

THE FIELDS OF THE DEAD

The swath of verdant farmland between Elturel and Baldur's Gate is commonly known as the Fields of the Dead. Not for any kind of threat from the undead – the Companion's light reaches even here, and unlife cannot stand its light – but because in the 9th century this whole area was a vast battleground for the lands north of Calimshan. Farmers are prone to uncovering ancient artifacts while tilling their fields, and sometimes even weirder things turn up.

A couple of days ago, a small earthquake at a farm a ways south of the Troll Claws definitely turned up an unusual artifact – an entire building, and not a friendly-looking one – a round, black building with external walls made of a smooth black metal that glows red in the nighttime. The call for Hellrider assistance went out, and that's where your band of adventurers comes in.

THE GROUP

- Yelren, a Hellrider paladin and warden
- Flight Risk, a forger trying to turn over a new leaf, currently Yelren's ward
- Bryzorwyn, a street urchin turned Hellrider
- Grumph, the sole priest of Chauntea in the Order of the Companion
- Solarys, wandering wizard and solver of mysteries
- Nephrite, formerly of the Flaming Fist, now a sellsword trying to make a name for herself



THE CURRENT SITUATION

Each of you has arrived at the black metal building in the Fields of the Dead, in the lands of a farmer named Mallory Varsk. He's available to answer questions, but he doesn't seem to know much more than you. As such, your party has assembled outside of the building, ready to delve into its mysteries.

Yelren and **Bryzorwyn** were the first two to receive orders to investigate the strange structure. As Hellriders, protecting the lands under the light of the Companion primarily falls to them first, although the Hellriders have been stretched thin of late – an untimely influx of religious pilgrims, as well as a resurgence in activity by the Cult of the Dragon to the north of Elturel, mean that two riders were all that could be spared. Luckily, they are not alone.

Flight Risk, of course, got brought along because – well, either he can show he really is trying to be a better person or he can die trying, right? And while news of an intriguing mystery was bound to bring **Solarys** out here eventually anyway, Bryzorwyn directly offering him a chance to peruse some of the spellbooks the Hellriders had captured from enemies of the state... well, that's an offer too good to pass up.

Lastly, once freed from diplomatic matters demanding the attention of several members of the Order of the Companion, **Grumph** arrived as well – with a mercenary he had hired, **Nephrite**, in tow. You can never have too much muscle on a strange case, after all.

THE CREED RESOLUTE

A reminder of the oath sworn by Yelren, Bryz, and Grumph – and maybe Flight Risk?

I solemnly pledge my soul and blood and blade to serve as a knight of Elturel and share the Oath of the High Observer in honoring the Gift of the Companion. I shall guard the realm of Elturgard and all those lands which lie under Elturel's Shield, upholding the laws of Elturgard and the commands of the High Observer. I shall live my life in strict accord to the Creed Resolute, placing it and this oath above all other doctrines. I shall be bound to all others who swear this oath, declaring them now and forevermore, whether in life or beyond the veil of death, to be my brothers in arms. To ensure the perfect harmony of our brotherhood, I shall permit no difference in faith to come between us, but rather hold the Companion, which I shall never attribute to one god or another, as our common star.