

## EVENT SUMMARY: MYTH6~2 AMBASSADOR, GENERAL, HERALD, SPY

The results of this adventure have an impact on the Battle Interactive!

Slot Number:

Table Number:

DM's Name:

Q1. Did the PCs activate all the runes and defeat the fomorian Portal Lord?

- A. Yes
- B. No, they activated the runes but did not defeat the monsters
- C. No, they defeated the monsters but did not activate all the runes
- D. No, they did not reach the final encounter

Q2. Whom did the PCs nominate as heir to the Coronal?

- A. Ambassador Gwenolyn Silverbrook
- B. General Grawdon Dringol
- C. Herald Loristion Windsog
- D. Someone else (put their name in the Notes section below)
- E. No one

Notes:

# PLAYER'S HANDOUT 1: ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The short story below outlines recent events in Myth Drannor for the players.

Coronal Ilsevele Miritar of Myth Drannor fidgeted with the thin coronet above her brow. She did not like to be kept waiting. General Grawdon Dringol was seated to her right, gently petting his emerald-hued hound Clover. The Coronal preferred him on this side, so she could see his profile and avoid staring at the green leather patch shaped like a leaf over his right eye. To the Coronal's left sat Herald Loristion Windsong. The spellarcher's plum-colored cloak was draped over his chair, his fine darkwood lute resting comfortably against the edge of the table.

The door opened and Ambassador Gwendolyn Silverbrook gracefully entered the room. Her immaculate white robes brushed the stone flagstones as she took her seat. The Coronal snapped, "You are late, Gwendolyn. It is impolite to keep us waiting."

The Ambassador, keeping full composure, replied respectfully, "My apologies, Coronal. I was detained in a meeting with the Cormyrian Ambassador, Deskyr Thanterim. He witnessed the Netherese forces in Sembia, and pleads on behalf of Cormyr for us to rejoin the alliance against Netheril."

The Coronal reflected on her decision to leave the alliance, made just a few short months ago. The raid against the flying city of Sakkors had been successful, but may have been a costly distraction. Myth Drannor faced her own problems. A fomorian army had taken the opportunity to assault the city, but it seemed that the Knights of Myth Drannor could hold their own. That was before the fomorians started using dark fey fused with Spellplagued energy, though. Furthermore, a strange pocket of Spellplague erupted in the heart of the city, infecting eladrin citizens. As if that were not enough, she did not know whether she could trust her three closest advisors, those seated at this very table.

No, sadly, Myth Drannor had limited resources to defend herself, much less aid Cormyr in its troubles with Netheril. Still, there may be hope. "What are your thoughts, Ambassador Silverbrook? You know of our troubles in Myth Drannor, and we do not abandon our friends in their time of need," asked the Coronal gravely.

The Ambassador pondered the question for a few moments, then responded, "It is our responsibility to be directly involved in world politics and events. However, our current situation could be considered a significant event itself. We have strained our resources aiding those legendary adventurers who would confront Shar and her plots directly. With the direct threats against our kingdom, we cannot spare any resources without greatly compromising our ability to defend ourselves."

General Dringol added, "I agree with the Ambassador. With the threat of the fomorians and dark fey at our steps and the Spellplague ravaging the eladrin of Myth Drannor, we simply cannot spare the resources to rejoin the alliance. Recall that our last agreement included control of the flying city of Sakkors, but the mercenaries Cormyr recruited disrupted our attempts to control the city. Unless dire circumstances require us to act for the sake of the realm, we should stay out of the affairs of other races."

Herald Windsong chimed in, "To my colleague's points, we are eladrin. Other races come and go, wars are waged, borders change. In a few hundred years, they will be gone and we will still be here, provided we do not mistakenly divert our resources and leave ourselves vulnerable to our enemies."

Coronal Ilsevele Miritar sighed, "You are all correct, of course. Ambassador Silverbrook, please send the Cormyrian Ambassador our regrets. Under current circumstances, we simply cannot spare the resources needed to aid Cormyr with its conflict. Wish them the best, and may Tymora's fortune smile upon them."

The advisors left the Coronal alone with her thoughts. She was grateful for the treaty with the fey at the nearby Citadel of Fungus, but the stalemate with the other dark fey army would not be broken any time soon. Could one of her advisors be a traitor, leaking information to her enemies? And what of the spreading pocket of Spellplague in the city? The weight of the thin coronet on her brow had never felt as heavy as it did this day.

## PLAYER'S HANDOUT 2A

*Hail and well met.*

*Cormanthor sometimes requires the skill and valor of extraordinary heroes in times of great need. If you are interested in assisting our noble land then I will make arrangements for a representative of the court to meet you. Make your way with great haste and greater secrecy to the Blink Dog Inn here in Myth Drannor and order a glass of Evermeet Emerald.*

*The Kingdom of Myth Drannor has long rewarded loyalty with generosity and this will be no exception.*

*We thank you for your courage and service.*

*Ilsevele Miritar*

*Coronal of Myth Drannor.*

## PLAYER'S HANDOUT 2B

*Hail and well met Sha'Quessir.*

*Our noble land once again faces grave peril. If only I possessed a spy-glass that would reveal these threats I would not have to rely on the keen insight of our people and allies. Since I know of no such instrument of wishful thinking is known to me I must trust all loyal citizens to do their part. The Kingdom of Myth Drannor has long rewarded loyalty with generosity and this will be no exception. In the past you have come to the aid of Cormanthor. If you would do so again then I invite you to read on.*

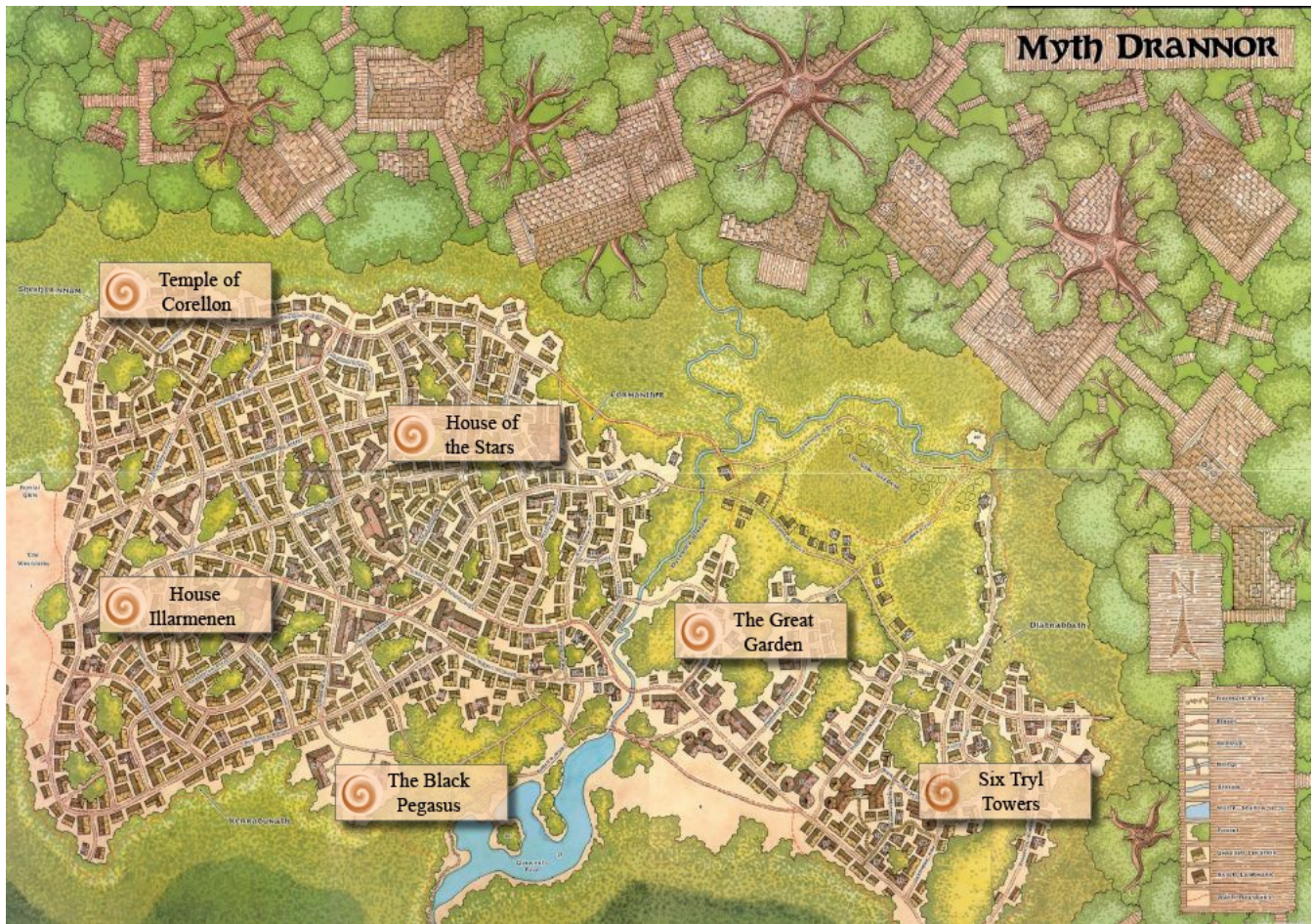
*I have arranged for a representative of the court to meet you at a secret location. Make your way with great haste and greater secrecy to the Blink Dog Inn here in Myth Drannor and order a glass of Evermeet Emerald.*

*We thank you for your courage and service.*

*Ilsevele Miritar*

*Coronal of Myth Drannor.*

## PLAYER'S HANDOUT 3: PORTAL LOCATIONS



(Source: [http://forgottenrealms.wikia.com/wiki/Myth\\_Drannor?file=Myth\\_drannor.jpg](http://forgottenrealms.wikia.com/wiki/Myth_Drannor?file=Myth_drannor.jpg))

**Six Tryl Towers** - The portal under the Six Tryl Towers is spewing all sorts of arcane energy that must be dealt with in order for the portal wizard to use the rune. Assist Orien in containing the energies.

**House Illarmenen** - Although House Illarmenen once guarded this gateway... time and battles long forgotten have felled it. Rubble and ruin must be cleared to unearth the portal.

**Black Pegasus** - The portal in the lower district of the city is currently in the possession of a new faction in Myth Drannor, the Black Pegasus. Guildmistress Felionia is looking to increase its power and influence and wants concessions from the Coronal to allow access.

**Great Garden** - In the Great Garden, Groundskeeper Rellen's pet Rosethorn bush has taken a particular fondness for the portal. Help Rellen coax his beloved friend away from the gate.

**Temple of Corellon** - The portal in the basement of the temple of Corellon has been tainted. The elven acolyte Oselar believes it must be cleansed before the rune will work.

**House of the Stars** - The bypasses for the traps that guard the portal under the House of the Stars are not working and now the traps must be manually disabled. Retired Spymaster Gilleone Gray knows where the traps are but his hands aren't as deft as they used to be.

PLAYER'S HANDOUT 4

*Magnificent LoPhan,  
All went as planned. As I have  
upheld my end of the bargain now I beg  
you to uphold yours. When I rule  
Myth Drannor in your name your  
foothold here will be forever secure.*

*Your servant,*

*Loristion Windsong*