

THE LEGEND OF
DRIZZT

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®



R.A.
SALVATORE

FORGOTTEN REALMS

HOMELAND

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R.A. SALVATORE FORGOTTEN REALMS
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CHAPTER 1



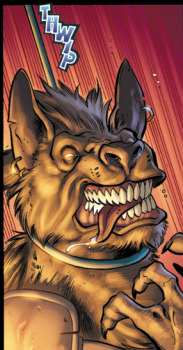
*Never does a star grace this land
with a poet's light of twinkling
mysteries, ner does the sun send to
here its rays of warmth and life.*

*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
foolish 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 those on the surface.

In a cavern two miles wide and a thousand feet high looms Menzeberanzan, 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?



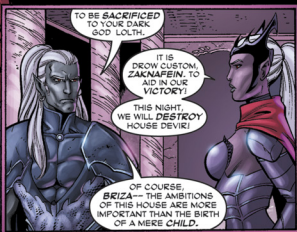
AS THE KILLING
BLOW FALLS, LET
ALTON DEVIR LEARN
HIS FAMILY DIES
WITH HIM.



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



IT WILL BE
A BOY CHILD,
THIRD LIVING SON OF
HOUSE D'OURDEN.



TO BE SACRIFICED
TO YOUR DARK
GOD LOLT.

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

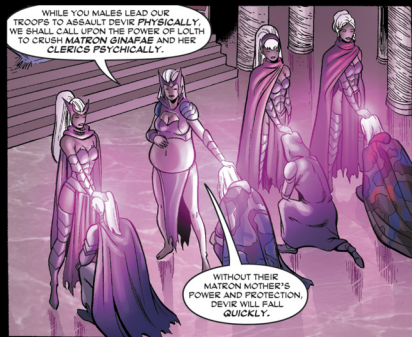
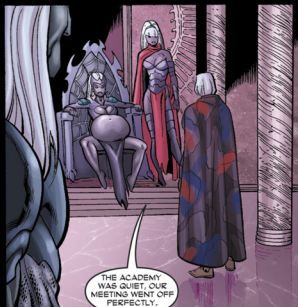
THIS NIGHT,
WE WILL DESTROY
HOUSE DEVIR!

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.





HOUSE DEVIR.

SPECIFICALLY, THE CHAPEL
WHERE MATRON GINAEAE,
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 SINAEAE 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 DO'URDEN.

DRIZZT.

THE
CHILD'S
NAME IS
DRIZZT.

QUEEN OF
SPIDERS.
TAKE THIS
BABY.

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.

~HRRMPH~

IT'S JUST A
MALE,
VIKNA.

HE'D HAVE
BEEN BETTER
OFF DEAD.



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



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...?



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 MASOO.

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."





For five long years, Vierna devoted almost every waking moment to the care of her young brother Drizzt.

Though in drow society, this was not a time of nurturing, but of indoctrination.



GO UP THE WALL AND TEND TO THAT STATUE, DRIZZT.



NO! YOU ARE A NOBLE OF HOUSE DO'URDEN! YOU CAN CREATE FAERIE FIRE, A GLOBE OF DARKNESS AND LEVITATE IF YOU WISH!

THIS IS NO GAME, LITTLE BROTHER! IF YOU HAVE NO SKILLS OUR MOTHER FINDS USEFUL, YOU WILL DIE.

WILL YOURSELF UP TO THE GARGOYLE!





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---



AAGHI

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

ELEVEN YEARS
PASS...

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS DAY MARKS,
DRIZZT?

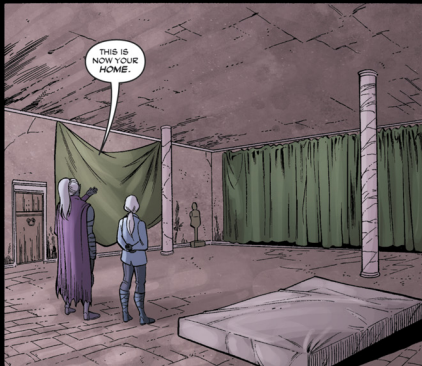
FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, YOU
HAVE *SURVIVED* EVERY TEST.
AN IMPORTANT PERIOD OF
YOUR LIFE HAS PASSED.

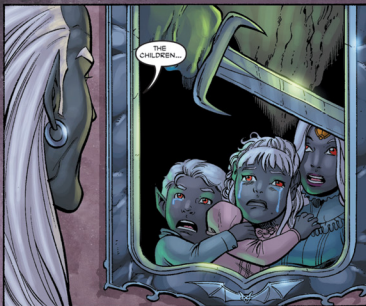
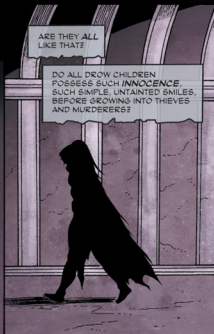
YOU ARE
NO LONGER A CHILD—
YOU ARE *SECONDBOY*
OF HOUSE DO'URDEN
NOW.

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











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.



FY
INNAUD
DE-MIN...



FY
INNUNAD DE-MIN
DE-SUL DE-KET!





PEEBLE
WIZARD!

THE SPIDER
QUEEN IS NOT
MERCIFUL AND HAS
NO TOLERANCE FOR
MEDDLING MALES!



DO NOT KILL
THEM! TO KILL SPIDERS
IS FORBIDDEN
BY THE—!



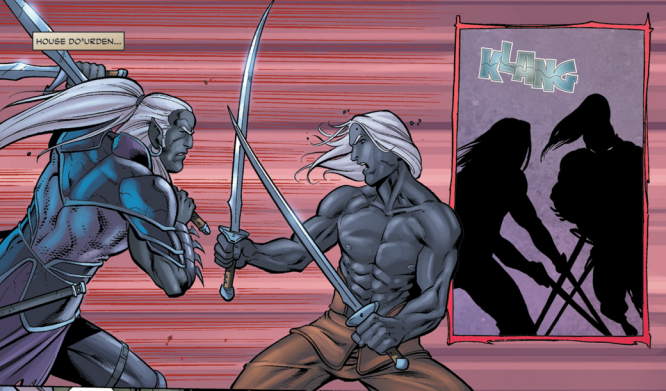
TO THE
NINE HELLS
WITH THE CLERICS
AND THEIR LAWS!



AAAH!



I SHOULD HAVE
KILLED HIM WHEN
I HAD THE
CHANCE.

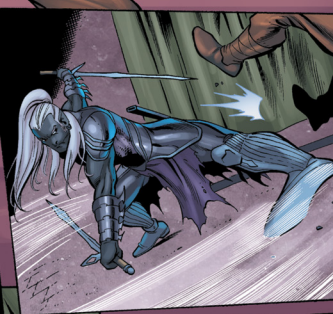


HOUSE DO'URDEN...

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.







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.

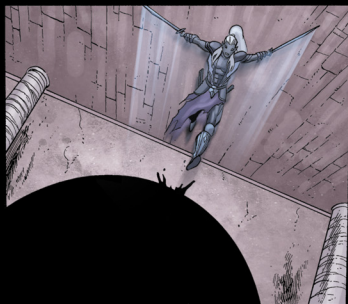
BUT THERE ARE OTHER QUALITIES THAT MAKE UP A DROW WARRIOR.



QUALITIES OF THE HEART THAT ONE SUCH AS ZAKNAFEIN MAY NOT—



SHOW HER, YOUNG WARRIOR!







SORCERE...

GELROOS.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AND MORE IT HAS BEEN SINCE WE LAST TALKED.

YOU SHOULD COME TO THE HOUSE, YOUR CHAMBERS REMAIN EMPTY.



MY CHAMBERS...?



YOU ARE NOT GELROOS.

WHO ARE YOU?



WHO ARE YOU?

A...ALTON.

ALTON DEVIR!



OF THE HOUSE DEVIR THAT DIED SOME YEARS AGO?

I AM THE ONLY SURVIVOR.



AND YOU KILLED GELROOS—GELROOS HUN'ETT—AND TOOK HIS PLACE AS MASTER IN SORCERE.

I KILLED GELROOS.









THIS IS WHAT
PASSES FOR DROW
JUSTICE.



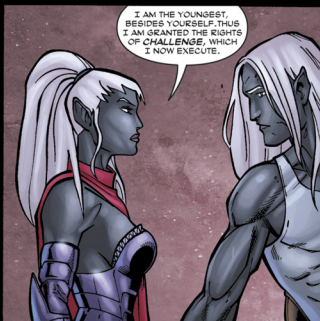




GREETINGS,
MY SON.



WE HAVE A TEST FOR YOU
THIS DAY, A SIMPLE TASK
NECESSARY FOR YOUR
ACCEPTANCE INTO
MELEE-MAGTHERE.



I AM THE YOUNGEST,
BESIDES YOURSELF. THUS
I AM GRANTED THE RIGHTS
OF CHALLENGE, WHICH
I NOW EXECUTE.



MAYA,
WHAT ARE
YOU--?

THIS IS
BYUCHYUCH, MY
CHAMPION. YOU MUST
DEFEAT HIM TO EARN
YOUR PROPER PLACE
IN THE FAMILY.



LET
IT BEGIN,
THEN.



RAAAAH!







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!

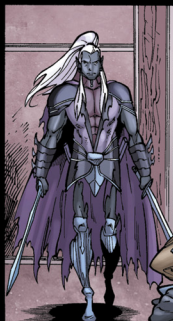


AS YOU WISH,
MATRON.



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!





TREACHERY!



DO YOU
SO HATE TO
LOSE?!



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.

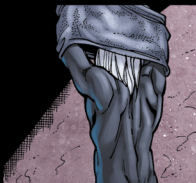
BUT I
DID NOT.

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.





STYLING BY
BLOND

CHAPTER 2





The Academy.

*Sorcere, where
wizards study their
dark arts.*

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

*And Melee-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.*



MY GREETINGS.



KELNOZZ OF HOUSE
KENAFIN, FIFTEENTH
HOUSE.



DRIZZT OF HOUSE
DO'URDEN, NINTH HOUSE
OF MENZOBERRANZAN.



A NOBLE. I AM
HONORED BY YOUR
PRESENCE.



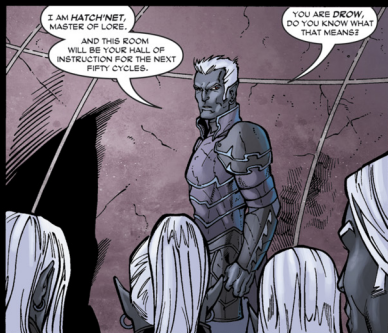
YOU DONT--
I MEAN--

INSIDE!



FASTER,
YOU SORRY
LOT!

MOVE!





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'VORDEN,
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...

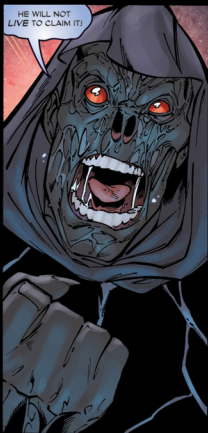
YOU HAVE
SEEN HIM?



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, MASOQ!

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 DEVIE**, 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 DEVIE, **PERFECTLY** EXECUTED WITH NO OBVIOUS TRAIL.

MANY OF MENZOBERRAZAN'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.





Finally, it was time for the second grand melee.

KELNOZZI!



Where luck bestowed a measure of justice upon Drizzt.



I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOUR TRICK.



YOU ARE DEFEATED, SON OF HOUSE KENAFIN.



Then Drizzt was off into the shadows.

This was his arena, the place where he felt most comfortable, and he was up to the challenge.

*In two hours,
only five
competitors
remained.*



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





FIGHTING
IS MORE THAN
SWORDPLAY!



SO I HAVE
LEARNED.



THUS A
DOURDEN
BECOMES THE
CHAMPION.



ELDERBOYS SHOULD
BEWARE SECONDBOYS
WITH SUCH SKILLS.

While Drizzat 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.



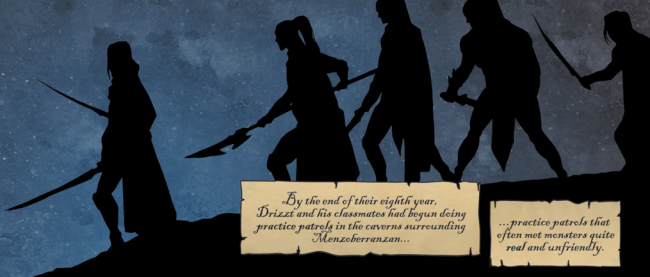
The next year, they placed him
into the grand melee of students
three years his senior.



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?!



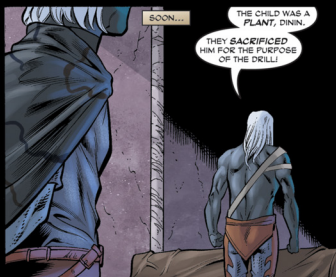
DRIZZT!

KRA-KLAK









SOON...

THE CHILD WAS A
PLANT, DINN.

THEY SACRIFICED
HIM FOR THE PURPOSE
OF THE DRILL!



ENOUGH!



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 MELIE—MAGTHERE,
VIERNNA?



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

BY WHAT
FAMILY? FOR
WHAT DEED?

FOR DEVIR, I
WOULD PRESUME.

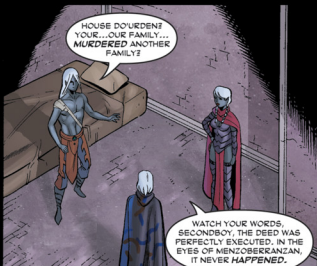
AS TO THE FAMILY,
LITTLE IS KNOWN... THE
RUMORS ARE VAGUE, BUT YOU
BOTH MUST KEEP YOUR GUARD
ESPECIALLY HIGH IN THE
COMING MONTHS.





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 MENOBEREANZAN,
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?

MASOO HUN'ETT, OF HOUSE HUN'ETT.

Despite Masoo'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 Dercere.



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...



...no he could exploit if House Hun'ett and House De'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 MASEJ HAS INFORMED ME OF YOUR FINE PROGRESS.





ENOUGH,
GUENHWYVAR!



MASOO,
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.



If Drizzt's six months at Sercere had been the most enjoyable, his last six in Arch-Tinith, the school of Lolth, 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 SIN'EE
CALANAY...

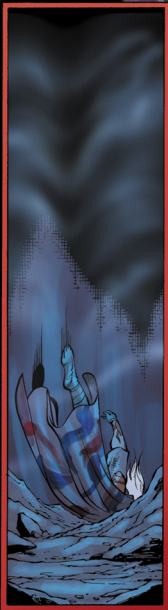
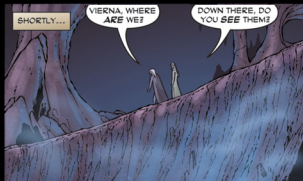
COME, YOUNG WARRIOR—
SHOW THE SPIDER QUEEN
YOUR DEVOTION.

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

UHH...









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.

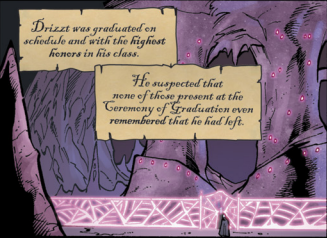


STILL, IF YOU EVER SPEAK ILL
OF LOLTH, OUR GODDESS, AGAIN,
I WILL TAKE YOU *BACK* TO THAT
PLACE MYSELF.

NOT TO
KILL YOU, BUT TO MAKE
YOU ONE OF THEM.
A *DRIDER*.



DO NOT *DISAPPOINT*
ME AGAIN.



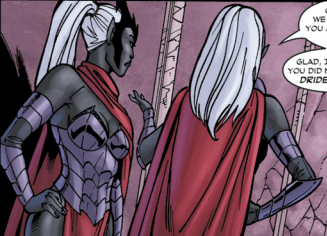
Drizzt was graduated on schedule and with the highest honors in his class.

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.

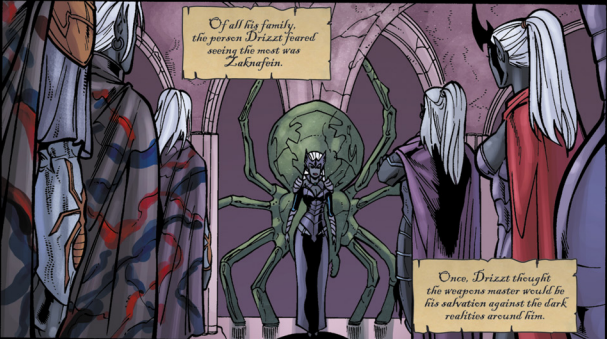


I HAVE FAILED IN THE ONE ACT
THAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT MEANING
TO MY PITIFUL EXISTENCE.




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
Zaknafein.

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
Zaknafein took in
murdering drow.

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



Only Zaknafein 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 D'OURDEN, 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...



NOW!

...and a new friend.



RRRAWR







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—MAGTHERE, 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 Guenhwyvar?

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 magma of deep earth, but moist air scented with tantalizing aromas of spring.

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

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

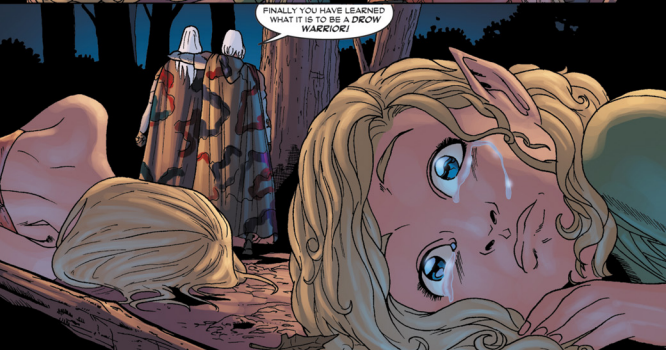
He was excited.

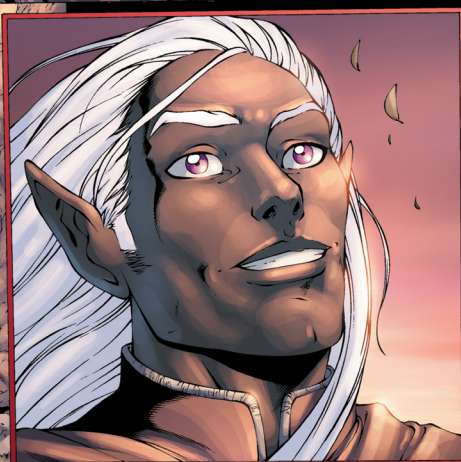
THERE, AS LOTH PROMISED!













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 Hun'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 elfen girl's eyes as she knelt over her murdered mother...

...the elfen 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?

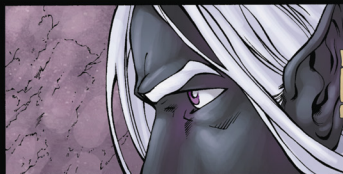


I WOULD ENJOY THAT.

AS WOULD I.



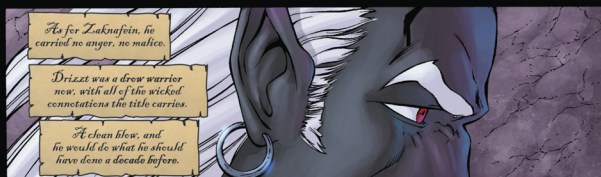
A WEEK THEN.



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 Dvirfnebli, 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 Disengulp'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 Dvirfnebli'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
FLEASSED 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.

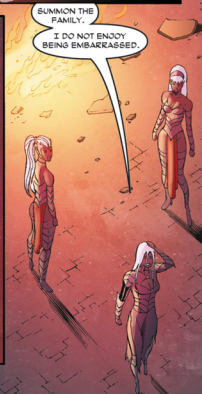
RUMORS? THEY
ARE MORE THAN RUMORS.
MATRON MALICE DO'URDEN.
ANOTHER HOUSE PLANS
WAR UPON YOU!

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!





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 READY; 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, MIA-SOJ, 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?







IMPUDENT!

YOU DARE
TO SUMMON ME
AGAIN?!

HOUSE DOVRDEN
PLEASED THE SPIDER QUEEN,
IT IS TRUE, BUT THAT ONE ACT DOES
NOT DISPEL THE DISPLEASURE
YOUR FAMILY BROUGHT LOLTH
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 DOVRDEN, AND
I SHALL TELL YOU ONE
FINAL TIME.

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





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



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,
MATEON.

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

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



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





MURDERER!



DID YOU ENJOY
THE DYING CHILD'S
SCREAMS?!

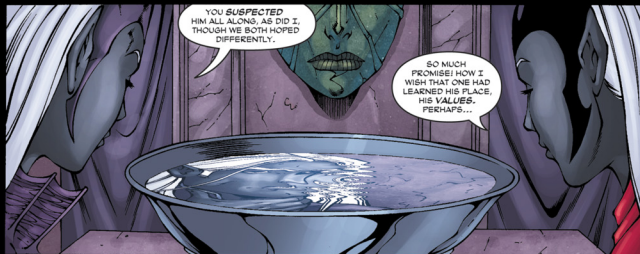
RAAH!



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. LOLTU 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! HAI
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 a sword at his waist stands in a dark, cavernous space. The walls are rocky and covered in glowing pinkish-purple crystals. In the background, two other figures in similar cloaks are visible.

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


A close-up of a person 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 stands in a cavern. The floor is covered with large, glowing pinkish-purple mushrooms. In the background, there are more mushrooms and some glowing pinkish-purple light sources.

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 hooded cloak is walking up a long, winding stone staircase in a dark, cavernous space.

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 person 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.

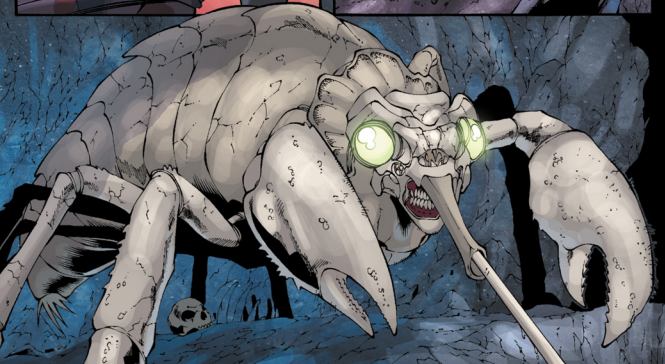
Together they would be unbeatable.

The thought sickened Drizzet, 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.



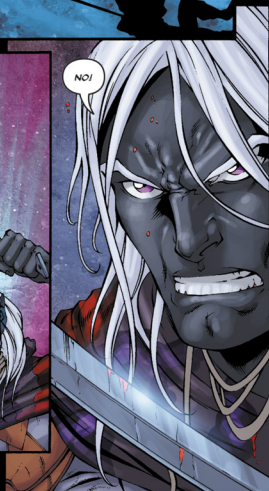
GO! YOU CANNOT
RESIST MY COMMAND!

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

YOU WILL
OBEY ME!



KILL DRIZZT
DO'URDEN!







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

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



FIGHT THE URGES,
GUENHWYVAR!



MASOO CLAIMS
OWNERSHIP, I CLAIM
FRIENDSHIP!

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



PURRRRR



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 LOTH'S
FAVOR, AND WE MUST **CORRECT**
THE SITUATION!

AM I TO
PUNISH HIM
THEN?

HIS PUNISHMENT
IS NONE OF YOUR
CONCERN.

THEN
WHY DISTURBS 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'ET!

THE SPIDER
QUEEN **DEMANDS**
HIS DEATH.

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



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?

EVER
THE FOOL.

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

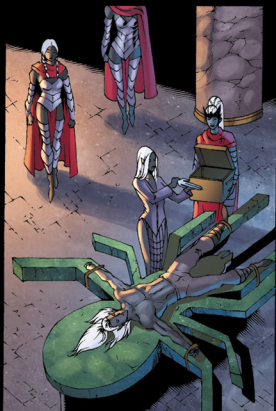


I WARN YOU,
IF YOU DO **ANYTHING**
TO DISRUPT THE CEREMONY
TO APPEASE THE SPIDER
QUEEN, I WILL GIVE DRIZZT
TO BRIZA, AND SHE AND
HER **TORTUROUS TOYS**
WILL GIVE HIM TO
LOLTH.



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 HUNETT 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!



WILL YOU
DEAL?

HA!
WHAT COULD
YOU POSSIBLY
OFFER ME?

YOUR
LIFE.



GIVE ME THE
FIGURINE, MASOJ.
GUENHWYVAR NEVER
BELONGED TO YOU
AND WILL SERVE
YOU NO MORE.

IN RETURN, I
WILL LEAVE HOUSE
DO'URDEN AND TAKE ANOTHER
WITH ME, A **WEAPONS-MASTER**.
SURELY HOUSE HUN'ETT WILL HAVE
GAINED AN ADVANTAGE IN THE
COMING WAR IF BOTH DRIZZT
AND ZAKNAFEIN—



SILENCE!

THE CAT IS
MINE! I DO NOT
NEED ANY BARGAINS
FROM A PITIFUL
DO'URDEN!

YOU ARE DEAD,
FOOL, AND HOUSE
DO'URDEN'S **WEAPONS-
MASTER** WILL FOLLOW
YOU TO THE
GRAVE!



SO BE
IT.



DIE!



ZZAK











YOU KNOW OF
THE FACELESS
ONE?

HE IS A
HUN'ETT, GELROOS
HUN'ETT.

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.
MASOO HUN'ETT
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
MENZOBERRANZANI!

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!



AAGH!!
THE LIGHT!

GET HIM!
I WANT HIM
DEAD!



HE'S
GONE...?





DEATH
BLOW

DROW
PRIESTESS

MAYA
VIGARA
GK120
VARIATIONS ON THIS



DININ



DROW
"ROYALTY"
MALE



DRIZZLE
IN DA
HIZZLE.

MINOR



EYES, SURTUS
EYES, SHARP,
HOLE LING ON
BOTTOM TO
HIGHLIGHT



SHARP
NOSE

MATRON
MALICE

OTHER MITRONS
ARE VARIATIONS
OF THIS

DROW
MALE
WARRIOR



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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 Icwind 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?



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