



PATHS of DESTINY™

A Guide to the Mysteries of ULTIMA V®

hail, worthy Avatar!

Know first that I, Shalineth, do offer thee our Kingdom's most heartfelt gratitude for taking up arms once more to fight for Virtue. A terrible fate has befallen our honored King, and troubled times are before us... times that only the Avatar of Legend can see us through.

It is our fervent hope that this book will serve as an indispensable guide to thy travels in Britannia. We are only too aware that thy Quest may still end in tragedy, even with all the aid we can render. Therefore take with thee not only our knowledge, but our hopes and blessings as well.

In thy hands thou dost hold an enlightened Work, created with the aid of many others besides myself. Adventurers of such renown as the knights Shamino, Dupre and Sentri, the minstrels Jolo and Gwenno, and many other diligent servants of the Crown did kindly lend the richness of their travels to these pages. To them we all owe a great debt, for awful was the peril that some faced in their journeys. hearken well to their words, for more than a few of these knights gave up their lives so that thou couldst find thy way.

Lord Shalineth, Most humble Servant of his Majesty
Lord British
The Lycaeum, Verity Isle
4/4/139

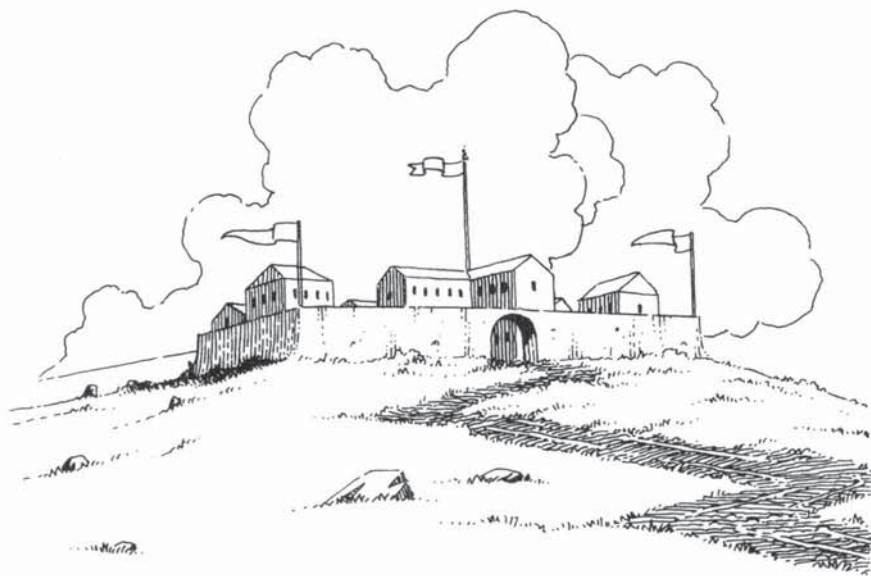
Paths of Destiny

Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Settlements and Landmarks of the Realm	5
Lighthouses	45
Dwellings	46
The Risen Codex and The Shrines of Virtue	47
Treasures of Magic and Wonder	49
Auguries of the Skies	55
Forbidden Places of Darkness	56
The Underworld	64
The Final Trial	67

Settlements and Landmarks of the Realm

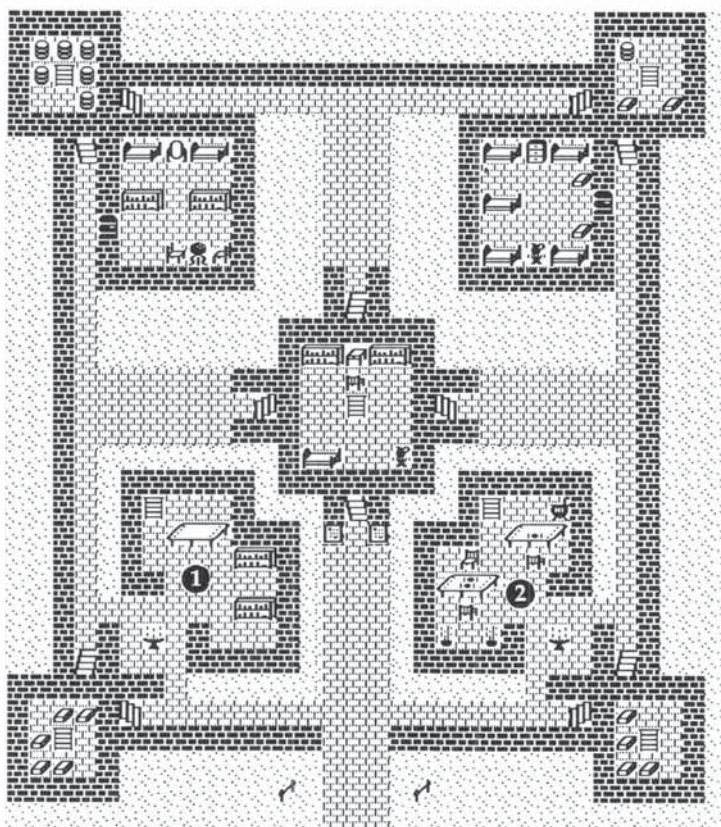
Being an Atlas of the Townes, Villages, Castles, Keeps, and other
important Landmarks of the Realm.



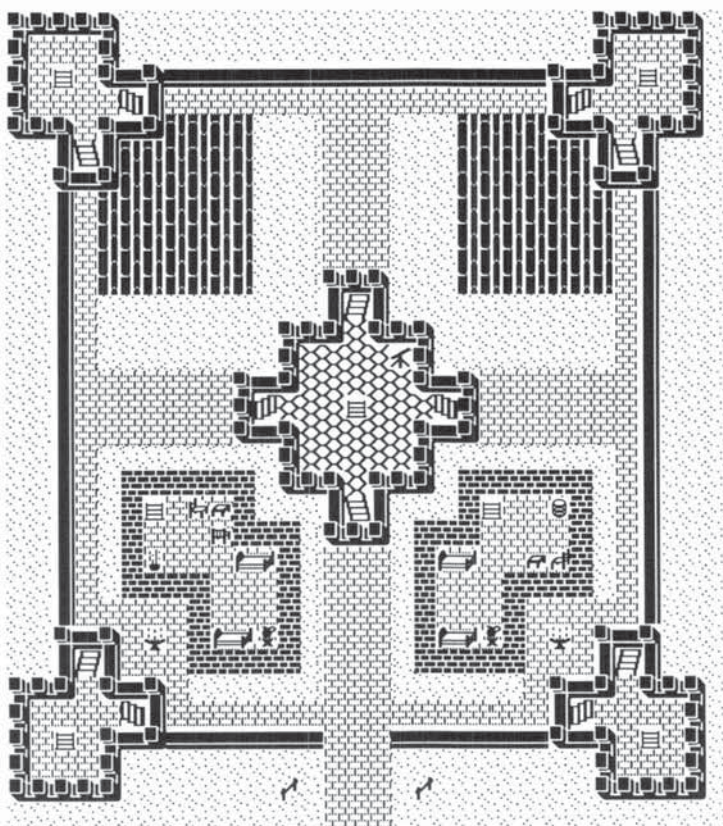
Moonglow

Lat. 1' 1" Long. 1' 1"

Often can great masters of the mystic arts be found within the marble walls of this fair town, nestled in the southern forests of Verity Isle. Moonglow is one of the most beautiful cities in the kingdom, and its citizens are known for their philosophy and practice of the virtue Honesty. A pleasant half-day's journey on horseback will bring one to the gates of the Lycaeum, where Britannia's scholars spend their days in pursuit of Truth's enlightenment.



Moonglow: Level One



Moonglow: Level Two

Moonglow's pub, The Honest Meal, is not a particularly renowned one, but a frequent patron known as Lord Stuart the Hungry may offer thee some diverting insights into the finer points of culinary magic.

① The herbalist

Ginseng.....	2
Garlic.....	3
Spider Silk.....	3
Nightshade.....	12
Mandrake Root.....	13

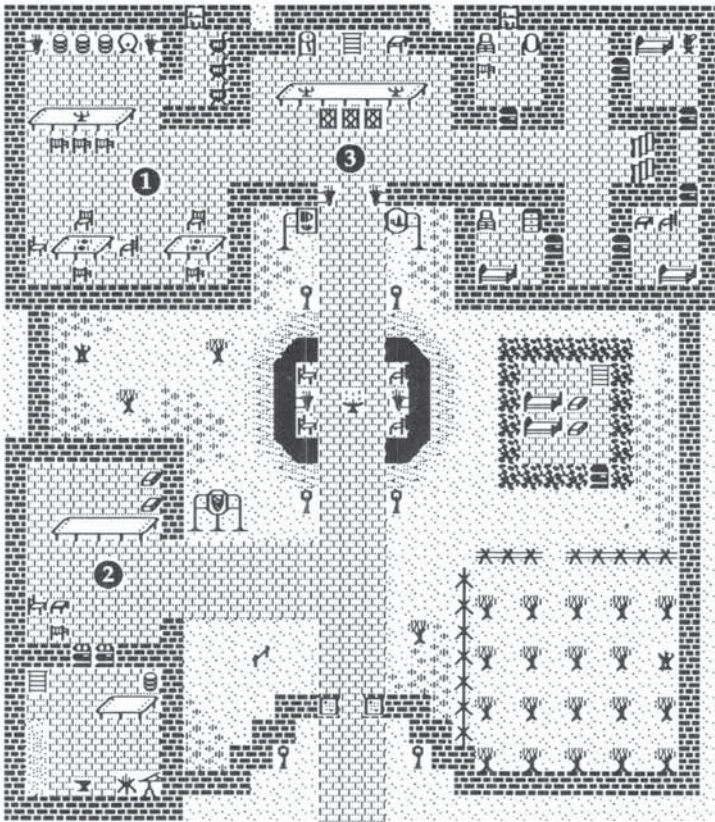
② The honest Meal

Mutton.....	3
Rations.....	10
Ale.....	1

Britain

Lat. X'K" Long. P'B"

Britain is a thriving, picturesque city just a short distance from Lord British's castle on Brittany Bay. The town is an important center of commerce for all of Britannia and has a number of interesting places to visit, including Iolo the Bard's arbalest shoppe and a highly recommended pub. Those who dwell here are welcoming and compassionate, so travelers often find Britain one of the most hospitable places in the Realm to visit.



Britain: Level One

1 The Wayfarer Tavern

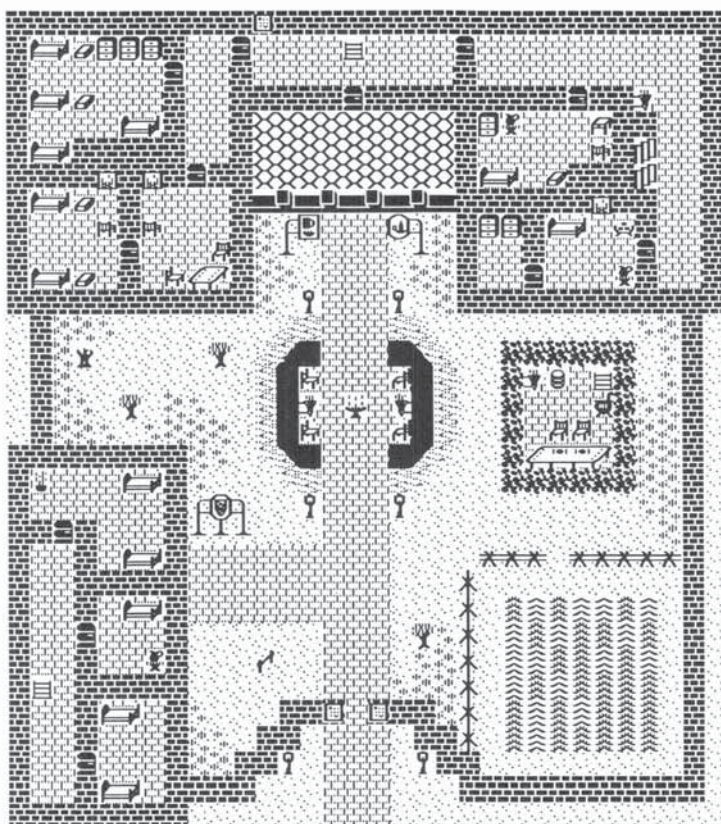
Mutton..... 4
Rations..... 15
Ale.....1

2 Jolo's Bows

Dagger..... 1
Sling.....10
Bow.....75
Arrows.....10
Crossbow..... 150
Quarrels.....15
Magic Bow..... 800

3 The Wayfarer Inn

Nightly fare: 2 gp for each guest
3 rooms available for lodging

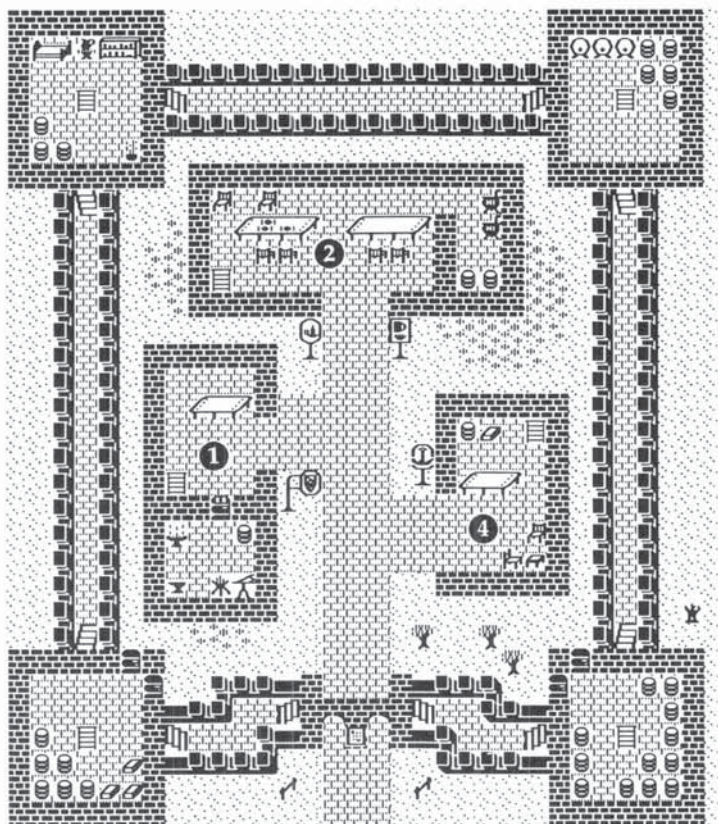


Britain: Level Two

Jhelom

Lat. 4° 30' N Long. 1° 15' W

In the mountainous Valorian Isles, far to the southeast of the Britannian mainland, can be found the bulwarked towers of Jhelom. Home to the elite of Britannian knighthood, this city's gates are open to all who valorously strive to defend the Realm. Though some of the citizens may appear rather brusque at times, time and patience spent befriending a knight of Jhelom will seldom be for nought.



Jhelom: Level One

① Naughty Nomaan's

Flaming Oil.....	5
Mace.....	50
Morning Star.....	60
Throwing Axe.....	3
Spiked Helm.....	150
Spiked Shield.....	120
Spiked Collar.....	240

② The Sword and Keg

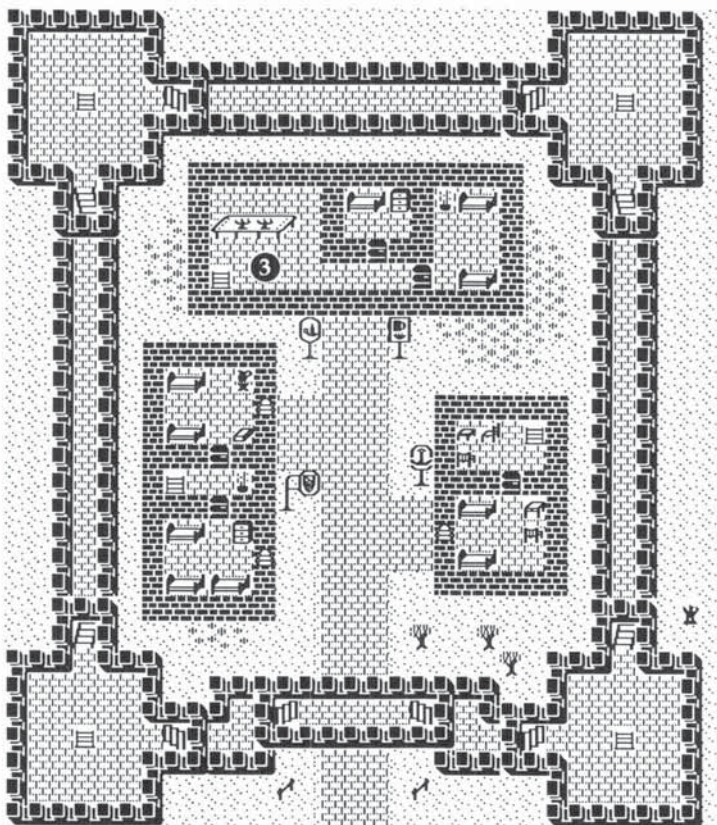
Mutton.....	5
Rations.....	20
Ale.....	1

③ The Warrior's Stead

Nightly fare: 3 gp for each guest
4 rooms available for lodging

④ Island Shipwrights

Frigate.....	600
Skiff.....	200

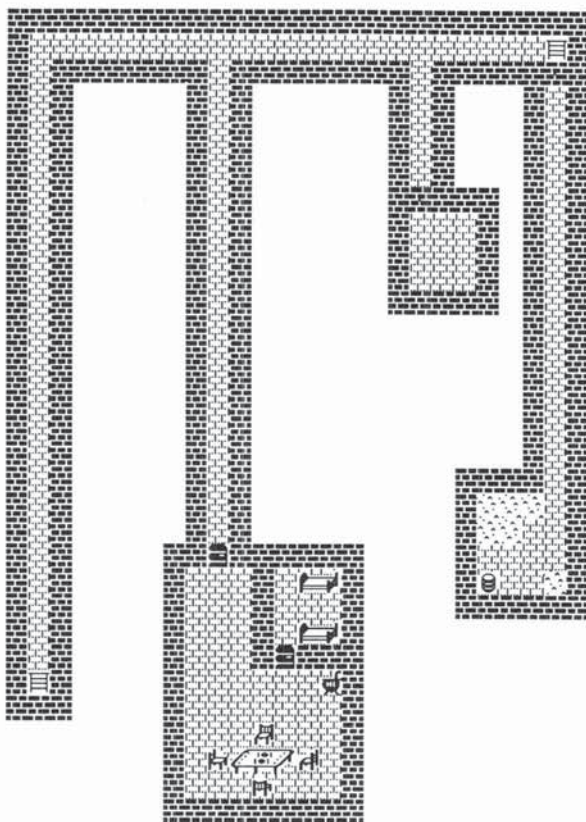


Jhelom: Level Two

Yew

Lat. ʼ ʼ" Long. ʼ ʼ"

Anyone who has been apprehended in a tavern brawl, indulged in one too many cups of ale, failed to pay tribute to the new King, or otherwise offended one of Blackthorn's henchmen, is undoubtedly familiar with this once-fair city's prison. Yew is a city in bondage to Blackthorn's will; a place where Justice is no longer served with the august integrity that once governed the decisions of the Druidic court. But abandon not all hope for this towne, for the true goodness of Yew's people lies just beneath the surface... seek it there, and ye shall find it.



Yew: Basement

1 The Slaughtered Lamb

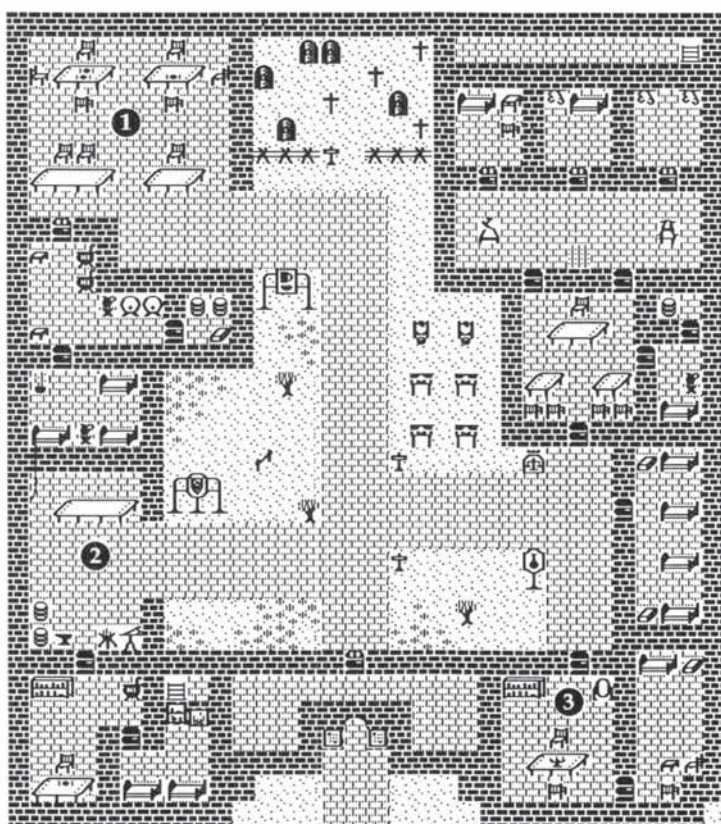
Rum.....	1
Wild Boar.....	3

3 healers' herbs

Sulfurous Ash.....	1
Ginseng.....	2
Garlic.....	2
Spider Silk.....	4
Blood Moss.....	5

2 Arms of Justice

Leather Helm.....	15
Cloth.....	20
Leather.....	50
Club.....	5
Spear.....	7
Silver Sword.....	250
Magic Axe.....	1000

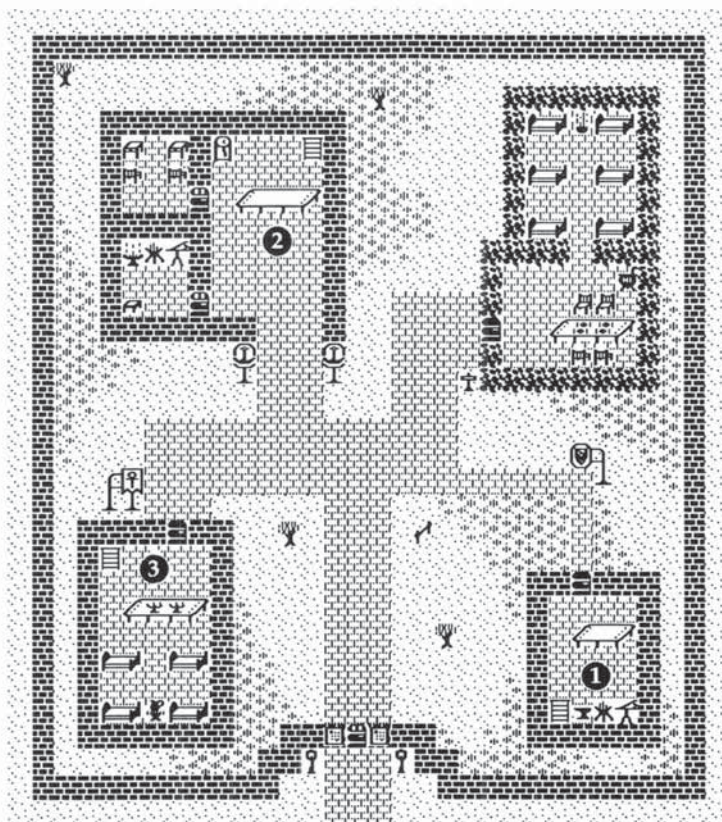


Yew: Level One

Minoc

Lat. B' M" Long. Φ' K"

The town of Minoc was founded by the tinkers and craftsmen of ages past on the shores of Lost Hope Bay, near Britannia's central northern coast. Upon the wild, inhospitable crags of ocean-swept rock did a people strong of heart grow and flourish, and the townsfolk of Minoc became known throughout the Realm for their selfless and willing sacrifice. 'Tis a tribute to their unflagging generosity that even in these times of brutal oppression, none in need are ever turned away from the Healers' Mission and the world's gold is never asked for the spirit's healing.



Minoc: Level One

① Darkwatch Armoury

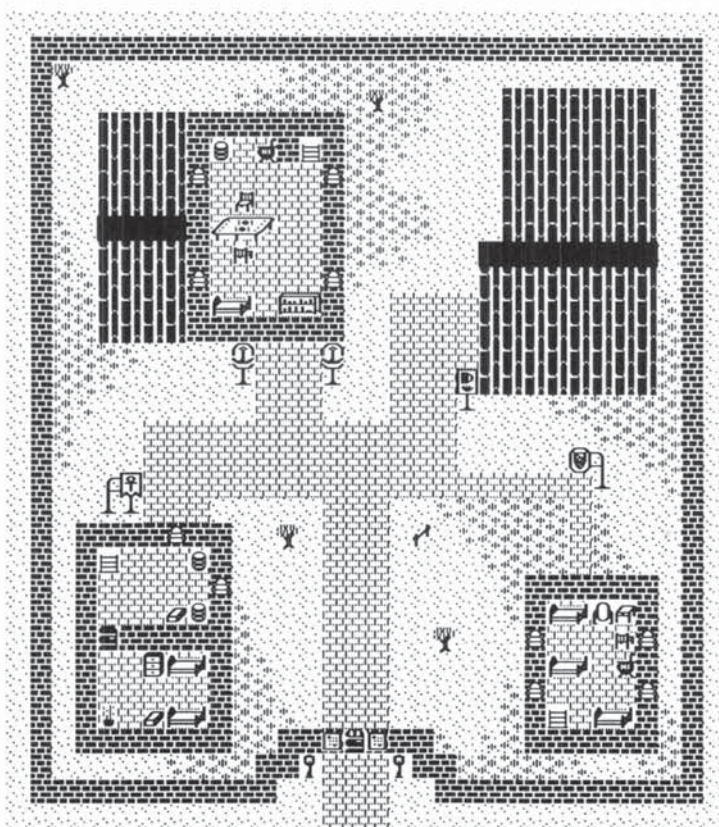
Iron Helm.....	120
Small Shield.....	40
Ring Mail.....	100
Short Sword.....	40
Mace.....	50
Two-Handed Hammer.....	85

② The Crow's Nest

Frigate.....	753
Skiff.....	175

③ The healers' Mission

Healing.....	Charity
Curing.....	Charity
Resurrection.....	200

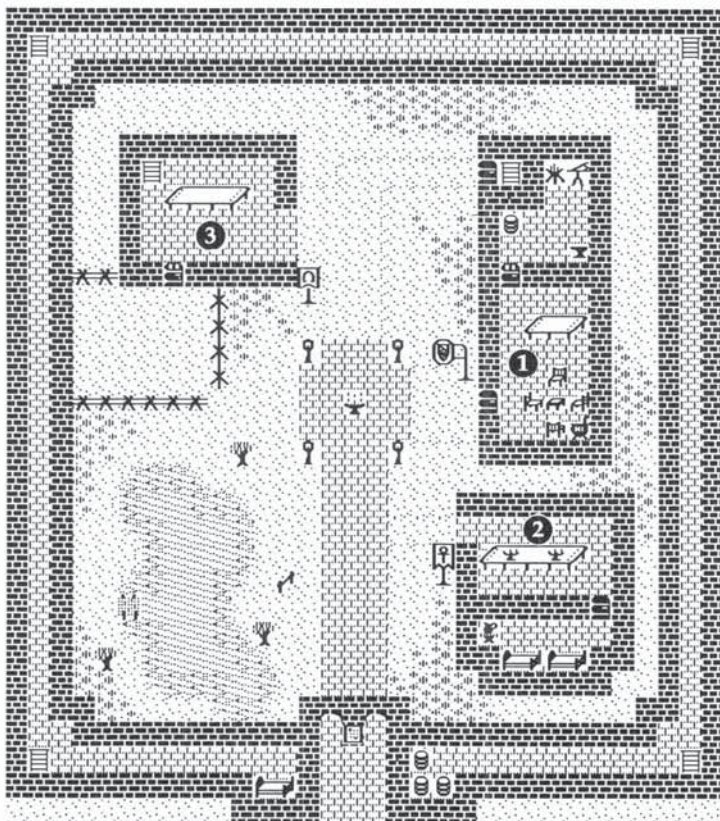


Minoc: Level Two

Trinsic

Lat. 1' 1" Long. X'k"

The Western Road begins amongst the cities and villages of Britanny Bay and comes to its end far to the south on the Great Sea's coast. It is here that the magnificent walled city of Trinsic proudly stands facing the sea, a glorious challenge to those who would bring dishonour to the Kingdom. A visitor to Trinsic will likely find a city where enduring friendships are readily made, and where lagging faith in the ultimate triumph of honour and truth will be bountifully restored.



Trinsic: Level One

1 The Paladin's Protectorate

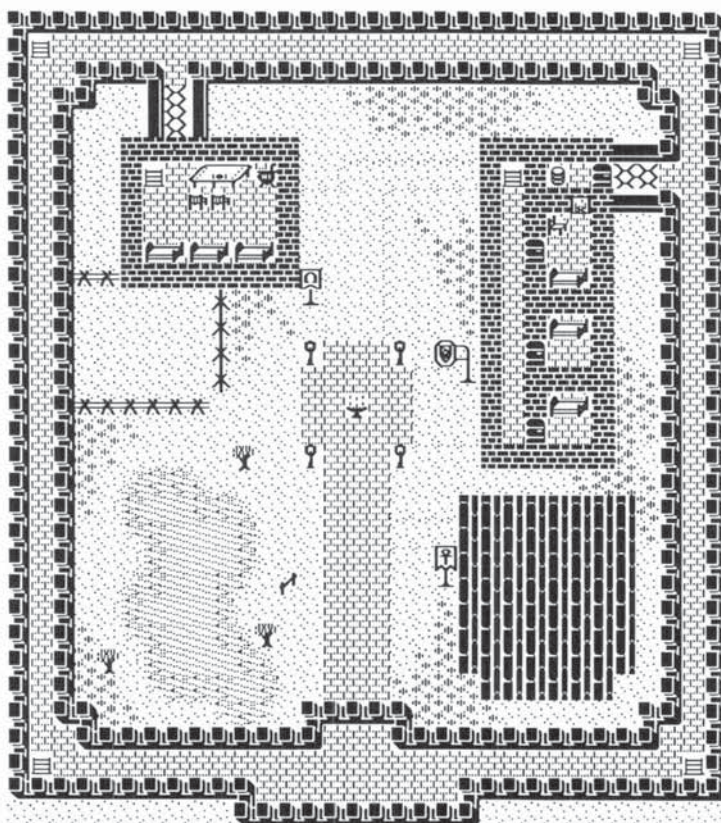
Two-Handed Axe.....	150
Two-Handed Sword.....	200
Halberd.....	250
Iron Helm.....	120
Large Shield.....	70
Scale.....	150
Plate.....	700

2 Wounds of honour

Healing.....	40
Curing.....	25
Resurrection.....	215

3 horse & Rider

Steeds.....	100
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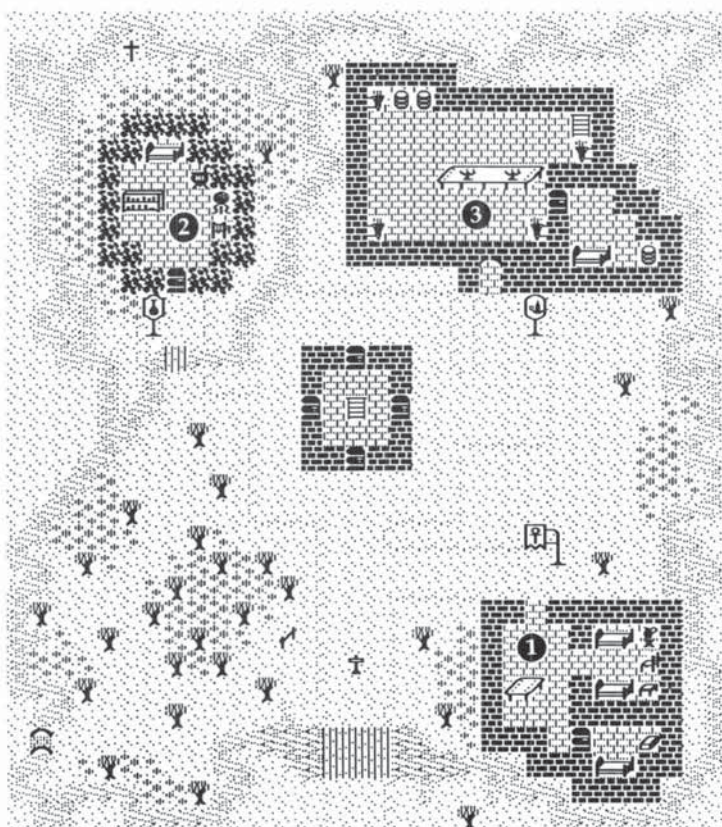


Trinsic: Level Two

Skara Brae

Lat. I' F" Long. B' X"

On a western isle just off the coast of Spiritwood lies the quiet retreat of Skara Brae. Long known as a home for the Rangers of Britannia, a private people who strive to better the lives of others through a deep understanding of Spirituality, Skara Brae is a rustic shire of streams and forests with a few shoppes and dwellings unobtrusively scattered about. Those sick or wounded folk who seek aid at the Spirit Healers of Skara Brae may find refuge from their pain there, irrespective of their personal wealth.



Skara Brae: Level One

① The Spirit healers

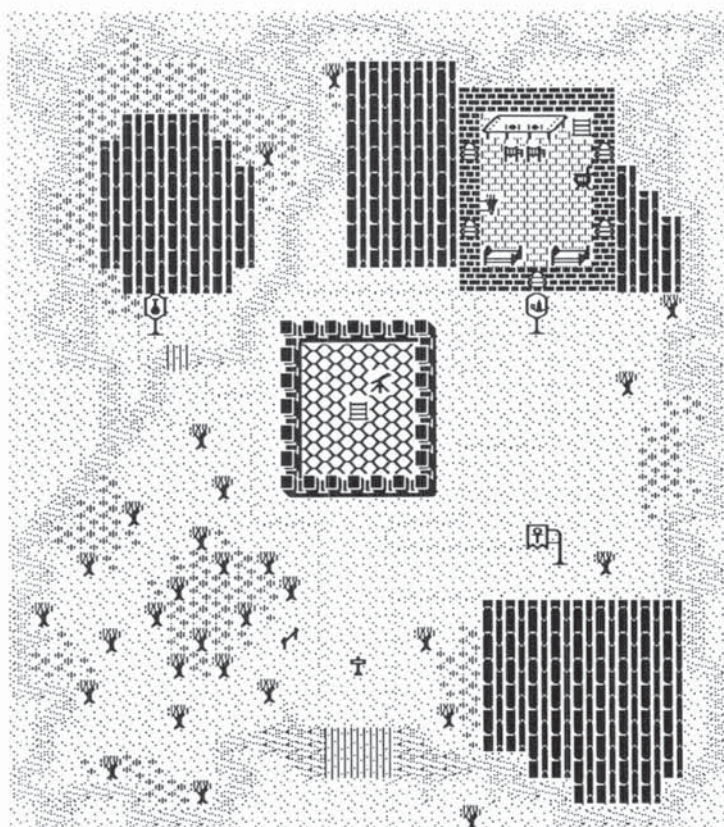
Healing.....	45
Curing.....	30
Resurrection.....	225

② The Alchemist

Sulfurous Ash.....	1
Ginseng.....	2
Blood Moss.....	5
Black Pearl.....	3

③ The haunting Inn

Nightly fare: 2 gp for each guest
3 rooms available for lodging

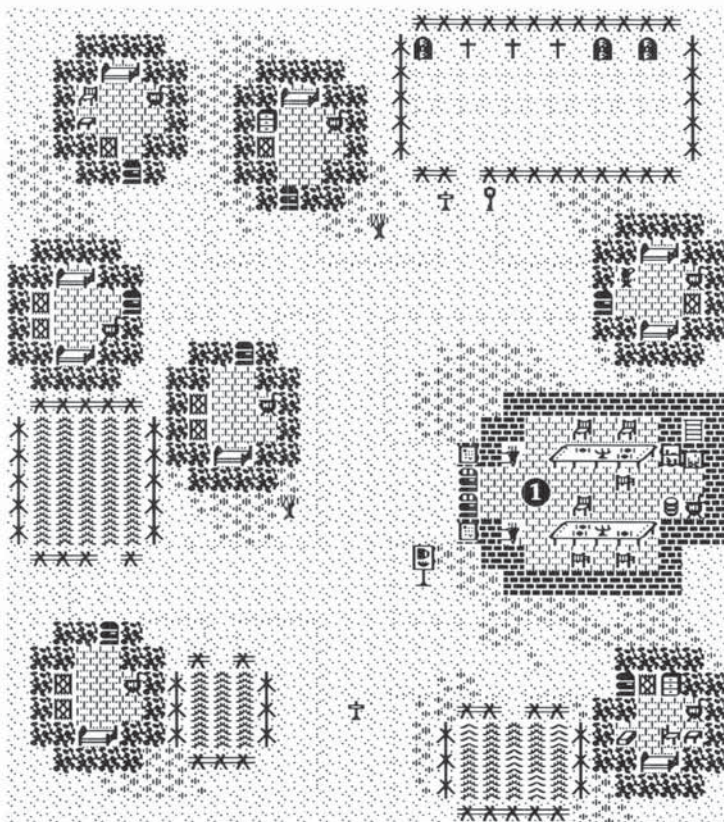


Skara Brae: Level Two

New Magincia

Lat. K' 4" Long. 1' 1"

The tales of the insufferable pride of Old Magincia's citizens, and the ineffable destruction cast down upon them for their pride's sake, must never be allowed to slip from our minds. Ages have passed since daemons laid waste to the fair city leaving nought but smoking rubble and unliving souls in their wake, but only in recent years has the remote island colony been repopulated. Now, New Magincia has sprung up from the ancient and desolate ruins, built by a simple, unassuming people who know and treasure the innate value of all living things.



New Magincia: Level One

① The humble Palate

Stout.....1

Fruit..... 2

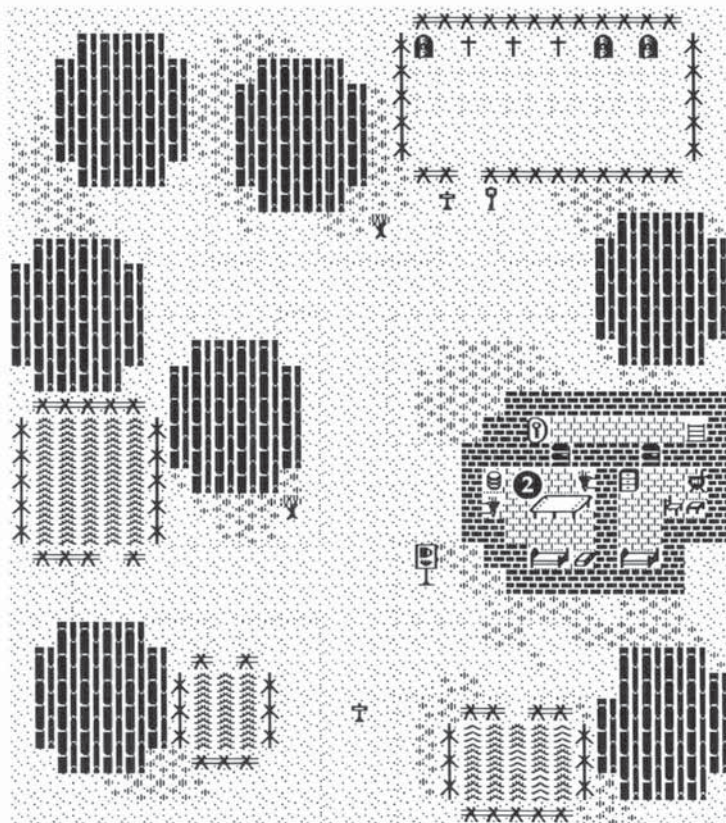
Provisions..... 30

② The Den (upstairs, through fireplace in the Humble Palace)

Keys.....30

Gems.....255

Torches..... 12

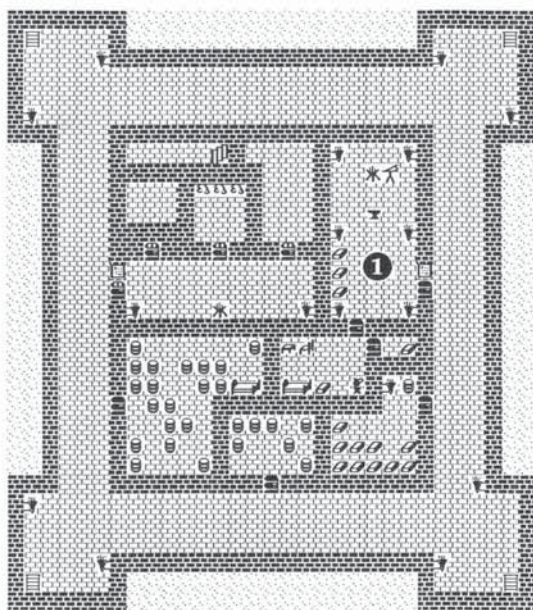


New Magincia: Level Two

Castle Britannia

Lat. X'1" Long. 9' X"

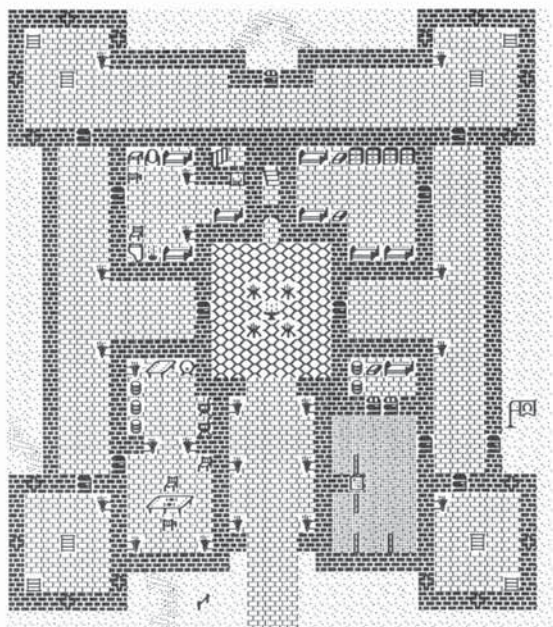
Lord British's magnificent castle stands high in the heart of Britannia, overlooking Brittany Bay. A breathtaking fortress of marble and tile, Castle Britannia is five stories tall including its dungeon. Within its imposing stone walls are vast storerooms, a little-used prison, bedchambers ranging from austere but comfortable barracks to lavishly appointed guest quarters, two kitchens, a fine stable, and the acclaimed smithy of Max the Armourer. Our True King is above all a man of philosophy and learning, as all well know who have seen His Majesty's private rooftop observatory. And though there seems little hope for Lord British's return, dozens of devoted subjects of the Crown labor still to keep his castle warm and safe for all who would defend his virtues and his name.



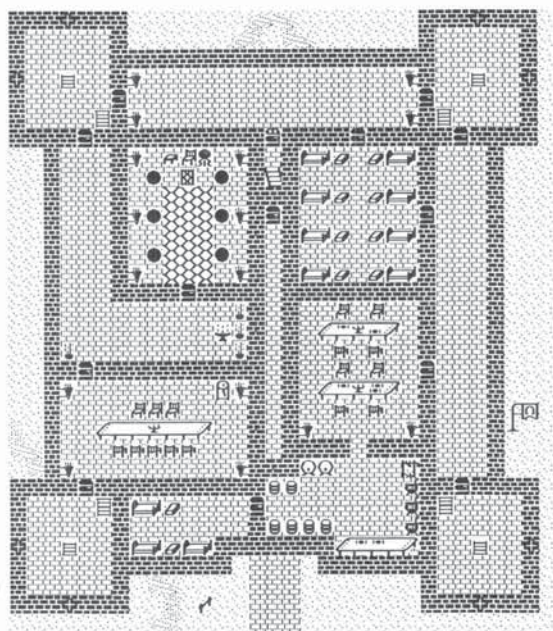
Castle Britannia:
Basement

1 North Star Armoury

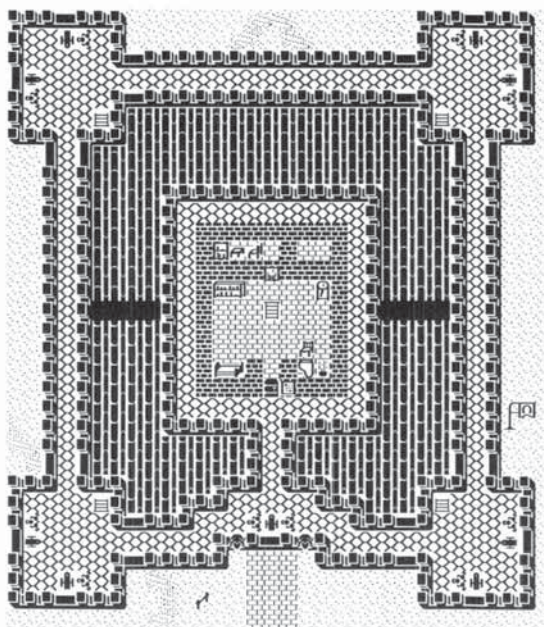
Chain Coif.....	50
Magic Shield.....	2000
Chain.....	300
Plate.....	700
Long Sword.....	70
Silver Sword.....	250
Ring of Protection.....	500



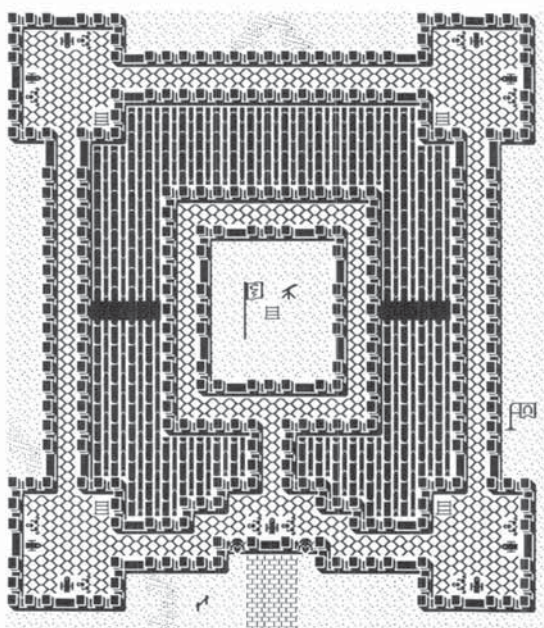
Castle Britannia:
Level One



Castle Britannia:
Level Two



Castle Britannia:
Level Three

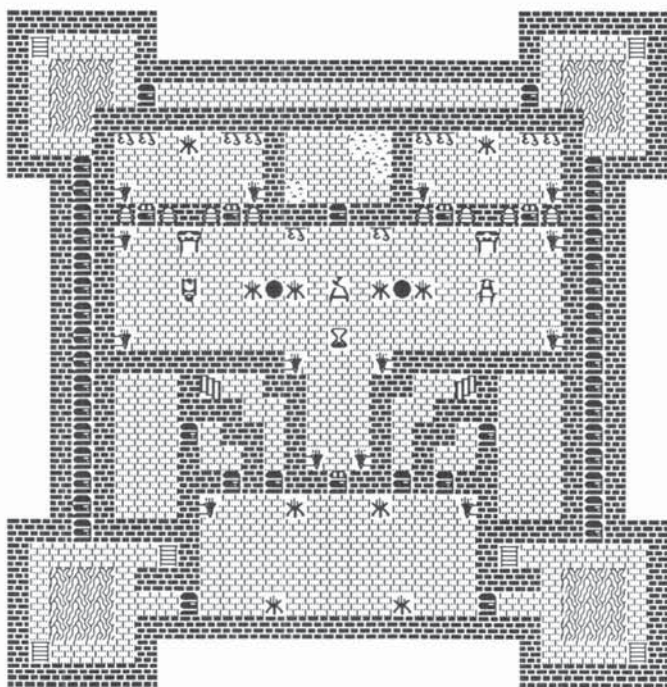


Castle Britannia:
Level Four

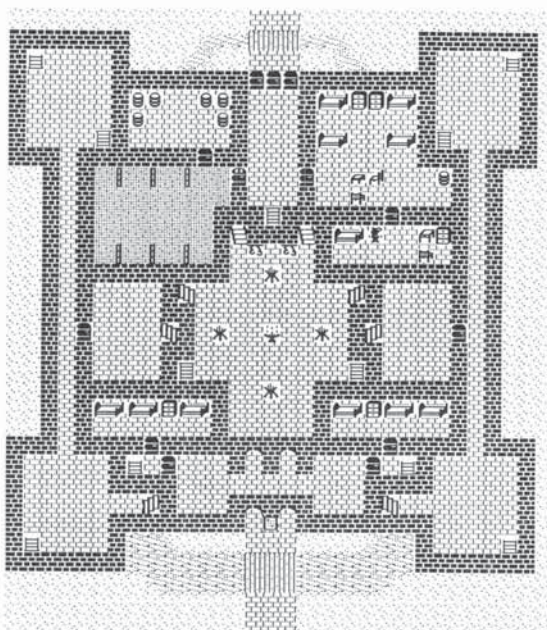
The Palace of Blackthorn

Lat. K'P" Long. A'M"

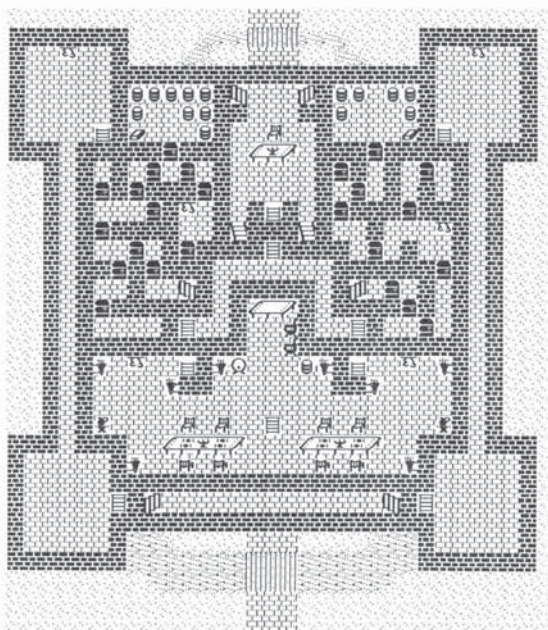
In the midst of the volcanic fires, west of the hallowed Isle of the Avatar, a vast darkstone palace testifies to the awesome wealth and power that is now Lord Blackthorn's. In the few years since Blackthorn seized Britannia's throne and declared martial law, ostensibly to keep the peace in the land, his personal stronghold has grown to rival Castle Britannia in size and luxury. But there the semblance ends, for those who have had occasion to visit the Palace return - sometimes - with tales of great towers with seemingly bottomless pits, labyrinthine dungeons, nightmarish torture chambers, and daemonic guardians in the royal throne room. Half-human watchers patrol the endless halls, casting all who do not wear the Badge and speak the Password into the dungeon's torture chamber where lethal fates invariably await.



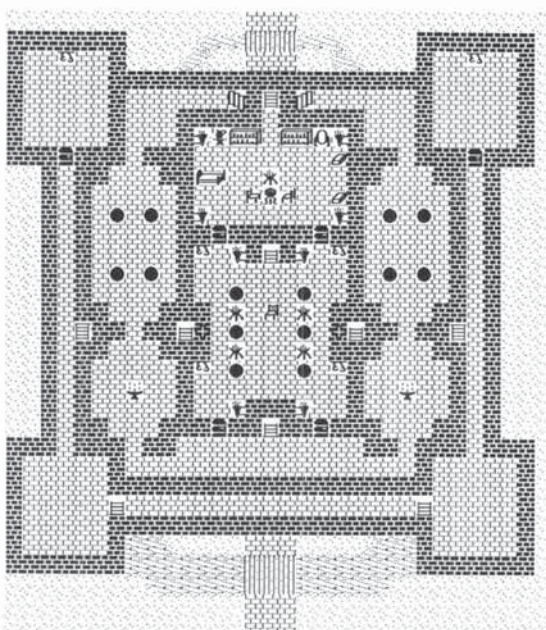
The Palace Of Blackthorn: Basement



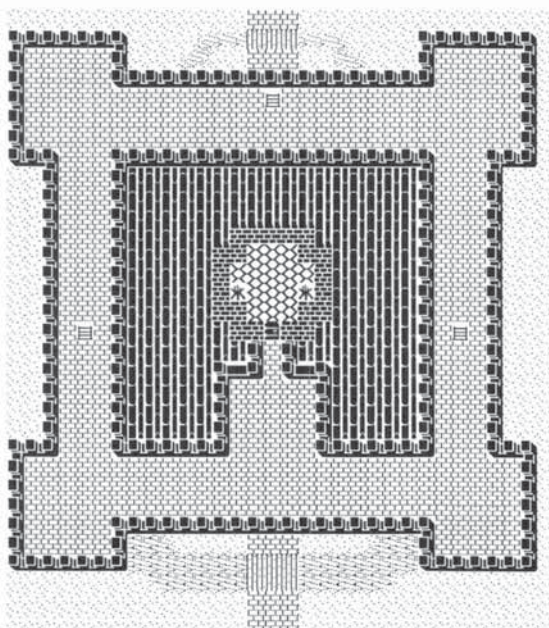
The Palace
Of Blackthorn:
Level One



The Palace
Of Blackthorn:
Level Two



The Palace
Of Blackthorn:
Level Three

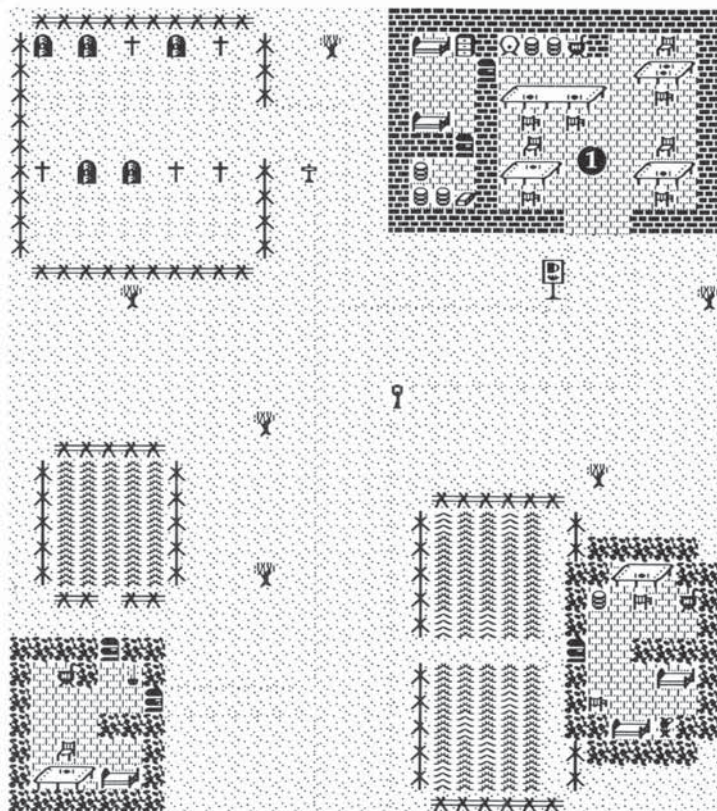


The Palace
Of Blackthorn:
Level Four

West Britanny

Lat. X' k" Long. P' M"

West Britanny is a small farming community lying between Castle Britannia and the city of Britain.



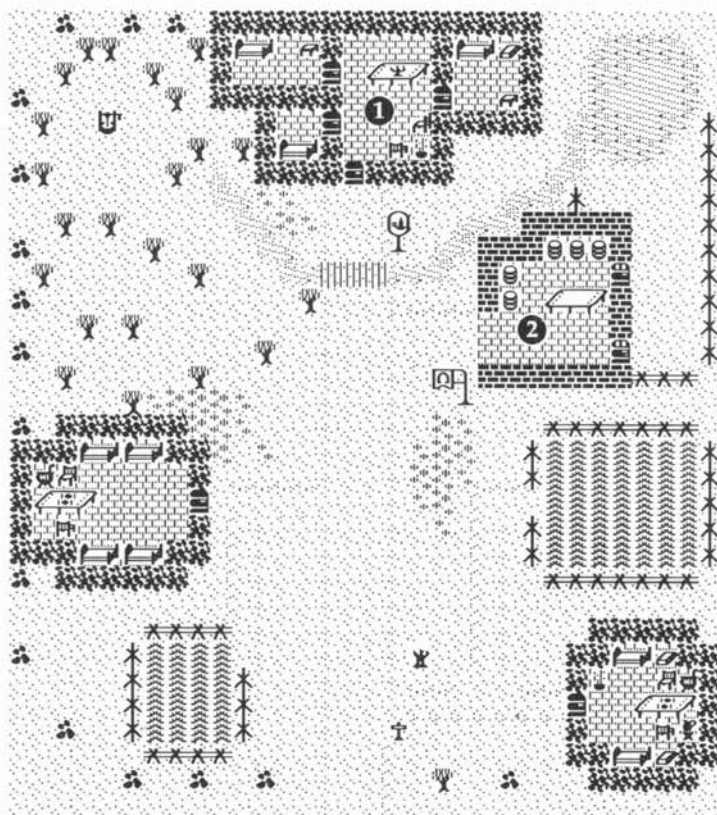
① The Blue Boar Tavern

Wine.....1
Cheese.....5

North Britanny

Lat. $X^{\circ} \phi''$ Long. $P^{\circ} X''$

This small village boasts a fine stable and inn. As in West Brittany, farming is a common occupation here. The wooded park in the northwestern part of town is popular with neighborhood children as a playground.



① hotel Brittany

Nightly fare: 3 gp for each guest
2 rooms available for lodging

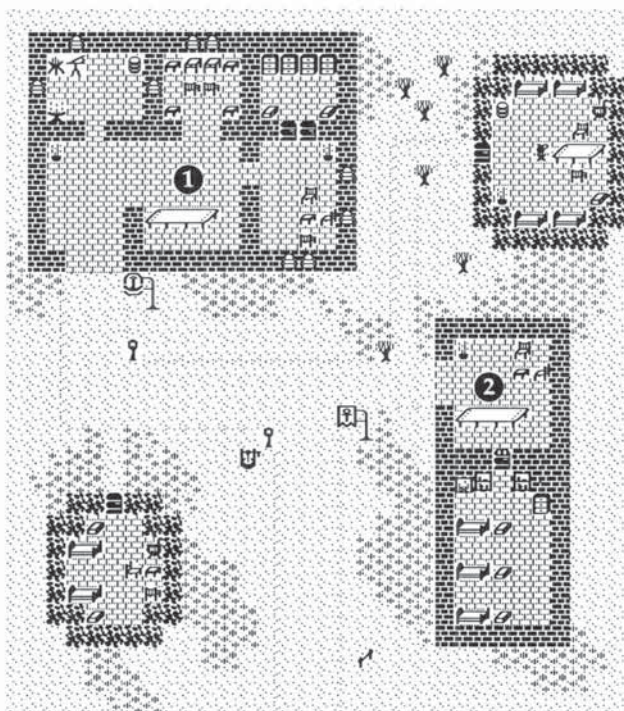
② The Stablehouse

Steeds.....130

East Britanny

Lat. X' k" Long. P' l"

East Britanny's local economy revolves around the trade at the Oaken Oar, one of the most respected shipwrights in the land. Also in this village can be found the Healers' Sanctum, where practices a chirurgion of incomparable skill. In fact, the Sanctum was located in nearby Castle Britannia until the turmoil surrounding the King's disappearance began. Then, claiming the troubled, frantic air to be an ill influence upon the spiritual arts, the healer Milan moved her kiosk to the quieter East Britanny suburbs.



① The Oaken Oar

Frigate.....	650
Skiff.....	125

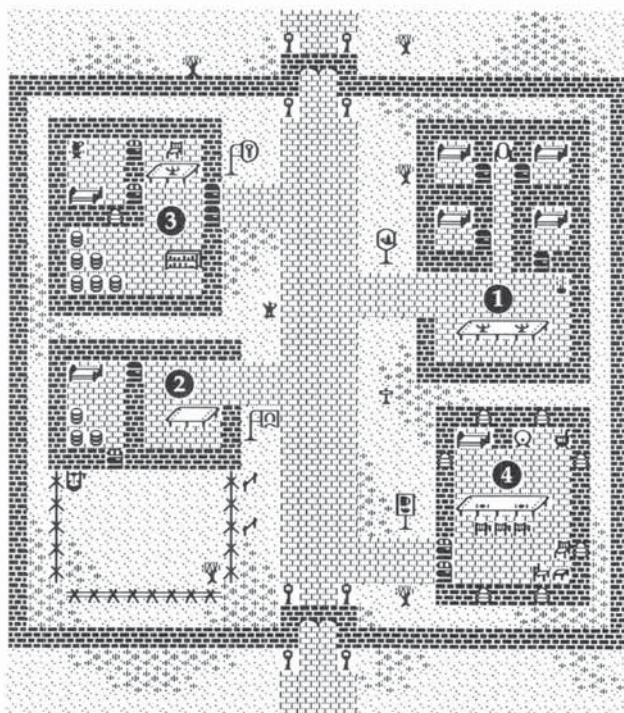
② healers' Sanctum

Healing.....	50
Curing.....	35
Resurrection.....	237

Paws

Lat. ♢' B" Long. X' A"

Just off the Western Road almost midway between Britain and Trinsic lies the village of Paws. Nestled on a cove north of the Fens of the Dead, Paws is a frequent stop for travelers in need of a rest or who wish for a change of horses. Lodging is cheap here, and the Cat's Lair Tavern dishes out some of the finest mutton in the kingdom.



① The Smugglers' Inn

Nightly fare: 2 gp for each guest
2 rooms available for lodging

② Wishing Well horses

Steeds..... 160

③ The Guild

Keys..... 40
Gems..... 200
Torches..... 11

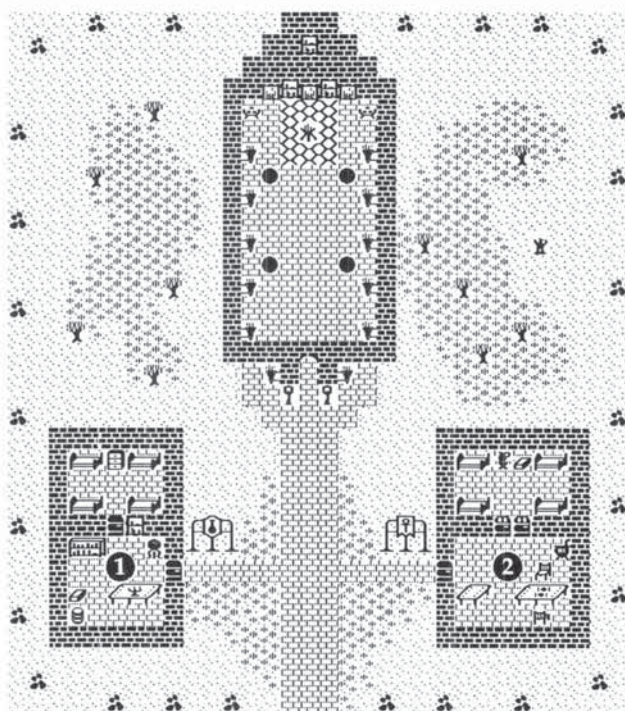
④ The Cat's Lair

Mutton..... 3
Ale..... 1
Rations..... 20

Cove

Lat. ୯' ୧" Long. ୮' ୮"

Lock Lake is an inland sea surrounded by mountains and other natural barriers that assure the solitude of any who dwell upon its shores. Among the southern mountains of those lost shores lies the wondrous village of Cove, home of a legendary healer and the only mainland apothecary shoppe that offers the essential herbs Nightshade and Mandrake Root. But perhaps the most striking edifice in Cove is the Temple of Virtue where disciples of the Avatar's ways commune together, contemplating the meaning and the power of Good. Here the visitor will find peace, wisdom, and a chance to truly strengthen the spirit.



1 Mysticism

Spider Silk.....	12
Nightshade.....	30
Mandrake Root.....	40

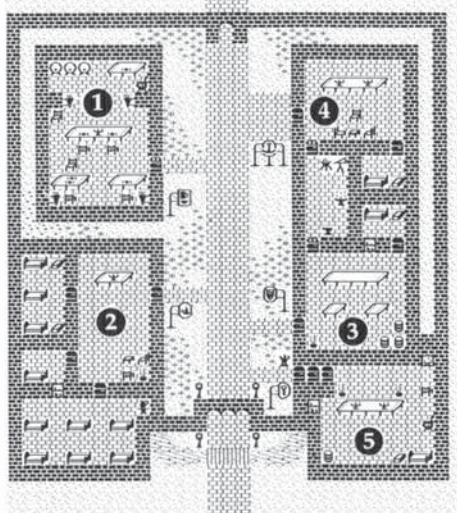
2 Sanctuary

Healing.....	55
Curing.....	40
Resurrection.....	247

Buccaneer's Den

Lat. ♀' ♀" Long. |' |"

'Twould be easy to say that such a place as this is one best avoided by followers of Virtue. However, the headquarters of pirates and other assorted thugs called Buccaneer's Den is also a place of great resource, where shoppes sell exotic wares such as mystic gems and magical rings of fabulous power. Those who can make it out of towne without being relieved of their purchases along the way should consider themselves fortunate. For those who dare to seek it, the port of Buccaneer's Den can be found on a tiny island far to the south-southeast of Brittany Bay.



1 The Fallen Virgin

Rum..... 1
Wild Boar.....42

3 Buccaneer's Booty

Leather Helm.....15
Leather..... 50
Dagger.....1
Main Gauche..... 15
Short Sword.....40
Flaming Oil.....5
Ring of Invisibility...450

2 The King's Ransom Inn

Nightly fare: 3 gp for each guest
rooms available for lodging

4 The Rusty Bucket

Frigate.....700
Skiff..... 100

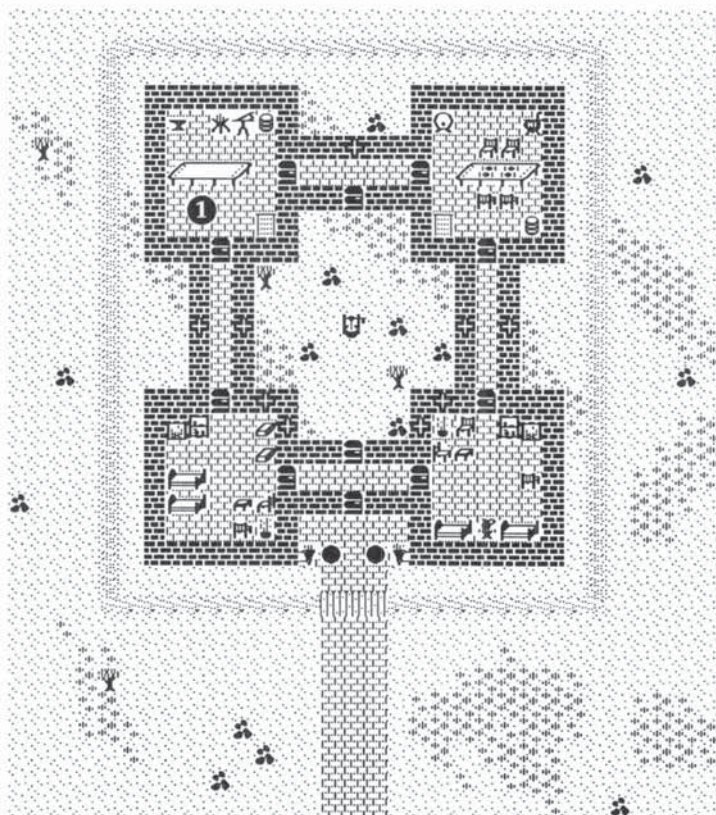
5 The Guild of the Broken Lock

Keys..... 60
Gems..... 150
Torches..... 20

Bordermarch

Lat. k' f" Long. f' k"

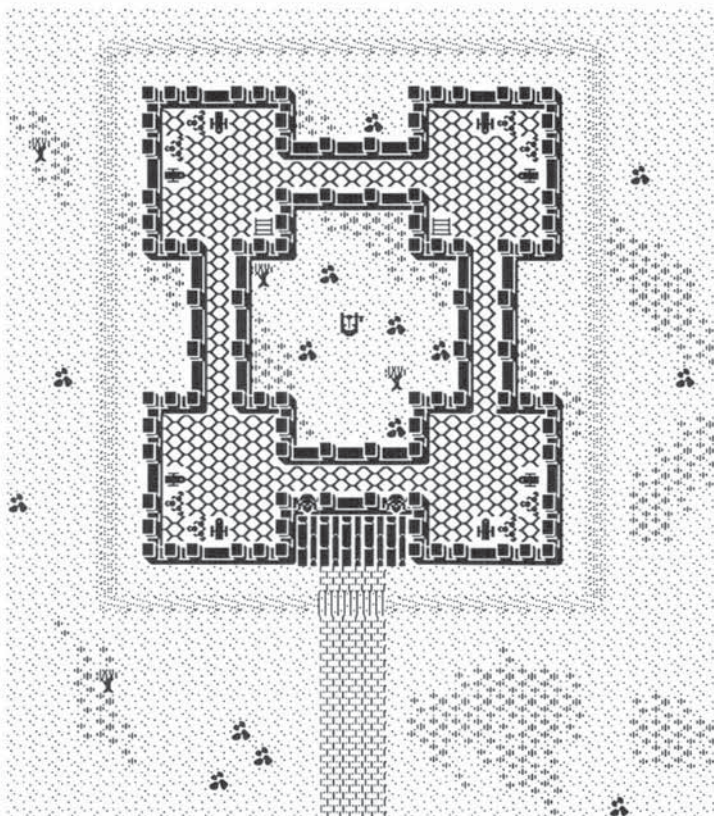
Bordermarch is the fortified retreat of the respected Britannian governors Sir Simon and Lady Tessa. Forced to flee the tyranny of Blackthorn's kingdom because of their steadfast opposition to his rule, the knight and his Lady made their home on a lonely, mountainous island north of Jhelom. Their personal armourer may be willing to sell some of his prime wares to friends, and 'tis rumoured that several of the Avatar's oldest friends abide here against the day when they may take up arms for the Crown once more.



Bordermarch: Level One

① The Shattered Shield

Magic Shield.....	2000
Magic Axe.....	1000
Magic Bow.....	800
Arrows.....	10
Two-Handed Hammer.....	85
Ring of Regeneration.....	200
Amulet of Turning.....	900

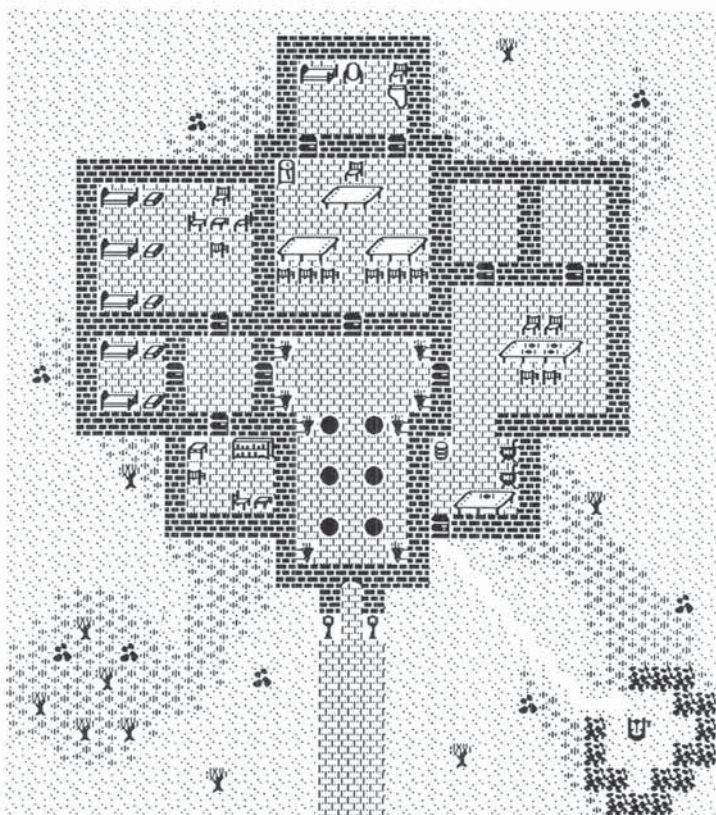


Bordermarch: Level Two

Farthing

Lat. K' F" Long. M' F"

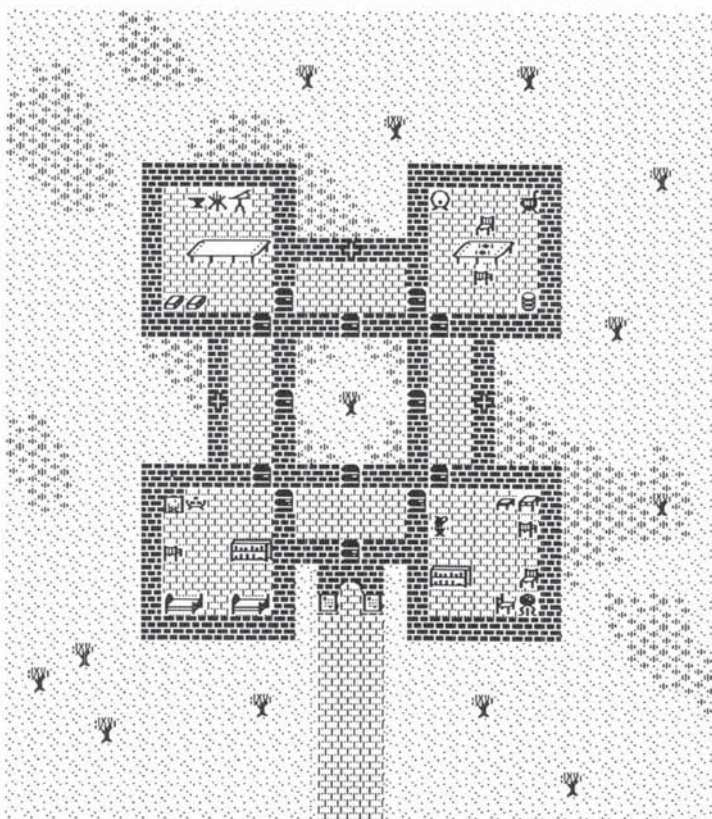
In this isolated manor, far to the southeast of Skara Brae, resides a retired sea dog named Lord Seggallion and his eccentric companion, known (at least among those who dwell in Farthing) as the Great Mage Temme. Though she might seem but a proud charlatan, she actually has some innovative ideas concerning spells of disappearance that are well worth listening to.



Windemere

Lat. F' | " Long. K' | "

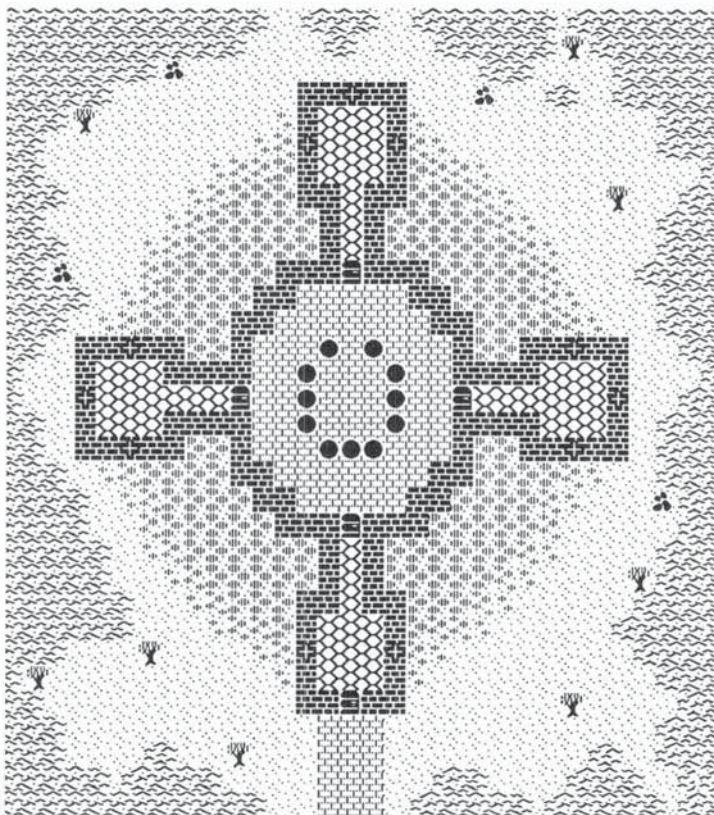
It has oft been said that Evil seeks to serve its own. When Lord Blackthorn came to power, espousing the demented self-servitude of enforced virtue, many who held no interests but their own at heart flocked to his side. Among them was the dark sorceress Elistaria and her mercenary cohort Thrud. Vile were their works, and together these devoted prodigies of Evil rose quickly through the ranks of Blackthorn's Oppression. So well did they serve the Dark King's cause that they were rewarded with a private castle of their own... in exchange for their souls, some might say. Grim decisions and false friendships may have to be made by one who gains entrance to Windemere, so enter not with plans of keeping the upper hand in all confrontations. Remember instead the true and final object of thy Quest, and thou shalt not go wrong.



Stonegate

Lat. M'h Long. P'M"

This stronghold of unutterable evil casts its shadow upon the mountains of the eastern Serpent's Spine, and is approachable only by crossing the trackless mountains south of Lost Hope Bay. It is the temporal abode of the Shadowlords. 'Tis rumoured that the Sceptre of Lord British rests in Stonegate, and that one who seeks to steal it from its thieves must be willing to die for their treasure, for such is the lot of all who have tried. Answer Well the Guardian's riddle, if thou wilt, but watch thy step afterwards, lest ye fall so far that none may reach thee.

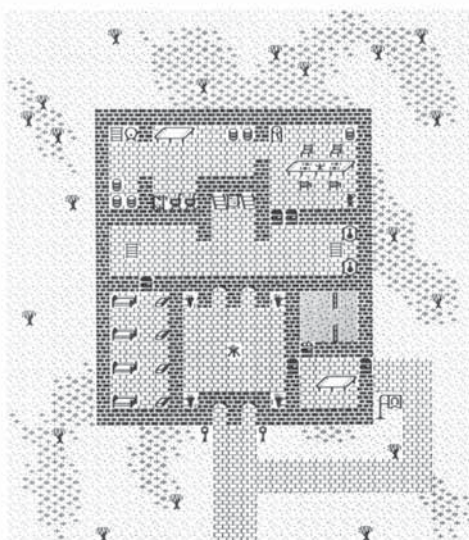


The Lycaeum

Lat. X' 1" Long. 4' k"

The Lycaeum is a great castle in the northwestern corner of Verity Isle, a short distance away from Moonglow. Within dwell some of the finest magi and philosophers in Britannia, gentlemen and ladies who strive to understand and master the ideals of Truth. The Lycaeum has one of the most extensive libraries in the Realm, and also an herbalist, pub, and healer. Lord Shalineth and Lady Janell are the sagacious keepers of this magnificent castle, and can offer much wisdom to those travelers seeking enlightenment.

In a grand chamber on the Lycaeum's third floor, the Eternal Flame of Truth shines through day and night, tended faithfully by Lord Sean.



The Lycaeum:
Level One

① The Folley Tap

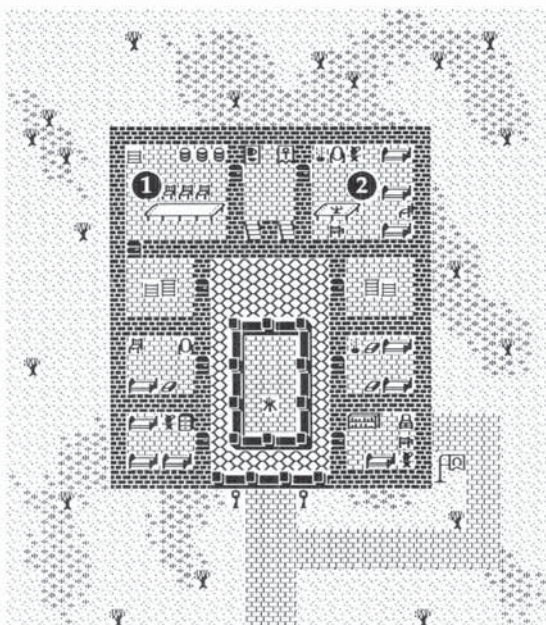
Mutton.....	5
Ale.....	1
Rations.....	30

② The Shield of Truth

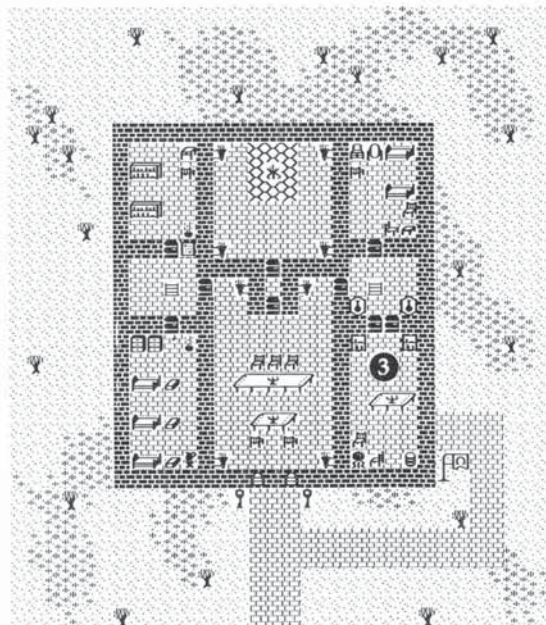
Healing.....	60
Curing.....	15
Resurrection.....	249

③ The Sharper Mage

Blood Moss.....	12
Nightshade.....	30
Mandrake Root.....	40



The Lycaeum:
Level Two



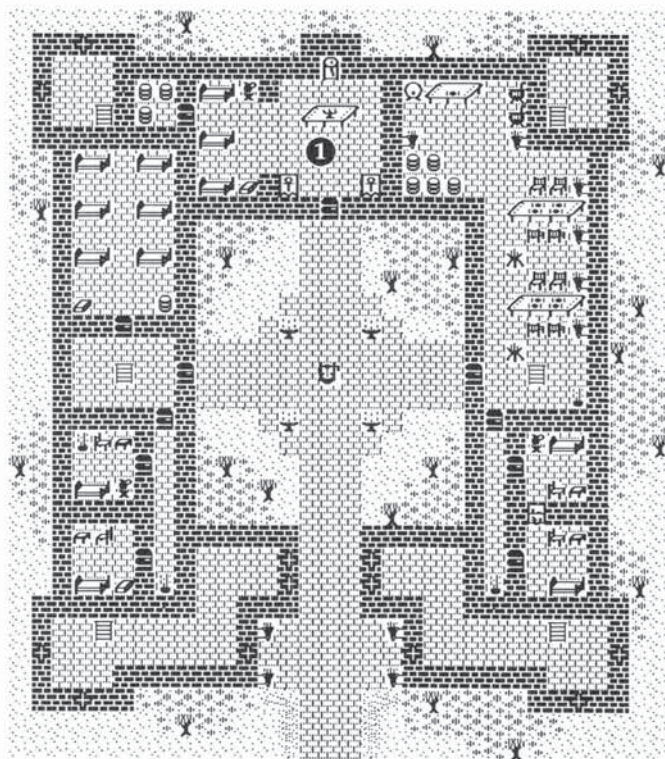
The Lycaeum:
Level Three

Empath Abbey

Lat. M'K" Long. B'M"

South and west of Yew, at the far edge of the Deep Forest, this sanctum of Love is a haven for meditative reflection for both the disciple of Virtue and the troubled of heart. Lord Michael, a renowned mountain climber and scholar of Virtue, is the keeper of the Abbey and will gladly assist all in need of aid.

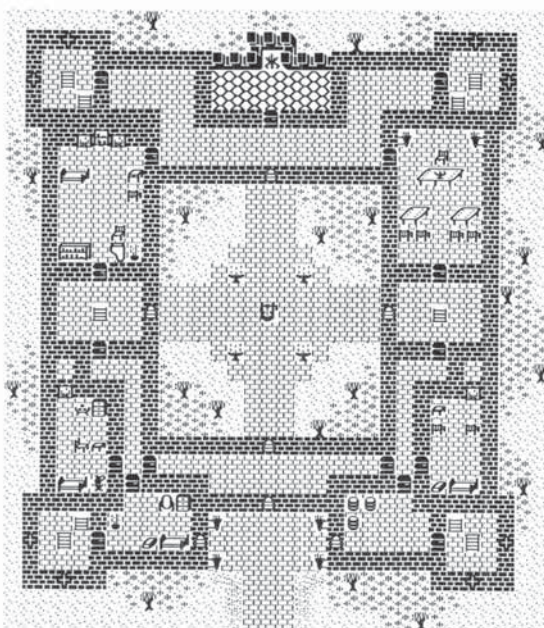
The Eternal Flame of Love shines from a northern balcony on the second floor.



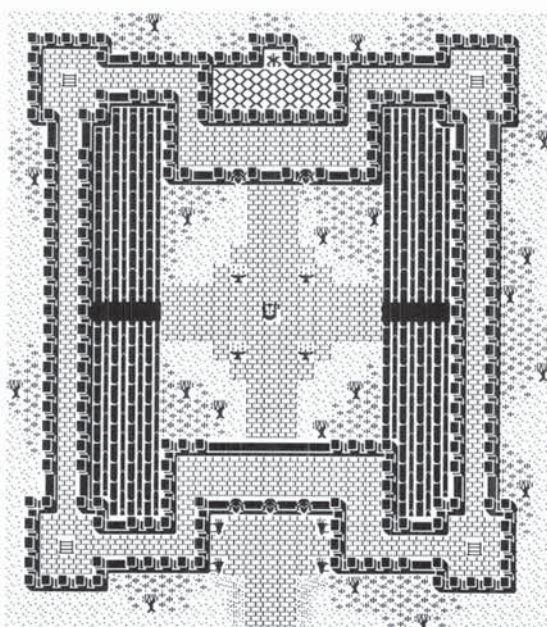
① The Empath

Healing.....	65
Curing.....	10
Resurrection.....	262

Empath Abbey: Level One



Empath Abbey:
Level Two



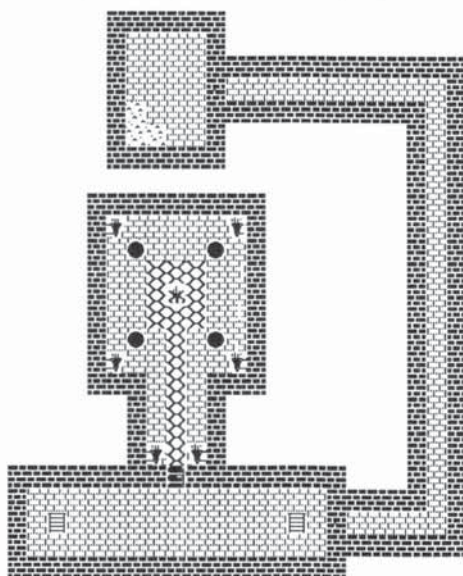
Empath Abbey:
Level Three

Serpent's hold

Lat. K' B" Long. ♠' K"

The Knight's Order of the Silver Serpent, a chivalric organization comprised of the flower of Britannian knighthood, is headquartered in the great Serpent's Hold castle on the Isle of Deeds. In this grand fortification are a prison, forge, gymnasium, barracks, and training field. Many valiant warriors sojourn here to hone their skills and share their battle lore. Lord Malone, the castellan of Serpent's Hold, is a man known for his courage and devotion to the Crown.

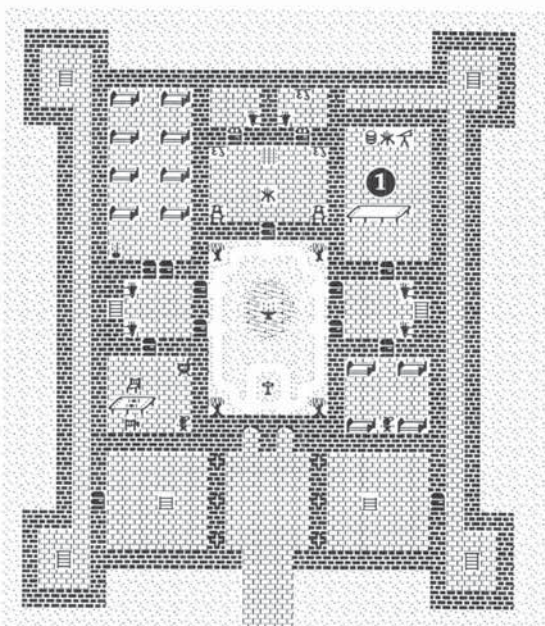
The Eternal Flame of Courage burns in a secluded basement chamber, monument to the brave acts of the Order's knights through the ages. Its valiant keepers are strong in the virtue of Sacrifice, since they almost always suffer chronic carbon monoxide poisoning due to lack of proper ventilation.



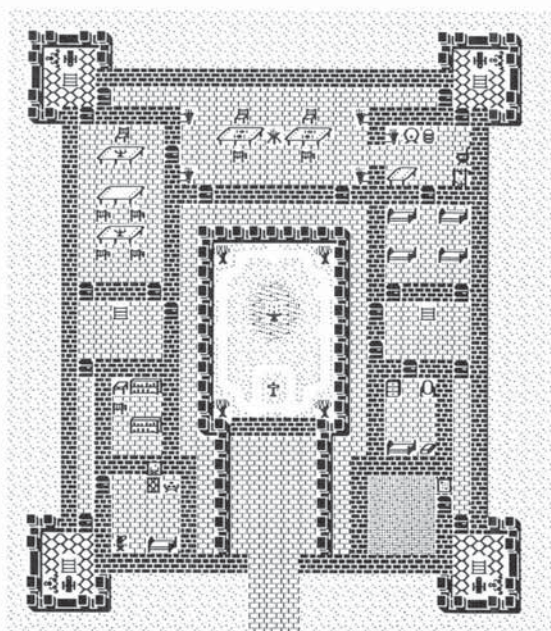
① Siege Crafters

Chain Coif.....	50
Chain.....	300
Crossbow.....	150
Quarrels.....	15
Halberd.....	250
Throwing Axe.....	3
Morning Star.....	600

Serpent's hold: Basement



Serpent's hold:
Level One



Serpent's hold:
Level Two

The Lighthouses

Of these lonely dwellings on the sea there are four, called Fogsgbane, Stormcrow, Greyhaven, and Waveguide. The former two were built by Jotham and Windmire, retired sailors who chose to dedicate the rest of their lives to making sea travel safer and more pleasant for others. The folk who dwell in Greyhaven are strict followers of Blackthorn's rule, though they have a visitor who possesses much regard for the old ways. And the man and wife who keep Waveguide's light burning are not at all kindly disposed toward strangers.

Fogsgbane shines in Brittany Bay, just south of Castle Britannia, whilst Stormcrow lights the way into the northern port of Minoc. Greyhaven lies off the southern tip of the Britannian mainland, north and west of Serpent's Hold. Finally, the inhospitable Waveguide can be found on a tiny atoll just west of Verity Isle, for those who care to visit it.

Fogsgbane	Lat. Ɔ'1"	Long. Ɔ'1"
Stormcrow	Lat. 8'1"	Long. 9'1"

Greyhaven	Lat. Ƨ'1"	Long. X'1"
Waveguide	Lat. Ɔ'1"	Long. Ƨ'1"



The Dwellings

Many are the folk who choose to live away from the rest of the world, but only a few of their hermitages are worthy of mention here. The Deep Forest hut of Iolo the Bard scarcely needs description, since he and his wife Gwenno often open their home to lost travelers and wandering adventurers. Tales are told far and wide of their kindness and hospitality to those in need. But there are other small abodes scattered throughout the kingdom, places which should be visited and friends who should be consulted 'ere thou dost turn to the more direct and less meaningful pages of this volume.

The wise Seeker will be certain to visit the archmage Sutek, whose knowledge it was that enabled us to elsewhere describe the Shards of Mondain. The enigmatic young mage has chosen to pursue his studies in a place of distant isolation from the world's troubles, on a small, swampy island in the southern midst of the Great Sea.

A very different sort of character altogether will be found abiding upon the southern reaches of the desert Drylands. The one called Sin'Vraal spins a most inspiring story, though he presents a fearsome countenance. Listen to him, and know that so long as hope lives, even so does our King.

Another practitioner of the mystic arts who chose to live a life of solitude is the mage Grendel, though 'tis not hard to understand the reason for his self-imposed exile. Venture through the swamplands of south central Britannia to find his hut. And offer whatever sympathy thou canst, for a spell of subtle power lies at the root of his dilemma.

One day, not really all that long ago, a furious maelstrom sprung up from nowhere to swallow Captain John's ship, dragging captain and crew into the lightless void beneath the waves. 'Twas a shipwreck far more grievous than thou art thinking, for upon that day was Britannia's fate truly sealed. Still the Captain lives, though the same cannot be said of his erstwhile crew, and thou couldst do well to follow his perilous course into the pages of history.

Grendel's hut

Iolo's hut

Sin'Vraal's hut

Sutek's hut

Lat. M'F" Long. L'+"

Lat. T'F" Long. I'F"

Lat. M'I" Long. P'+"

Lat. P'I" Long. +'+"



The Risen Codex and the Shrines of Virtue

The story of how the Codex of Ultimate Wisdom was magically raised from the Great Stygian Abyss and enshrined upon the Isle of the Avatar is nothing less than a modern-day saga. In the Book of Lore can be found this tale, along with a good deal of knowledge regarding the mystic Shrines of Virtue.

After sincere meditation at a Shrine, a sacred Quest may be given by that Shrine's altar. The Quests are searches for the innermost secrets of Virtue, and a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Codex will teach those secrets to those who truly thirst for the knowledge. Indeed, the Shrine of the Codex may be entered and the sacred book viewed only by a Seeker who has been ordained by meditation in a Mystic Shrine of Virtue. Upon leaving the Codex, a great spiritual reward awaits at the Shrine that gave the Quest.

As the Book of Lore points out, the only requirement for visiting a Shrine is knowledge of the Mantra for that Shrine's Virtue. The forces of Evil are continually striving to desecrate and defile the Shrines, though, and it may be that some will become hideously ruined through Blackthorn's work. In such an instance, the Avatar must bring forth the Evil from within by calling out the Word of Power which opposes that Shrine's Virtue. Then the Mystic Shrine must be cleansed by diligent meditation on the Shrine's Mantra and Virtue. If all is done with purity of heart, the Shrine will be made whole once more.

The Eight Mystic Shrines

Honesty

Lat. K'F" Long. F'K"

The Shrine of Honesty is located on Dagger Isle, just northwest of the dungeon Deceit. Malifora, a gypsy of Moonglow, will gladly share its Mantra.

Compassion

Lat. P'M" Long. I'F"

South of Lock Lake and west of the hidden village of Cove lies the Shrine of Compassion. Speak with Greyson of Britain to learn the Mantra.

Valor

Lat. F'P" Long. K'M"

On an island near the fighters' city of Jhelom can be found the Shrine of Valor, whose Mantra is known by a citizen called Thorne.

Justice

Lat. F'I" Long. M'P"

Far to the northeast of Yew, on a damp mainland peninsula, is the Mystic Shrine of Justice. The smith Chamfort of Yew can tell its Mantra unto thee.

Sacrifice

Lat. K'T" Long. M'T"

In the very heart of the desert called the Drylands stands the Shrine of Sacrifice. The Mantra can be learned far to the west, by speaking with Rew of Minoc.

Honor

Lat. M'K" Long. P'B"

Nestled in the coastal mountains south and west of Trinsic is the Shrine of Honor. Grumman of Trinsic will teach the Mantra unto one whom he knows and trusts.

Spirituality

Hidden cleverly from Evil is this most Mystic of Shrines. Seek the wise counsel of the Lycaeum's Lady Janell to aid thy search for the Shrine, and then look to Kindor of Skara Brae for its Mantra.

Humility

Lat. T'I" Long. F'P"

Once guarded by the selfsame daemons that destroyed Old Magincia, the Shrine of Humility is ringed by the Isle of the Avatar's northern mountains. When in New Magincia, ask humble Wartow of the Mantra.

Treasures of Magic & Wonder

Magic Potions and Scrolls

Magic potions and scrolls were created to overcome some of magic's more bothersome limitations, such as the loss of time and energy inherent in conventional spellcasting, the constant need for gruesome, hard-to-find reagents, and the years of diligent training and study necessary before a mage becomes powerful enough to cast spells of any real significance. Now, with the advent of spell scrolls and potions, the common fighters, bards, and other mundane adventurers can enjoy the benefits of the mystic arts.

Potions

A potion works its magic on its imbiber instantly and potently. They can normally be easily identified by their distinct colors, as given in the table below. Unfortunately, the art of potion manufacture is a new one and appears to be subject to some degree of uncertainty. Sir Adam the Torch, a renowned East Britanny alchemist, estimates that one out of every fifteen potions of a given color is in reality a useless, possibly poisonous nostrum. Perhaps even more distressingly, he also maintains that still another of that same fifteen is likely to generate the effects of an entirely different-colored potion altogether.

<u>Potion Color</u>	<u>Employment</u>	<u>Effect</u>
Blue	Non-combat	Stimulant (awakening)
Yellow	Anytime	Restorative
Red	Anytime	Antidotal
Green	Anytime	Immunity to death (Note I)
Orange	Anytime	Sedative
Purple	Combat	Polymorphic
Black	Combat	Transparence
White	Non-combat	Hallucinogenic (Note II)

Note I: While green potions are among the most powerful and useful of magical preparations, they are possessed of a marked tendency to deteriorate into lethal poisons.

Note II: Users of white potions may feel that they can see through such opaque objects as mountains, walls, and the bones in their hands. Lord Blackthorn has enacted a law against their manufacture, sale, and use anywhere in the Kingdom.

Scrolls

Magic scrolls are simply spells written on fine vellum parchment with inks made from the reagents necessary for their casting. Other syllables are written to impart the power needed by the spell itself, thus rendering the scroll usable by anyone who reads it, regardless of their own magical ability. As such, scrolls are among the most dependable and reliable forms of magic. Lady Hayden of the Lycaenum was gracious enough to supply a list of those spells which commonly appear in scroll form.

<u>Scroll</u>	<u>Spell</u>	<u>Employment</u>	<u>Effect</u>
Λ↑	Vas Lor	Anytime	Great light
RP	Rel Hur	Anytime	Wind change
14	In Sanct	Anytime	Protection
IF	In An	Anytime	Negate magic
1PN	In Quas Wis	Non-combat	View
ΛΛΛ	Kal Xen Corp	Combat	Summon daemon
1MΛ	In Mani Corp	Non-combat	Resurrection
F↑	An Tym	Anytime	Negate time

Mystical Artifacts of the Realm

The Amulet of Lord British

The knight Shaana, upon returning to Britannia as the last survivor of Lord British's Underworld expedition, reported that His Majesty had lain his silver Amulet among the graves of his fallen warriors just before being attacked and kidnapped himself. Though traditional folklore ascribes no special power to the serpentine talisman, it is believed by a few that the Amulet has the ability to guide one's path through certain kinds of magical darkness, showing the way where mortal eyes cannot.

The Crown of Lord British

His Majesty's Crown was seized by Lord Blackthorn almost as soon as news of the Underworld disaster reached Britannia. There are some who claim that it lies in the highest tower of Blackthorn's palace, guarded by fearsome stone monsters of supernatural character. The Crown is enchanted to protect its wearer from any and all foes who rely upon magic to kill and destroy.

The Sceptre of Lord British

When the Royal Jester Chuckles discovered that His Majesty's Crown was missing, he ordered immediate steps taken to protect the only remaining Crown Jewel. He dispatched an emissary to carry the fabulous golden Sceptre to Lord Malone of Serpent's Hold, knowing that there it would be safe. Along the way, the unfortunate emissary passed through the town of Trinsic. While there, he was waylaid by a Shadowlord who relieved him of his treasure and immediately departed, leaving the shaken knight completely unharmed. Rumours now abound that the Sceptre, a relic of unimaginable power that can cut a path through any magical or ethereal barriers, is held in Stonegate, the earthly keep of the Shadowlords.

The Shards of Mondain's Gem

Of these evil relics of the First Age of Darkness there are three: the Shard of Falsehood, the Shard of Hatred, and the Shard of Cowardice. The remnants of Mondain's jewel laid in the place we call the Underworld until a shipwrecked wizard (whose tale appears elsewhere in this work; witness the story of Captain John in the Settlements chapter) unthinkingly loosed the Shadowlords from their glowing hearts. It is believed that, even as the Shadowlords were born of the Shards, so must their dooms be wrought therewith. The Lords of Falsehood, called Faulinej; Hatred, called Astaroth; and Cowardice, called Nosfentor, are known to oppose the Principles of Truth, Love, and Courage, respectively. Knowing this, and understanding that the castles called the Lycaeum, Empath Abbey, and Serpent's Hold were each built upon one of these Principles and thus are the places most baneful to the Shadowlords, the means by which the Shadowlords might be truly and permanently vanquished becomes apparent. In each of these hallowed keeps is an Eternal Flame which burns as a shrine to that keep's Principle. Standing before each of the Flames, the Name of that keep's antithetic Shadowlord must be uttered to call it into the keep, whereupon the Shadowlord will seek to pursue its summoner. At the instant in which the Shadowlord stands in the Flame, that Shadowlord's own Shard must be cast into the Eternal Flame. Then, the prophets say, will the Shadowlord's dark spirit be utterly destroyed.

The Glass Swords

It is known that blades of purest crystal may be found in the mountains of the Serpent's Spine. Such was the magic in their forging that they will not fail to strike any foe, and no mortal being will survive their wrath. Then will the Sword shatter into a thousand harmless shards, never to fight for its wielder again.

The Plans of the h.M.S. Cape

Once thought lost, these antiquated plans describing a means by which a ship may be rigged to travel twice as fast as any other in its class have recently been found buried in the archives of the Oaken Oar Shipwrights of East Brittany.

The Mystic Arms

These suits and blades of unmatched magical quality were left behind after the Avatar's final battle in the Great Stygian Abyss. It is the opinion of most scholars that they can be found by searching diligently in and around the Underworld area directly beneath the enshrined Codex of Ultimate Wisdom. The augurs say that in the place of Lord British's confinement, no other armour can save the one who seeks to free him.

The Spyglass

Normally used by sailors as a navigational aid, it is possible to study the planets and brighter stars with even a small spyglass. Although seldom found for sale in Britannia's shoppes, Lord Seggallion of Farthing is known to have a particularly fine instrument and little need of it. See "The Auguries of the Skies" for more information on astronomy.

The Magic Carpet

Said to have been brought to Britannia from a faraway land of trackless deserts and strange, humped beasts, the magic carpet is an excellent conveyance for quick travel over swamps, calm waters and other places when ground travel is impeded or imperiled. Since it flies only a handspan from the ground, it cannot be used to pass over mountains, walls, or any sort of high obstruction. Rapid waters will soak it, subjecting its riders to freezing spray and possible drowning. Though it has passed through many hands, the carpet is now owned by Lord British and kept in his private castle chamber.

The Grapple

Invaluable as a tool for exploration in mountainous territory, a grappling hook can be obtained from Lord Michael of Empath Abbey. It should be noted that although the grapple makes mountaineering possible, it does not necessarily make it either expedient or safe.

The Sextant

The sextant is a vital instrument for navigation on the open seas. However, many important places on land as well are referred to in maps and guides by latitude and longitude coordinates, making the sextant a standard item of equipment for any serious traveler. David, of the lighthouse Greyhaven, might be persuaded to part with his instrument for a worthy enough cause.

Skull Keys

These peculiar keys were recently invented by Shenstone, a skilled smith of Minoc. By a little-known principle of magical absorption, a skull key can reliably open any magically locked door, though it will become a useless piece of steel after one use. If one closely observes the smith as he goes about his daily work, it might be possible to discover where he keeps those few skull keys he fashions.

The Jeweled Arms

Who can explain the ways of Evil? Why would anyone, for Evil's cause or any other, forge a shining sword that can do no damage and a suit of fine plate armour transparent to a foe's blade? Seek the answers if thou wilt, but remember along thy way to beware of any highly touted gifts offered to thee by Thrud of Windemere, Servant of Blackthorn.

The Sword of Chaos

Another of the Oppression's playthings of Evil, the Sword of Chaos possesses the soul of the knight who wields it. Once the Sword is brought to bear, its wielder will seek to slaughter his or her allies in battle. Blows of unmatched strength will be struck until each and every friend suffers a bloody death, whereupon the insane fighter will faint dead away at the sight of the carnage. The Sword rests in a northeastern chamber of Blackthorn's palace's ground floor, within a box lined with human skin.

The Sandalwood Box

One of Lord British's most privately guarded possessions, this small wooden box has belonged to His Majesty since the days before he was King. Those few who have glimpsed it swear that it has neither key nor keyhole. Of its contents none can say, save to advance the obvious notion that it holds some treasure of extraordinary value. At any rate, it appears to be most diligently sought-after by members of the Oppression. Sir Kenneth, last seen near the lighthouse Greyhaven, unwittingly holds the knowledge that leads to the Box's location.

The Badge of Blackthorn

Exploring the dark paths of Blackthorn's palace may be quite hazardous to the health of one who is not instantly recognizable as a member of the Oppression. Elistaria of Windemere will give unto thee a Black Badge which, when worn, will save thee from the scrutiny of Lord Blackthorn's foul guards. Be forewarned, though: she will require much of thee for this favor, perhaps even thy Virtue.

The Auguries of the Skies



From *Celestial Britannia* by Sir John, astronomer and scribe of the Lycaeum:

"According to the roles they play in our many legends, they (the eight Planets) have been named for the virtues of the Avatar. The closest is Honesty, followed further out by Compassion, Valor, Justice, Sacrifice, Honor, Spirituality, and Humility....

"Over the ages, comets, fiery nebulae, have torn through our skies as harbingers of impending doom... Now, while we live in the midst of peace and enlightenment, the comets have begun again."

Anyone fortunate enough to own a telescope or even a small spyglass can look into the starry heavens and find the eight planets that circle our world, along with the disturbing comets that travel capriciously among them. Though long a mystery to astronomers and mystics alike, the significance of the comets is now thought to be understood. Since the Shadowlords began their dreaded visitations to the cities of the Realm, the three comets have appeared each night to approach different planets. Given that each of the eight planets is representative of a Virtue, much as each of the Eight Great Cities holds its own Virtue sacred, it is not surprising to discover that whenever a planet is troubled by a neighboring comet, the city that embraces that planet's Virtue comes under attack by one of the three Shadowlords.

This then is the value of a careful study of the firmament: by observing the nightly positions of the comets as they approach different planets, one may know the whereabouts of the Shadowlords. Because the nearest planet is that which reflects Honesty, a comet near that planet would foretell the presence of a Shadowlord in Moonglow, City of Honesty. Similarly, the other seven planets would be linked by Virtue with the cities of Britain, Jhelom, Yew, Minoc, Trinsic, Skara Brae, and New Magincia. Approach then these places with trepidation, for to seek a Shadowlord's domain is to willingly submit to the arms of Death.

Forbidden Places of Darkness

There are many underground labyrinths to be found in the remote parts of the Realm, some naturally formed by the ageless alliance of water and time, others made by human beings for the mining of riches or the confinement of souls.

The lightless caverns that underly the major Britannian mountain ranges tend to take the form of natural mazes of staggering proportions. In their own dark way, the stalactite-filled caverns instill an insatiable fascination in their explorers. And many have found their Doom thereby, for the caves are inhabited by immense, silent creatures who dread the light and hate all who bear it.

In much the same way, the disused mineshafts that pepper the land are filled with such monstrosities as rabid man-sized rats and shades of trapped miners. Also man-made are the great prisons Wrong, Covetous, and Deceit, vast dungeons which were carved by slaves in ancient times from solid rock. Oftentimes, a prisoner would be chained to the dungeon walls and left to scream out a hopeless, starving existence. Such barbaric abominations were quickly brought to an end when Lord British assumed the throne of Britannia. However, the accursed dungeons still scar the landscape, abandoned but by no means empty.

In an effort to keep their evil from spilling out into our land, each of the dungeons, mines, and caverns has been sealed in stone by the use of powerful magic. It is known that the Avatar must venture through many of the labyrinths to reach diverse areas of the Underworld, so the seven Words of Power which must be Yelled to gain entrance to them are given here, along with dearly bought maps and guides to each of the mazes.

Key to Dungeon Maps



Room



Wall



Secret Door



Door



Sign



Stalactite



Skeleton



Cave-In



Trap



Force Field



Treasure



Fountain



Ladder Up



Ladder Down



Ladder Up/Down



Pit Up



Pit Down



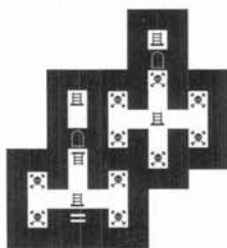
Pit Up/Down

Deceit

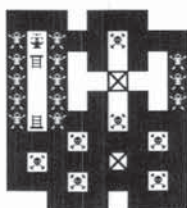
(Word of Power: "FALLAX")

Deadly traps and bottomless pits are among the furnishings of this terrible prison. 'Tis said that the lower reaches are filled with sulfurous fumes and bathed in the mephitic light of dragon breath, making Deceit a storeroom of untold, unreachable treasures. Seek it on a barren outcropping in the Great Sea, just east of Dagger Isle.

Lat. M'Φ" Long. K'F"



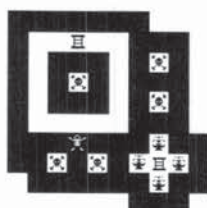
Level 1



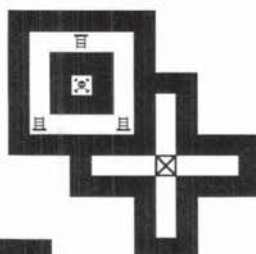
Level 2



Level 3



Level 4



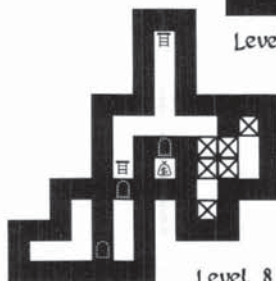
Level 5



Level 6



Level 7



Level 8

Despise

(Word of Power: "VILIS")

The cavern Despise is a featureless maze of twisty passages and dizzying corridors. Its entrance lies among the mist-shrouded mountains of the central Serpent's Spine.

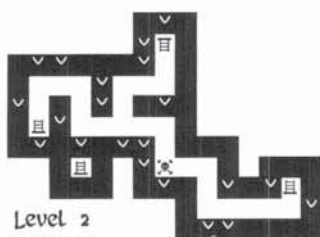
Lat. M'M" Long. P'1"



Level 1



Level 5



Level 2



Level 6



Level 3



Level 7



Level 4



Level 8

Destard

(Word of Power: "INOPIA")

Lat. K'1" Long. M'1"

Far to the west of the Fens of the Dead, along the untamed coast of southwest Britannia, the cavern called Destard is a dank haven for savage tribes of orcs, trolls, and the like.



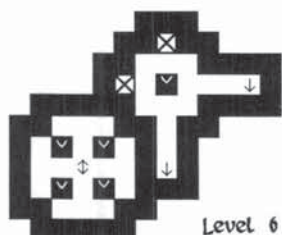
Level 1



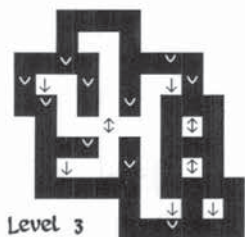
Level 5



Level 2



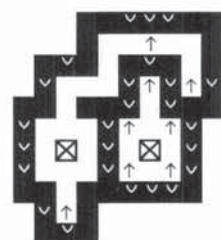
Level 6



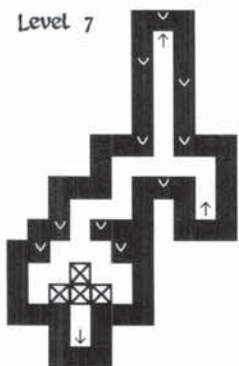
Level 3



Level 7



Level 4



Level 8

Wrong

(Word of Power: "MALUM")

Lat. B'M" Long. P'F"

Once the most feared of prisons, the dungeon Wrong is an underground fortress whose cells are haunted by unliving remnants of those who died there. Orcs now cache their victims' treasures in the same chambers where soldiers of ancient kings stood watch over the torture of prisoners, and underground rivers turn the prison's oubliettes into breeding grounds for things better left unnamed. In the very heart of northern Britannia is the entrance to this place of hate and ruin.



Level 1



Level 2



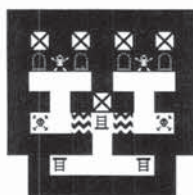
Level 3



Level 4



Level 5



Level 6



Level 7



Level 8

Covetous

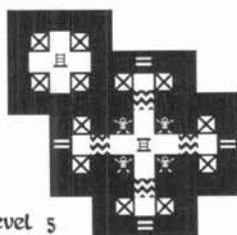
(Word of Power: "AVIDUS")

On a rocky eastern shore of Lost Hope Bay, reachable only by sea, the dungeon Covetous was hewn in bygone times as a royal crypt for the rulers of the distant province that is now Minoc.

Lat. B'1" Long. 4' A"



Level 1



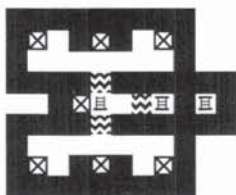
Level 5



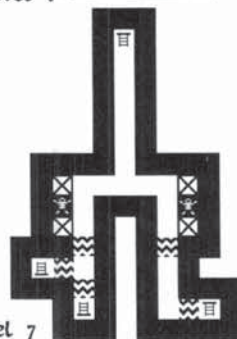
Level 2



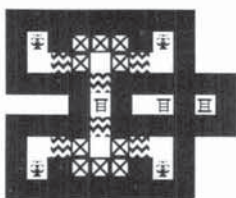
Level 6



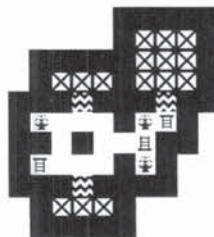
Level 3



Level 7



Level 4



Level 8

Shame

(Word of Power: "INFAMA")

Lat. X'X" Long. M'k"

Some say the Mine known as Shame was closed because of the Lost River's frequent flooding of its upper levels, but others spin fanciful stories about strange, tiny elf-like beings in green suits who would scurry up from its depths and pilfer the miners' supplies, leaving them to starve to death. Whatever their reasons, Britannian miners long ago abandoned Shame to the creatures of the night.



Level 1



Level 5



Level 2



Level 6



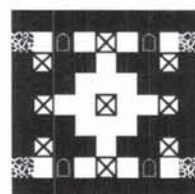
Level 3



Level 7



Level 4



Level 8

hythloth

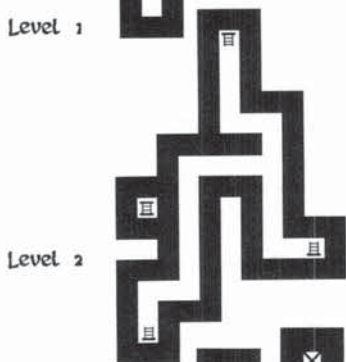
(Word of Power: "IGNAVUS")

A chilling stronghold of danger, Hythloth is situated on the Isle of the Avatar's distant southern shores. Among its denizens are such nightmarish creatures as daemons, ghosts, and dragons. Those who venture inside must be prepared to negotiate diabolical mazes while watching their backs for attacks from unexpected places...

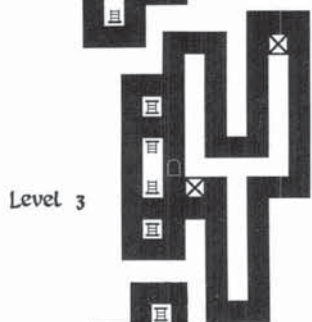
Lat. K'F" Long. F'K"



Level 1



Level 2



Level 3



Level 4



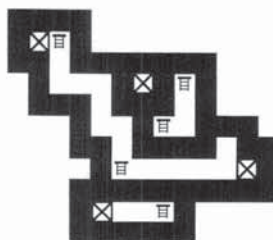
Level 5



Level 6



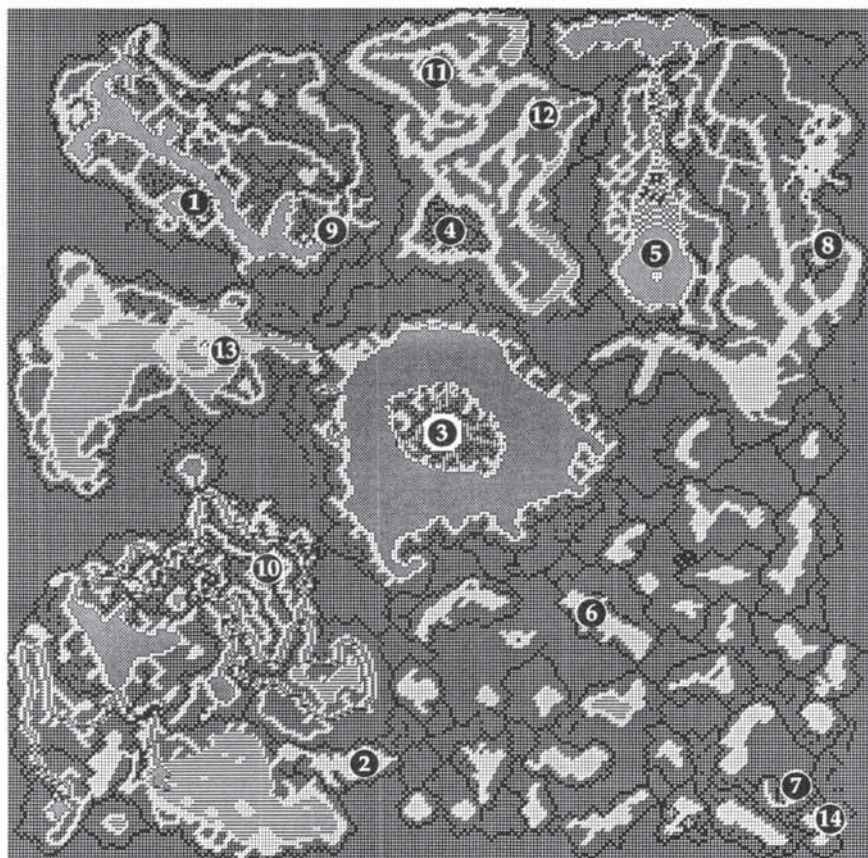
Level 7



Level 8

The Underworld

This work was born from the endeavors of several master augurs, whose names must needs be concealed from Blackthorns's eyes at any cost. Their steadfast efforts at such a monstrous task were inspiring, and I, Shalineth, do acknowledge a great debt to them.



- 1) Ararat—ruins of Captain John's beached frigate
- 2) Battlefield—site of massacre of Royal Exploratory Party as reported by Remoh, Scribe to his Majesty Lord British
- 3) Dark place—augurs unable to perceive surrounding terrain due to interfering magics of uncertain nature
- 4,5,6) Apparent present locations of Shards of Falsehood, Hatred, and Cowardice
- 7) Lava pit—situated directly below enshrined Codex, Avatar's Mystic Arms believed lost in vicinity
- 8) Dungeon Deceit
- 9) Dungeon Despair
- 10) Dungeon Destard
- 11) Dungeon Wrong
- 12) Dungeon Covetous
- 13) Dungeon Shame
- 14) Dungeon Pythloth

The Final Trial

Beyond this leaf lie prophecies and revelations of the end of thy Quest.

There is danger even in the reading of these pages.

If thou hast not yet received the message of the Codex upon its answering of the last of thy eight Quests of Virtue, then to merely look upon what is to come may shatter thy mind.

But if thou hast gained knowledge of the one Path and the last Word, then read on, so that thou mayst live to do what no mortal can.

The shrouded Lady appeared unaccompanied, without a name, at the gates of my keep on a cold morning of winter some time ago. She asked audience of myself alone, and she, whom I had seen in no court, asked it in the quiet voice of a Queen.

Though slight of stature, she bore a colorless crystal ball of such weight that the stout table she placed it upon quivered under its silver stand. As she knelt before it, I watched the sphere become first a mirror, clouded by her breath, and then an unbordered seascape painted with a tranquil bluish fire. Untouched by its light, the walls of my throne room grew dark, and she softly began to speak of strange and terrible things, her face and eyes hidden in the folds of her white hood. I did not understand that of which she spoke, nor did I know her purpose in telling me, but an unknowable fear drove me to meticulously write down every word and every warning.

She told of a place that did not yet exist, though it had been since before the beginning of the world, and of an event which had not yet come to pass, though it was ordained before the beginning of time. In her vision a stranger, who wore the silver amulet of the King but who was not the King, walked into a dark place and saw without light. The stranger stood upon an island in the darkness and called out a Word that I cannot write. Then a great cave yawned in the stone, and the stranger ventured inside.

In certain detail did the Lady describe this cave. Somehow she could see its convoluted passages, and she knew of the stranger's exploration of its every chamber and corner. Abominations of unliving Evil beset the stranger at every turn, but their relentless attacks were turned aside by the King's golden crown. Impassable barriers of a coarse violet light stood to block the stranger's way, but they were dissolved into nothingness at the touch of the crystal-topped royal sceptre.

Farther and farther downward did the stranger in the Lady's story climb. I sketched a map as she spoke, drawing the labyrinth as well as I could from her words, until her voice faltered suddenly. I looked up from my scroll, and for the first time I caught a glimpse of her face. The blueness inside the sphere had become a storm of light, but it was a light whose glow, though almost too bright at its heart to behold, still failed to touch the walls of my chamber... I could see beyond the Lady's deep cowl for only a moment, but even my dreams offer me no refuge from what I saw. The mysterious Lady's countenance was not that of a woman at all, but of a small, frightened child of perhaps twelve or thirteen years. She wore a hauntingly panicked expression, as if she had somehow lost control of the forces she had called upon to bring her the apocalyptic visions. Tendrils of

lightning now played violently along the inside of the crystal sphere, only inches from her face, as if a trapped spirit within were questing madly for its freedom. Smoky plumes rose from the wooden table where the sphere's silver base rested.

Suddenly, the lightning dimmed and died.

The child I had called a Lady cried out in the darkness.

Then the crystal sphere exploded.

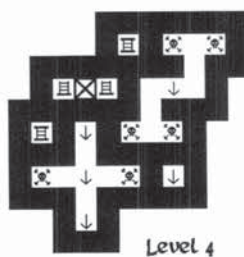
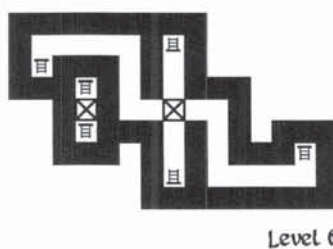
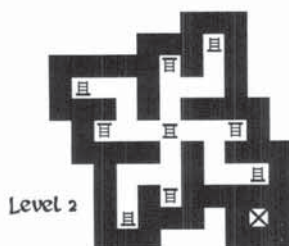
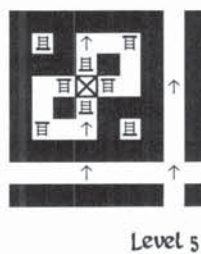
* * *

On the very next morning Lord British, his Royal Scribe, and six knights of Britannia set out upon their journey to the Underworld.

The Lady's remains were burned that afternoon, and her ashes were cast out to sea by my personal honor guard, knights of long-standing discretion. Someday I shall pause to wonder why not one of the lethal crystal shards so much as touched my skin, though I sat but a half-dozen paces from the prophetess and her table. For the present, I will be content to pass on this writing and this map unto thee, O Avatar... for I believe that the time of this Prophecy is nigh, and thou art to be its instrument.

Lord Shalineth
Verity Isle

Doom



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