
FORGOTTEN REALMS®

THE MOONSHAE TRILOGY BOOK THREE

DARKWELL

DOUGLAS NILES



Hobarth shivered, a strange mixture of ecstasy and fear. He knelt, closed his eyes, and prayed with all his heart.

“O mighty Bhaal, Reveler in Blood, master of my destiny. . .” The cleric moaned his prayer softly, wondering at the presence of his god. Was Bhaal angry? Was he pleased? What was the purpose of this visitation?

Approach the well.

Hobarth froze for a moment as the god’s command grasped his heart. He felt cold fingers engulf his soul, only to let it free again after a glimpse of something awesome and terrible. Numb, he stood and stepped slowly toward the Darkwell.

The Great Druid.

Hobarth understood the command instantly and stopped beside the Great Druid—or rather, the statue that had been Genna Moonsinger, the mistress of Myrloch Vale and Great Druid of the isles. Now she stood frozen as a white stone sculpture, lifelike in every detail. Many times had Hobarth stood before her and cursed her defiant expression.

He saw the challenge still lurking in her eyes, and in the firm set of her jaw. Her wrinkled skin and tightly wrapped hair might have given her a grandmotherly look, but instead she looked more like a warrior.

The Heart.

This command brought a glimmer of defiance, for just a brief moment, to the cleric. Hobarth kept the Heart of Kazgoroth in a pouch at his side, and he was most reluctant to remove it for anyone or anything. The stone was black, shaped more like a lump of coal than a heart, but it was a talisman of great evil. In the cleric’s hands, the Heart of Kazgoroth had brought death and decay to the formerly pastoral vale.

But Hobarth overcame his reluctance instantly and hastened to obey the word of his god. He removed the stone from its pouch and held it out before him. It seemed to absorb the rays of the sun, already dimmed by the pale haze. In its own shadow, the cleric reached

