

THE LEGEND OF  
**DRIZZT**

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS



R.A. SALVATORE

FORGOTTEN REALMS

**HOMELAND**



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THE LEGEND OF

# DRIZZT

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# CHAPTER 1





*Never does a star grace this land  
with a poet's light of twinkling  
mysteries, nor does the sun send to  
here its rays of warmth and life.*

*This is the  
Underdark...*

*...the secret world beneath  
the bustling surface of the  
Forgotten Realms, whose  
sky is a ceiling of  
heartless stone...*



*...and whose walls show  
the gray blandness of death  
in the torchlight of the  
feckish surface-dwellers  
that stumble here.*



*This is not  
their land...*



*...not the  
world of light.*

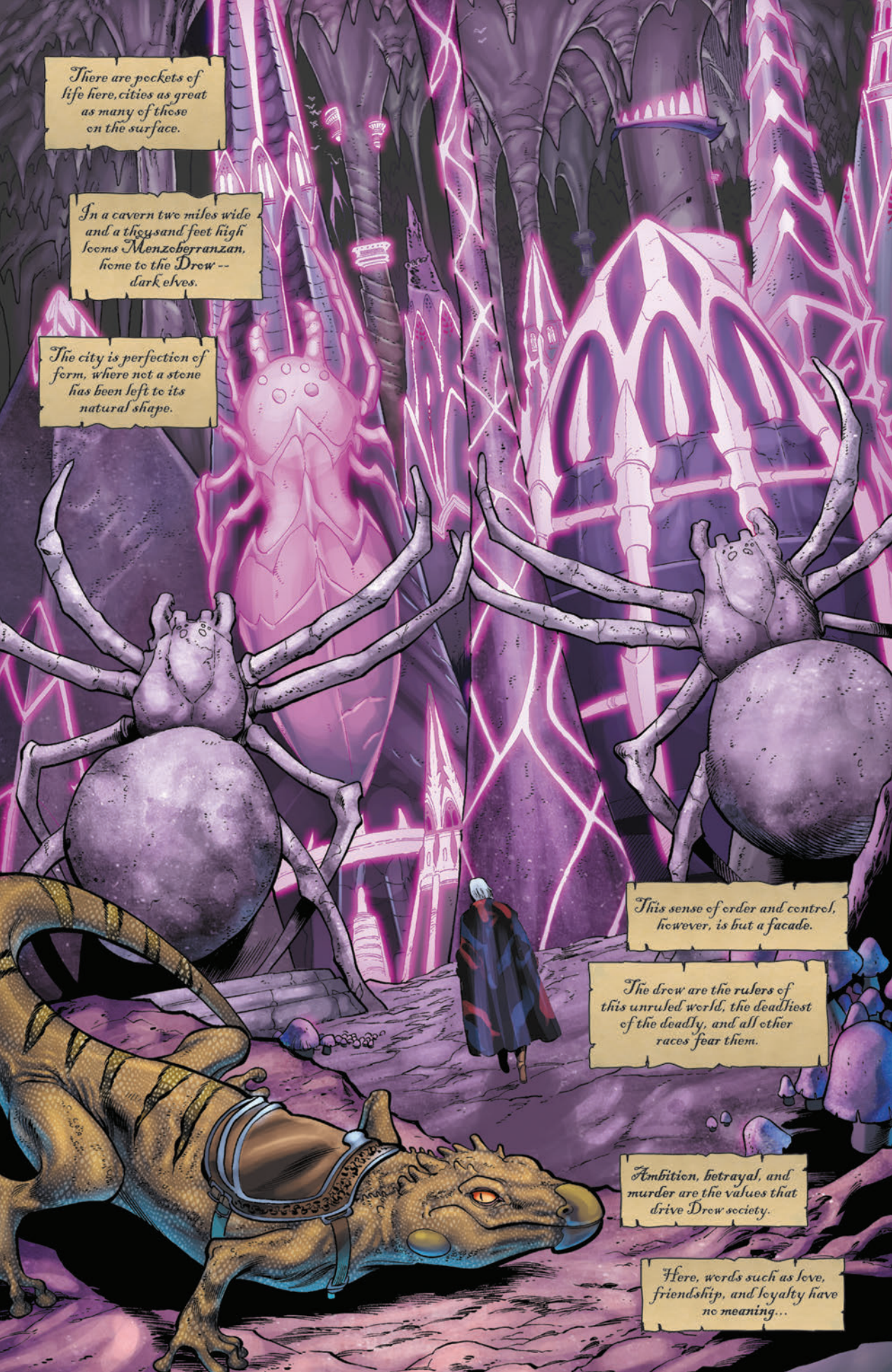


*Most who come  
here uninvited  
do not return.*



*This is the  
Underdark.*





*There are pockets of life here, cities as great as many of these on the surface.*

*In a cavern two miles wide and a thousand feet high looms Menzoberranzan, home to the Drow -- dark elves.*

*The city is perfection of form, where not a stone has been left to its natural shape.*

*This sense of order and control, however, is but a facade.*

*The drow are the rulers of this unruly world, the deadliest of the deadly, and all other races fear them.*

*Ambition, betrayal, and murder are the values that drive Drow society.*

*Here, words such as love, friendship, and loyalty have no meaning...*





... here, even those born of royal blood are prone to treachery.



STUDENT  
OR MASTER?



ONLY  
A MASTER MAY  
WALK OUT-OF-HOUSE  
HERE AT THE  
ACADEMY.



GREETINGS,  
FACELESS  
ONE.

SECONDBOY  
DO'URDEN, HAVE  
YOU MY  
PAYMENT?



YOU WILL BE  
COMPENSATED.

OR DO  
YOU DOUBT THE  
WORD OF MALICE  
DO'URDEN?

MY  
APOLOGIES,  
DININ.



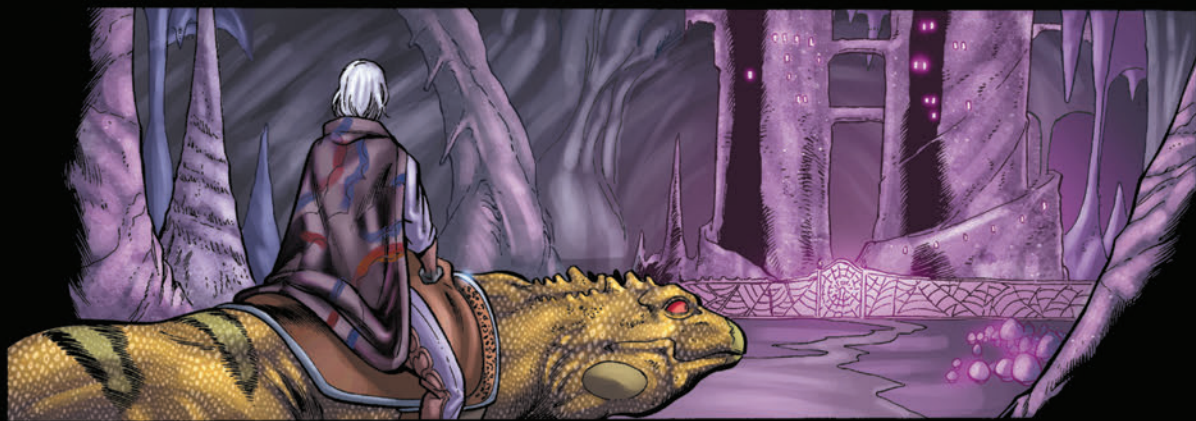
YOU WILL  
GET YOUR REWARD  
WHEN ALTON DEVIR  
IS DEAD.

OF  
COURSE. SHOULD  
MY DOOMED PUPIL  
KNOW OF HIS HOUSE'S  
FATE BEFORE HE  
DIES?



AS THE KILLING  
BLOW FALLS, LET  
ALTON DEVIR LEARN  
HIS FAMILY DIES  
WITH HIM.




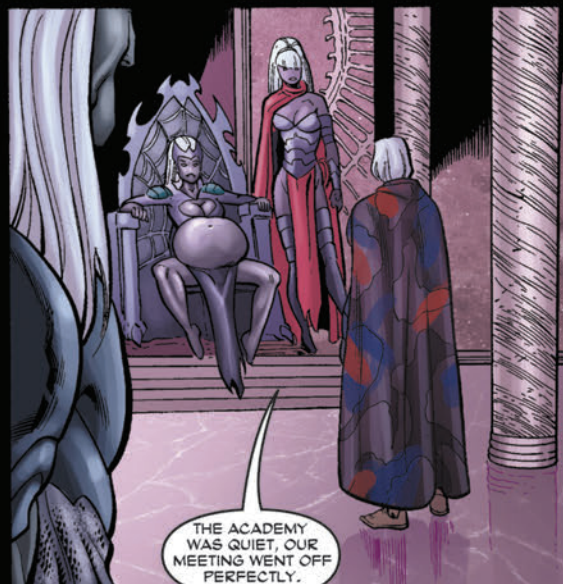






ALL IS  
READY, MATRON  
MALICE.

HOUSE DEVIR  
HUDDLES WITHIN  
ITS FENCE— EXCEPT  
FOR ALTON, FOOLISHLY  
ATTENDING HIS STUDIES  
IN *SORCERE*.



WHILE YOU MALES LEAD OUR  
TROOPS TO ASSAULT DEVIR *PHYSICALLY*,  
WE SHALL CALL UPON THE POWER OF LOTH  
TO CRUSH MATRON GINAFAE AND HER  
CLERICS *PSYCHICALLY*.

WITHOUT THEIR  
MATRON MOTHER'S  
POWER AND PROTECTION,  
DEVIR WILL FALL  
QUICKLY.









HOUSE DEVIR.

SPECIFICALLY, THE CHAPEL  
WHERE MATRON GINAFÆ,  
HER DAUGHTERS AND CLERICS  
HUDDLE IN PRAYER--

--PRAYERS  
THAT WILL GO  
UNANSWERED.

M-MALICE...?  
NO!

WE ARE  
UNDER  
ATTACK!





WELL DONE, YOUR  
BROTHER **NALFEIN**  
IS IN THROUGH  
THE BACK.

AN EASY VICTORY,  
**RIZZEN**, IF MATRON  
GINAFÆE AND HER  
CLERICS ARE HELD  
AT BAY.



TRUST IN  
THE MAGIC  
OF MATRON  
MALICE...



...AND IN  
THE **BLADES OF**  
**ZAKNAFEIN**.



"TRULY, HE IS THE DEADLIEST  
WEAPONS MASTER IN A  
THOUSAND GENERATIONS--

--AND NEVER HAS  
ONE DROW TOOK SUCH  
PLEASURE IN SLAYING  
HIS BRETHREN."





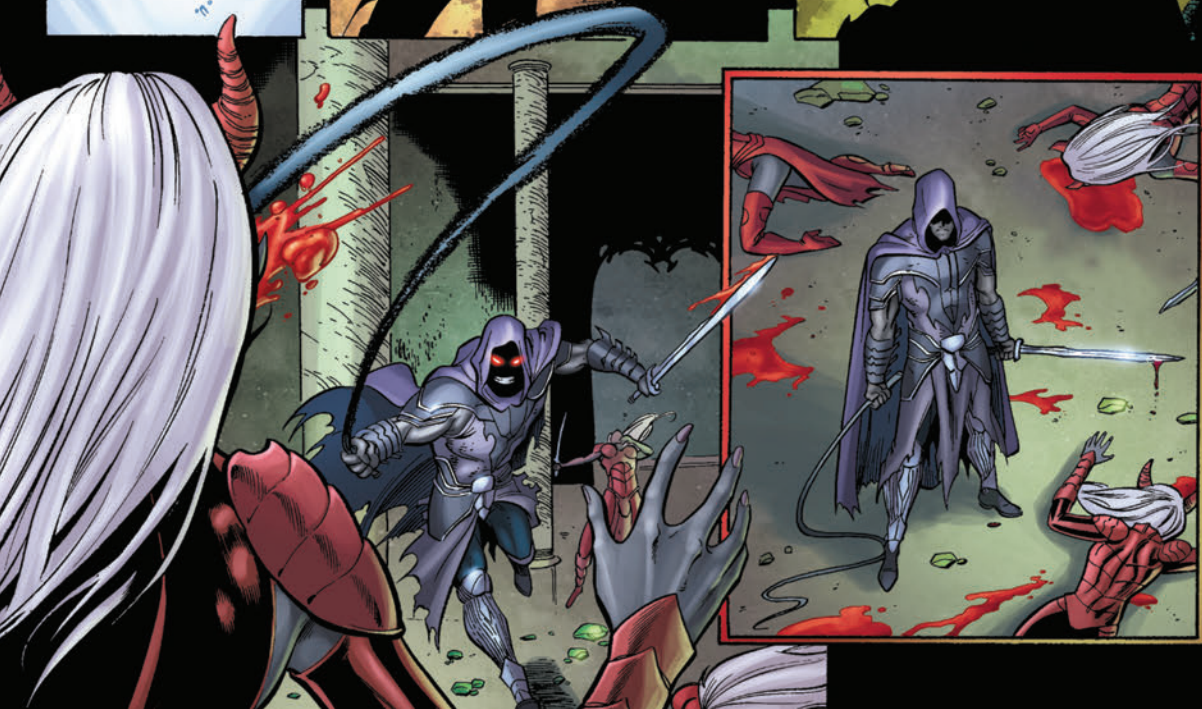


HOUSE DEVIR...

SUCH POWERFUL MAGIC...!

HOUSE DEVIR...

SUCH POWERFUL MAGIC...!







IT NEARS  
ITS END,  
BROTHER.

TWO SCORE OF  
DEVIR'S SOLDIERS HAVE  
ALREADY TURNED  
ALLEGIANCE TO US.



THEY AREN'T FOOLS.  
ONE HOUSE SERVES THEM  
AS WELL AS ANOTHER. OUR  
TASK HERE WILL BE  
FINISHED SOON.

TOO QUICKLY  
FOR ANYONE TO  
TAKE NOTE.  
  
NOW DO'URDEN  
IS THE NINTH HOUSE OF  
MENZOBERRANZAN.



LISTEN!



SCHLUK



I'M SORRY,  
BROTHER—



—BUT THIS IS  
OUR WAY.  
  
NOW I AM  
ELDERBOY OF  
HOUSE DO'URDEN,  
AND NALFEIN BE  
DAMNED.



HOUSE DO'URDEN.

DRIZZT.

THE CHILD'S NAME IS DRIZZT.

QUEEN OF SPIDERS, TAKE THIS BABE.

DRIZZT DO'URDEN, WE OFFER YOU IN PAYMENT FOR OUR GLORIOUS VIC--

WAIT!

MAYA?!

DO YOU NOT SENSE IT?

NALFEIN IS DEAD! THE BABY IS NO LONGER THE THIRD LIVING SON!

WE PROMISED THE SPIDER QUEEN A SON OF HOUSE DO'URDEN, AND IT HAS BEEN GIVEN.

BUT NOT IN SACRIFICE!

STAY YOUR HAND, BRIZA.

LOLTH IS CONTENT; OUR VICTORY IS WON.

WELCOME, THEN, YOUR BROTHER.

LOOK AT HIS EYES... THEY'RE PURPLE. SUCH AN ODD COLOR.

→HRMPH←

IT'S JUST A MALE, VIENNA.

HE'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF DEAD.





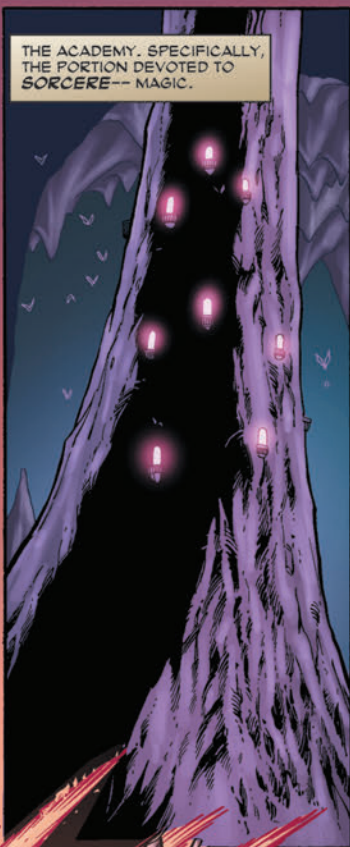
BUT I AM ALONE HERE, A DROW IN NAME ONLY-- THERE IS NO ONE ELSE LIKE ME.



LET THEM DISCOVER WHAT I REALLY AM.



THE ACADEMY. SPECIFICALLY,  
THE PORTION DEVOTED TO  
*SORCERE*— MAGIC.



YOU REQUESTED  
MY PRESENCE, MASTER  
FACELESS ONE?

YES, ALTON  
DEVIR, I DID.



DO NOT RUN,  
DEVIR—





-- YOU ONLY  
LENGTHEN YOUR  
TORMENT!



W-WHAT...?

SPLORCH



WHY? WHY WOULD  
YOU WANT TO  
KILL ME?!

YOU KNOW  
MY HOUSE,  
FACELESS ONE!  
FOURTH IN THE CITY!  
MATRON GINAFEE  
WILL NOT BE  
PLEASED!

HOUSE  
DEVIR IS NO  
MORE.



THEY'RE  
ALL DEAD.

EXCEPT FOR  
POOR ALTON, AND  
THAT OVERSIGHT SHALL  
BE REMEDIED  
NOW!



UK!





YOU ARE JUST A BOY, AN APPRENTICE. WHY WOULD YOU—?

KILL HIM?

NOT TO SAVE YOU, IF THAT IS YOUR HOPE.

I AM MASOJ.

LOOK AT ME, A PRINCE OF THE SIXTH HOUSE, NOTHING MORE THAN A CLEANING STEWARD FOR THAT WRETCHED—



HUN'ETT. HOUSE HUN'ETT IS THE SIXTH HOUSE.

WELL, FIFTH NOW, I SUPPOSE, WITH DEVIR WIPED OUT.

NOT YET!

MOMENTARILY.



WAIT! KILL ME TO WHAT GAIN?

AN ALIBI.

BUT YOU HAVE YOUR ALIBI, AND WE CAN MAKE IT BETTER.

FREE ME SO THAT I MAY ASSUME THE FACELESS ONE'S IDENTITY!



AND WHAT IS MY GAIN?

A MASTER IN SORCERE TO CALL MENTOR. ONE WHO CAN EASE YOUR WAY THROUGH YOUR YEARS OF STUDY.



AND WHY, WITH NO FAMILY OR ALLIES, WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO LIVE?

REVENGE.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO GET THE ACID, "FACELESS ONE."











TRY AGAIN! TRY A THOUSAND TIMES IF YOU MUST!



HE IS YOUNG FOR THAT.

PERHAPS, BUT I'LL NOT KNOW UNTIL I LET HIM TRY, BRIZA.



WHIP HIM WHEN HE FAILS. HE NEEDS INSPIRATION.

DRIZZT IS MINE TO REAR, AND I NEED NO HELP FROM YOU!



YOU SHOULD WATCH HOW YOU SPEAK TO A HIGH PRIESTESS.

AS MATRON MALICE WILL WATCH HOW YOU *INTERFERE* WITH THE TASK SHE ASSIGNED ME.



YOU ARE TOO SOFT FOR THIS CHORE.

YOU CARE ABOUT HIM.

MALE CHILDREN MUST BE TAUGHT THEIR PLACE.

AFFECTION HAS NO ROLE IN OUR WORLD--  
-- AND HE'D BE BEST SERVED TO LEARN THAT NOW.



ENOUGH!

I WILL DO IT, VIERNA--!



AAGH!

*The next day, Drizzt levitated the full twenty feet in his first attempt.*



ELEVEN YEARS  
PASS...

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
THIS DAY MARKS,  
DRIZZT?

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, YOU  
HAVE *SURVIVED* EVERY TEST.  
AN IMPORTANT PERIOD OF  
YOUR LIFE HAS PASSED.

YOU ARE  
NO LONGER A *CHILD*--  
YOU ARE *SECONDBOY*--  
OF HOUSE DO'URDEN  
NOW.

BUT, *DISHONOR* ME,  
AND I WILL PUT NEEDLES  
INTO YOUR PURPLE  
EYES.

MATRON MALICE,  
I PRESENT TO YOU  
ZAKNAFEIN, AS YOU  
REQUESTED.

GREETINGS, ZAK. I AM  
DRIZZT, SECONDBOY OF  
HOUSE DO'URDEN!

I CAN LOOK AT  
YOU NOW-- I MEAN AT  
YOUR EYES, AND NOT  
YOUR BOOTS. MOTHER  
TOLD ME SO.

SORCERE SEEMS  
THE NATURAL  
COURSE.

"SECONDBOY"?  
THEN IT IS TIME FOR  
YOU TO TRAIN.

MIGHT  
WE SEE?

AS YOU  
WILL.





NOW  
TRY BOTH  
HANDS.



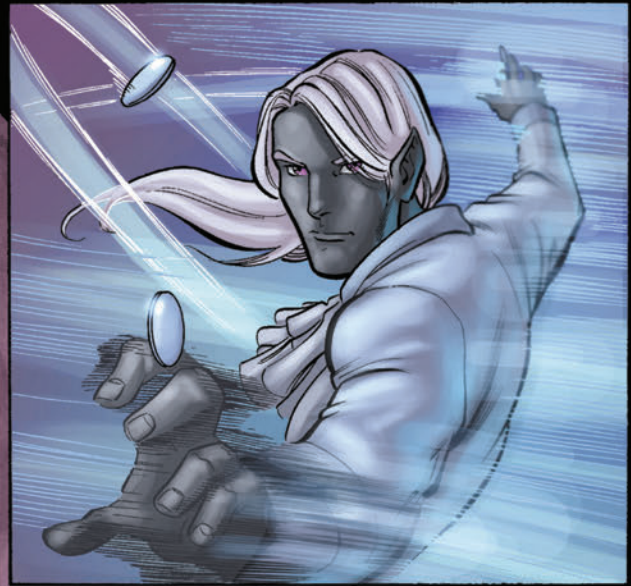
TWO-HANDS.  
EXTRAORDINARY  
REFLEXES-- HE SHOULD  
BE A FIGHTER, NOT A  
MAGICIAN.

I HAVE  
SEEN WIZARDS  
PERFORM SUCH  
FEATS.



CATCH THEM ALL,  
SECONDBOY!

CATCH  
THEM ALL OR YOU  
WILL LAND IN SORCERE,  
THE SCHOOL OF MAGIC.  
THAT IS NOT WHERE  
YOU BELONG!

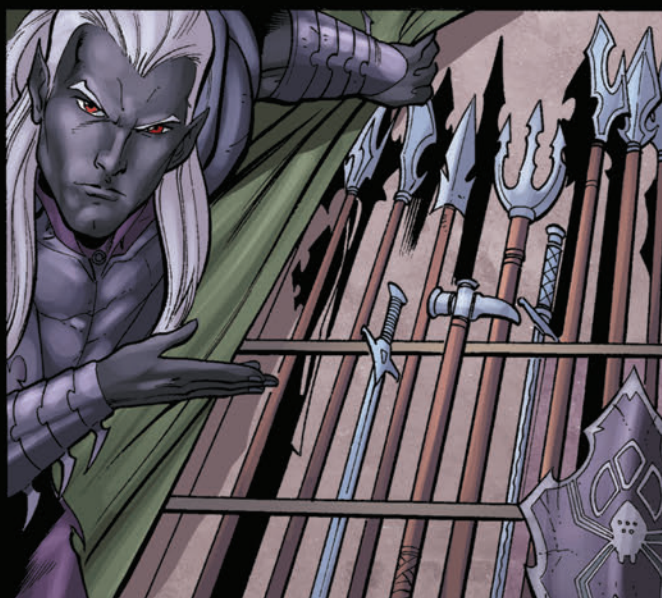


TWO-  
HANDS.



THE SECONDBOY  
IS A FIGHTER.







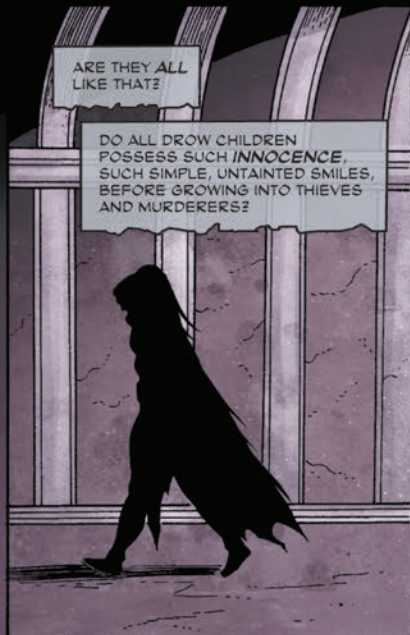
TAKE YOUR TIME AND EXAMINE THEM. LEARN WHICH ONES SIT *BEST* IN YOUR HANDS.

BY THE TIME WE HAVE FINISHED, YOU WILL KNOW EVERY ONE OF THEM AS A TRUSTED COMPANION.



ARE THEY ALL LIKE THAT?

DO ALL DROW CHILDREN POSSESS SUCH *INNOCENCE*, SUCH SIMPLE, UNTAINTED SMILES, BEFORE GROWING INTO THIEVES AND MURDERERS?

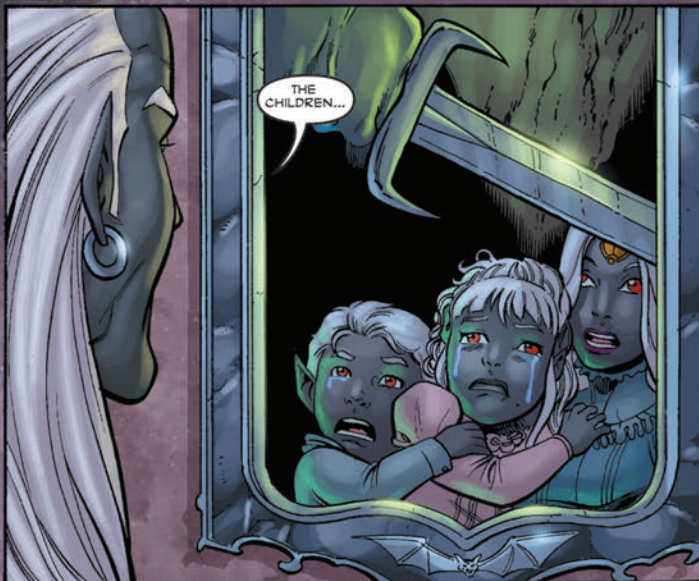


OR ARE YOU *UNIQUE*, DRIZZT?

AND IF YOU ARE SO DIFFERENT, WHAT, THEN, IS THE *CAUSE*? THE *BLOOD* COURSEING THROUGH YOUR VEINS?



THE CHILDREN...



NO!

HE IS *DIFFERENT*... I CAN'T LET HIM BECOME LIKE THE OTHERS!



HE IS *DIFFERENT*...







THE ACADEMY...

DO YOU THINK  
THIS IS WISE?

WIZARDS LIKE  
US COMMAND THE  
LOWER PLANES—  
THE DEAD ARE  
FOR CLERICS  
ALONE.



FOR SIXTEEN YEARS I HAVE  
SEARCHED FOR THE HOUSE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FAMILY'S  
DESTRUCTION.

THE ATTACK WAS  
FLAWLESSLY EXECUTED.  
TO EVEN SPECULATE ON WHO  
MADE IT WOULD INVITE THE  
WRATH OF THE RULING  
COUNCIL.

SUCH WELL-EXECUTED  
PLOTS ARE REWARDED,  
NOT CONDEMNED.

I KNOW  
THAT! BUT TONIGHT  
I WILL DISCOVER  
THE TRUTH!



AND THEN I WILL  
HAVE MY  
VENGEANCE!



ARE YOU  
READY?

NO.



FEY  
INNAUD  
DE-MIN...



FEY  
INNUNAD DE-MIN  
DE-SUL DE-KET!





MATRON  
GINFAE!  
IT IS ALTON!  
YOUR SON!



I REMEMBER  
NO SON SO  
VERY UGLY.

IT'S... A  
DISGUISE.

YOU SHOULD NOT  
HAVE DONE THIS!  
YOU MUST  
RELEASE ME!



BUT I  
NEED SOME  
INFORMATION--  
INFORMATION  
ONLY YOU CAN  
GIVE ME.

YOU DO  
NOT UNDERSTAND,  
I AM NOT IN  
LOTH'S FAVOR!

JUST  
ONE ANSWER!  
NAME THE HOUSE  
THAT DESTROYED  
OURS!



THE HOUSE?  
YES, I REMEMBER  
THAT EVIL NIGHT.

IT WAS  
HOUSE--



PAMPF

NO!

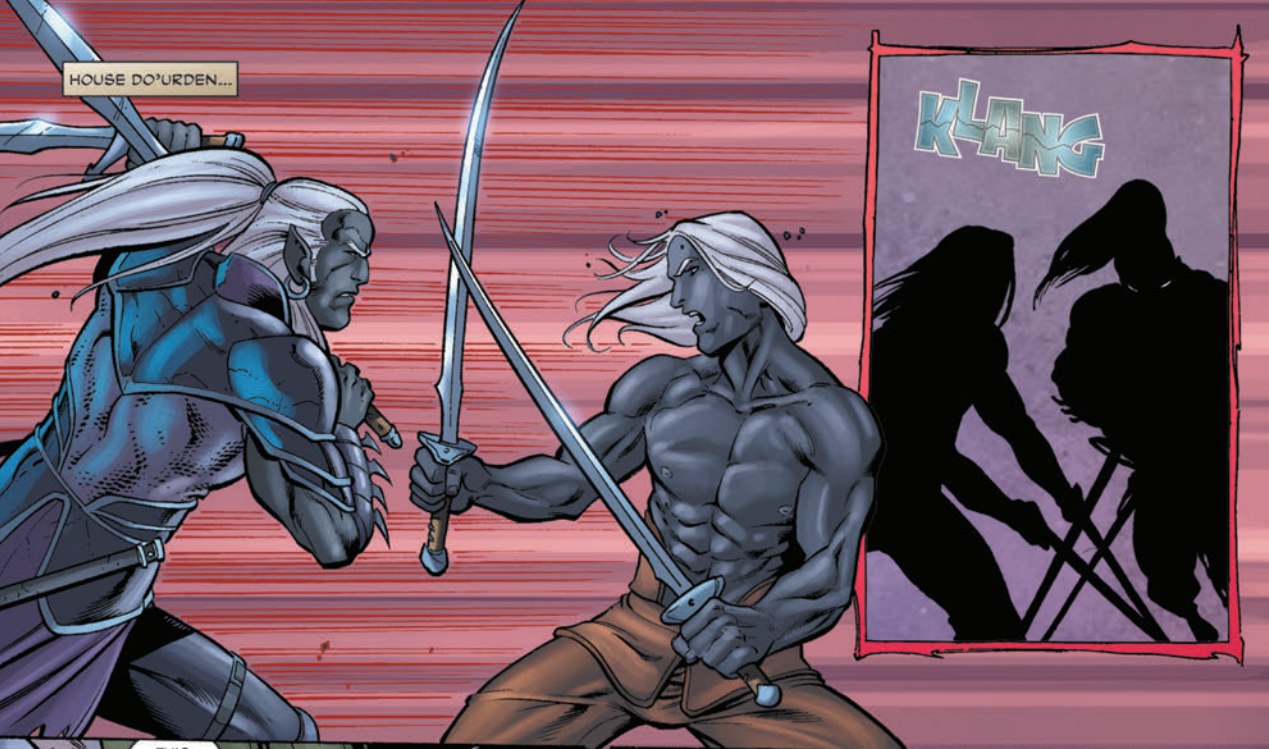


YOU DARE  
DISTURB THE  
TORMENT OF  
GINFAE?!







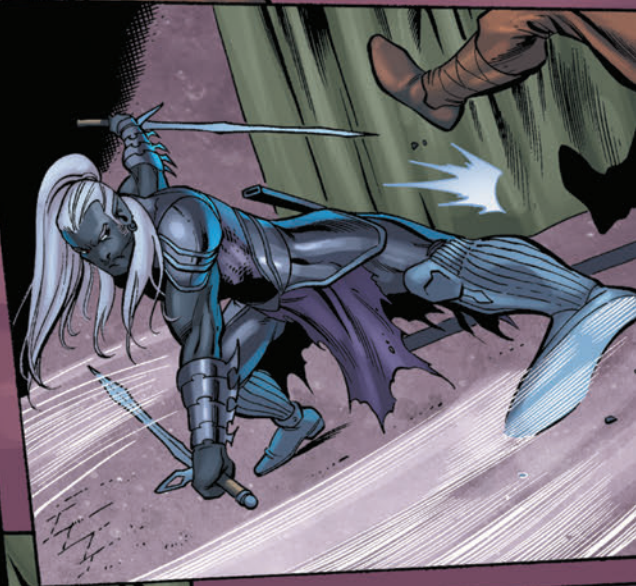


HOUSE DO'URDEN...

KLANG



THIS  
PARRY IS  
WRONG!



A GOOD  
TRY.

IN A  
REAL BATTLE,  
I WOULD HAVE  
BEEN DEAD.

SURELY, BUT THAT  
IS WHY WE TRAIN.

AND THE  
**CROSS-DOWN**  
IS THE CORRECT PARRY.  
TRUST ME, I HAVE TRAINED  
MORE SOLDIERS THAN I CAN  
COUNT, BEEN A MASTER IN  
MELEE-MAGTHERE, TAUGHT  
ALL OF YOUR SISTERS  
AND BOTH OF YOUR  
BROTHERS.

"BOTH"? I  
HAVE ONLY ONE  
BROTHER.







THEY NEVER...

...YOU  
HAD ANOTHER  
BROTHER-- **NALFEIN**.  
HE WAS KILLED IN  
BATTLE THE NIGHT  
YOU WERE BORN.



AGAINST DWARVES OR  
VICIOUS GNOMES?

NO.

THEN  
SOME OPPONENT  
MORE FOUL & WICKED  
ELVES FROM THE  
SURFACE?



HE DIED AT THE  
HANDS OF A  
**DROW!**



NOW,  
AGAIN!

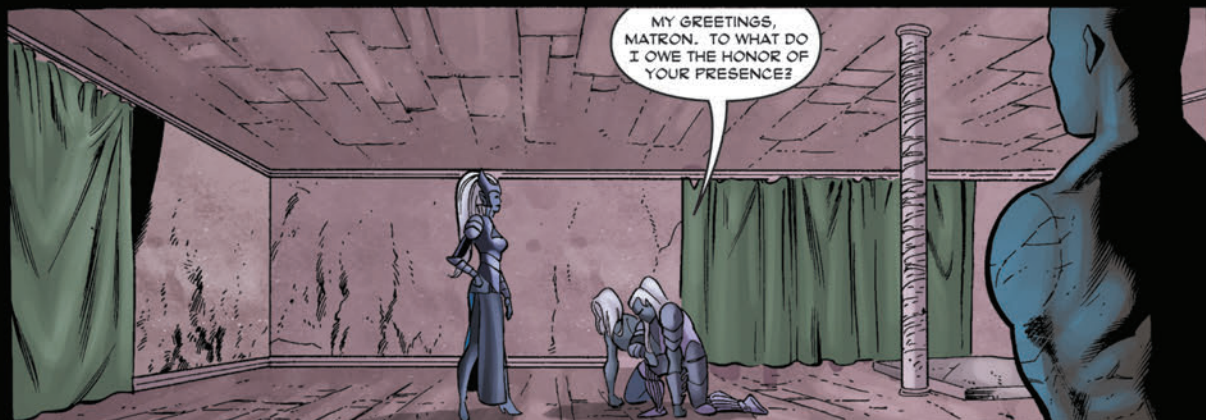


*The weapons master battled Drizzt  
through long hours as the days  
blended into weeks, and the weeks  
into months.*



*Until three years  
had passed in the  
blink of an eye.*





MY GREETINGS,  
MATRON. TO WHAT DO  
I OWE THE HONOR OF  
YOUR PRESENCE?

YOU AND MY SON SPEND SO  
MUCH TIME IN HERE, I CAME TO  
WITNESS THE **RESULTS**.

HE IS A FINE  
FIGHTER.

HE WILL  
HAVE TO  
BE.



I DO NOT DOUBT YOUR  
PROWESS WITH THE BLADE, YOU  
HAVE THE PROPER **BLOOD**.

BUT THERE  
ARE **OTHER** QUALITIES  
THAT MAKE UP A DROW  
WARRIOR.

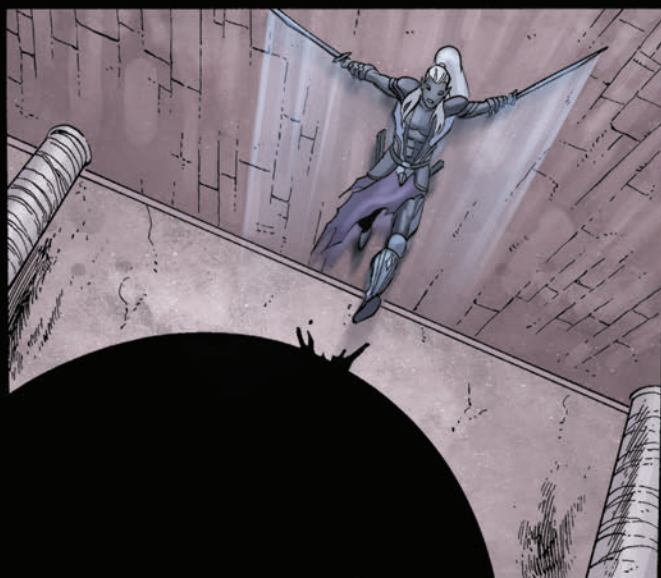


QUALITIES OF THE  
**HEART** THAT ONE SUCH  
AS ZAKNAFEIN MAY  
NOT---



SHOW HER, YOUNG  
WARRIOR!

























THREE NIGHTS AGO,  
HOUSE TEKEN'DUIS  
ATTACKED HOUSE FRETH  
AND ANGERED THE  
SPIDER QUEEN!



ONLY BECAUSE THEY  
**FAILED**. TEKEN'DUIS LEFT  
THREE CHILDREN OF NOBLE  
BIRTH ALIVE TO **ACCUSE**  
THEM.

HAD THEY  
NOT, MATRON BAENRE  
WOULD BE **APPLAUDING**  
THEM RATHER THAN  
ATTACKING THEM.



THEY--THAT'S  
NOT RIGHT.

NO, BUT  
IT IS **OUR**  
WAY.

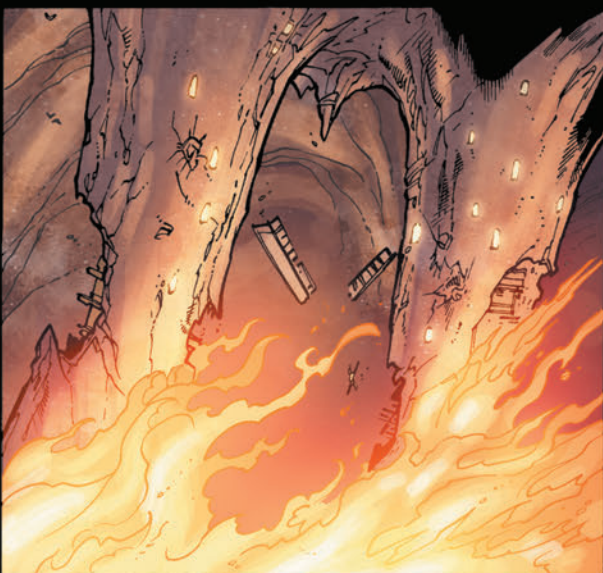


HOUSE TEKEN'DUIS, YOU  
HAVE BROKEN OUR LAWS  
AND HAVE BEEN  
RIGHTFULLY CAUGHT!

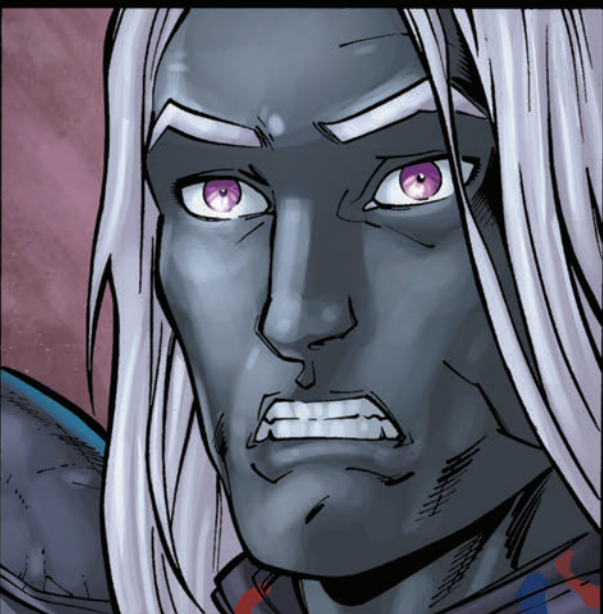
FIGHT IF  
YOU WILL, BUT  
KNOW THAT YOU HAVE  
BROUGHT THIS **DOOM**  
UPON YOURSELVES!







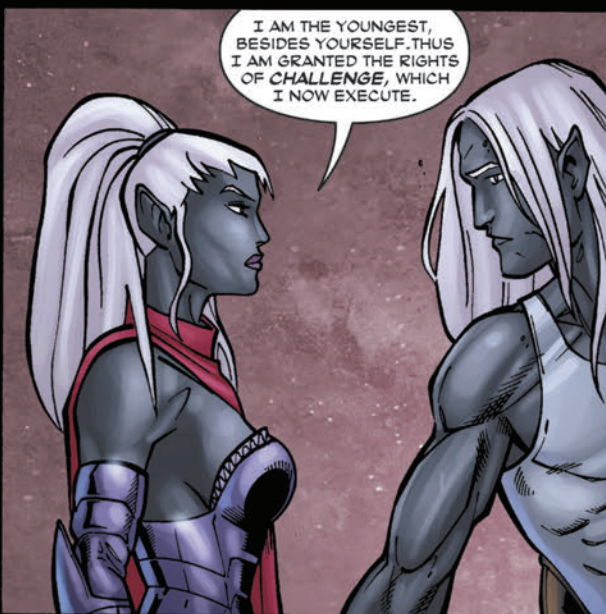
THIS IS WHAT  
PASSES FOR DROW  
JUSTICE.



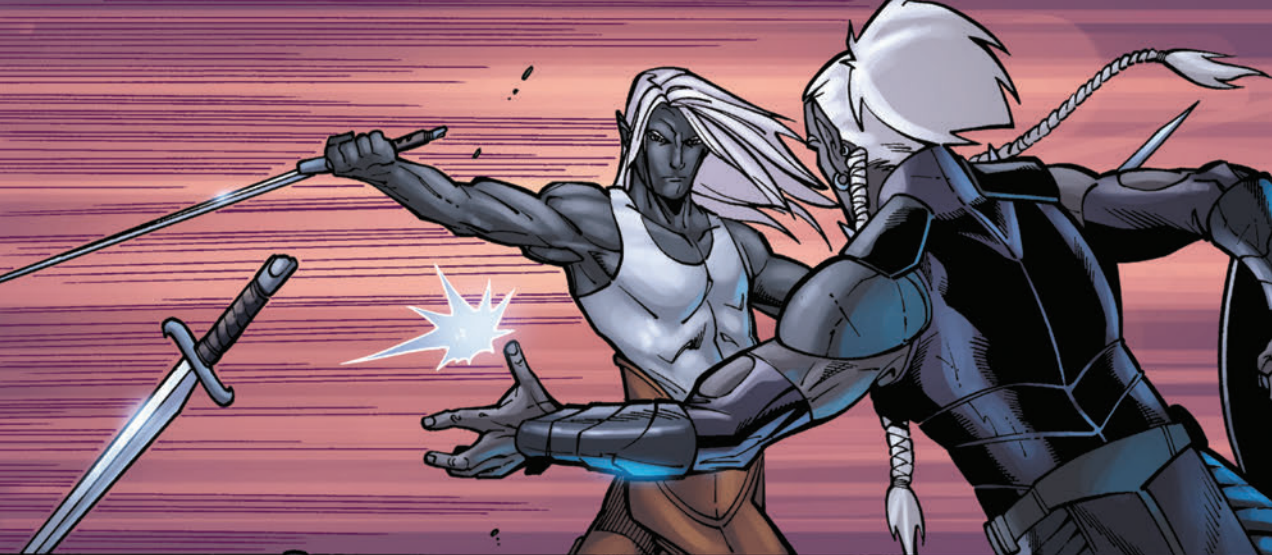














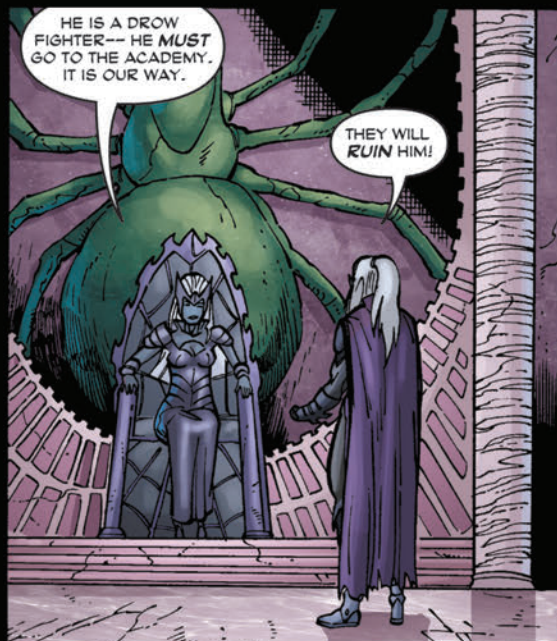






LATER...

DO NOT  
SEND HIM!



HE IS A DROW  
FIGHTER--- HE **MUST**  
GO TO THE ACADEMY.  
IT IS OUR WAY.

THEY WILL  
**RUIN HIM!**



**ALREADY DRIZZT IS  
MORE SKILLED THAN  
HALF OF THOSE IN  
THE ACADEMY.**

ALLOW ME TWO  
MORE YEARS AND  
I WILL MAKE HIM THE  
**FINEST SWORDSMAN**  
IN ALL MENZO-  
BERRANZAN!

THERE IS  
MORE TO MAKING  
A DROW WARRIOR THAN  
SKILL WITH WEAPONS.  
DRIZZT HAS OTHER  
**LESSONS** HE  
MUST LEARN.



LESSONS OF  
**TREACHERY?**  
LIKE YOUR FALSE  
DROW?

WHAT YOU  
SEE AS STRENGTH,  
I SEE AS  
**WEAKNESS.**



I HAVE TOLERATED YOUR **BLASPHEMOUS**  
BELIEFS BECAUSE OF YOUR SKILL  
WITH WEAPONS, ZAKNAFEIN.

BUT I  
WARN YOU NOW  
THAT DRIZZT IS **MINE**.  
HE WILL GO TO THE ACADEMY  
AND LEARN WHAT HE MUST  
TO SERVE AS A PRINCE  
OF HOUSE DO'URDEN.

AND IF  
YOU INTERFERE  
WITH THAT, I WILL  
GIVE YOUR **HEART**  
TO LOLTH!



AS YOU WISH,  
MATRON.



I CANNOT ALLOW HIM TO  
BECOME LIKE THE OTHERS.

I WILL NOT.









OR HAVE YOU EVER  
HEARD THE **SCREAMS**  
OF DYING CHILDREN?



HOW LOUD,  
THOSE SCREAMS!

THEY ECHO  
OVER THE CENTURIES  
IN YOUR MIND; THEY CHASE  
YOU DOWN THE PATHS OF  
YOUR **ENTIRE LIFE!**

ZAK, WHY DO YOU  
SAY THESE THINGS?



**DROW WARRIOR?**  
DO NOT BE SO QUICK TO  
CLAIM A TITLE YOU CANNOT  
BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!



I HAVE  
YOU!







DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND? TO LOSE IS TO DIE!

YOU MAY WIN A THOUSAND FIGHTS, BUT YOU CAN ONLY LOSE ONE!



TREACHERY.

IT IS OUR WAY. YOU WILL LEARN.

IT IS YOUR WAY!



YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED ME.

BUT I DID NOT.

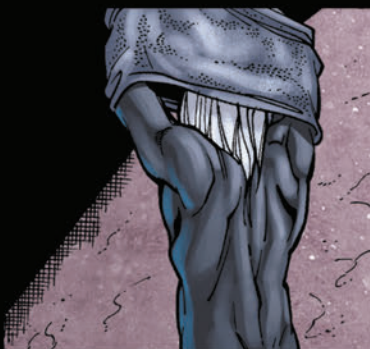
AND NOW YOU GO TO THE ACADEMY-- TO TAKE A **DAGGER** IN THE BACK BECAUSE YOU ARE BLIND TO WHAT YOUR PEOPLE ARE, OR WORSE YET, TO BECOME ONE OF THEM.



GO, THEN, DRIZZT DO'URDEN.

GO AND LEARN WHO YOU REALLY ARE.










BLOND  
5/11/15



# CHAPTER 2







*The Academy.*

*Sorcere, where  
wizards study their  
dark arts.*

*Arach-Tinith, where  
clerics commune with the  
Spider Goddess Lethi.*

*And Molee-Magthere,  
where fighters are forged.*

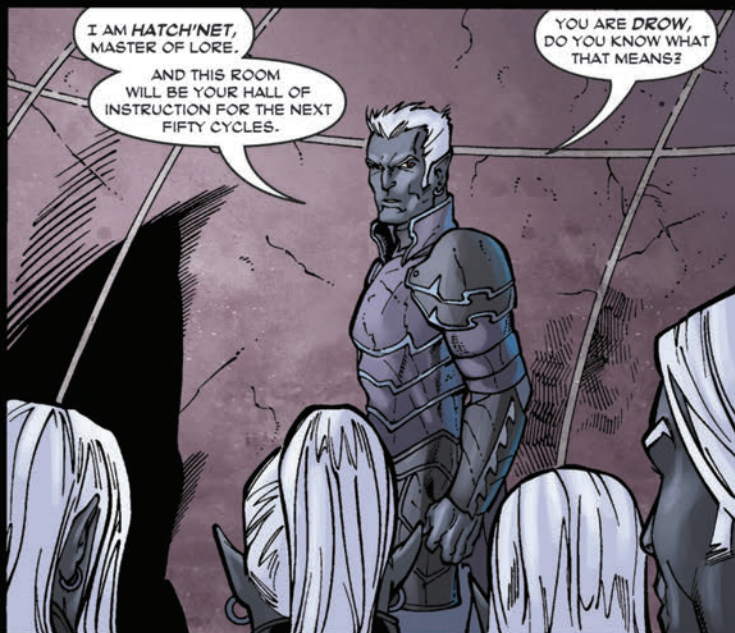
*Here, young males  
spend nine years learning  
the ways of the blade...*

*...learning what  
it truly means to be a  
drow warrior.*









I AM HATCH'NET,  
MASTER OF LORE.

AND THIS ROOM  
WILL BE YOUR HALL OF  
INSTRUCTION FOR THE NEXT  
FIFTY CYCLES.

YOU ARE DROW,  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT  
THAT MEANS?

DO YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU COME FROM,  
AND THE **HISTORY** OF  
OUR PEOPLE?

MENZOBERRANZAN  
WAS NOT ALWAYS OUR HOME,  
NOR WAS ANY OTHER CAVERN  
OF THE UNDERDARK. ONCE WE  
WALKED THE **SURFACE** OF  
THE WORLD.



DO YOU KNOW OF  
THE SURFACE?!

NO,  
MASTER.

AN AWFUL  
PLACE.  
EACH DAY, A  
GREAT BALL OF FIRE  
RISES INTO THE OPEN  
SKY ABOVE...  
...BRINGING HOURS  
OF A LIGHT GREATER THAN  
THE PUNISHING SPELLS OF  
THE PRIESTESSES OF  
LOLTH!



ONCE OUR PEOPLE  
WALKED THE SURFACE  
OF THE WORLD...

...WE WALKED  
BESIDE THE PALE-  
SKINNED ELVES, THE  
**FAERIES!**



WE THOUGHT  
THE FAERIES OUR  
**FRIENDS**, WE CALLED  
THEM KIN!

WE COULD  
NOT KNOW, IN OUR  
INNOCENCE, THAT THEY  
WERE THE EMBODIMENT  
OF **DECEIT AND  
EVIL!**





WE COULD NOT  
KNOW THAT THEY  
WOULD **TURN ON US**  
SUDDENLY--  
--**SLAUGHTERING**  
OUR CHILDREN AND THE  
ELDEST OF OUR  
RACE!



WITHOUT MERCY THE  
EVIL FAERIES **PURSUED**  
US ACROSS THE SURFACE  
WORLD!  
ALWAYS WE ASKED  
FOR **PEACE**, AND ALWAYS  
WE WERE ANSWERED BY  
SWORDS AND KILLING  
ARROWS!



THEN WE FOUND  
THE **GODDESS**.



IT WAS THE **SPIDER QUEEN** WHO TOOK  
OUR ORPHANED RACE TO HER SIDE AND  
HELPED US FIGHT OFF OUR ENEMIES.

IT WAS **LOLTH**  
WHO GUIDED US TO  
THE PARADISE OF THE  
**UNDERDARK!**

AND IT IS SHE  
WHO NOW GIVES US  
THE **STRENGTH** AND THE  
MAGIC TO **PAY BACK**  
OUR ENEMIES!



YOU ARE  
THE **DROW!**  
NEVER AGAIN  
TO BE DOWNTRODDEN,  
RULERS OF ALL YOU DESIRE,  
**CONQUERORS** OF LANDS  
YOU CHOOSE TO  
INHABIT!



*So it went, an endless stream  
of hateful rhetoric directed against  
the drow's many enemies; faeries,  
deep gnomes, duergar dwarves,  
and all the surface races.*

*Angry, violent lectures  
that filled the students' days  
and haunted their dreams.*





CHOOSE THE SPARRING  
POLE THAT MOST RESEMBLES  
YOUR OWN WEAPON OF CHOICE  
FROM MASTER DININ.



YOUR CLASS MUST  
HAVE AN ORDER--THUS  
THE GRAND MELEE.

REMEMBER,  
THERE CAN BE ONLY  
ONE VICTOR.



FOR THE  
PRIDE OF HOUSE  
DO'URDEN,  
BROTHER.



WHAT ARE  
THE RULES?

IF A  
MASTER CALLS  
YOU OUT, THEN YOU  
ARE OUT.

THE RULES OF  
ENGAGEMENT?



WIN.



CHOOSE YOUR  
STRATEGIES AND FIND  
YOUR STARTING  
POINT.

THE GRAND  
MELEE BEGINS  
NOW!

















ELSEWHERE...

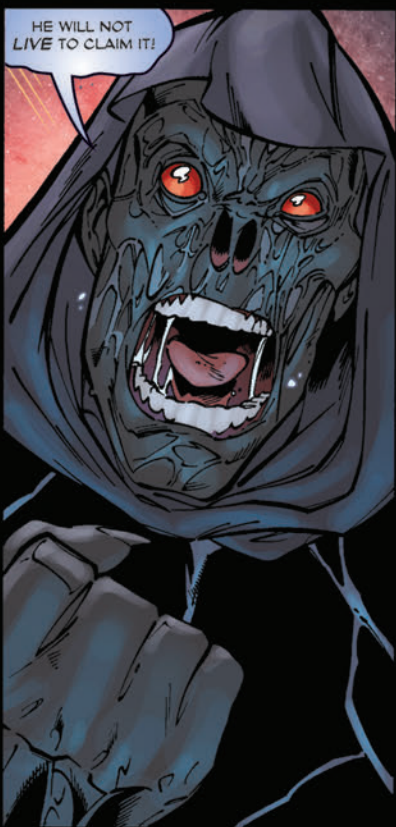
YOU HAVE  
SEEN HIM?



EIGHTH IN HIS  
CLASS AFTER THE  
GRAND MELEE, A FINE  
ACHIEVEMENT.

I HAVE.

BY ALL ACCOUNTS,  
DRIZZT HAS THE PROWESS TO  
BE **FIRST**. ONE DAY HE WILL  
CLAIM THAT TITLE.



HE WILL NOT  
LIVE TO CLAIM IT!



HOUSE DO'URDEN PUTS GREAT PRIDE  
IN THIS PURPLE-EYED YOUTH, AND  
THUS I HAVE DECIDED UPON DRIZZT  
AS MY FIRST TARGET FOR  
**REVENGE**.

HIS **DEATH**  
WILL BRING PAIN TO  
THAT TREACHEROUS  
MATRON MALICE!



YOU WILL  
**NOT** HARM HIM.  
YOU WILL NOT EVEN  
GO **NEAR** HIM.



HOUSE DO'URDEN  
SLAUGHTERED MY  
FAMILY, MASOO!

I HAVE  
WAITED **TWO**  
DECADES---

AND YOU  
CAN WAIT A FEW  
MORE.





I REMIND YOU THAT YOU ACCEPTED MATRON SINAFAY'S INVITATION INTO OUR FAMILY-- HOUSE HUN'ETT.

SUCH AN ALLIANCE REQUIRES OBEDIENCE.



OUR MATRON MOTHER HAS PLACED UPON MY SHOULDERS THE TASK OF HANDLING DRIZZT DO'URDEN, AND I WILL EXECUTE HER COMMAND.



I WARN YOU NOW, ALTON DEVIR, THAT IF YOU BEGIN A WAR WITH HOUSE DO'URDEN, MATRON SINAFAY WILL EXPOSE YOU AS A MURDEROUS IMPOSTER--

--AND EXACT EVERY PUNISHMENT ALLOWABLE BY THE RULING COUNCIL ON YOUR PITIFUL BONES!



AND WHAT PLAN DOES MATRON SINAFAY HAVE?

LET US JUST SAY THAT HOUSE DO'URDEN'S POWER, AND AMBITION, HAS GROWN TO THE POINT WHERE IT IS A VERY REAL THREAT TO ALL THE GREAT HOUSES.



JUST LOOK AT THE FALL OF HOUSE DEVIR, PERFECTLY EXECUTED WITH NO OBVIOUS TRAIL.

MANY OF MENZOBERRANZAN'S NOBLES WOULD REST EASIER IF SUCH A THREAT WERE REMOVED.



AND WHEN THAT TIME COMES, FACELESS ONE, YOU WILL PLAY A KEY PART.



*The Academy held many disappointments for Drizzt, particularly in that first year...*

*...as the dark realities of drow society gradually revealed themselves.*



*He weighed the masters' lectures of hatred and mistrust in both hands, measuring them against the very different logic of his former mentor, Zaknafein.*

*Searching for the ambiguous truth...*



*...yet all the while remembering that the only treachery he had ever witnessed was at the hands of his fellow drow.*



*The physical training was more to Drizzt's liking.*



*Here, he could free himself of disturbing questions of truth and perceived truth.*



*Here, he excelled.*







*In two hours,  
only five  
competitors  
remained.*



*And after another  
two hours of cat and mouse,  
it came down to only two.*



ARE YOU  
AFRAID?  
IF YOU TRULY  
DESERVE THE TOP  
RANK, THEN COME  
AND FACE ME!









*While Drizzt took little pride in his victory that second year...*



*...he took great satisfaction in the continued growth of his fighting skills.*

*He practiced every waking hour.*

*His scimitars becoming his only friends, the only things he dared trust.*



*He won the grand melee again the third year, and the year after that.*



*The next year, they placed him into the grand melee of students three years his senior.*



*He won that one, too.*

*And thus did the years pass.*







*By the end of their eighth year, Drizzt and his classmates had begun doing practice patrols in the caverns surrounding Menzoberranzan...*

*...practice patrols that often met monsters quite real and unfriendly.*



**ALERT!**  
A CHILD IS MISSING!  
A PRINCESS OF HOUSE  
BAENRE!  
MONSTERS  
HAVE BEEN SPOTTED  
IN THE TUNNELS!



WHAT SORT OF  
MONSTERS?

KRA-KLAK  
KRA-KLAK



HOOK  
HORRORS!

KRA-KLAK



A DANGEROUS FOE.  
HOOK HORRORS HAVE A  
THICK, NATURAL BONE  
ARMOR THAT--

DO'URDEN! WHERE  
ARE YOU GOING?!



DRIZZT!

KRA-KLAK

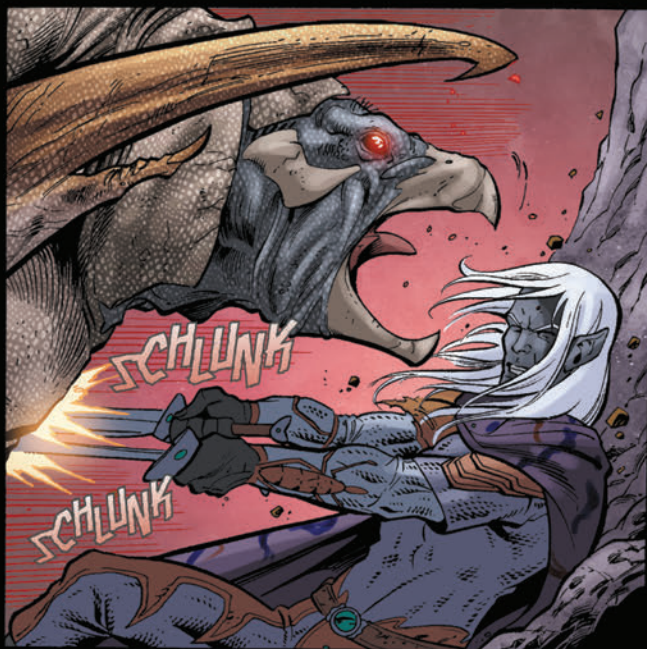




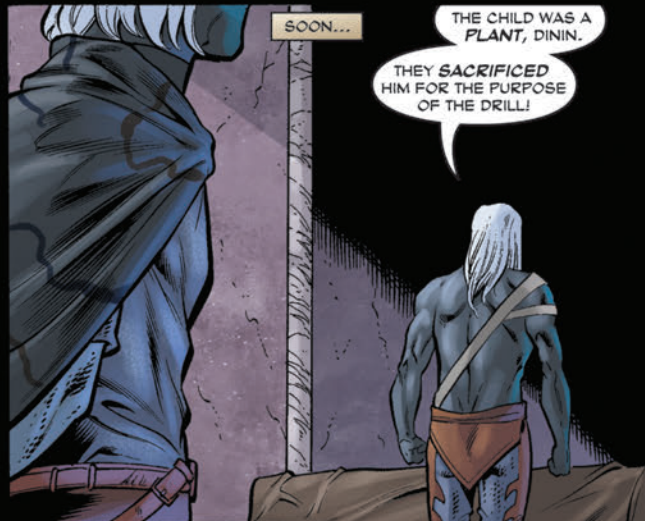












THE CHILD WAS A PLANT, DININ. THEY SACRIFICED HIM FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE DRILL!



LEARN YOUR PLACE, **SECONDBOY**, IN THE ACADEMY AND IN THE FAMILY!

TO THE NINE HELLS WITH THE ACADEMY! AND IF THE FAMILY HOLDS SIMILAR--

WHAT IS **THIS**, THEN?

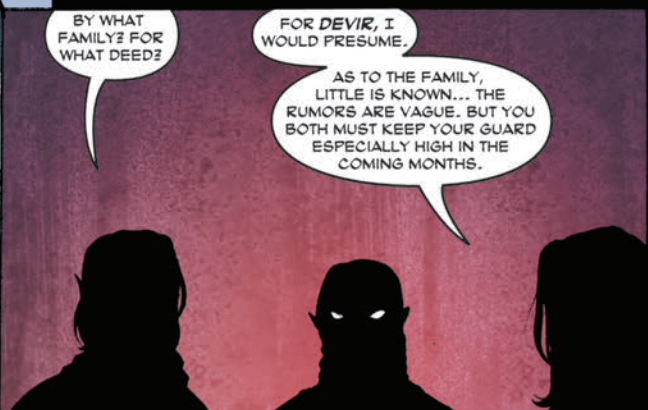


CONSIDER YOURSELVES FORTUNATE, FOR I'LL NOT TELL MATRON MALICE OF YOUR STUPID INFIGHTING. SHE WOULD NOT BE MERCIFUL, I PROMISE YOU.

WHY HAVE YOU COME UNANNOUNCED TO MELEE-MAGTHERE, **VIERNAS**?



TO WARN MY BROTHERS. THERE ARE RUMORS OF VENGEANCE AGAINST OUR HOUSE.



BY WHAT FAMILY? FOR WHAT DEED?

FOR **DEVIR**, I WOULD PRESUME.

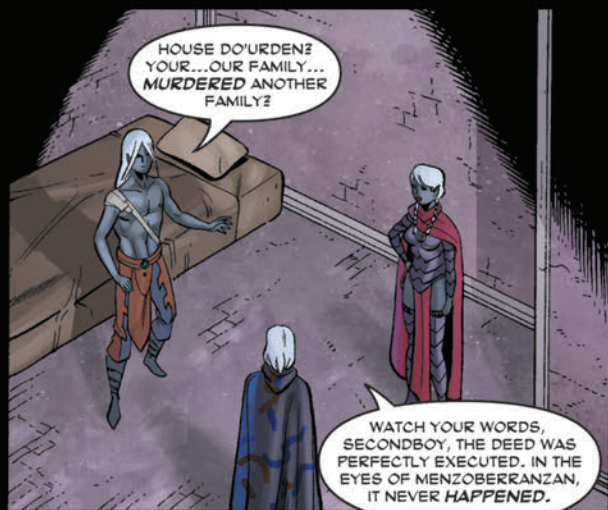
AS TO THE FAMILY, LITTLE IS KNOWN... THE RUMORS ARE VAGUE. BUT YOU BOTH MUST KEEP YOUR GUARD ESPECIALLY HIGH IN THE COMING MONTHS.





DEVIR?

HOUSE DEVIR.  
ON THE VERY NIGHT YOU  
WERE BORN, THEY **CEASED  
TO EXIST**. AN EXCELLENT  
ATTACK, THANK YOU.



HOUSE DO'URDEN?  
YOUR...OUR FAMILY...  
**MURDERED** ANOTHER  
FAMILY?

WATCH YOUR WORDS,  
SECONDBOY, THE DEED WAS  
PERFECTLY EXECUTED. IN THE  
EYES OF MENZOBERRANZAN,  
IT NEVER HAPPENED.



A-AND WHERE  
WAS **ZAKNAFEIN**  
THAT NIGHT?

IN THE CHAPEL OF HOUSE  
DEVIR'S CLERICS, OF COURSE.  
ZAKNAFEIN PLAYS HIS PART IN SUCH  
BUSINESS **VERY WELL** AND  
WITH GREAT **GLEE**.



YOU WERE TO BE THE THIRD BORN  
SON, DRIZZT, TRADITIONALLY **SACRIFICED**  
TO THE SPIDER QUEEN.

BUT ON THE  
NIGHT YOU WERE BORN,  
DININ MADE HIS **ASCENT**  
TO THE POSITION OF  
ELDERBOY.

HE PUT HIS  
**SWORD** IN YOUR LATE  
BROTHER NALFEIN'S  
BACK.

YOU SHOULD  
THANK HIM FOR THAT  
**KINDNESS**.



AND I WARN BOTH OF YOU,  
HOUSE DO'URDEN MAY BE ON A  
COURSE OF **WAR**.

IF EITHER OF YOU STRIKE OUT AGAINST  
THE OTHER, YOU WILL BRING THE **WRATH** OF ALL  
YOUR SISTERS AND MATRON MALICE DOWN  
UPON YOUR WORTHLESS SOULS!





SORCERE

I AM  
DRIZZT.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. YOUR  
REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU. MOST  
HAVE HEARD OF YOUR PROWESS  
WITH WEAPONS.

OF COURSE, THAT  
SKILL WILL BE OF LITTLE  
USE TO YOU *HERE*.

FOR THE NEXT *SIX MONTHS*,  
I AM TO TUTOR YOU IN THE  
WIZARDLY ARTS.

THE STUDIES  
WILL TEST YOUR MIND  
AND YOUR HEART—*MEAGER*  
METAL WEAPONS WILL  
PLAY NO PART.

MAGIC IS  
THE *TRUE POWER*  
OF OUR PEOPLE!

I WILL SHOW YOU  
MANY *MARVELS*. ARTIFACTS  
BEYOND YOUR BELIEF, SPELLS  
OF A POWER BEYOND YOUR  
EXPERIENCE!

AND MAY  
I KNOW YOUR  
*NAME?*

MASOJ  
HUN'ETT, OF HOUSE  
HUN'ETT.

*Despite Masoj's constant  
self-glorification, Drizzt actually  
found his time under the wizard's  
tutelage the best of his stay  
at the Academy.*



Drizzt found he was quite proficient in the ways of magic.

In but a few weeks, he could manage several cantrips and a few lesser spells.



And he found great enjoyment in many of the things Masej showed him, particularly the enchanted items housed in the tower of Sorcere.



For his part, Masej watched Drizzt carefully.



His mother had arranged for him to be the young warrior's tutor, and Masej was determined to find some weakness in Drizzt...



...one he could exploit if House Hun'ott and House Do'Urden ever fell into the expected conflict.

Several times, Masej saw an opportunity to eliminate Drizzt, but Matren Di'Nafay's instructions on this matter had been explicit: he was not to be harmed.

And Masej was not fool enough to disobey a Matren Mother.



Others, however, did not exhibit such self-control...



MY STUDENT MASOJ HAS INFORMED ME OF YOUR FINE PROGRESS.









ENOUGH,  
GUENHWYVAR!



MASOJ,  
WHAT--?

MY  
PET--



--SUMMONED FROM  
A MYSTICAL PLANE USING  
THIS ONYX FIGURINE.

SHE IS...  
BEAUTIFUL..



HAVE YOU LEARNED  
YOUR LESSON  
THIS  
DAY?

I AM NOT  
CERTAIN OF THE  
POINT OF ALL  
THIS.



A DISPLAY OF THE  
WEAKNESS OF MAGIC.

TO SHOW YOU THE  
VULNERABILITY OF A  
MAGE OBSESSED... WITH  
SPELLCASTING.



COME, LET US  
BOTHER THE MASTER  
NO MORE.

BUT I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND--

THEN OBVIOUSLY  
YOU NEED TO STUDY  
HARDER.





WAIT FOR ME IN OUR PRACTICE HALL, AND I WILL SHOW YOU MORE OF GUENHWYVAR, MY MAGICAL PET.



AND AS FOR YOU!

I WAS WEAK, I KNOW IT. MATRON SINAFAY WILL--



NOT HEAR OF THIS.

IF I TELL MY MOTHER SHE WILL KILL YOU, AND THEN THERE WOULD BE NO BASIS FOR OUR COMING WAR WITH DO'URDEN.

YOU HAVE NO GRUDGE AGAINST DO'URDEN.



NOT THE HOUSE. HIM.

HE...DOES NOT BELONG.

I HAVE WATCHED DRIZZT FOR TEN YEARS, STUDYING HIS MOVEMENT AND ATTITUDES. HE DISPLAYS NO AMBITION, YET ALWAYS EMERGES VICTORIOUS, AT THE TOP OF HIS CLASS.

THERE IS NO SACRIFICE IN HIS ACTIONS, NO SCARS FOR THE GREAT GAINS HE MAKES.

IT IS ALL TOO EASY FOR HIM.



SO WORRY NOT, ALTON DEVIR, ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

WE WILL BOTH TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN THE DEATH OF DRIZZT DO'URDEN.



If Drizzt's six months at Sorcere had been the most enjoyable, his last six in Brach-Tinith, the school of Leth, were the least.

These days were filled with an endless series of eulogies to the Spider Queen, tales and prophecies of her power and the rewards she bestowed upon loyal worshippers.

Though a more appropriate term, Drizzt thought, would be slaves.

Still, he suffered through it all, until the day of graduation finally arrived...

...a day that would bring perhaps the most repulsive event in his nine years at the Academy: the Ceremony of Graduation.

BE-GO SI'NEE  
CALAMAY...

COME, YOUNG WARRIOR--  
SHOW THE SPIDER QUEEN  
YOUR DEVOTION.

UNTIL YOU OFFER UP  
YOURSELF, BODY AND SOUL,  
YOU REMAIN A BOY.

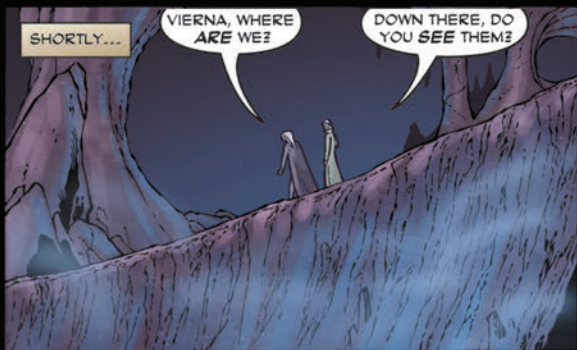
UHH...







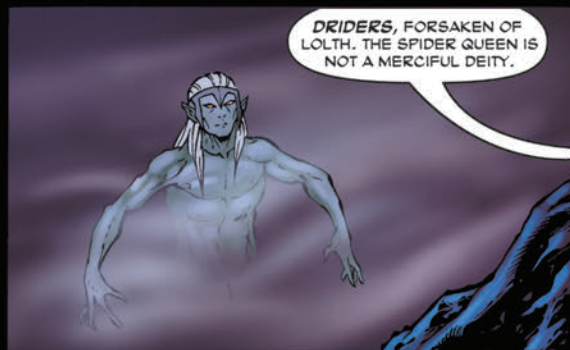




SHORTLY...

VIERNA, WHERE  
ARE WE?

DOWN THERE, DO  
YOU SEE THEM?

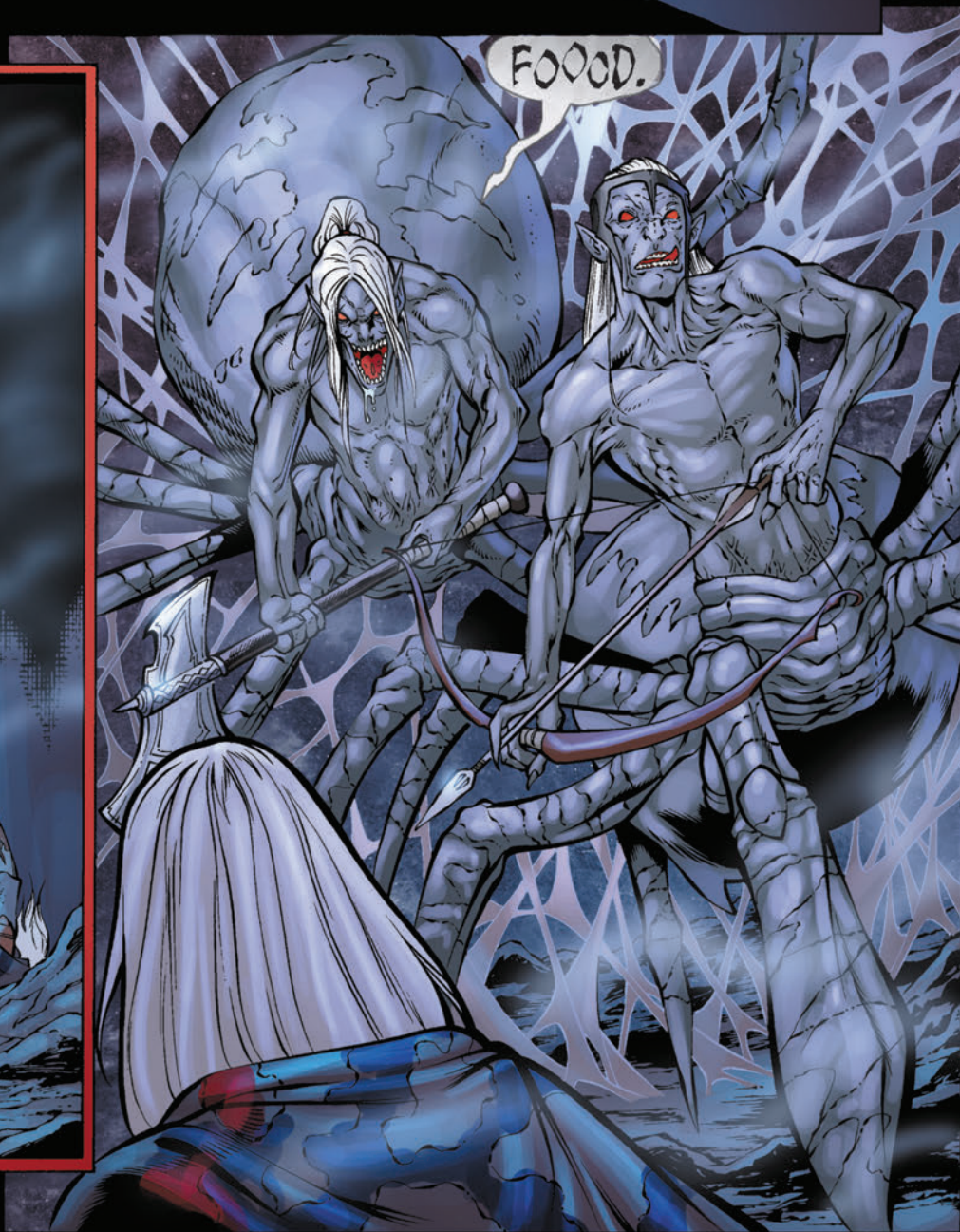


DRIDERS, FORSAKEN OF  
LOLTH. THE SPIDER QUEEN IS  
NOT A MERCIFUL DEITY.

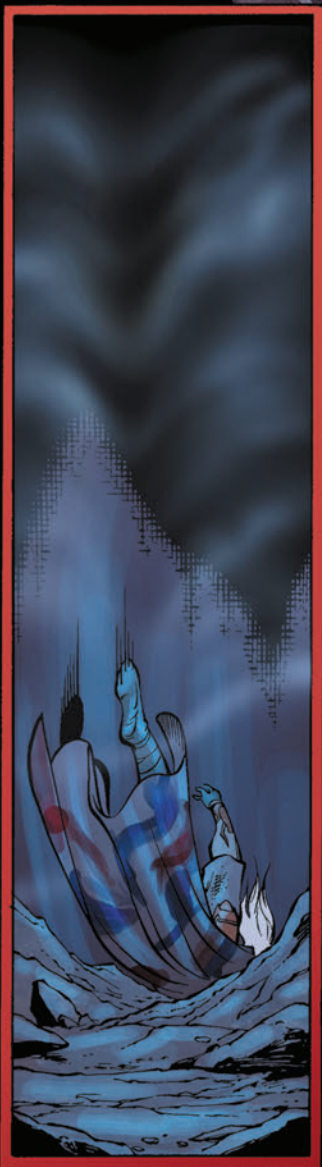


GOODBYE, LITTLE  
BROTHER.

THIS IS A  
BETTER FATE THAN  
YOU DESERVE.



FOOOD.







HEAR MY WORDS,  
DRIZZT DO'URDEN.



VIERNA BROUGHT YOU TO THAT  
PLACE TO HAVE YOU KILLED. SHE  
SHOWED YOU *MERCY*.  
  
BUT I UNDERSTAND THE  
WILL OF THE SPIDER QUEEN BETTER  
THAN SHE. IN THESE *DANGEROUS*  
*TIMES*, WE CANNOT AFFORD TO  
LOSE ONE OF OUR HOUSE.

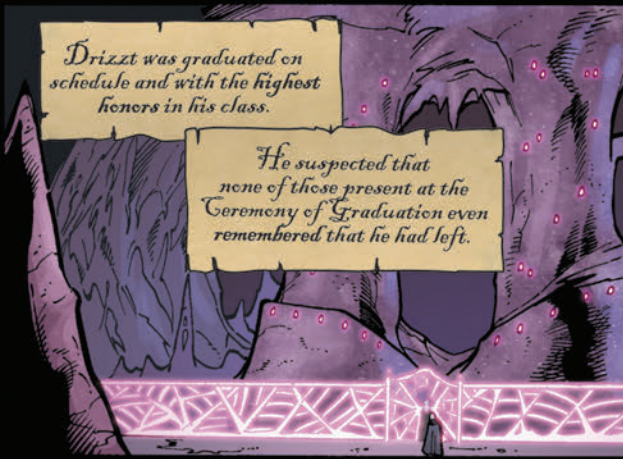


STILL, IF YOU EVER SPEAK ILL  
OF LOLTH, OUR GODDESS, AGAIN,  
I WILL TAKE YOU *BACK* TO THAT  
PLACE MYSELF.  
  
NOT TO  
KILL YOU, BUT TO MAKE  
YOU ONE OF THEM.  
A *DRIDER*.



DO NOT *DISAPPOINT*  
ME AGAIN.





*Drizzt was graduated on schedule and with the highest honors in his class.*

*He suspected that none of those present at the Ceremony of Graduation even remembered that he had left.*



SO I AM HOME.

FOR WHATEVER THAT MEANS.



GREETINGS, PRINCE DRIZZT. WE HAVE HEARD OF THE HONORS YOU ACHIEVED AT MELEE-MAGTHERE. YOUR SKILL DID HOUSE DO'URDEN PROUD.

GLAD, I AM, THAT YOU DID NOT BECOME DRIDER FOOD.



MY SISTERS, I HAVE LEARNED MY PLACE.

NEVER WILL I DISAPPOINT HOUSE DO'URDEN IN SUCH A WAY AGAIN.



ALL PRAISE THE SPIDER QUEEN!



WHAT HAVE I DONE?





A FINER BLADE YOU WOULD BE HAD YOU TASTED DRIZZT'S BLOOD, TO KEEP HIM FROM BEING CORRUPTED.

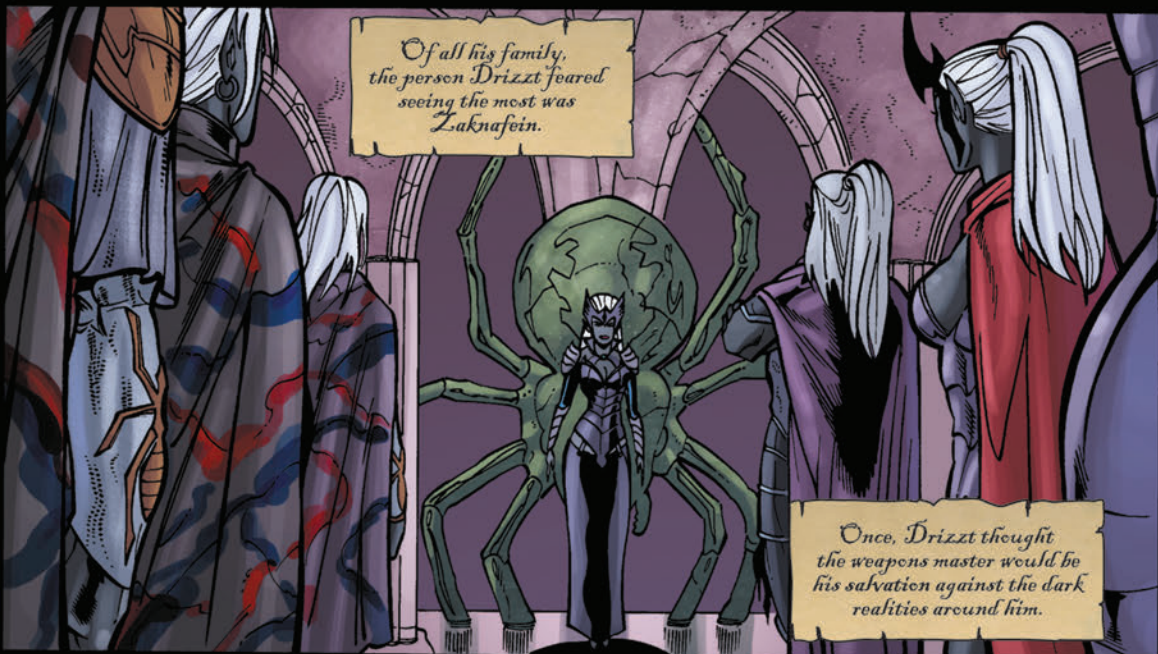


I HAVE FAILED IN THE ONE ACT THAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT MEANING TO MY PITIFUL EXISTENCE.



THE SECONDBOY OF HOUSE DO'URDEN LIVES, BUT DRIZZT DO'URDEN, MY INNOCENT TWO-HANDS, IS LONG DEAD.

ALL BECAUSE I AM A COWARD!



Of all his family, the person Drizzt feared seeing the most was Laknafein.

Once, Drizzt thought the weapons master would be his salvation against the dark realities around him.



But that was before he learned of the pleasure Laknafein took in murdering drow.

Drizzt knew what his sisters and mother were, and how to appease them.



Only Laknafein pretended to be what he was not, a fact which both confused and angered Drizzt more than he had ever thought possible.





YOU HAVE  
HEARD THE TIDINGS  
OF WAR?



I HAVE HEARD HINTING  
OF TROUBLE, THOUGH NOTHING  
MORE TANGIBLE.

"HINTING"? THAT IS  
MORE THAN MOST HOUSES  
EVER HEAR BEFORE THE  
BLADE FALLS!

THE RUMORS  
HOLD TRUTH!



WHO? WE ARE THE **NINTH  
HOUSE** OF THE CITY, BUT FEW  
ABOVE US COULD DEFEAT US,  
AND NONE BEHIND.

LIKELY IT IS ONE  
OF THE **WEAKER HOUSES**  
ABOVE US, FEARING ITS OWN  
UNSTEADY POSITION.



IF WE LEARN **WHO** OUR ENEMIES  
ARE, COULD WE NOT **REASON** WITH THEM?  
IF WE ARE THE STRONGER, THEN LET THEM  
SUBMIT WITHOUT BATTLE.

HA!



THIS IS NO TIME TO FEAR,  
THIS IS THE TIME TO **DREAM!**

WE ARE HOUSE DO'URDEN, A  
**POWER** BEYOND THE UNDERSTANDING  
OF THE GREAT HOUSES!

WE ARE THE  
UNKNOWN ENTITY OF THIS  
WAR! WE HOLD EVERY  
**ADVANTAGE!**



WHOEVER THIS **ATTACKER** IS, LET  
THEM COME! WE ARE PREPARED!

IN A SHORT TIME,  
ONLY **SEVEN HOUSES**  
WILL REMAIN AHEAD  
OF US!

THEN WE WILL HOLD  
A SEAT ON THE **RULING  
COUNCIL**, AND A PLACE OF  
HONOR IN THE CITY!



Drizzt spent only two days at home before joining one of the many patrol groups that kept the caverns around Menzoberranzan safe.

ZZZAKK



Here he was joined by his brother Dinin, the ever vigilant Masej...



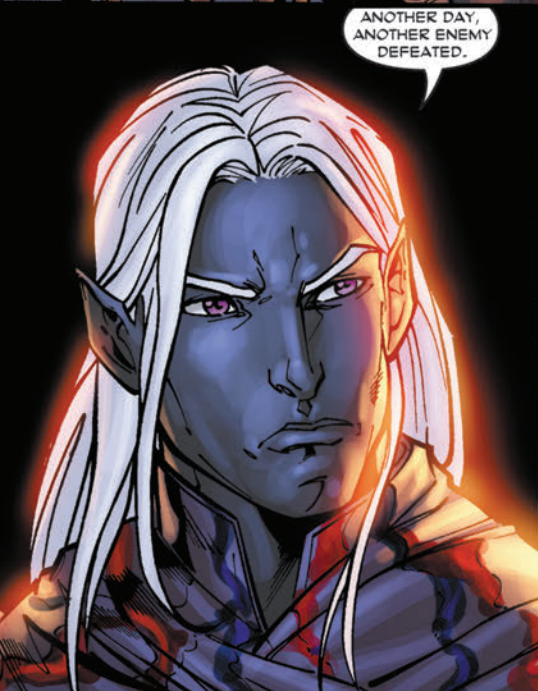
...and a new friend.















WE ARE GATHERED, SINAFAY.  
FOR WHAT REASON HAVE YOU  
SUMMONED THE RULING  
COUNCIL?



TO DISCUSS  
PUNISHMENT.

PUNISHMENT?  
WHAT INDIVIDUAL  
DESERVES THIS?

NOT AN  
INDIVIDUAL,  
A HOUSE--



-- HOUSE  
DO'URDEN.



FOR WHAT CRIME  
DO YOU DARE CHARGE  
HOUSE DO'URDEN?

WE ALL REMEMBER  
THE FALL OF HOUSE DEVIR  
AT THE HANDS OF  
DO'URDEN.



YOU KNOW OUR WAYS  
SINAFAY, ONE CANNOT MAKE  
SUCH AN ACCUSATION SO  
LONG AFTER THE EVENT!

AND EVEN IF HOUSE  
DO'URDEN DID COMMIT THIS ACT,  
IT DESERVES OUR COMPLIMENTS, NOT  
OUR PUNISHMENT, FOR IT WAS CARRIED  
THROUGH TO PERFECTION.

HOUSE DEVIR  
IS NO MORE, IT DOES  
NOT EXIST.



OH, BUT IT DOES! IN  
THIS PERSON!

YOUR  
SON?

MY SON GELROOS  
DIED THE NIGHT HOUSE  
DEVIR DIED. THIS MALE, ALTON  
DEVIR, ASSUMED HIS IDENTITY  
AND POSITION, HIDING FROM  
FURTHER ATTACKS BY  
DO'URDEN.





VERY WELL. BUT SURELY YOU BOTH KNOW THAT THE COUNCIL CANNOT EXACT **PUNISHMENT** UPON A HOUSE FOR A DEED COMMITTED SO LONG AGO.

WHY WOULD WE DESIRE TO? MATRON MALICE DO'URDEN SITS IN THE FAVOR OF THE SPIDER QUEEN, HER HOUSE SHOWS **GREAT PROMISE**.



HOUSE DO'URDEN DOES INDEED SHOW **PROMISE**, WITH FOUR HIGH PRIESTESSES, TWO FORMER MASTERS AT MELEE-MAGHERE, FOUR HUNDRED TRAINED SOLDIERS...

...AND, OF COURSE, THEIR SECONDBOY, FIRST GRADUATE OF HIS CLASS.



YET I DO NOT ASK YOU TO ATTACK THEM, JUST TO **CLOSE YOUR EYES**.

ALTON IS A HUN'ETT NOW, UNDER **MY** PROTECTION. HE DEMANDS **VENGEANCE** FOR THIS ACT, AND WE ARE BOUND TO HELP HIM ACHIEVE IT.



is this Vengeance... Or fear?

IT WOULD SEEM TO MY EARS THAT THE MATRON OF HOUSE HUN'ETT USES THIS PITIFUL DEVIR CREATURE FOR HER **OWN GAIN**. PERHAPS TO ELIMINATE A GROWING **RIVAL?**

BE IT VENGEANCE OR PRUDENCE, MY CLAIM-- ALTON DEVIR'S CLAIM-- **MUST** BE DEEMED LEGITIMATE.



INDEED.



THIS MATTER IS **SETTLED**, MY SISTERS.

IT IS GOOD THAT WE **NEVER** MET THIS DAY.



LATER...

WE HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR A **SURFACE RAID!**

THE FIRST PATROL GROUP IN A DECADE TO BE AWARDED SUCH AN HONOR!



OUR TRAIL WILL TAKE US MANY DAYS AND MANY MILES FROM THE CITY, BUT AT ITS END LIES OUR TRUE ENEMY: THE **FAERIES!**

WITHOUT WORTH AND VILE BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION, **THEY** ARE THE TORMENTORS OF OUR PEOPLE--AND WE HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO **PUNISH** THEM!



But where are Masoj and Guenhyvar?



BY LAW, NO WIZARDS ARE ALLOWED ON THE SURFACE. AND IF MASOJ STAYS, SO DOES THE CAT. SHE BELONGS TO **HIM**, AFTER ALL.



COME, WE'VE A LONG MARCH AHEAD!



THE SURFACE...



The members of the patrol group made their way through the twisting tunnels and giant caverns, moving ever upward.

In time, breezes wafted past them--not the sulfur-smelling hot winds rising from the magna of deep earth, but moist air scented with tantalizing aromas of spring.

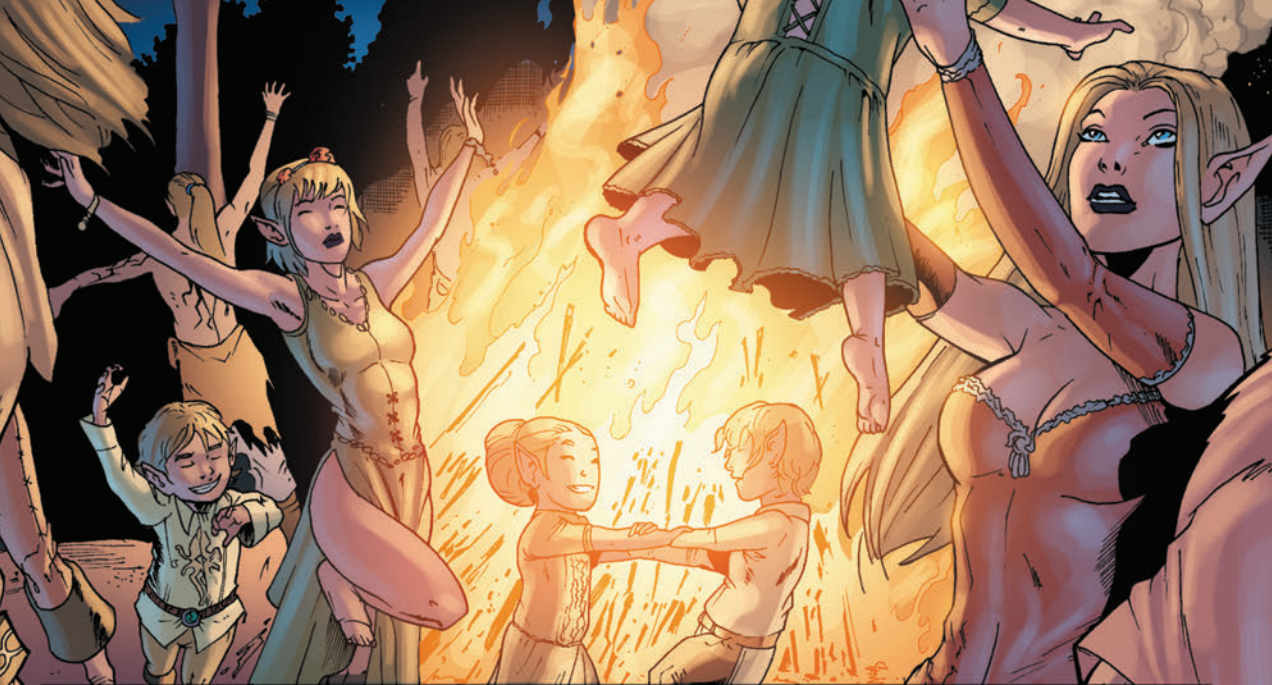
For most drows this was a time of fear, as Master Hatchnet's dark stories of the evil surface echoed in their minds...

...but Drizzt felt something far different as he beheld the sights and sounds of this new world.

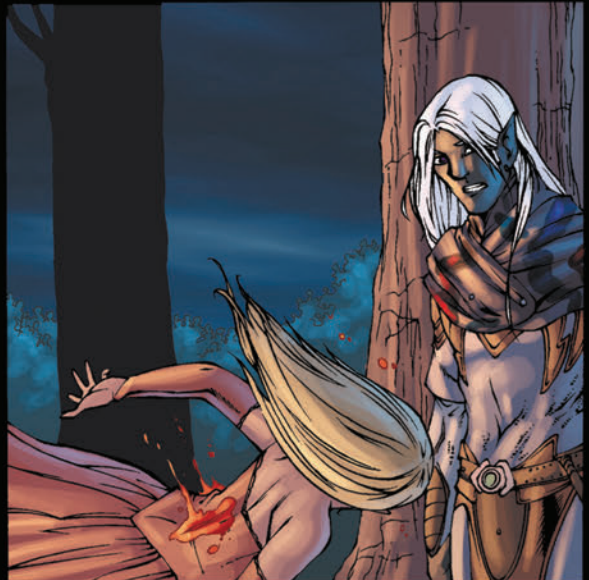
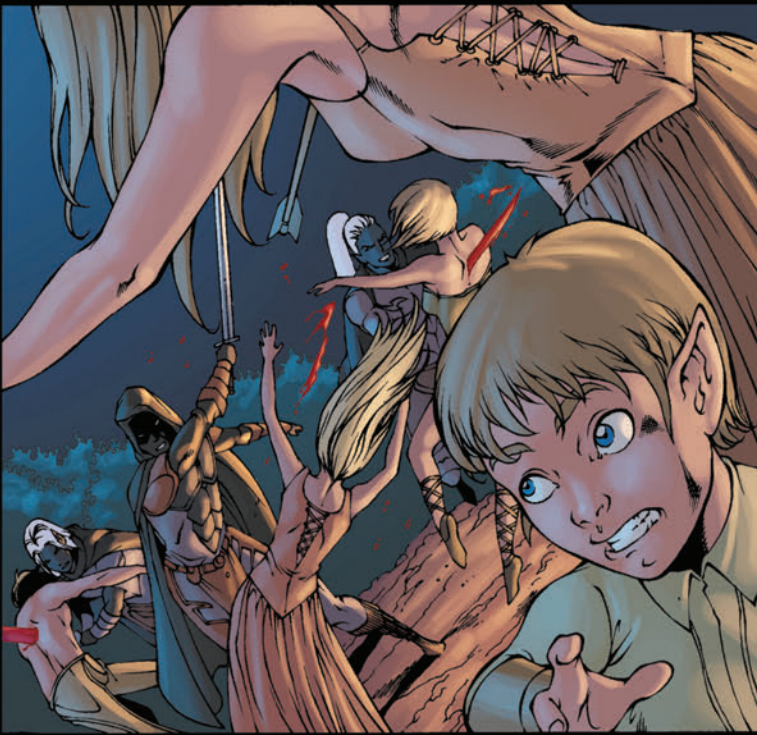
He was excited.

THERE, AS LOLTH PROMISED!

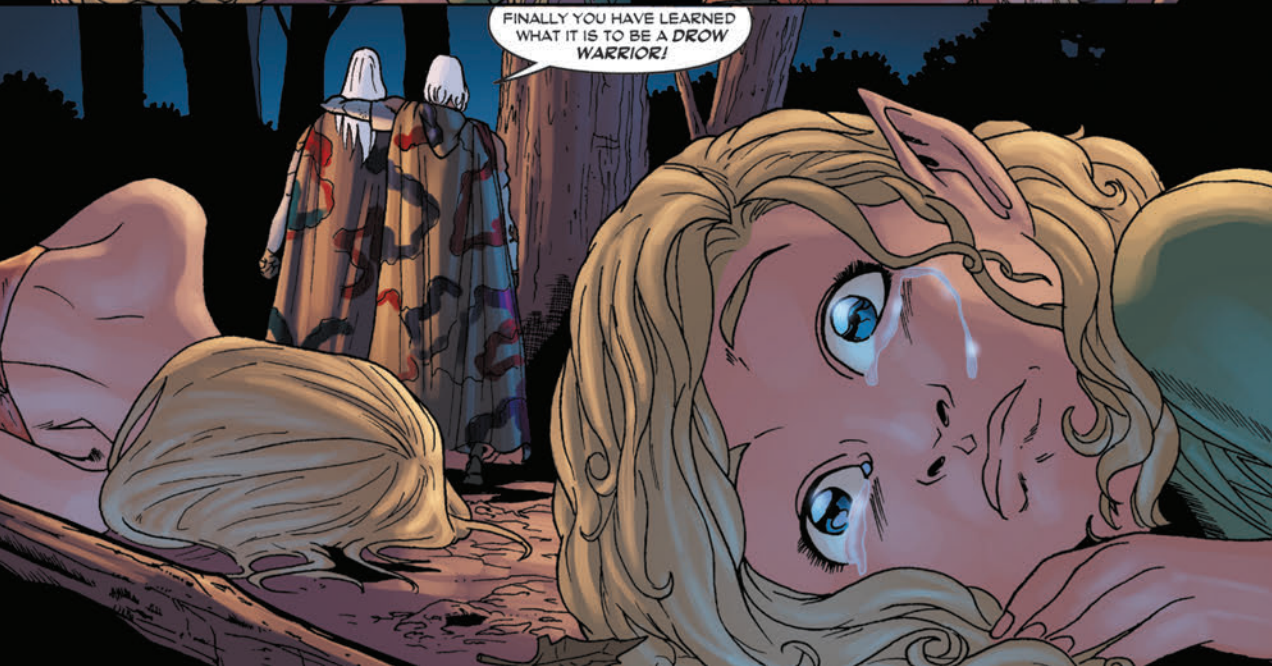




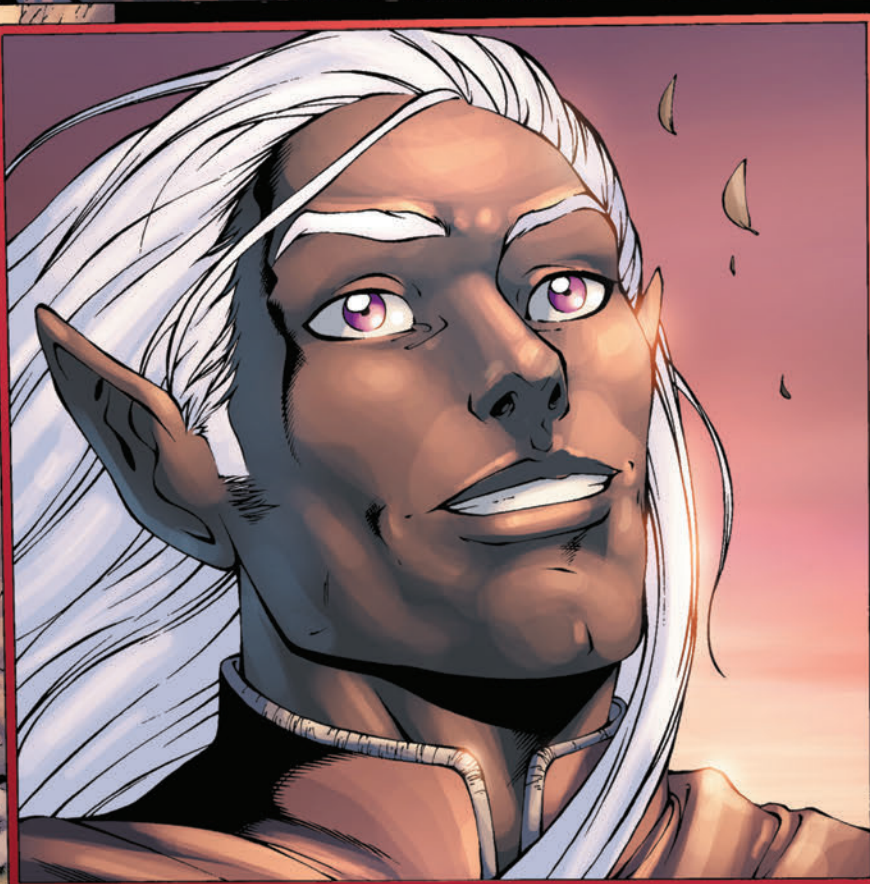


















# CHAPTER 3





*Among the twisted alliances and ever-changing deceptions of the great families of Menzoberranzan, there was always one constant: Lolth.*

*The spider queen's favor was the ultimate prize. A matron mother who had it could vault her house up through the city's ranks, knowing the goddess would aid her in all conflicts—while at the same time understanding that to lose Lolth's favor would spell certain doom.*

*And so it was not unusual for a high priestess like Sinafay Hfun'ett to spend hours each day in mystical communion with the lower realms, learning of her status in the spider queen's eyes: and that of her enemies...*

LOLTH BE  
PRAISED.





LATER.

HOUSE DO'URDEN  
HAS ERRED! IT HAS **LOST**  
THE SPIDER QUEEN'S  
FAVOR!

HOW?



I DO NOT KNOW  
THE DETAILS. ONE OF THEM,  
PERHAPS ONE OF THE **SONS**, DID  
SOMETHING TO DISPLEASE  
LOLTH.



MATRON MALICE  
WILL WORK QUICKLY  
TO **CORRECT** THE  
SITUATION.

LOLTH'S  
DISPLEASURE WILL  
NOT BE **REVEALED** TO  
MATRON MALICE--- NOT  
BEFORE HER HOUSE  
IS **CRUSHED**!



WE MUST  
MOVE QUICKLY.  
WITHIN TEN CYCLES,  
THE **FIRST STRIKE**  
MUST FALL!

THE FULL **BATTLE** WILL BEGIN  
SOON AFTER, BEFORE HOUSE DO'URDEN CAN  
LINK ITS LOSS TO OUR WRONGDOING.



WHAT IS TO  
BE THEIR SUDDEN  
LOSS?

THE  
**FAVORED SON**.  
THEIR  
MOST PRIZED  
ASSET.



DRIZZT DO'URDEN  
MUST **DIE** WITHIN  
TEN DAYS!



The awful memory of the surface raid followed Drizzt, haunted him as he wandered the halls of his family's home.

The images remained: the broken sparkle in the young elven girl's eyes as she knelt over her murdered mother...

...the elven woman's horrified expression, twisting in agony as the life was ripped from her body.

The surface elves were there in Drizzt's thoughts always, he could not dismiss them.

He wondered if he would ever be alone again.

YOU ARE HOME.

FOR A DAY. MY PATROL GROUP GOES BACK OUT IN THE MORNING.

SO SOON?

THERE IS ACTIVITY IN THE EASTERN TUNNELS.

SO THE HEROES ARE SUMMONED.

HOW LONG WILL YOU BE OUT?

A WEEK AT THE LONGEST, THEN HOME.

THAT IS GOOD, I WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU BACK WITHIN THESE WALLS.

THE GYM, PERHAPS? YOU AND I, AS IT ONCE WAS?





I WOULD ENJOY THAT.

AS WOULD I.



A WEEK THEN.



*As they parted, Drizzt was left to envision the satisfaction he would gain by cutting Zaknafein down.*

*Years ago he had thought of the weapon master as an ally, someone he could trust. But that was a lie. Zak was nothing more than a heartless murderer, like all of Drizzt's evil race.*

*Maybe by destroying Zaknafein, his greatest disappointment, Drizzt could remove himself from the wrongness around him.*



*As for Zaknafein, he carried no anger, no malice.*

*Drizzt was a drow warrior now, with all of the wicked connotations the title carries.*

*A clean blow, and he would do what he should have done a decade before.*



*He would kill Zaknafein in a week.*



*He had to kill Drizzt.*



ELSEWHERE.

*Living among the twists and turns of the Underdark, the Svirfnebli, deep gnomes, were neither kind nor evil, and so out of place in this world of pervading wickedness.*

*Yet they survive and thrive, plucking gems and precious metals from the rock, in spite of the perils awaiting them at every turn.*

*Indeed, it was a rich vein of gemstones that had brought Borrow-warden Belwar Dissengulp's small mining expedition to this distant corner of the Underdark...*

*...a mere five miles away from Menzoberranzan, home to twenty thousand drow elves, the Svirfnebli's most hated enemy.*

*As a precaution against this, Belwar had kept fully a third of his crew on guard at all times.*

MIGHT WE PARLAY WITH THE GNOMES, DININ?

I WILL FORGET YOU ASKED THAT QUESTION, BROTHER.

GET TO THE GNOME LEADER-- HE IS THE KEY TO THEIR STRENGTH WITH THE STONE. THE ENTIRE PATROL WILL BE BY YOUR SIDE IN MOMENTS.

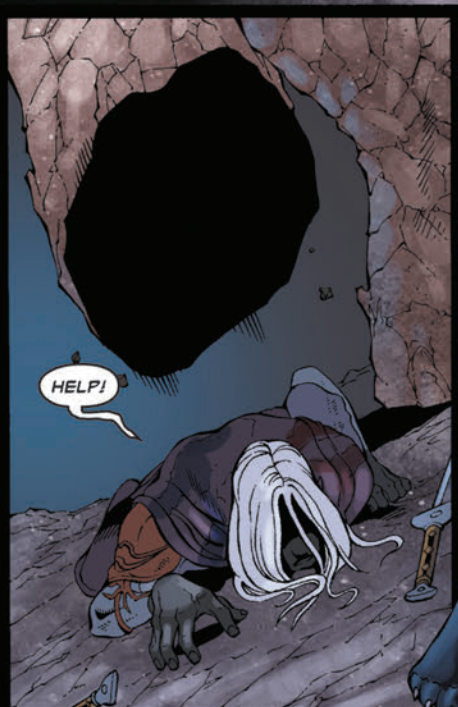




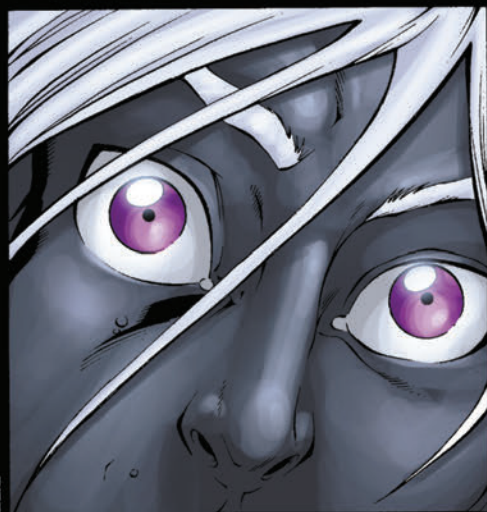
























NOW FOR  
SOME FUN.



NO!  
LET HIM  
LIVE!



I... IF YOU KILL HIM, NO  
GNOMES WILL REMAIN TO RETURN  
TO THEIR CITY AND TELL OF  
OUR **STRENGTH!**

WE SHOULD  
SEND HIM BACK TO  
HIS PEOPLE TO TELL THEM  
OF THEIR **FOLLY** IN  
ENTERING THE DOMAIN  
OF THE DROW!



IT SEEMS  
PROPER  
REASONING.

THEN CUT OFF  
THE GNOME'S **HANDS**  
FIRST, I WANT TO HEAR  
HIS **SCREAMS.**



IS THIS  
NECESSARY---?

THIS IS A  
MESSAGE.



**SCHLUNK**



THE DO'URDEN  
CHAPEL.

EXPLAIN TO  
ME WHY YOU **DARE**  
DISTURB ME!

TO ASK A  
SIMPLE **QUESTION**,  
ONE WHOSE ANSWER YOU  
KNOW, HANDMAIDEN OF LOLTH.

HOUSE  
DO'URDEN HAS  
PLEASED THE  
SPIDER QUEEN.

THE MALES OF  
YOUR HOUSE **WON THE**  
DAY AGAINST THE VILE  
GNOMES. ASK YOUR  
QUESTION.

MY HOUSE IS  
THREATENED, SAY  
THE RUMORS.

RUMORS? THEY  
ARE MORE THAN RUMORS,  
**MATRON MALICE DO'URDEN**.  
ANOTHER HOUSE PLANS  
WAR UPON YOU!

NAME THIS HOUSE TO ME.  
OUR ENEMIES HOLD EVERY  
**ADVANTAGE**. NO DOUBT THEY  
WATCH US, LAYING  
THEIR PLANS.

WE ASK LOLTH  
ONLY TO GIVE US KNOWLEDGE  
EQUAL TO THAT OF OUR ENEMIES.  
**REVEAL THEM** AND LET US **PROVE**  
WHICH HOUSE IS THE MORE  
WORTHY OF VICTORY.

AND WHAT IF YOUR ENEMIES  
ARE **GREATER** THAN YOU?

BE ASSURED THAT THEY  
WILL **SUFFER** FOR THEIR ATTACK ON  
HOUSE DO'URDEN, NO MATTER HOW  
GREAT THEY MIGHT BE!





INDEED. THE SPIDER QUEEN IS PLEASED, MATRON MALICE.

TRUST THAT SHE WILL FAVOR HOUSE DO'URDEN MORE THAN YOUR ENEMIES WHEN BATTLE RINGS OUT—PERHAPS...



WAIT!  
WHAT OF MY QUESTIONS?



THE SPIDER QUEEN DOES NOT GIVE AN ANSWER THAT IS ALREADY KNOWNNNNN...

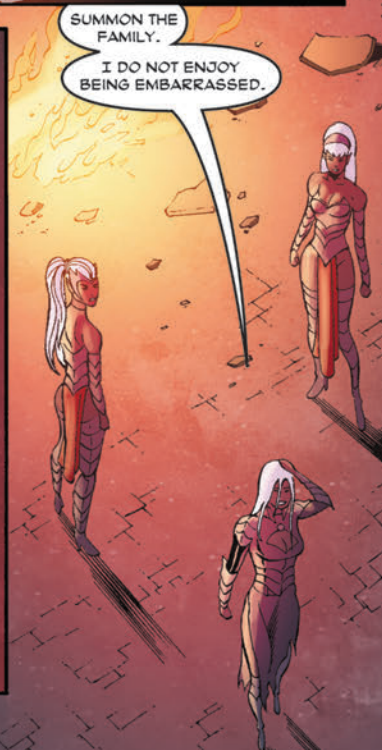


MATRON!

KNOWN...



KNOWN TO WHOM?  
WHO KEEPS THIS SECRET FROM ME?



SUMMON THE FAMILY.

I DO NOT ENJOY BEING EMBARRASSED.





YOU LET HIM  
ESCAPE!



NO, MY MATRON! I HIT HIM  
SQUARELY WITH A **LIGHTNING BOLT**.  
HE NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED THE  
BLOW TO BE AIMED AT HIM!

YET HE  
STILL LIVES.



I WILL GET  
HIM. I HAVE THE  
WEAPON READED; DRIZZT  
WILL BE DEAD BEFORE THE  
TENTH CYCLE, AS YOU  
COMMANDED.



WHY SHOULD I  
GRANT YOU ANOTHER  
CHANCE?

BECAUSE  
I WANT HIM  
DEAD!

I WANT TO  
**TEAR** THE LIFE FROM  
DRIZZT DO'URDEN! WHEN HE  
IS DEAD, I WANT TO RIP OUT  
HIS **HEART** AND DISPLAY  
IT AS A TROPHY!



YOU WILL HAVE YOUR SECOND  
CHANCE, MASOJ, BUT NOT ALONE.  
ALTON WILL ACCOMPANY YOU.

PERHAPS THE  
TWO OF YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH  
TOGETHER WHAT YOU BOTH  
FAILED TO DO ALONE.



THIS TIME YOU WILL  
FINISH THE DEED, ON  
YOUR LIVES.



COULD IT  
BE ANY OTHER  
WAY?









MASOJ HUN'ETT, IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE GNOMES, HE TRIED TO KILL ME.

WHEN I BATTLED THE ELEMENTAL, HE STRUCK ME DOWN WITH A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.



HE MAY HAVE BEEN AIMING FOR THE MONSTER.

MASOJ WAITED— HE DID **NOTHING** UNTIL I BEGAN TO GAIN THE ADVANTAGE OVER THE CREATURE. THEN HE LOOSED HIS MAGIC, AS MUCH AT ME AS AT THE ELEMENTAL.

I THINK HE HOPED TO **DESTROY** US BOTH.



HOUSE HUN'ETT.

FIFTH HOUSE, UNDER MATRON SINAFAY.



SO THAT IS OUR ENEMY.



WE MUST LEARN OF THEM. DISPATCH THE SCOUTS!

I WILL KNOW THE COUNT OF HOUSE HUN'ETT'S SOLDIERS, ITS WIZARDS AND PARTICULARLY, ITS CLERICS.



PREPARE A **COMMUNION**! LET US LEARN OF MATRON SINAFAY'S STANDING WITH THE SPIDER QUEEN!





IMPUDENT!

YOU DARE  
TO SUMMON ME  
AGAIN?!

HOUSE DO'URDEN  
PLEASED THE SPIDER QUEEN,  
IT IS TRUE, BUT THAT ONE ACT DOES  
NOT DISPEL THE **DISPLEASURE**  
YOUR FAMILY BROUGHT LOTH  
IN THE RECENT PAST!

DO NOT  
THINK ALL IS  
FORGIVEN.

DISPLEASURE?

H-HOW HAS  
MY FAMILY BROUGHT  
DISPLEASURE TO THE  
SPIDER QUEEN? BY  
WHAT ACT?



I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE,  
MATRON MALICE DO'URDEN, AND  
I SHALL TELL YOU ONE  
FINAL TIME.

THE SPIDER QUEEN DOES  
NOT REPLY TO QUESTIONS WHOSE  
ANSWERS ARE ALREADY  
KNOWNNN...!







WHO?!

WHO IN MY FAMILY HAS INVOKED THE WRATH OF LOLTH?!



WE ARE ABOUT TO GO TO WAR WITH A POWERFUL HOUSE! WITHOUT THE SPIDER QUEEN'S FAVOR, DO'URDEN WILL LIKELY CEASE TO EXIST!



IT WAS NOT ONE OF YOUR DAUGHTERS, MATRON.

NO, NO, BUT THE GUILTY ONE IS WITHIN THESE WALLS.

WE MUST DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF LOLTH'S DISPLEASURE IMMEDIATELY. THE SPIDER QUEEN MUST STAND BEHIND US IN OUR STRUGGLES!



WE WILL FIND THE PERPETRATOR... AND WE WILL PUNISH HIM.





WHICH HAS  
CHANGED, ZAKNAFEIN,  
YOU, MY MEMORIES, OR  
MY PERCEPTIONS?

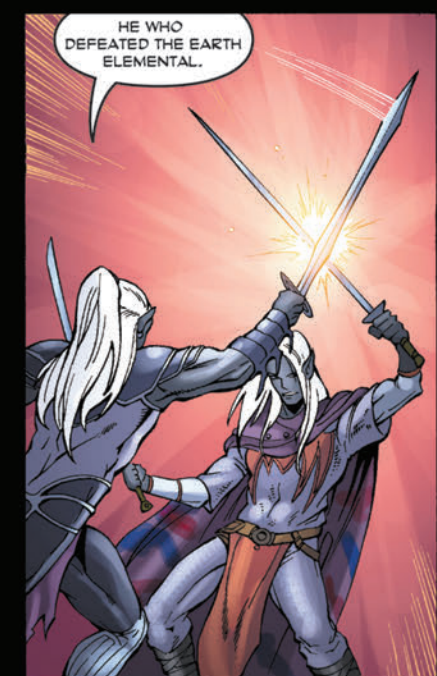


AH, THE YOUNG  
HERO HAS RETURNED,  
THE WARRIOR WITH EXPLOITS  
BEYOND HIS YEARS.



HE WHO BRAVELY  
KILLED THE HOOK  
HORRORS.

WHY DO  
YOU MOCK  
ME?



HE WHO  
DEFEATED THE EARTH  
ELEMENTAL.



HE WHO  
KILLED THE  
GIRL CHILD OF  
THE SURFACE  
ELVES!



WHO CUT  
HER APART TO  
APPEASE HIS OWN  
THIRST FOR  
BLOOD!





MURDERER!



DID YOU ENJOY  
THE DYING CHILD'S  
SCREAMS?!

RAAH!



CHILD  
KILLER!

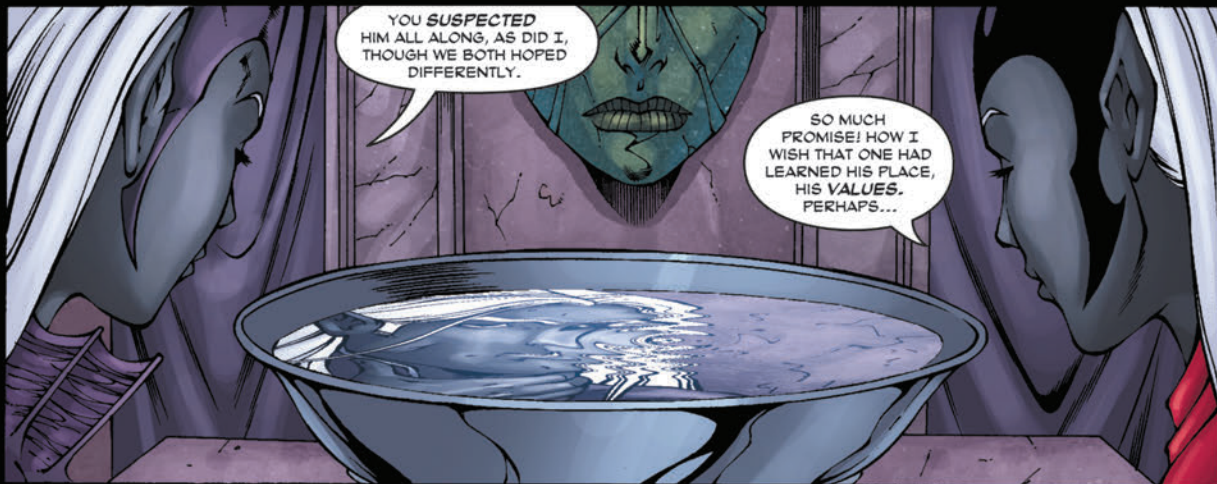












YOU *SUSPECTED* HIM ALL ALONG, AS DID I, THOUGH WE BOTH HOPED DIFFERENTLY.

SO MUCH PROMISE! HOW I WISH THAT ONE HAD LEARNED HIS PLACE, HIS *VALUES*. PERHAPS...



MERCY?

DO YOU SHOW *MERCY* THAT WOULD FURTHER INVOKE THE SPIDER QUEEN'S DISPLEASURE?



NO, MATRON.

I HAD ONLY HOPED THAT DRIZZT COULD BE *USED* IN THE FUTURE, AS YOU HAVE USED ZAKNAFEIN ALL THESE YEARS.



WE ARE ABOUT TO FIGHT A *WAR*, MY DAUGHTER. LOLTH MUST BE APPEASED.

YOUR BROTHER HAS BROUGHT THIS FATE UPON *HIMSELF*, HIS ACTIONS WERE HIS OWN TO DECIDE.



HE DECIDED *WRONGLY*.





YOU HAVE SURVIVED!

SURVIVED THE ACADEMY, WHERE ALL THE OTHERS DIED!

MY SON!

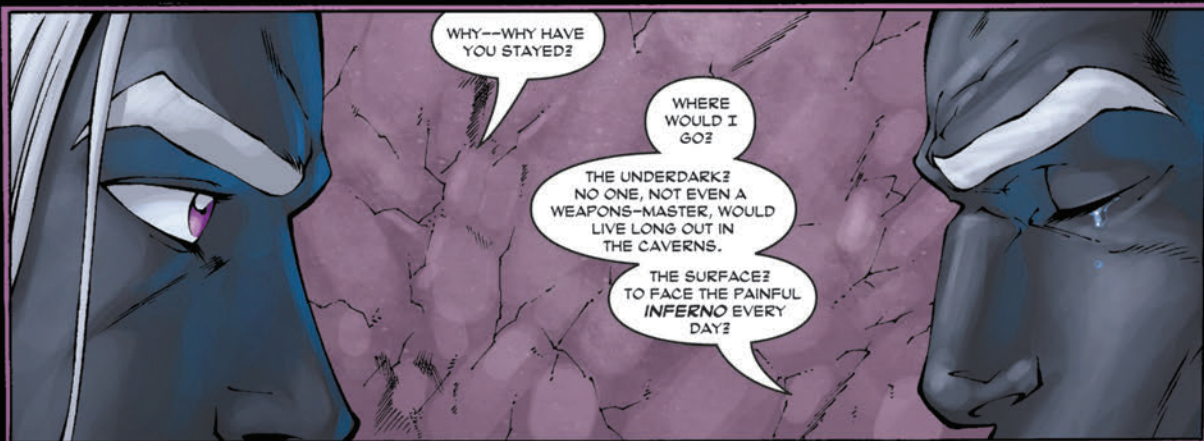
YOUR...SON? WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL ME...?



A FATHER HAS NO TRUE ROLE IN THIS TWISTED PLACE. I WAS MERELY ONE IN A LONG LINE OF MALICE'S LOVERS.

I TAUGHT YOU ALL I COULD AS WEAPONS-MASTER... AND FOR NINE YEARS, I PRAYED YOUR HONOR WOULD NOT BE **STOLEN** FROM YOU.

AND IT **HASN'T!** THEY COULD NOT CHANGE YOU, MY SON!



WHY--WHY HAVE YOU STAYED?

WHERE WOULD I GO?

THE UNDERDARK? NO ONE, NOT EVEN A WEAPONS-MASTER, WOULD LIVE LONG OUT IN THE CAVERNS.

THE SURFACE? TO FACE THE PAINFUL **INFERNO** EVERY DAY?



NO, MY SON. I AM **TRAPPED** AS YOU ARE TRAPPED.

BUT YOU WILL DO WELL IN MENZOBERRANZAN, MATRON MALICE WILL FIND AN APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR YOUR TALENTS, WHATEVER YOUR HEART MAY DESIRE.



TO LIVE A LIFE OF **ASSASSINATIONS**, AS YOU HAVE?

WHAT **OTHER** CHOICE IS THERE?



I WILL  
NOT KILL  
DROW.

YOU WILL. IN  
MENZOBERRANZAN,  
YOU WILL KILL OR BE  
KILLED.



I WISH THAT IT  
COULD BE DIFFERENT,  
BUT IT IS NOT SUCH  
A BAD LIFE.

I DO NOT LAMENT KILLING  
DARK ELVES. I PERCEIVE THEIR  
DEATHS AS THEIR SALVATION FROM  
THIS WICKED EXISTENCE.



IF THEY  
CARE SO DEARLY  
FOR THEIR SPIDER QUEEN,  
THEN LET THEM GO AND  
VISIT HER!

LOLTH! HA!  
SHE IS A VICIOUS  
QUEEN, THAT ONE. I  
WOULD SACRIFICE  
EVERYTHING FOR A  
CHANCE AT HER  
UGLY FACE!

I ALMOST  
BELIEVE YOU  
WOULD.



I WOULD INDEED!  
SO WOULD YOU!


TRUE  
ENOUGH!




BUT NO  
LONGER WOULD  
I BE ALONE!






A character with a red and blue hooded cloak and orange tunic stands in a dark, cavernous space. The ceiling is high and supported by stone pillars, with several glowing pinkish-red lights hanging from it. In the background, another figure in a blue cloak is visible.

*Drizzt wandered alone through the maze of Menzoberranzan, drifting under the leering points of the great stone spears that hung from the cavern's high ceiling.*


A close-up of a character wearing a red and blue hooded cloak, looking downwards with a somber expression.

*Matron Malice had specifically ordered all the family to remain within the house, fearing an assassination attempt by House Hun'ett.*


*But too much had happened to Drizzt this day for him to obey.*

A character in a red and blue hooded cloak and orange tunic stands in a dark, cavernous space. The ceiling is high and supported by stone pillars, with several glowing pinkish-red lights hanging from it. In the background, another figure in a blue cloak is visible.

*He had to think, and contemplating such thoughts, even silently, in a house full of nervous clerics might get him into serious trouble.*

A character in a blue cloak is seen from behind, walking up a long, winding stone staircase that leads up a steep, rocky hillside.

*He envisioned the future times, the times that he and his father would share now that no secrets separated them.*

A close-up of a character wearing a red and blue hooded cloak, looking downwards with a somber expression.

*They would cut through House Hun'ett's ranks with deadly ease, through the ranks of drow elves—killing their own people.*

*Together they would be unbeatable.*



The thought sickened Drizzt, but what choice did he have?

As Zaknafein had said, they were trapped in Menzoberranzan. To go anywhere else, the Underdark or the surface, would mean a quick death.



Nowhere in all the Realms would an elf of dark skin be accepted.







GUENHWYVAR!



I HAVE A  
JOB FOR YOU,  
ONE YOU WILL  
NOT ENJOY.



DRIZZT HAS GONE  
OUT ON PATROL BY HIMSELF.  
HE SHOULD NOT BE OUT  
THERE ALONE.

GO TO HIM,  
MY PET. FIND HIM  
OUT THERE IN THE  
GLOOM...



...AND KILL  
HIM.



GO! YOU CANNOT  
RESIST MY COMMAND!

I AM YOUR MASTER,  
UNTHINKING BEAST! YOU  
SEEM TO FORGET THAT FACT  
FAR TOO OFTEN!

YOU WILL  
OBEY ME!



KILL DRIZZT  
DO'URDEN!













MASOJ SENT  
YOU TO KILL ME,  
DIDN'T HE?

BUT YOU  
SAVED ME INSTEAD,  
GUENHWYVAR. YOU  
RESISTED THE  
COMMAND!



YOU COULD HAVE LET THE CAVE  
FISHER DO THE DEED **FOR** YOU, BUT  
YOU DID NOT!

FIGHT THE URGES,  
GUENHWYVAR!



MASOJ CLAIMS  
OWNERSHIP, I CLAIM  
FRIENDSHIP!

I AM YOUR  
FRIEND, GUENHWYVAR,  
AND I'LL NOT FIGHT  
AGAINST YOU!



PURRRRRR



NOW, TAKE  
ME TO YOUR  
MASTER.

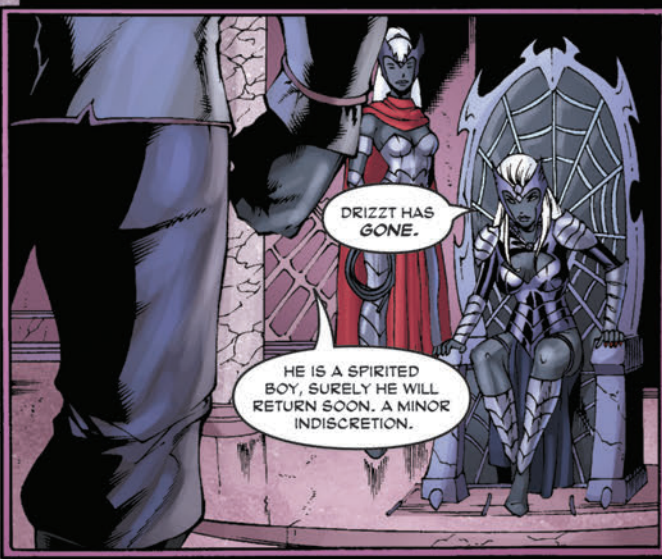


YOUR FALSE  
MASTER.





MATRON, PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL ME WHY YOU'VE **SUMMONED** ME AT THIS LATE HOUR.



DRIZZT HAS GONE.

HE IS A SPIRITED BOY, SURELY HE WILL RETURN SOON. A MINOR INDISCRETION.



FOOL! THE BOY HAS **DISPLEASED** THE SPIDER QUEEN! EVEN YOU WERE NOT STUPID ENOUGH TO DO THAT!

YOU KNOW THE ELVEN CHILD LIVES!



WE ARE ABOUT TO GO TO WAR. WE ARE NOT IN LOLTH'S FAVOR, AND WE MUST **CORRECT** THE SITUATION!

AM I TO PUNISH HIM THEN?

HIS PUNISHMENT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.

THEN WHY DISTURB MY **SLUMBER**?



I THOUGHT YOU WOULD WISH TO KNOW SINCE YOU AND DRIZZT BECAME SO CLOSE THIS DAY IN THE GYM. **FATHER AND SON.**

H...HOW DID YOU--?



IT MATTERS NOT.

AN ELVEN CHILD LIVES, AND SO A YOUNG DROW MUST **DIE!**





NO!

DRIZZT IS  
YOUNG. HE DID NOT  
UNDERSTAND--

HE KNEW **EXACTLY**  
WHAT HE WAS DOING!  
HE DOES NOT REGRET HIS  
ACTIONS! HE IS SO LIKE  
YOU, ZAKNAFEIN!

TOO  
LIKE YOU!



YOU CANNOT--  
HIS DEATH WOULD AID  
HOUSE HUN'E'TT!

THE SPIDER  
QUEEN **DEMANDS**  
HIS DEATH.

SHE MUST BE  
APPEASED IF WE ARE  
TO HAVE **ANY HOPE**  
IN OUR STRUGGLE  
AGAINST HUN'E'TT!



I **BEG** YOU,  
DO NOT KILL THE  
BOY.

I DO NOT DESIRE  
THIS EITHER, YET I SEE  
NO ALTERNATIVE...

TAKE ME  
IN THE BOY'S  
STEAD!



YOU ARE  
WILLING TO DO  
THIS FOR HIM?

YOU KNOW  
THAT I AM.

EVER  
THE FOOL.

TO YOUR DISMAY,  
YOU KNOW THAT DRIZZT  
WOULD DO THE SAME  
FOR ME.



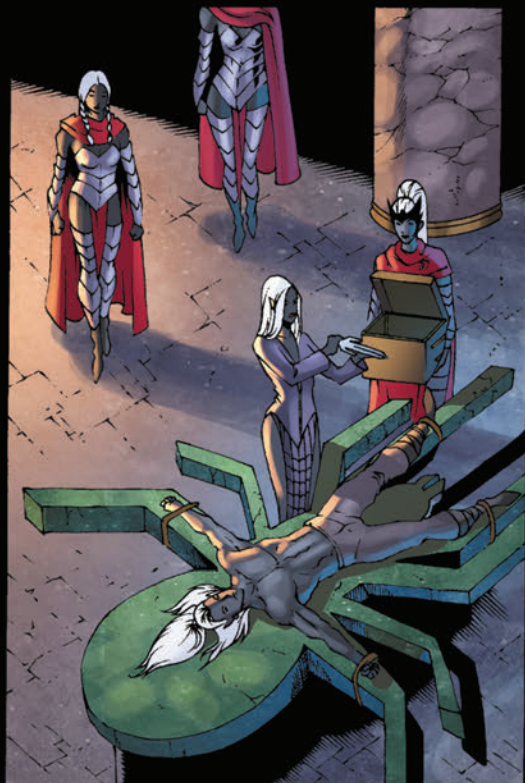
I WARN YOU,  
IF YOU DO **ANYTHING**  
TO DISRUPT THE CEREMONY  
TO APPEASE THE SPIDER  
QUEEN, I WILL GIVE DRIZZT  
TO BRIZA, AND SHE AND  
HER **TORTUROUS TOYS**  
WILL GIVE HIM TO  
LOLTH.



I HAVE OFFERED MYSELF,  
MALICE. HAVE YOUR FUN WHILE  
YOU MAY.

IN THE END,  
ZAKNAFEIN WILL BE  
AT **PEACE**-- MATRON  
MALICE WILL EVER  
BE AT WAR!









ABOUT  
TIME, **STUPID  
BEAST!**



IS IT DONE? IS  
**DRIZZT DO'URDEN  
DEAD?**

HARDLY.



WHAT IS THIS,  
GUENHWYVAR?!  
**KILL HIM  
NOW!**



YOU DO  
NOT **OWN** THE  
CAT.

WHO  
DOES, THEN?  
**YOU?**

GUENHWYVAR,  
ONLY GUENHWYVAR. I  
WOULD THINK A WIZARD  
WOULD HAVE A BETTER  
**UNDERSTANDING** OF  
THE MAGIC AROUND  
HIM.



THOUGH I CARE LITTLE, I  
KNOW HOUSE HUN'ETT WISHES  
TO WAGE **WAR** AGAINST MY  
FAMILY. FOR WHAT REASONS,  
I CANNOT GUESS.

FOR THE  
**VENGEANCE** OF  
HOUSE DEVIR!



I AM **ALTON DEVIR**,  
LONE SURVIVOR OF  
HOUSE DEVIR!

HOUSE DO'URDEN  
WILL **DIE** FOR ITS CRIMES  
AGAINST MY FAMILY!

I WAS  
NOT EVEN **BORN**  
WHEN THE BATTLE  
TOOK PLACE.



OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE!  
YOU ARE A DO'URDEN, A  
**FILTHY DO'URDEN**. THAT  
IS ALL THAT MATTERS!





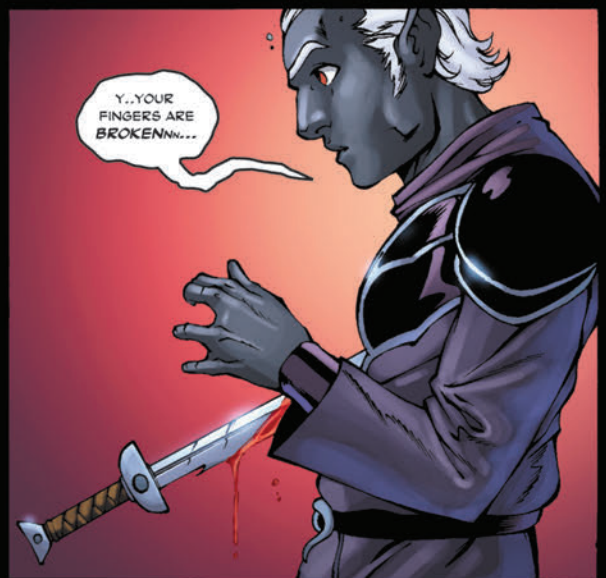




















YOU KNOW OF  
THE FACELESS  
ONE?

HE IS A  
HUN'E'TT, GELROOS  
HUN'E'TT.

NO. ONCE  
HE MAY HAVE BEEN,  
BUT **ALTON DEVIR** IS  
HIS TRUE NAME---  
WAS HIS NAME.



THE **LINK**! GELROOS WAS TO KILL  
ALTON ON THE NIGHT OF HOUSE  
DEVIR'S FALL!

IT WOULD SEEM  
ALTON DEVIR PROVED  
STRONGER. AND WHEN SHE  
LEARNED OF THIS, MATRON  
SINAFAY ACCEPTED HIM,  
USED HIM TO HER  
**GAIN**. HE---

IS  
DEAD.



ONE LESS WIZARD  
TO DEAL WITH,  
THEN.

**TWO.**  
MASOJ HUN'E'TT  
IS NO MORE AS  
WELL.



MY SON! YOU HAVE  
BROUGHT US A **GREAT**  
EDGE IN THIS WAR!

AND... AND  
MY FATHER?



ZAKNAFEIN  
HAS SERVED HIS  
PURPOSE.

WE MUST MOVE  
AT ONCE, MY FAMILY!  
THIS DAY WE BECOME  
THE **EIGHTH HOUSE** OF  
MENZOBERRANZAN!

WOE TO  
THE ENEMIES OF  
DO'URDEN!



YOU  
KILLED  
HIM!



NO, MY BOY,  
YOU KILLED  
HIM!

YOUR INSOLENCE  
DEMANDED REPAYMENT  
TO LOLT! BUT YOU LIVE,  
AS THE **ELVEN CHILD**  
LIVES.





YOU SACRIFICED ZAKNAFEIN?  
YOU GAVE HIM TO THAT DAMN  
SPIDER QUEEN!?

HE WENT  
WILLINGLY TO  
THE ALTAR FOR  
YOUR SAKE!



HEAR ME, DRIZZT. YOU  
HAVE **NO OPTIONS**. I OFFER  
YOU A LIFE. BUT IN EXCHANGE,  
YOU MUST DO AS I BID, JUST  
AS ZAKNAFEIN DID.

BOTH OF US  
WILL BENEFIT FROM  
THE AGREEMENT...  
**WEAPONS-MASTER.**



YOU ASK ME TO SERVE  
YOUR EVIL DESIGNS, BUT  
YOU LIE!

OUR PEOPLE,  
OUR SOCIETY, OUR  
RULES ARE ALL  
A LIE!

INSOLENT  
SLUG!



A TRUE  
GOD DAMN  
YOU ALL!



AND DAMN THE  
SPIDER QUEEN AS  
WELL!



AAGHH!  
THE LIGHT!

GET HIM!  
I WANT HIM  
DEAD!



HE'S  
GONE...?





GOODBYE, ZAK!  
MY FATHER!



**THE END**  
THE LEGEND OF DRIZZT CONTINUES  
IN FORGOTTEN REALMS: EXILE

Steffy of  
Crisosmo  
Blond





3/24/05  
PERRY  
BLOND



DROW  
PRIESTESS

MAYA  
VISANA  
GAIZA

VARIATIONS ON THIS



DININ



DROW  
"ROYALTY"  
MALE



DRIZZLE  
IN DA  
HISSE.

"PINWHEEL"



EYE, CURVED  
& FINE-NOSE  
SHAPE.  
HAIR LINE ON  
BOTTOM OF  
HIGHLIGHT

CHAR  
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DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

THE LEGEND OF

# DRIZZT

## RA. SALVATORE FORGOTTEN REALMS HOMELAND



Travel back to strange and exotic Menzoberranzan, the vast city of the drow and homeland to Icewind Dale hero Drizzt Do'Urden. The young prince of a royal house, Drizzt grows to maturity in the vile world of his dark kin. Possessing honor beyond the scope of his unprincipled society, young Drizzt faces an inevitable dilemma. Can he live in a world that rejects integrity?



IDW

