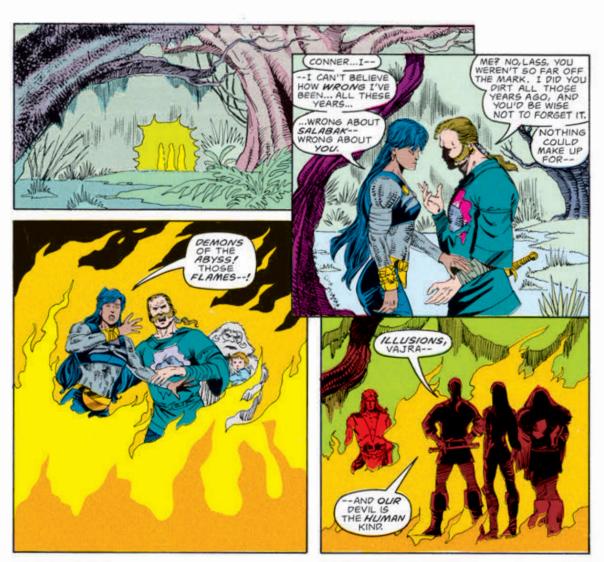










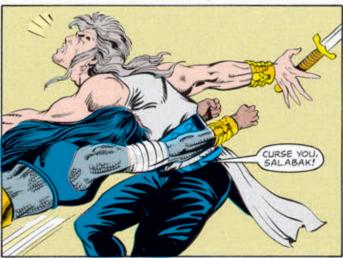


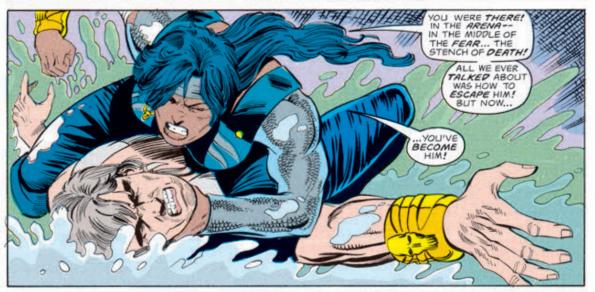








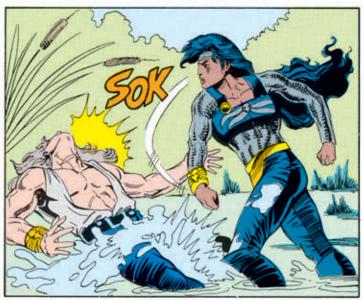




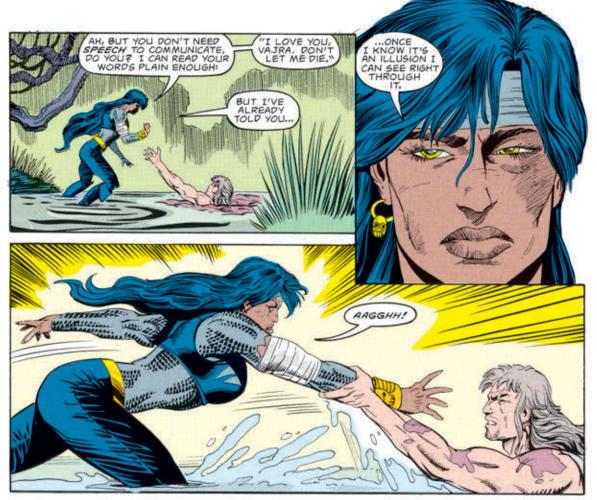














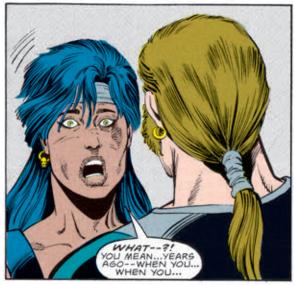






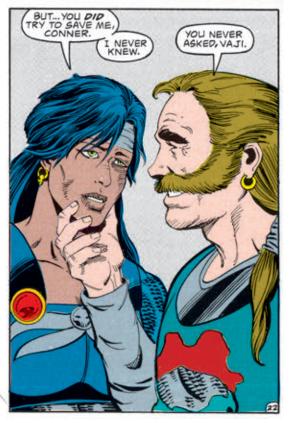








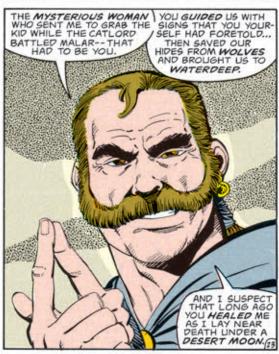




















## Dungeons Dragons c o m i c

FROM THE DUNGEON by Jim Lowder

Calimshan and the city of Manshaka

Calimshan is a place of extreme opposites. The inhospitable Calim Desert dominates almost one quarter of the country's land, but its cities are opulent and comfortable. Strong legal codes with strict penalties determine the fates of criminals in Calimshan's more civilized areas, but desert raiders and powerful crime lords control large pockets of land, dealing their own brand of justice to those foolish enough to cross their paths.

Calimshan is, in short, much like Tethyr, its neighbor to the north: a place of potentially fabulous adventure, but rife with terrible danger for the unwise.

Money presents a great attraction for most of Calimshan's residents. The country is an important center for merchant activity in southeastern Faerun. Calishite traders are among the most prosperous on the world of Toril, as their vast, finely constructed cities proclaim.

Only one thing can even approach having the importance of money in Calishite society: magic. But typical Calishite merchants and viziers don't value magic in and of itself. Magic, like gold, is only worth what it can get you. Thus, you won't find many reclusive, research-oriented mages in Calimshan. Most wizards spend their days creating new time-saving devices or incantations. As you might expect, they are very well paid for their services. Through their magic, the rich merchants of Calimshan have become masters of leisure; nothing can take care of menial duties like a good spell.

But this wealthy country has a darker side. Visitors to Calimshan soon discover the incredible ethnocentricity that permeates society there. Travelers from highly civilized places like Cormyr or Waterdeep are often amazed to learn that native Calishites consider their homelands backward and barbaric. The Calishites, for their part, don't even try to mask their opinions of "crass foreigners."

Considering this attitude of superiority, it isn't surprising that Calishites favor slavery, too. Like magic, slaves help to maintain the typical merchant's standard of living. Since they condemn all non-Calishites as inferior, most Calishite citizens don't find it difficult to treat people like chattel. Many an

unwary adventurer has found himself aboard a slave galley or in a mine in Calimshan as a result of crossing the wrong influential person.

This sums up Vajra Valmeyjar's experiences in Calimshan, too. After Conner rescued the young Vaji from the life of a beggar in a small Tethyrian market town, he trained her as a fighter and con artist. Together, Conner and Vajra traveled to Calimshan. In the major Calishite cities—Memmon, Teshburl, Calimport, and Keltar, they ran confidence games.



Though Calishite cities have strict civil codes and large city watches, it is impossible to keep crime out of a place the size of Calimport. That city, one of the largest in the Realms, boasts a population of over one million people. Conner and Vajra found it easy to take travelers or small merchants for modest sums, then hide away in another part of the city. When they'd been in one place long enough for the watch to be suspicious, they moved on.

This plan worked fine for a while. Conner and Vajra made a comfortable living and never really faced any serious danger. While the young thief and the older con man had a few notable adventures, they certainly never feared for their lives. Then they reached Manshaka.

Like most port cities, Manshaka can be a rough place. It's a common stop for coastal traders and a market point for cattle and other livestock from Calimshan's ranges. Adventurers frequent Manshaka, too, as many moneylenders do business there. It's easy to obtain the money to finance anything in Manshaka, though sometimes the lenders charge as much as 100% interest a month for risky ventures.

To Conner, Manshaka seemed to be the perfect place for confidence games. Unlike other Calishite cities, the legal codes in Manshaka were relatively lax, and Conner soon learned that the city watch was subject to bribery. The nominal ruler of the city was Vizier Artouk Fanzir, but he was really only one member of a self-interested twelve-man council who sometimes took care of the city's business.

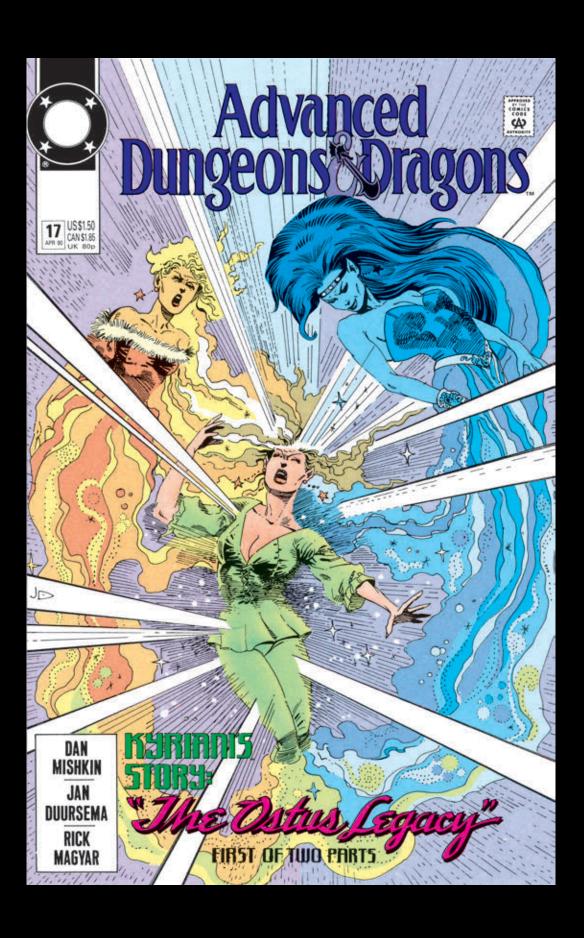
Vizier Fanzir and the city council seemed more interested in maintaining the legendary Arena of Blood. In the arena, slaves and free warriors fought one another for immense purses. Combat was always to the death, and the city openly encouraged wagering at the arena. It was, after all, a major source of tax revenue.

Upon arriving in Manshaka, Conner and Vajra thought they had found a place where they could finally play a few big scams and perhaps even make enough money to relax for a little while. But Conner chose poorly when he targeted Abon Duum for a sting.

Duum is a crimelord whose landholdings stand outside Manshaka. When the con went bad, Conner had no choice but to give Vajra to Duum. Vajra, then only twelve, was a natural for the arena. It was in that terrible battleground that she honed her skills with various weapons and waited for the right time to escape.

Conner was busy during this time, too. Though many years passed before Vajra knew it, Conner had attempted to rescue her from Duum. (He'd left her with the criminal, planning from the start to help her to escape.) The rescue failed, of course, and Conner found himself on the receiving end of Duum's version of Calishite justice: beaten and left to die in the desert.

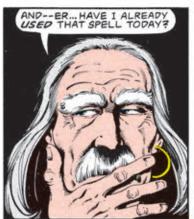
For more information on Calimshan, take a look at the FORGOTTEN REALMS™game accessory, Empires of the Sands, by Scott Haring, and The Halfling's Gem, the third novel in R.A. Salvatore's exciting Icewind Dale Trilogy. Both published by TSR—of course.

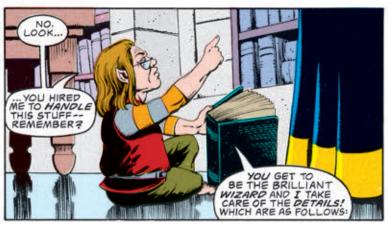




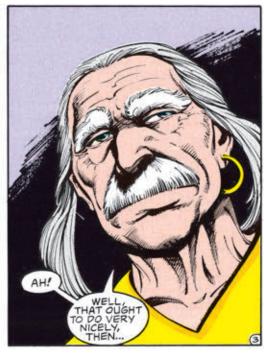












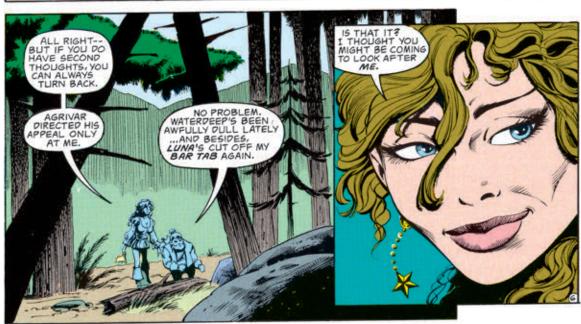






















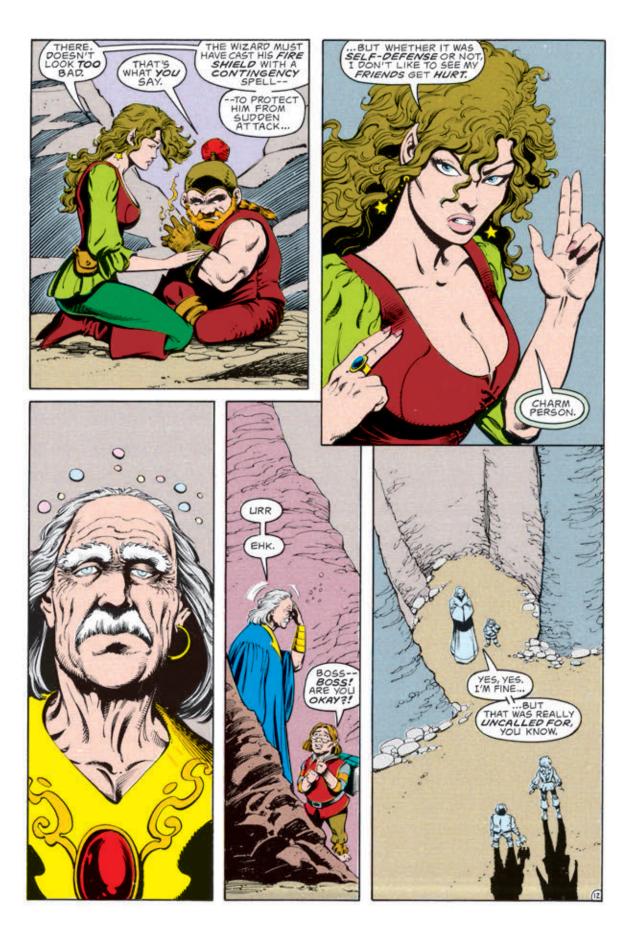


















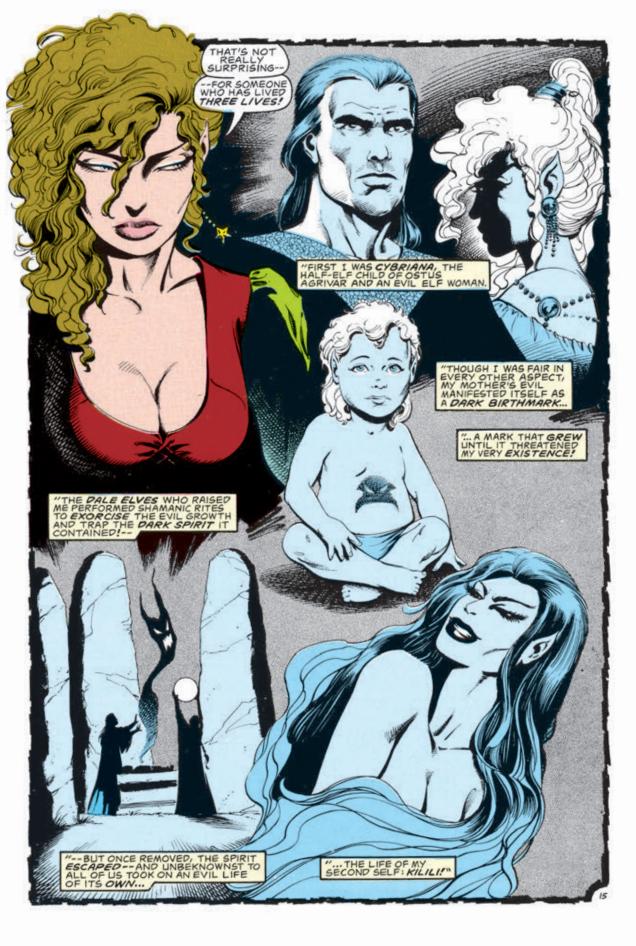


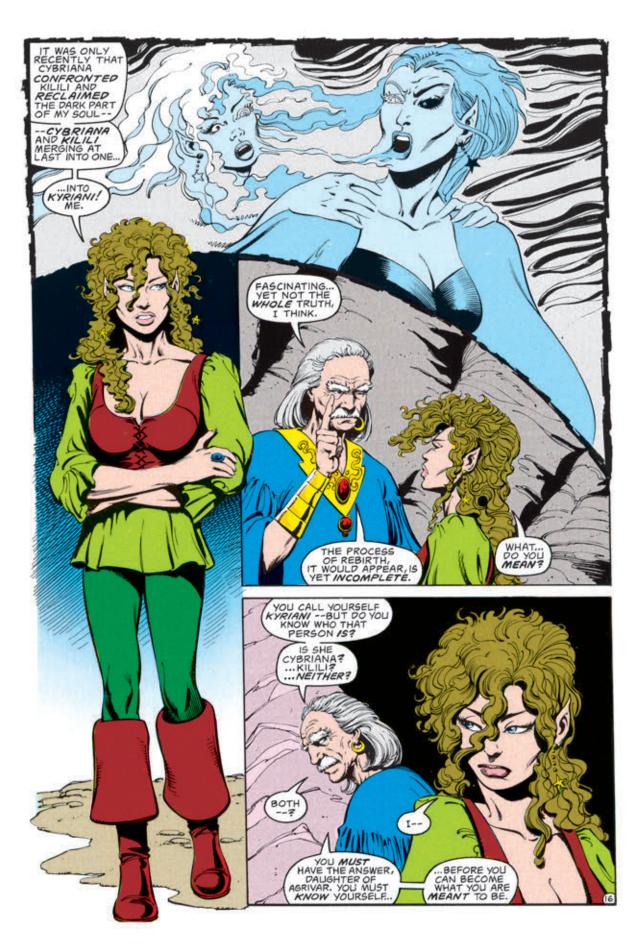










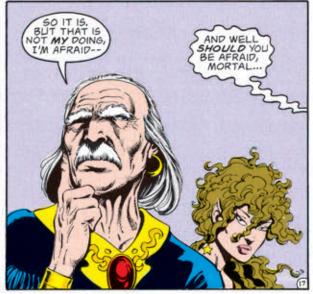




















































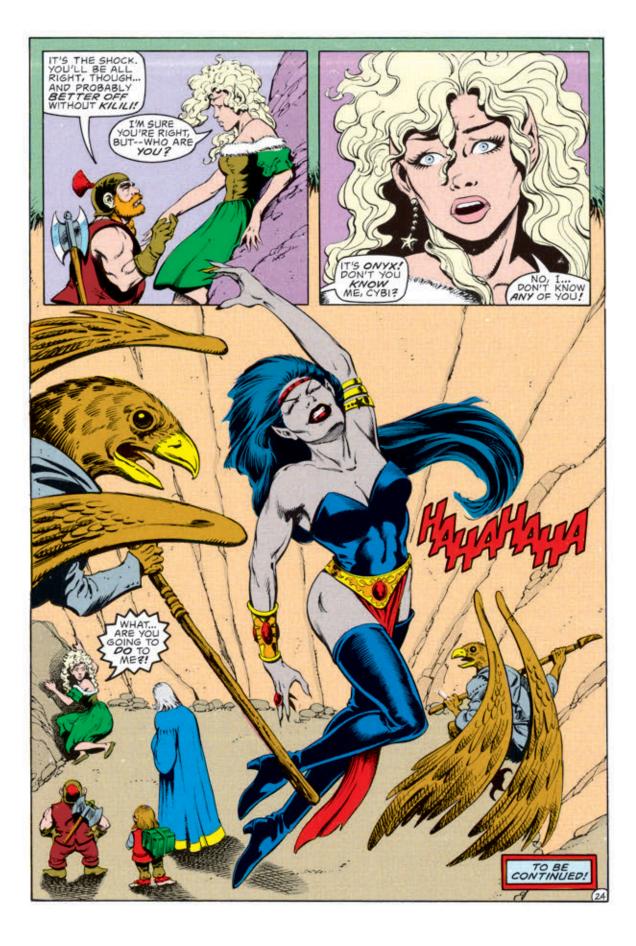
































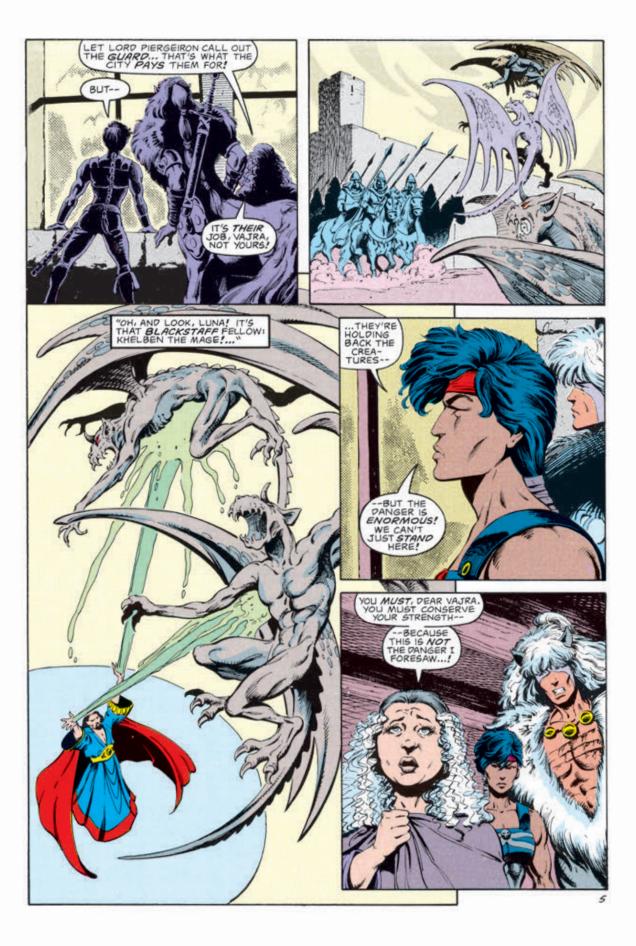




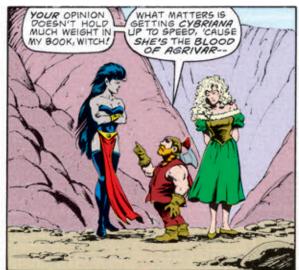
































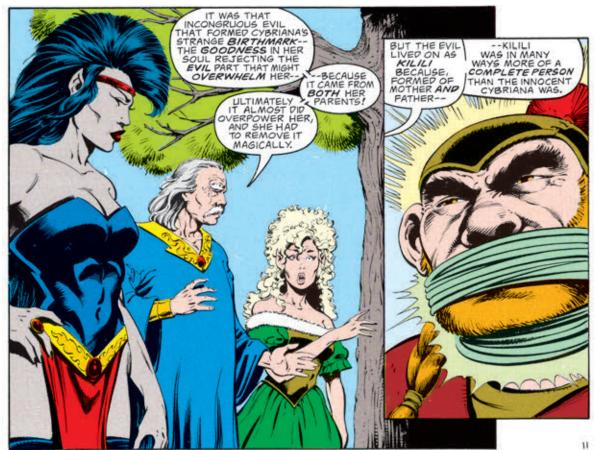






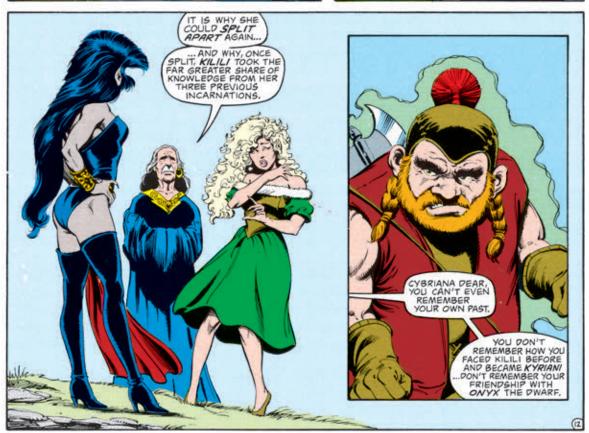








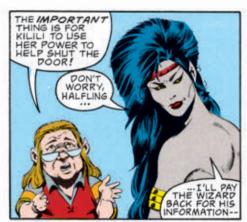




















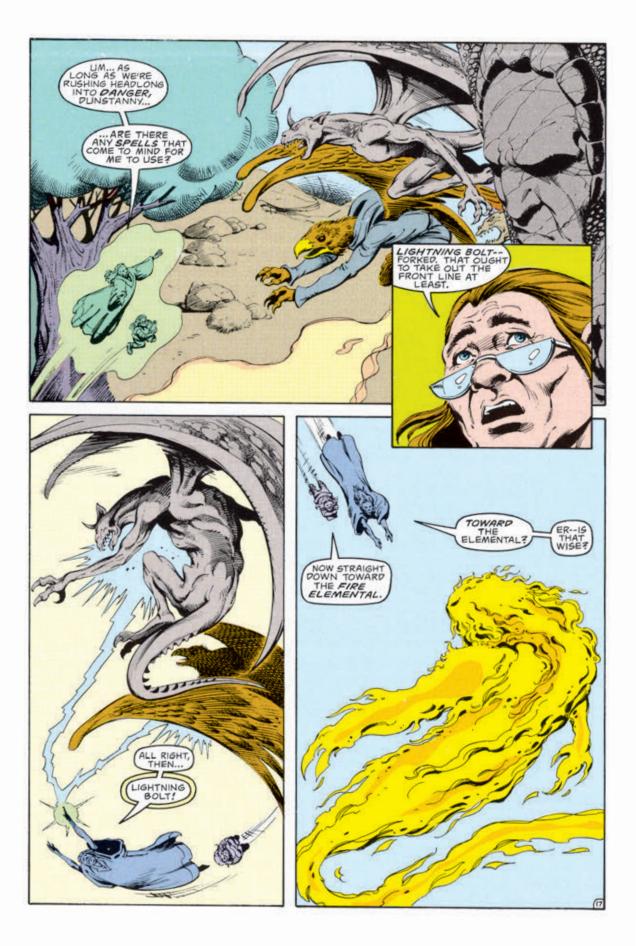


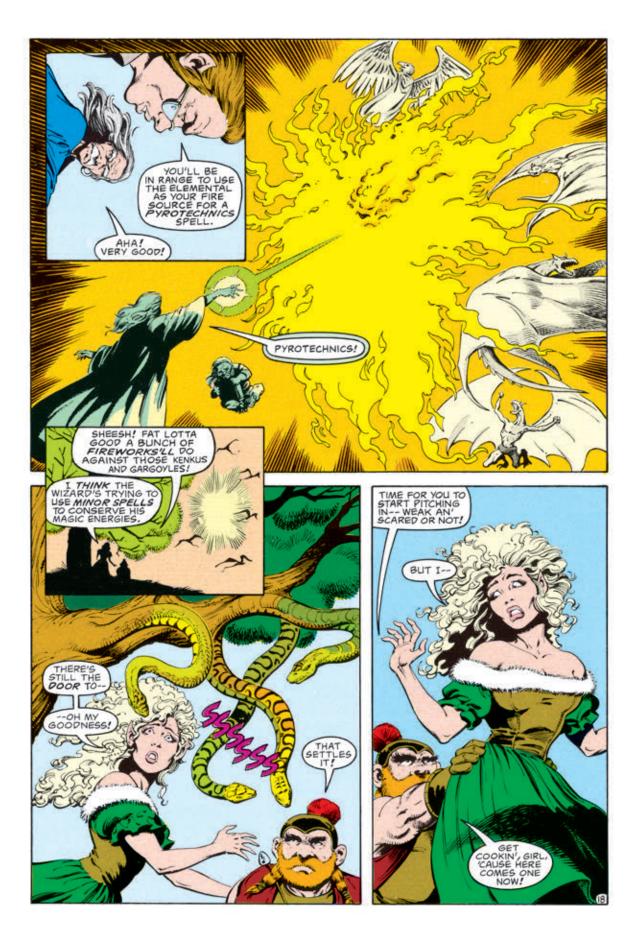








































## DUNCEONS DRAGONS CLASSICS









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An ancient evil rises and once again threatens the Realms, and only a motley band of adventurers can stop it. A surly dwarf warrior and his benevolent centaur companion, a gladiator who survived the arenad, a fallen paladin, and a timid halfelf must somehow find a way to work together if the Realms are going to survive the coming darkness. This action-packed volume collects issues #9-18 of the fan-favorite series by writers Jeff Grubb and Dan Mishkin, with artist Jan Duursema.



