Scattered tribes of xenophobic elves hunt down and kill any intruders who attempt to cross this dry, not-quite-desert land that outsiders call Elfharrow. The natives also patrol the North Wall mountains south of their lands, recording occasional sightings of monstrous entities in the high clouds along the ridgeline of desolated Halruaa.

**Elfharrow Lore**

A character knows the following information with a successful skill check.

**History DC 15:** Elfharrow oral tradition has it that the elves' ancestors betrayed their kin to the depredations of the drow during the Crown Wars (see page 43). Following those events, they settled the Misty Vale in remorse over their betrayal. For years, the elves of the Misty Vale secreted themselves in the forest so no one would see their guilt. They vowed to live in isolation forever after.

Climatic shifts following the Spellplague dried out and killed their forest over the course of twenty years. The elves gradually moved out onto the plains, claiming all the emptied lands north and northwest of Halruua. This change in lifestyle was accompanied by extensive heartache and loss of life. Old elves, confident and set in their knowledge of the forest, had to learn a completely new way of living with the land. For the most part, such innovation became the province of the younger generations. These elves now subsist as herders and hunters. A few even moved north into the Shaar Desolation, building their homes in the lees of towering mesas and deep caves.

**Streetwise DC 30:** The Elfharrow tribes might not be as xenophobic as is commonly thought in neighboring lands. Travelers who have crossed Elfharrow and had contact with the elves believe the image is consciously projected as a defense. The tribes wish little from the outside world, except to be left to go about their lives without worrying overly much about the rest of Faerûn. They are not wanderers—each tribe claims a particular territory, which it exclusively hunts.

Nomadic centaur communities, forced out of what is now the Shaar Desolation, coexist uneasily with the elves of the arid plains.

**Settlements and Features**

The city-state confederacy known as Lapaliya that once thrived along southeast shore of the Shining Sea is no more. All its zealous warriors and industrious merchants are gone or dead, leaving only the partially drowned ruins of once-wealthy cities. Because of the Elfharrow tribes’ reputation, these ruins remain mostly unlooted by salvagers from northern lands.

**Abn’dak Territory**

Northwest Elven Territory

The Abn’daK Tribe, commonly called the “Sea Crows,” claim several miles of coast along the Shining Sea that includes the ruins of Sheirtalar. The Sea Crows live in stone huts on high hills overlooking the scrubland interior and the restless waves of the Shining Sea. Collections of abodes make up a string of tribal villages, each of which contains at least one Abn’daK shaman responsible for communication between villages. Such messages are mostly news of the latest hunts by land or by sea.

The Abn’daK chieftain is Seaspark. She is young, having gained the chieftdom from her grandfather, who died while she lay in the womb. Control over the tribe bypassed her parents at her grandfather’s dying request. Seaspark’s grandfather is not around to pass on his wisdom directly, but her mother, the old chieftain’s daughter, teaches her the tribe’s wisdom while Seaspark grows into her role. Most believe Seaspark will rise to the challenge, though she remains untested.

**The Dead Vale**

Tribal Holy Site

Lifeless, twisted stumps stretch for miles through the Dead Vale. The lush forest known in former times as the Misty Vale is a blasted, ruined skeleton of its former verdant expanse. The forest did not die by curse or the hand of an evil intruder, but through the shift in climate. Druids and treants that might have averted the change briefly lost access to their powers
as a result of the Spellplague—just when they were most needed. The Dead Vale is the result.

The Elfharrow tribes regard the Dead Vale as holy ground. Its blasted expanse looms large in the memory of their people. Small groups venture into the deadscape on occasion, looking to uncover lost remnants of their past life amid the dead trunks and yellowed grasses. More than anything else, the elves seek Cuivanu, a mystical tree that once grew in the heart of the vale. Cuivanu is said to seep life-giving sap—those who drank of it were preserved from disease, curses, and even old age. The Elfharrow elves hope that the tree remains in a hidden glade, still in leaf and flower. Their worst nightmare is that the tree is a great, gnarled hulk, dry and dead, home to nothing but rot or worse.

Plots and Adventure Sites

North Wall Gap: During the Spellplague, Halruaa was annihilated in a sorcerous blast so mighty that windows in Waterdeep rattled. Along with the wizards’ realm, a section of the North Wall mountains was obliterated. This gap exposed Lapaliya to spewing toxic waters and uncontrolled wild magic that otherwise might have been contained. In the aftermath, Lapaliya's confederacy crumbled, the climate skewed, and eventually, the land of Elfharrow was born.

The gap has become something of a totemic icon of the Elfharrow tribes—those who have made the journey within and survived proudly display a gleaming tattoo commemorating the occasion. A few also come back with spells. Elfharrow guardians at the edge of the gap allow visitors of all races through, and upon their return apply the insignia of passage. Entering the gap eventually brings a traveler through the North Wall to look upon the face of ultimate destruction. The trip also includes one or more brushes with plaguelands, a plaguechanged creature or two, and possibly even a scouting party of Abolethic Sovereignty agents searching the edges of Halruaa for purposes unknown.

Ruins of Sheirtalar: The Shining City's gold- and silver-leafed domes are now half-drowned, cracked, and dulled by a century of fierce weather without upkeep. The famed Domed Palace of the Overking, which once sat high atop a granite outcrop, was pulled into a fissure so deep and twisting that daylight never reaches it. All manner of opportunistic monsters lair in the ruins, preying on each other, and protecting the treasure vaults of this fallen merchant jewel with their ravenous presence. An outcast, self-aware aboleth, never part of the Sovereignty, sits upon the Overking's ancient throne, ruling over the creatures that creep through the damp and drowned corridors.

RED WOLF, THE LONE HUNTER

A being known only as the Red Wolf hunts alone across the dry lands of Elfharrow. Some stories paint him as a killer, others a righter of wrongs. Still, the Red Wolf is widely acknowledged as the strongest, fiercest warrior of all the tribes. From time to time, cocky youths seek out the hunter to test their mettle. All such contenders pay the ultimate price for their impudence—death. The Red Wolf sometimes takes the shape of a tall elf in hunter's garb; other times he appears to be a scarlet-hued wolf of immense size. On the rare occasions when he shows up with news or instructions, the chiefs and shamans listen and do as they are bidden.