

*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.*

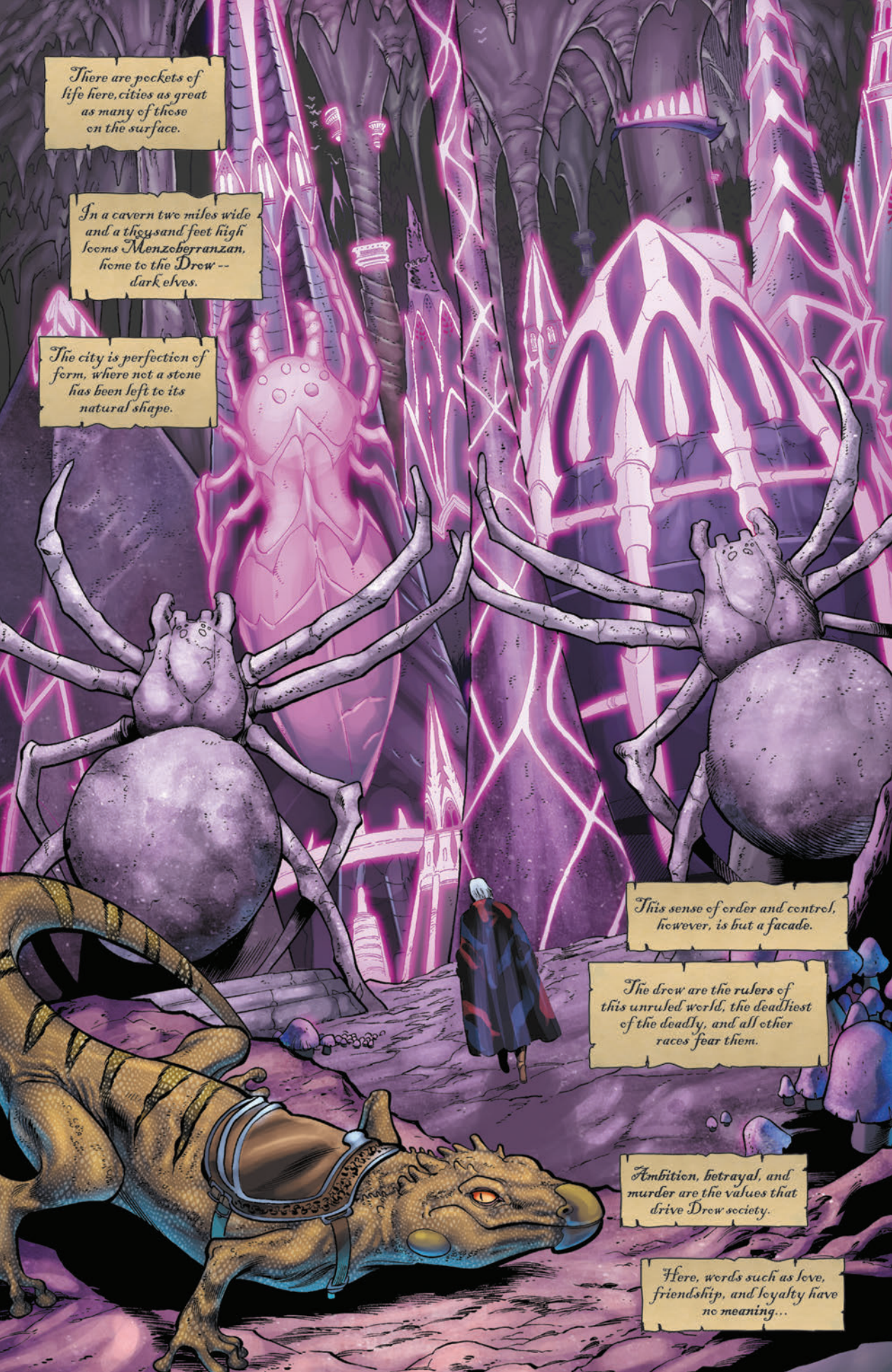


*Most who come  
here uninvited  
do not return.*



*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.

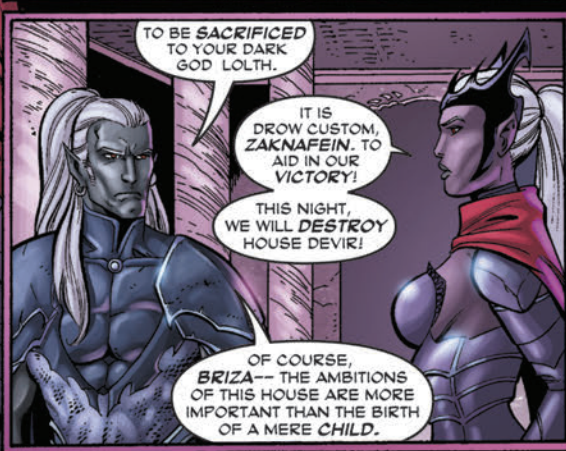




THE CHILD COMES THIS NIGHT-- WE GO NO MATTER WHAT NEWS DININ BEARS.



IT WILL BE A BOY CHILD, THIRD LIVING SON OF HOUSE DO'URDEN.



TO BE SACRIFICED TO YOUR DARK GOD LOLTH.

IT IS DROW CUSTOM, ZAKNAFEIN. TO AID IN OUR VICTORY!

THIS NIGHT, WE WILL DESTROY HOUSE DEVIR!

OF COURSE, BRIZA-- THE AMBITIONS OF THIS HOUSE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE BIRTH OF A MERE CHILD.

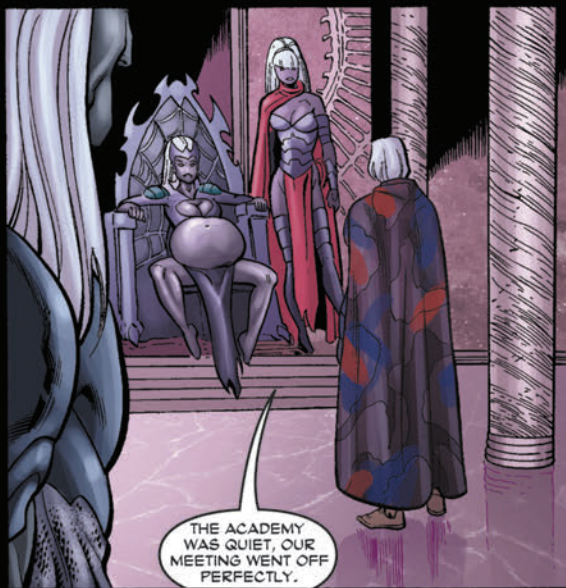


ALL IS READY, MATRON MALICE.

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



YOU HAVE MET WITH THE FACELESS ONE?



THE ACADEMY WAS QUIET, OUR MEETING WENT OFF PERFECTLY.



EXCELLENT.

TO THE MELD.

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.



YOU KNOW YOUR PLACES. LET OUR WORK BEGIN.