



# THE DAWNSLINGER

A WARLOCK OPTION WITH LATHANDER AS THE PATRON.  
INSPIRED BY AND INTRODUCING THE BOOK *ASHES OF THE DAWN*

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# FoxFire Studios

Of Saint Louis

## INTRODUCTION

If you want to move on ahead to the reason you came here, [the Dawnslinger character option is on page 9](#), and [the Prologue sample is on page 16] (#p16)

What is added to this document is the official introduction to a story I felt needed to be written. It's been three decades since a very bad time in Dungeons & Dragons history, and I'm sure that I'm not the only one who wants to see some healing for this very old wound.

It's the main reason why I'm writing *Ashes of the Dawn*. I don't know if it's the first intentional Faith-Based Dungeons & Dragons fiction novel, I know that there has been Christian Themes in D&D before, but I felt that I had to write it in a way that contributes to bridging this gap, which will have to be addressed sooner or later now that D&D is so much into the forefront.

This so-beloved game has grown a lot since the 1980s, and has garnered a lot more appeal than most people would've expected even earlier in the decade. I do not want to have this progress get ripped from everyone because someone wish to revive that moral crisis.

That is the reason behind not just the novel, but also behind some of the ideas and suggestions in this document, which can be used to create a D&D campaign setting with the Judeo-Christian God in it.

I do not wish to use this material to preach the Gospel myself. I'm woefully unqualified to so do. I don't even call myself a Christian anymore. But I believe that there is someone out there who would want to create a ministry with Role Playing Games. If that person is out there, I would be glad to hear that this document is of some help in achieving their goal.

Thank you for not removing this document from anywhere I put it and banning me from even playing D&D casually right off the bat. I've seen other people be unpersoned for less.

David Foxfire

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction to <i>Ashes of the Dawn</i> .....	3
Warlock Patron: Dawnslinger .....	9
Eldritch Invocations .....	11
Overhauled Spell List .....	11
New and Altered Spells .....	13
<i>Ashes of the Dawn</i> Prologue .....	16

## CREDITS

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Character Option: Otherworldly Patron: Lathander:  
Created for Fifth Edition *Dungeons & Dragons*

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*Ashes of the Dawn*-based Material

Created under the Fan Content Policy from Wizards of the Coast.

The novel will be made available free for all D&D players and creators, and it is considered unofficial material neither endorsed or supported by Wizards of the Coast.

Wizards of the Coast is encouraged to make *Ashes of the Dawn* official content, and they are encouraged to contact me to discuss how to do this.

Those who wish to support me with other projects, such as my homebrew campaign setting, *Æthercoil*, can visit my web site, where several venues to do so is provided. Web, E-Mail, and Social Media addresses are provided below.

### SPECIAL THANKS TO

- Holly Conrad
- Jared Knabenbauer
- Chris Perkins
- Anna Prosser Robinson
  - *especially* Anna Prosser Robinson
- Nathan Sharp
- and everyone else associated with *Dice Camera Action*, either in its creation or in its fandom.

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While efforts in proper proofreading and editing have been made, there is still the possibility for spelling and grammar errors. There is also the need for feedback and suggestions on how to include the character option included in this document.

All feedback will be appreciated.

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# INTRODUCTION TO “ASHES OF THE DAWN,” A FAITH-BASED D&D STORY.

Before Faerun, before Toril, before human thought, a group of Angels from another reality had a question that needed to be asked, about their Father’s creation, the reasons behind it, and what did He have to gain by creating humans with free will. To satisfy their curiosity, God granted them the ability to create a world all their own, and they created “The Realms,” a mystical multiverse of magic, monsters, heroes and adventure. During the years as Humans roamed the Earth, these angels shared their creation to those who needed a muse, and such inspiration lead writers, artists, actors, and performers to create great things of their own. One fateful night, they managed to inspire one Gary Gyra, who created a new kind of game set on their world. A game that taps into the creative abilities and imaginations of those playing the game and supplements the Realms with their games.

The Realms became the many worlds in the game known as Dungeons & Dragons, and the angels in question became the various deities in these worlds, having found the answers they sought but once they did, they were unable to return to the beings they were.

They did not wish to go against their once and former—and in some cases still—Father, and the Father, a being known to the few people in The Realms as Yeshu, did not want to see such a marvelous creation destroyed. So an agreement was made, a pact of non-interference. Yeshu will not interject into The Realms and the Angelic creators of The Realms allow Yeshu to have his own world for Himself, where he eventually became the patron deity of the three highest religions in that realm: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

Neither side had a need to break this agreement.

Until a threat rose that threatened both worlds, brought on by someone with a grudge caused by a dark chapter of both D&D and Christianity, three decades ago.

A threat that prompted the Angelic creators of the Realms to do something they never thought they’d be ever have to do in their lives:

Call on the Father for His aid.

## WHY I'M WRITING THIS

"They say that, if God's servants were silent, the very rocks would cry out. Well, from what I'm seeing here, the rocks are belting out Death Metal songs, and you, Angel, are the lead growler!" – Reverend Daniel, in *Ashes of the Dawn*.

This document originally started as an article part of me wanted to write three decades ago, for my returning Aethercoil Magazine. However, as I continued to develop the book said article was describing, I felt that I had to move it here, with a bit more detail and the character option I designed just for the book, it had to be put here. While I didn't want to devote too much into the Forgotten Realms into the story at first, as the story progressed, the Forgotten Realms became an integral factor in the backstory of this novel.

Therefore, my policy of putting things that focus in D&D Intellectual Property be taken from my more setting-agnostic Aethercoil magazine, and it became its own document here in the DM's Guild.

"Ashes of the Dawn" is a story I had to write ever since Fifth Edition came around, and to be honest, it was a story that I felt had to be written way back in the 1980s, during the infamous Satanic Panic. It resurged in my head in the current year as I was devoting most of my time in my own setting of Aethercoil, and it flat out refused to let my brain go. I simply must write this book, so it can let me the Hell be. (Would it be safe to say that God is prompting me to write *Ashes of the Dawn*? Perhaps, perhaps. It wouldn't be the first time that happened to anybody.)

## HOW THE BOOK CAME TO BE.

"This is an over three decades long wound, Goodsir! You've just got this problem, I had to deal with *over thirty years* of being cast out by Christians, by being rejected by God, because I just happened to like something they didn't understand. Nobody fucking cared if I wanted to be a Christian or not, they just tried to burn me along with my rulebooks like I was some Witch. So, I *became* a Witch. They told me I was evil, Matthew Christopher, so Evil I shall be! God might have forsaken me, but [SPOILERS] welcomed me with open arms!" -- Mistress Blackleaf in *Ashes of the Dawn*

I'll spare you the details on what the Satanic Panic was. All I'll say about it is this. If God ever accepts me into heaven, a feat that will utterly shock parts of me, and I see J. T. Chick up there, I will kick him in the nuts to hard that they will fly out of his mouth.

Google the man and find out why.

Be assured that I'm not the only one who thinks this way.

This document introduces the concept of this book, and shows the player character option inspired by this book. I also have some suggestions on how someone who is a Christian can play this game using their deity as inspiration for their characters, as well as some illustrations, bits of lore, an extra character option, and any other loose thoughts in my head.

It is not my intention to proselytize with this. While I still believe that Jesus Christ saved me from my sins and everything, I cannot with a clear conscious call myself a Christian. The Church has burned me throughout the decades starting with the Satanic Panic. However, if there is someone who wanted to create a ministry with Role Playing Games, I'd like to at least have that person consider this document and everything in it. That is part of the story in *Ashes of the Dawn*, and ultimately, it's why I'm putting the book out in the first place.

Not every Christian would be interested in this, in fact, it's safe to assume that there are some people who still have the 80s mindset. But if I can get one person to bridge D&D and Christianity together, no matter what eternity I'll face, I'll face it happy.

## TWO CAVEATS

There are two things that you need to know before you go on. First off, *none of this will ever be Adventurer's League legal ever!!* All of this is strictly casual and homebrew game *only!!*

And two, you're going to see some cussing in this document. This isn't because of me not being religious or of a lack of vocabulary, it's because I'm autistic. And if you know anyone who's on the Autism Spectrum, you know how difficult it is for an autistic to communicate effectively to a neurotypical person. At times the autistic needs to knock down a brick wall between himself and the rest of the world. To me, 'Fuck' makes a great wrecking ball.

With the resurgence of D&D in these recent years, I feel that the time has come for this thirty-year-plus black mark in Christian (and D&D) history to be addressed, and to build a bridge between Christianity and Role-Playing Games. I'd like to see a D&D ministry and maybe even a Christian-themed D&D campaign. I won't be the one doing it—I do not consider myself a Christian. Too ashamed of the Church—but I can inspire someone else. That's the reason why I want to write a book, a Faith-Based story on Dungeons & Dragons.

Even today I can still feel this long time wound still festering today while I was sharing this idea on Reddit. Almost everyone was telling me that "Well, I think that's a good idea and I don't want to discourage you from writing it... *BUT...*" Not the most encouraging thing in the world. I wonder if Wizards of the Coast would think the same thing. I even prayed a lot about it to God and even He understood why they'd think this way.

But in the end, There was no choice on the matter.

I *have* to do this. I *must* write this book. It's almost like being under the real-world version of a Geas. I cannot *not* do this and remain with a clear conscious and calm spirit. If I am to go on through to more acceptable projects like *Æthercoil*, this book *must be made*. Here I stand, I can do no other, so help me God. And Gary Gyra. And Ed Greenwood. And everyone and anyone who calls D&D a game they love.

I have to do this, because of my own experience with D&D. I tried to get into the game during the Satanic Panic, when I was in High School, but unfortunately you need friends to play this game, something I didn't have in High School. I got back to the game in recent years near the end of 4th Edition and jumped feet first into 5th Edition. During the Sundering campaigns, I switched from a Player to a Dungeon Master, which eventually brought me into creating content. Here's where the seed that grew this book was planted.

While I was working on the inside side of the DM's Screen, I find myself not just making campaigns and adventures and stories here, I'm also building worlds. Whatever it is remaking the *Forgotten Realms* in a form I can work with, or creating the hybrid dystrophic-classic fantasy world of *Æthercoil*, I'm building a world for people—both player characters and non-player characters—live in. I get to place needed monsters and dungeons with precision, and if I need to, I can focus on one particular location or person and develop it or him in exact detail. Or I can zoom up to see the big picture and work on the major themes and cosmology of the realm as a whole.

On occasions, I stop what I'm doing, lean back on my chair, stare at my computer screen or graph paper, or pile of scribbled notes and I think, "Is this how God did it?"

It's not the *who* or the *what* behind Genesis 1, it's the *how* and the *why*. It's why I dig science channels, and why I find a similarity between my own creating, and God creating the heavens and the earth. Granted, of course, there are differences. I'm using pen, pencil, paper, One Note, Word, the occasional Excel spreadsheet, and a computer I built myself (and still upgrading). God did it with atoms, molecules, elements, energies, matter. The laws of physics were His tools. Science was made into art.

While the scale of creation does differ, is the *spirit* of the mere act of Creation, between me and Him...are we sharing the same experience?

That epiphany really gave me a deeper appreciation and respect over the Biblical God, what He has done and—according to some people, I don't know about you, to each their own—still is doing. In 1983, D&D was declared the work of Satan. Today? That *very same game* brought me closer to God.

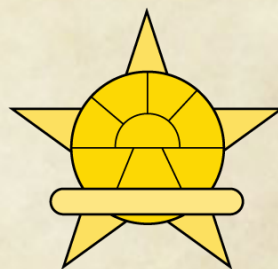
That ultimately led me to write a story where the Biblical God gets in a *Dungeons & Dragons* story, a tale three decades in the making. In this story, I create a scenario where He gets depicted in a D&D like campaign where a threat from a D&D world tries to summon into the Real World not unlike the *Dark Dungeons* gospel tract. To counter this threat in a way that doesn't create another Satanic Panic, God partnered with angelic versions of D&D deities to, instead of burning 5th Edition rulebooks and driving people who play them back to the Geek Closets, but to find a way to bring God into Role Playing Games.

I might lose some of you with playing fast and loose with Fundamental Beliefs, but of course (one) I was never a Fundie, (two) they're never going to be my audience anyway, and (three) I know I'm not the only one who thought "What if Jesus Christ met with other Pantheons?" As sacrilegious it might sound, Jesus and Thor teaming up would be fucking awesome! Not to mention the obvious: I am embellishing the canonized origins of the D&D multiverse to Hell and back. Some might consider this heretically embellishing. What can I say, *Wizards of the Coast* did tell me to "Make the Realms My Own." Blam *them* before you Blam me.

And in *Ashes of the Dawn*, I make a very plausible—if not entirely acceptable—way to bridge D&D and Christianity. The way I did that was take my own learned experience in Creating my D&D world and apply it to the deities who created their own world. They did it because they were originally angels who, while they didn't join Lucifer during the fall, wondered why God created the heavens, the earth, and humanity in particular. God gave them permission to create their own world, which ultimately became "The Realms," which inspired many fantasy stories, films, and other items, including role playing games. Eventually, what these angels created became known as the *Dungeons & Dragons* multiverse. And them, the deities.

God approved of what these angels have done and what they have learned, even though the knowledge altered these angels as irrevocably as what biting that apple from Genesis 3 changed Adam and Eve. But unlike what became of Adam and Eve after their eyes were opened, these Angels really did become Gods; some of them you'd know from many campaign settings, *Wizards*-published and otherwise. When God saw all this, to everyone's surprise, he felt like a parent who just saw his kids leave the nest. He was both saddened and yet proud, of what they've done, and since they have their own world and not wishing to take over Him, these Angels-turned-Deities made an Agreement with their once and former Father, that neither side will meddle into the other's universe unless something comes up that makes it necessary.

In *Ashes of the Dawn*, something comes up that makes it necessary. The Angels-turned-deities of the Realms found out that they cannot deal with this threat on their own, so they go to Earth and ask God for help. Some of them even returned to their original angelic form to do this. One such Angel found a human who is a D&D player and, under God's permission and grace, partnered up a la *Highway to Heaven* or *Touched by an Angel*. Together they deal with this threat which ultimately leads to the Angel bringing the human over to the Realms with him, so he'll have a better life.



## The "Sheriff's Star"

One of the first things Lathander and Matthew did as Patron and Warlock is remix the dress code of a follower of the Morninglord. Taking a page from the American Wild West, Latahnder converted his holy symbol into a tin star. It became a standard Holy Symbol of Dawnslingers.

# BLAME EVELYN AVALONA

## HELVIG MARTHAIN

“Sir, I know that you have your reasons why You created Man. I want to know that. Even if it’s one of those reasons I couldn’t understand for the life of me, I just want to be where I can accept you creating humans with free will and a capacity for both good and evil. Father, if I’m going to be your new Angel of Light, if I’m going to be replacing Lucifer, I need to be on the same page, or at least the same book, as you.” – Lathander, to God, in *Ashes of the Dawn*.

At first, I wanted this story to be setting agnostic for obvious reasons. I didn’t want to run afoul of Wizards and their protecting of their Intellectual property. However, after multiple episodes of *Dice Camera Action*, something came up which was just too good for me not to use, and with the Fan Content Policy permitting non-commercial use of some of their IPs (You mean I have to make my own Ampersand?! At least using the Cason D font to make the Original D&D logo is kosher!) and let’s be honest, I’m going to gift this book to Wizards of the Coast, the D&D Community, any Christians that won’t reject me outright anyway.

The Angel in *Ashes of the Dawn*, in the book’s current form, is Lathander the Morninglord.

Thank you, Anna Prosser Robinson, for the inspiration.

Being that Evelyn’s First Love is usually associated with the Sun, it’s only natural that Latahnder’s origin will have him be an Angel of Light. In fact, in-story, Lathander was once Amanatour, 2nd Rank Angel of Light. Second only to Lucifer. Amanatour was one open rebellion away from being the Highest Angel before God, and as you know, that open rebellion happened. The reason behind Lucifer’s Fall is speculative in more official discussions but in the book, Lucifer rebelled because God created humans with the capacity of going good to the point of going above the Angels, and the capacity of doing evil to the point of destroying creation and themselves, with the Free Will to choose between the two. In Lucifer’s eyes, God became Doctor Victor Frankenstein, with us humans as the Frankenstein Creature. Straight out of Mary Shelley’s book. In fact, the last words Lucifer said when he was cast out of heaven was “God, You created a monster, and before I am done, I will make you admit it.”

After the rebellion, Amanatour was about to inherit Lucifer’s vacated the position and was honored to do so, but he had one question to ask Him: “Why?” He didn’t want to rebel against God, but he didn’t understand why God created humans the way they are, and the world the way it is. He went up to God personally asking that he get, at least an understanding to this, if not a clear answer, as his one condition for him becoming the new Top Angel.

Just like what it was with Job, who asked pretty much the same thing, God couldn’t provide an acceptable answer. Or at least an answer he can give in under five paragraphs. He wasn’t offended by Amanatour’s question at all, in fact he commended the angel for doing to civilly. However, His creation is so detailed, intricate, and complicated that He couldn’t provide a simple answer. So, he had to go for a standard rule in writing and show rather than tell, just like what he did with Job. However, an angel has a lot more capabilities than a human that, at the time, was broke, homeless, alone, harangued by his time’s version of 4chan, and showing the absolute worst case of acne on record. With Amanatour, God saw some promise that he might, with enough time and experience, get the reason why. So, He decided to let Amanatour learn the “Why” by letting him learn the “How” of creation. God gave Amanatour all the notes and in-depth instructions He made in creating the heavens and the earth, provided an alternate dimension where everything is set in a pre-Big Bang setting, and told him to gather all the other angels who had this very same question and create their own world. God knows that these angels will be forever changed by their creation, but it’s the only way that they’ll understand the reasons. And in the end, He hopes that these Angels will provide the short explanation He himself can’t seem to find.

As they began constructing The Realms, they drew in other angels into their fold. Some of them didn’t want to go into the creative process, but instead wanted to use The Realms to experiment on something that will eventually end up in Earth. Some of those who joined in came from a very unusual source: the other side. I have it so that some fallen angels discover how much of a raw deal they got in joining Lucifer’s rebellion that they, in turn, turned on the Devil. Thrown out of both Heaven and Hell, they decided that being adrift betwixt and between neither knowing nor caring what would happen to them suits them just fine. Some of them would even tried take on a road of redemption back to God’s good graces, with varying success. A few of them however, joined the Angels building the realms. The majority of them became Evil-aligned deities, but they held vital roles in the multiverse. Eventually, a concept known as “The Balance,” of *Mordenkainen’s Tome of Foes* fame, grew to the fore, as everyone tried to swerve the people in the realms away from the many pitfalls God’s people fell in on Earth.

In short, the Balance states that Good and Evil, and Law and Chaos, must be kept at a state of equilibrium. No single being, race, group, kingdom, or even deity should grow too powerful and become tyrannical. Even those with the Good alignment, especially Lawful Good, are in danger of this. And it is the lack of this equilibrium that caused most of the vicious cycles that plagued Earth’s humanity all throughout any recorded history. (And let’s be honest, how many ‘Naturals’ would consider Jesus and His chosen ‘Glorified’ people tyrannical during *Kingdom Come*? More than one, if I guess right.)

These Evil-aligned entities know this Balance well and in spite of their schemes and intrigues, in the end they seek to maintain the Balance. A perfect example of this is the Prince of all Devils, Asmodeus. *Mordenkainen's Tome of Foes* shows a trial he was in when a list of his sins was given. Asmodeus responded by not by defending Evil but by how he remained Lawful, maintaining the set of rules and procedures the Lawful Alignments upheld. This was part and parcel to The Balance. Compare that with a Chaotic Evil Lucifer, who'd like nothing more than to prompt humanity to self-destruct just so he can deliver a shit-eating grin to God.

Another area where this Balance takes place in a former fallen angel that joined Lathander's group in returning to Earth: Auril. Auril finds her influence in the Realms a vital importance and believes in Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 as an absolute. Everyone in the pantheon, every time and season, and every possible cycle in the natural world is necessary. ("To everything, there is a season, and there is even a place for me in the world." – Auril, in *Ashes of the Dawn*)

Most of them have buried any hatchets they had against God and in general, they wouldn't even think of going to Earth and causing trouble for Him. But not everyone. At least one Evil deity considering tearing into God's creation. Here's a spoiler: The evil deity that's causing this scenario isn't doing it to stick it to God, but to spite Satan. There are many Evil-aligned beings who are convinced that they can be a better Devil then, well, the Devil, and would loove to prove it right on Lucifer's hide if given the chance.



## ENTER MATTHEW CHRISTOPHER, THE FIRST DAWNSLINGER

"The time has come for me, the time to overcome and do what is right for the world to see  
And from the Ashes of the Dawn I arise!"

-- Matthew, in *Ashes of the Dawn*, quoting Dragonforce.

Fast forward to 2017, during the Great American Eclipse. The antagonist of the story, known as Mistress Blackleaf, got contacted with this deity. (Consider that deity's ID a spoiler for now.) Blackleaf used to be a Christian, but she was driven away from God thanks to the Satanic Panic, during the 1980s. She held a grudge over this throughout the over three decades until this deity contacted her. The deity offered her a chance to exact revenge against the God who cast her away over a Role-Playing Game by summoning an eldritch horror from the deity's realm to Earth, granting her immense power and transforming her into a being "without the filthy stink of humanity in it." Blackleaf's goal is to destroy the world and leave nothing to have an End Times on. The deity, however, is doing it to spite Lucifer. Why going through all of these intrigues to try to control what kind of future that will result in a Bad Ending, when you can destroy the earth now, and take out every possible future all at once? "That's what I don't like about Lucifer," this deity would say, "He's too clever for his own good."

Cue Lathander and six other deities (Auril, Chauntea, Corellon, Gond, Moradin, and Yondalla, at the current writing) go to Earth to seek God's help. However, if God acts directly, His presence will trigger the End Times immediately, be it in one way or another. So, in spite of not liking it, God does the next best thing: He picks a Chosen. A blessed mortal to work on His behalf in the world. While Faerun has many of those, God never picked one since the last one was killed two decades ago.

Here's where the human of the two main characters come in: Matthew Christopher, 16 years old Christian and D&D enthusiast. Typical teenaged boy in the current year inner city, complete with the lack of a father. He finds himself caught into what would become the Satanic Panic 2.0. Maybe all the exposure D&D got on Twitch opened some old skeletons, or maybe someone went and made "Dark Dungeons II," or maybe some socio-political busybody decided that tabletop games is an easy target, but eventually he was given an ultimatum by his Mother and her Fundamentalist Preacher to burn his D&D books and repent from his evil activity.

Instead, grabbed all his rulebooks and ran away. Mom said that, unless he's ready to torch those books, don't bother coming back. He prayed to God as he roamed the streets of Renton, Washington that night waiting for Wizards of the Coast headquarters to open, a prayer he thought would be his last since he "cannot with a good conscious continue as a Christian and forsake the treasure he has in this game." To Matt, D&D is the proverbial 'Pearl of Great Price,' and stated his wish to make a Christian-themed campaign setting. He even thought of getting some evangelistic groups to create a D&D ministry, saying that "if it can be done to Rock and Roll and Mixed Martial Arts, then it can be done to Role Playing Games." However, that plea has fallen on deaf ears now. The church has forsaken him, he's the pebble that the builders rejected, and he's asking for someone, anyone, to come to his aid. He would appreciate an Angel, but he's at the desperate stage where *anybody* can fill that role if they're kind enough to him.

God was about to send in an Angel, Roma Downey style, to encourage Matt and guide him through this dark time.

And Lathander said, "Hold my beer."

At first Matt thought that the friendly guy talking to him was another D&D buff. Until he said stuff about creating these worlds bringing him closer to God. That's when Matt got a clue. He knows enough about angels to out one. As Monica would say, "Children these days! Desensitized by Movies and Television!"

Only when he realizes who this Angel truly is does Matt does that "Oh, My God," reaction. That's right, you need to be a deity *from another realm* to get him shocked over seeing a divine being; Angel, God, or otherwise. He was *that* red-pilled.

Lathander was the first being, human, divine or otherwise, that was genuinely nice to him. He wanted nothing more than to repay this kindness. So, When God told Matt about the creature about to threaten this world and it must be addressed by someone who knows the intricates of The Realms, he gladly said, "Here I am, send me."

There was just one problem. "If he was of my world," Lathander said, "I'll be more than honored to be his God. He'll make a fine Cleric or Paladin. But he's of *your* world, Yeshu. *You're* his God, and I can't take your place."

## HOW THE BOOK WILL BE PUBLISHED

"Anne Robinson, is it? Evelyn says hello... You're Chris Perkins? [knocks Chris out in one punch] *That* is for putting my girl in a construct!" -- Lathander in *Ashes of the Dawn*

Being that *Ashes of the Dawn* uses Forgotten Realms material, I doubt it will ever be put into any official publishing company, unless of course Wizards wants to use it or allows someone to publish it for a ministry. If the DM's Guild had a fiction section, it would be perfect there. Barring that, I'll be putting it on my own web site (<https://foxfirestudios.net>) where it'll be available for all.

It will come into two versions, a Red Edition which is written for a general audience, and a Black Edition, which is the unrated version. In short, get the Black Edition and hide it from your Mother.

So Yeshu gave Lathander another option: Go from Divine to Arcane and do something he would've never consider up to this moment: Form a Warlock pact with Matthew. In fact, it would be God who creates the pact himself. A good chunk of the book will detail how Lathander figures out how to fill the Otherworldly Patron role and how to adapt his Power into this new form. The character option in the end of this document is the result of Lathander's efforts. He also took some creative liberties with Matthew, creating a western gunslinger variant of a traditional follower of the Morninglord, complete with a holy symbol incorporated into a sheriff's star. He even converts a revolver into a *Rod of the Pactkeeper*. At first Lathander was hesitant on letting Matthew think of him as his "Papa," but as he realized how much of a much-needed father role he filled in the young man, he relented. Besides, the Warlock pact made Matthew as close to the Morninglord as Evelyn is. The main difference being that Matt isn't the preaching type, preferring that Faith be shown by deeds, not words. As he'd say, "I don't want to be a pew-warmer all of my life. Put me a soup kitchen or coffeehouse or get me to build a house for a homeless family any Sunday. Regardless of what you'd think about Faith and Works, with Works, I won't be bored."

From that point onward, the two deal with both of their problems. One, Matthew's quest to bridge the gap between Role Playing Games and religion (using a series of modules Matt created that put various Bible Stories in an RPG setting) by finding a kindred soul in a would-be church pastor who wanted to create a Role Playing Game ministry. And Two, the summoning of the abomination, which takes the form of a LARP straight out of the *Dark Dungeons* movie, is uncovered and dealt with, as Matthew's abilities combine God's infinite power—more power than all of the Realms' deities combined—the monster is driven back to the portal. But in so doing, Matthew went through the portal himself and closed it behind him. Matthew will end up spending the rest of his life in Waterdeep. Whatever that is an happy ever after depends on who you ask.

Both versions will be free, although I'll encourage readers to support my for other projects such as *Æthercoil*. At the very least, a cup of coffee form ko.fi would be sufficient, and I doubt Wizards would mind me getting some joe for my work. (A link to support sites are in the web site.)

Promoting the book will be simple enough. I just have to expand on Matthew's life in the Realms. Starting with the Waterdeep season and moving on from there. I won't take him through *Dragon Heist*, but he will mingle with other characters in the city and even get into some groups. He will be crashing the other parties in various Twitch Streams. I'll probably make it a serialized short story series published on reddit.



# WARLOCK OTHERWORLDLY PATRON: LATHANDER, THE MORNINGLORD

“You’ve probably heard of someone I’ve met recently. His name’s Bruce Lee. He once said something that pretty much describes my nature, Matt: I’m shapeless, formless, like water. When you pour water in a cup, it becomes the cup. When you pour water in a bottle, it becomes the bottle. When you pour water in a teapot, it becomes the teapot. Water can drip, and it can crash. And if water can’t go one way, it can certainly find another. I am no different.” -- Yeshu in *Ashes of the Dawn*

And now we get to the main reason why you downloaded this document. This is the class option that is part of *Ashes of the Dawn*. This is the pact Yeshu creates between Lathander and Matthew in an object lesson on thinking outside of the box.

The idea Yeshu gave Lathander is to go from a Divine source to an Arcane source, through the only real way he can do so, with a Warlock Pact. Of course, this was the first time Lathander had a Patron-Warlock relationship, and so he used this opportunity to build his pact parameters on scratch.

What follows is an emulation of that pact for public consumption. I used The Celestial otherworldly patron from *Xanathar’s Guide to Everything* and worked from there, customizing options that fit the Morninglord. This includes options with the Cleric’s Light domain, which is familiar territory as well as some pages from the Paladin class. There are also some Eldritch Invocations designed on top of the archetype, created as Lathander further develops the pact’s details.

## DAWNSLINGERS

Oh, you have a gun? No, what you have are *bullets*. Bullets and the hope that when you shoot them all, I’m no longer standing. I, on the other hand, don’t *need* bullets." -- Matthew Christopher

The way someone becomes a *Warlock* of the Morninglord is a most unusual way someone in the Realms connects with the divine. Maybe your character wishes to learn the arcane arts and prays to the Gods for guidance in finding a way. Or maybe he wished to serve the Morninglord but don’t quite cut it for more traditional divine roles, such as being a priest of a paladin. Or maybe he was being forced into a divine role that he just can’t fit in for one reason or another, and he cries out for another option to avoid being driven to desperation, a way for a path to be lit before him that suits his skills, abilities, and talents.

No matter what the situation is, your character’s prayers were answered by a most expected person, but what he offers was not expected at all. In fact, your character might have done a double take when Lathander wishes to do something he would’ve expected from Asmodeus, The Summer Queen or even some nameless formless whatever you call it from some space between space. The Morninglord wishes to form a warlock pact with the character, to make him into a shadow made by his light, to be his Eclipse. In fact, most of the spells Lathander’s warlocks learn are flavored to show an ecliptic theme. Spells that produce acid and/or necrotic damage instead deal radiant damage, while fire damage might instead become cold. The *Armor of Agathys* would appear as a corona effect covering the warlock, and *Hunger of Hadar* instead produces an area that gradually fades into darkness, as the sun inside the area goes into a total eclipse that is in the target’s vision regardless of where they’re looking at.

This pact grants the character an arcane application to Lathander’s divine light, called to act in ways that more traditional followers of the Morninglord can’t or won’t. The deal in more covert operations where guile and discretion are in order, and are not above delivering the smite called on by the deity-patron. While they are not completely rejected by the more common followers of Lathander, they might be looked on as the proverbial black sheep in the flock. Reception might be somewhat strained for those who prefer to refer to the deity as Amanatour instead of Lathander. Regardless, due to the nature that the arcane application of Lathander’s light giving the impression that the warlock is shooting pure sunlight all over creation, warlocks of the Morninglord are referred to as Dawnslingers.

### OTHERWORLDLY PATRON: LATHANDER

Level	Features
1st	Overhauled Spell List, Bonus Cantrips, Spellcasting Rod, Warding Light
6th	Healing Light
10th	Resilient Light
16th	The Angel of the Eclipse

Note: I refer to an Ability score by its full name, and the Ability *modifier* by its abbreviation.

## OVERHAULED SPELL LIST

When Lathander looked at the spells usually cased by warlocks, he thought that most of the spells don't suit his taste. They neither didn't fit with his divine nature, or they weren't capable of being reshaped into the style he was shooting for; that of a Warlock of Lathander being a representative of his Shadow.

Because of this, he did more than just add spells to the Warlock Spell list. He completely overhauled it, removing some spells that fall more into Fiend and Old One patrons and replacing them with Cleric or Paladin spells. Some of them have slight alterations, while others are so altered that a new spell description is required.

What is listed later in the document is the result of his work, performed in the course of an half hour in a time-frozen demiplane where he trained his first Warlock, Matthew Christopher, in channeling his power.

## BONUS CANTRIPS

At 1st Level, the warlock leans the *Light* and the *Thaumaturgy* cantrips. These count as warlock cantrips, using CHA for the ability, and they do not count against the known number of cantrips. If the character already knows these cantrips, he can select another from either the Warlock or Cleric spell list.

## SPELLCASTING ROD

Lathander has discovered, with his first Dawnslinger, that is can be dangerous for his warlocks to channel his light directly through their bare hands. In fact, every attack spell of any kind from the warlock without any spellcasting implement requires a CON save against the character's spell save DC. On a fail, he takes 1d6 radiant damage. They *are* channeling the sun after all. Spells that produce areas of effects or require the target to make a saving throw do not trigger this effect.

Because of this, all Dawnslingers are given a means to create or procure a rod spellcasting implement. Any mundane weapon the character is proficient in will also qualify for this. Whatever the item is, an hour-long ritual is performed to attune the item for its purpose. A warlock can only have one such device so attuned at one time. If lost or stolen, a new one can be made, upon which the previous one loses all properties and becomes a mundane item again.

This implement can also become the warlock's pact weapon under *Pact of the Blade*, if the warlock so chooses.

In some areas where Dawnslingers are commonplace, a temple to Lathander might have +0 *Rods of the Pactkeeper* available (no bonuses to attack or DC, but one can regain a spell slot from it,) especially made for this new group of Awakened.

And of course, as inspired by Lathander's first warlock, if handguns are available in the campaign world, they become popular spellcasting implements. Only the weapon itself is required, although they can still use gunpowder and bullets. However, once the gun is used to fire rounds, it must be cleaned (a 10-minute ritual) in order to be used as a spellcaster, until that happens, using the gun as an implement will incur the CON save against 1d6 Radiant damage. Because of this, some Dawnslingers use two guns, one for spells and another for bullets.

## WARDING LIGHT

Also, at 1st Level, the warlock can interpose sunlight between someone and an attacking enemy like the Cleric's *Warding Flare*, which is a familiar feature Lathander gives his clerics. As a Reaction, if you or someone you see within 30 feet are attacked by a creature within vision and at any distance, you can cause a flare to appear in front of the attacker before it hits or misses. If the attack is by a spell attack or weapon attack, the attack imposes Disadvantages. If the attack is a Save-based spell, the person being attack gains advantage on said save.

The warlock can use this feature a number of times equal to his CHA (minimum of once.) He regains 1 use with every short rest and all uses with every long rest.

## HEALING LIGHT

Starting at 6th Level, Lathander grants a healing capability similar to the Paladin's *Lay on Hands*, feature. The warlock has a pool of d6s the number of his present number of Current Hit Dice every dawn. As a Standard Action, he can use any number of these d6s to heal any one individual within 30 feet. If the heal is done at touch range, the d6 is rolled with Advantage. He regains half of any spent dice of his pool, rounded up, with every short rest.

Also, he can use one of these d6s to instead cure the target of one disease or neutralize one poison affecting said target. Multiple diseases and/or poisons can be dealt with as long as separate dice in this pool is available.

## RESILIENT LIGHT

At 10th Level, channeling Lathander's light becomes second nature to the Warlock. He gains resistance to radiant damage. All spells that deal radiant damage adds the warlock's CHA to the damage roll. Also, any weapons he wields, including magical weapons, deal radiant damage as well as the standard type of damage for the weapon. If the weapon is mundane, it is considered magical in regards to any resistances or immunities.

## ANGEL OF THE ECLIPSE

At 14th Level, the warlock is finally molded into Lathander's image of an angel of shadow. With a standard action, the warlock's physical appearance turns to graytones as if he is being viewed through Darkvision, only with a bright corona outlining his person. Black feathery wings appear behind his back, and his eye color turns black with a inside cornea. With the wings, he can fly up to his normal speed. This effect lasts for 1 minute or until the warlock dismisses it as a bonus action. If the effect is dismissed while still in the air, the warlock floats down without taking falling damage. The warlock regains this ability with each short rest.

You emit an aura in a 60-foot radius, within that aura, all light is extinguished, and all darkness dispelled, be it natural or magical. All non-evil characters within this area can see clearly within this aura without the need for any light, as if by Darkvision. Also, any residual magical energies, secret doors, and traps are revealed by a faint glow. All Good-aligned characters and all followers of Lathander have Truevision within this aura and are under the effect of the *Bless* spell for the duration. All Evil-aligned characters—including allies—are blinded, deafened, and silenced while in the aura.



## ELDRITCH INVOCATIONS

Note: Divine patrons include Lathander, as well as any future otherworldly patron who is a deity in any way.

### BOOK OF DIVINE SECRETS

*Prerequisite:* 3rd Level, *Pact of the Tome* feature, Celestial or Divine patron.

The warlocks' Book of Shadows includes a section where all of his learned spells are inscribed. He also can inscribe additional spells equal to his CHA+1 from his Warlock spell list up to 5th Level spells. He can add an additional spell into this section with each Ability Score Improvement in the Warlock progression table (as seen on page 106 in the *Player's Handbook*) Please note that these extra spells need not be chosen right away; choices can be kept for later, when additional Spell Levels come available.

Once per day, during a long rest, the warlock can study his Book of Shadows for 1 hour and replace one of his prepared spells with another in this book. The change remains permanent (as if he swapped a spell during a level-up) until the new spell is replaced with another.

### RAVENWINGS

*Prerequisite:* Celestial or Divine patron. Any means to acquire flight, including *Angel of the Dawn* feature.

The warlock can use whatever he can use to fly to link it with his pact. The means of this flight, including magic item or spell, vanishes without recovery (If it was a spell, the warlock can select a new spell).

As an Action, the warlock can produce black feathery wings on his back, granting him a flying speed of 60 feet. The effect lasts for a total of 20 minutes plus his Construction score. He can divide this time into shorter flights if need be. He regains all his flying time with a short rest.

### HAMMER OF DAWN

*Prerequisite:* 5th Level, Celestial or Divine patron, *Pact of the Blade* feature or *Rod of the Pactkeeper*.

The warlock targets one creature or object at a distance between 45 feet and either 75 feet or the range of the weapon. The warlock makes a contested Spell Attack roll against the target's CON save. If the warlock succeeds, a radiant-damage version of a *fireball* is cast at the level of the warlock's slot level centered on the target area. With the exception of the damage being radiant, all other effects are the same. The *fireball* can also be cast using a *Mystic Arcanum* feature, although it takes the use of that level the warlock has for the day.

### SOLAR SMITE

*Prerequisite:* *Angel of the Eclipse* feature.

Once per day, The warlock attacks any Evil-aligned being within his aura. It is a crit and delivers double the maximum possible damage. If this damage takes the target to zero hit points, it is considered a coup-de-grace and the target is killed outright.

## OVERHAULED SPELL LIST

More often than now, only the damage type is changed. In that case, the damage type is shown in the list.

Acronyms are as follows: No abbreviation means that the spell is from the *Player's Handbook*. (SCAG) means that it's from the *Sword Coast Adventurer's Guide*. (XGE) means that it's from *Xanathar's Guide to Everything*.

If a spell has (NEW) by it, the spell block will appear below.

If a spell has (\*) by it, it is visually altered, which will be listed below as well. An alternate name may also be given.

Also to be spoken is the possibility that, in some campaigns *Power Word* spells are banned for Player Character Choices. This is the case in my home rules.

And finally, remember that, when the Abbreviation is used for an ability, especially when it's written as 'make a CON save,' the Modifier is suggested.

## CANTRIPS (0 LEVEL)

Blade Ward  
(SCAG) Booming Blade  
Chill Touch  
(XGTE) Create Bonfire  
Eldritch Blast  
Firefly Swarm (NEW)  
(XGTE) Frostbite  
(SCAG) Green-Flame Blade  
(\*)  
(SCAG) Lightning Lure  
Mage Hand  
Mending  
Minor Illusion  
Prestigation  
(SCAG) Sword Burst  
Toll the Dawn (NEW)  
True Strike  
(XGTE) Word of Radiance

## 1ST LEVEL

Armor of Agathys (\*)  
Arms of Hadar (\*)  
Charm Person  
Command  
Cure Wounds  
Detect Evil and Good  
Detect Magic  
Hellish Rebuke (\*)  
Illusory Script  
Protection from Evil and  
Good  
Shield of Faith  
Unseen Servant  
Witch Bolt

## 2ND LEVEL

Augury  
Calm Emotions  
Darkness  
Find Steed  
Hold Person  
Invisibility  
Lessor Restoration  
(XGTE) Mind Spike  
Mirror Image  
Misty Step  
Ray of Enfeeblement (\*)  
(XGTE) Shadow Blade  
Silence  
Warding Bond  
Zone of Truth

## 3RD LEVEL

Beacon of Hope  
Counterspell  
Clairvoyance  
Dispel Magic  
(XGTE) Enemies Abound  
Fear  
Fly  
Gaseous Form  
Hunger of Hadar (\*)  
(XGTE) Life Transference  
Magic Circle  
Major Image  
Remove Curse  
Revivify  
Sending  
Summon Lesser Celestial  
(NEW)  
Tongues  
Water Walk

## 4TH LEVEL

Aura of Life  
Aura of Purity  
Banishment  
Brightening (NEW)  
(XGTE) Charm Monster  
Death Ward  
Dimension Door  
Divination  
Hallucinatory Terrain  
(XGTE) Shadow of Mail (\*)  
(XGTE) Sickening Radiance  
(\*)  
Summon Greater Celestial  
(NEW)

## 5TH LEVEL

Circle of Power  
Commune  
Contact Other Plane  
Dawn  
Dispel Evil and Good  
Dream  
(XGTE) Far Step  
Geas  
Greater Restoration  
Hallow  
Hold Monster  
Legend Lore  
Positive Energy Flood (NEW)  
Scrying  
(XGTE) Wall of Light

## 6TH LEVEL

Arcane Gate  
Blade Barrier  
Find the Path  
Conjure Fey  
Conjure Spirits (NEW)  
Eyebite  
Flesh to Stone  
(XGTE) Investiture of Flame  
(XGTE) Investiture of Ice  
(XGTE) Investiture of Stone  
(XGTE) Investiture of Wind  
Heroes' Feast  
(XGTE) Mental Prison  
(XGTE) Scatter  
True seeing  
Word of Recall

## 7TH LEVEL

(XGTE) Crown of Stars  
Etherealness  
Forcecage  
Planar Shift

## 8TH LEVEL

Demiplane  
Dominate Monster  
Feeblemind  
Glibness  
(XGTE) Maddening Darkness  
Power Word Stun

## 9TH LEVEL

Astral Projection  
Foresight  
Gate  
Imprisonment  
(XGTE) Psychic Scream  
True Polymorph

## NEW AND ALTERED SPELLS

### ARMOR OF AGTHYS

Renamed by Lathander as '*Coronic Shroud*,' the spell appears as a thin glow of a corona outlining the caster's body. The spell is unchanged otherwise.

### BRIGHTENING

*4th-level Divination*

**Casting Time:** 1 Standard Action

**Range:** 30 Feet

**Components:** V, S

**Duration:** Instantaneous

This is the divine opposite of the *Blight* spell. Holy energy washes over a creature of your choice that you can see within range.

The target makes a CON save. If the target is undead, fiend, or abomination, that save is made with Disadvantage. The target takes 8d8 radiant damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

If you target a plant creature or a magical plant, and the damage reduces the creature to 0 hit points, the target is reduced to a mass of mundane plants.

If you target a nonmagical plant that isn't a creature, such as a tree or scrub, the plant material doubles in size, if the plant has flowers, they bloom all at once as if by the noonday sun.

**At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 4th.

### ARMS OF HADAR

Renamed by Lathander as '*Grasp of Night*' the tendrils are created by ice that erupt and snake around the creatures in the area. The damage is Cold, but the remainder of the spell remains unmodified.

### CONJURE SPIRITS

*6th-Level Conjuration*

**Casting Time:** 1 Minute

**Range:** 10 feet.

**Components:** V, S, M (a 150gp onyx stone)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You can cast this spell only at night. Three **Ghosts** (*Monster Manual* p. 147) appear within range around you. These ghosts are friendly toward you, and could be friends and/or family in a former life. They share a mental and emotional bond with you allowing you to command any or all of these ghosts at the same time with a bonus action, which they will follow to the best of their ability. Otherwise, they will accompany and defend themselves and the caster against hostile creatures. They remain present for the following 24 hours, after which they will return to the afterlife, unless the spell is cast again before the end of the 24 hours.

In addition to their abilities according to the stat block, the ghosts can possess your body, prompting you to fall into a trance for 1 minute, after which, you gain the benefits of a short rest. This ghost returns to the afterlife after this action.

**At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a 7th-level spell slot, four Ghosts are summoned, five with an 8th-level spell slot, and six with a 9th-level spell slot.

### FIREFLY SWARM

*Conjuration Cantrip*

**Casting Time:** 1 Standard Action

**Range:** 30 Feet

**Components:** V, S, M (A living Firefly)

**Duration:** Instant

*Firefly Swarm* works similar to *Infestation*, only with the major difference being that the cloud is made of tiny firelights that swarm around the target. The target must CON save or take 1d6 Radiant damage and move 5 feet in a random direction.

A dice roll can be used, either a d4 or a d8, depending on the house rule on diagonal movement. Start with North on '1', and go clockwise with each next number. This movement doesn't provoke opportunity attacks, and if the direction is blocked, the target doesn't move.

The spell's damage increased by 1d6 when you reach 5th Level (2d6), 11th Level (3d6), and 17th Level (4d6)

### GREEN-FLAME BLADE

Instead of a Green Flame, the flame produced is that of a bright flame, or that of a red and yellow flame. The spell can be renamed '*Solar Flare Blade*' without any other alterations.

### HELLISH REBUKE

Renamed as '*Holy Rebuke*,' the flames surrounding you resemble yellow-red prominences of solar flares. The spell is otherwise unchanged.

### HUNGER OF HADAR

The new name is '*Hunger of the Eclipse*.' Instead of soft whispers and slurping sounds, a sound similar to a furnace in full blow can be heard. The damage dealt on the DEX save at the end of its turn is Radiant damage. The spell is otherwise unaltered.

### POSITIVE ENERGY FLOOD

*5th-level Divination*

**Casting Time:** 1 Action

**Range:** 60 feet

**Components:** V, M (a clear crystal and a square of white silk)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You send ribbons of positive energy at one creature you see within range. The target makes a CON Save. If the target is undead, this save is made at Disadvantage. The target takes 5d12 radiant damage, half as much on a save. If undead and the damage reduces it to 0 HP, it is reduced to dust.

If the target is a Celestial, it does not make a save, but it gains 5d12 temporary hit points.

## RAY OF ENFEEBLEMENT

Instead of a Black beam of enervating energy, the beam is of intense heat and humidity, as the target experiences an environment if an oppressive heat wave. The spell is otherwise unchanged.

## SHADOW OF MAIL

The flames wreath your body is made of corona and white flames. The damage type involved is Radiant but otherwise the spell is unchanged.

## SICKENING RADIANCE

The light involved is that of a bright noon-day sun in a cloudless sky and the heat is accompanied by high humidity, as if by an oppressive heat wave. The spell is otherwise unchanged. Some people call this revised spell 'Oppressive Radiance'

## SUMMON GREATER CELESTIAL

*4th-level conjuration*

**Casting Time:** 1 Standard Action

**Range:** 60 Feet

**Components:** V, S, M (a piece of Chalk blessed by a priest in the past 24 hours.)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour.

As part of casting the spell, you form a circle on the ground using the chalk. The chalk is consumed in the process.

After which, you utter words of supplication and prayer, summoning a celestial from the plane of Elysium. The type of celestial depending on the spell slot level used, referring to the below table. It will appear within the circle. It cannot leave the circle until the caster invites the Celestial to leave the circle.

Roll initiative for this Celestial, and it will have its own turns. It will have its own actions, and unless ordered to do otherwise, it will assist the caster and his allies whatever it feels necessary: The Celestial will attack all aggressors, defend less sturdy members and will heal if necessary. The Celestial remains an ally as long as the party or the caster does not deal any harm to the celestial. If this event happens, the celestial disappears and the caster cannot cast this spell for another 2d6 days. (During this probationary period, casting this spell will have no results, regardless of spell level used.)

On the caster's turn, with a Bonus Action, the caster can issue a command to the celestial. The caster must make a Persuasion (CHA) check against his own Spell Save DC. On a Success, the celestial will follow the given instructions before any other options.

If the concentration of the spell is stopped and the Celestial still has Hit Points, it remains present for another 1d12 rounds until it returns to Elysium, and nobody can issue any commands to it.

Spell Slot Level	Creature summoned
4th	Priest ( <i>Monster Manual</i> p. 348)
5th	War Priest ( <i>Volo's Guide to Monsters</i> p. 218)
6th	Deva ( <i>Monster Manual</i> ) p. 16)
7th	Ki-rin ( <i>Volo's Guide to Monsters</i> p. 163)
8th	Planetar ( <i>Monster Manual</i> ) p. 17)
9th	Deva ( <i>Monster Manual</i> ) p. 18)

If the creature of NPC mentioned is not a Celestial, the block is modified with the following:

- The type of the creature includes Celestial, and the Alignment is Neutral Good
- A pair of wings is on the character's back, granting him a flying speed of 40 feet.
- Hit Points is the maximum result of the included Hit Dice.
- The Following Spells can replace some of the normally prepared spells:
  - Cantrip: Spare the Dying,
  - 1st Level: Cure Wounds, Healing Word
  - 2nd Level: Gentle Repose, Lesser Restoration, Prayer of Healing
  - 3rd Level: Mass Healing Word, Revivify
  - 4th Level: Death Ward
  - 5th Level: Mass Cure Wounds, Raise Dead

## SUMMON LESSER CELESTIAL

*3rd-level Conjuration*

**Casting Time:** 1 Standard Action

**Range:** 60 Feet

**Components:** V, S, M (a piece of Chalk blessed by a priest in the past 24 hours.)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour.

As part of casting the spell, you form a circle on the ground using the chalk. The chalk is consumed in the process.

While standing in the circle, you utter words of supplication and prayer, summoning a celestial from the plane of Elysium. Roll on the following table to determine what appears

d6	Celestials summoned
1-2	1 Unicorn ( <i>Monster Manual</i> p. 294)
3-4	2 Couatl ( <i>Monster Manual</i> p. 43)
5-6	3 Pegasus ( <i>Monster Manual</i> p. 250)

These creatures will appear in unoccupied spaces as close to the space of the circle as possible. They disappear when it drops to 0 Hit Points or until the spell ends.

Roll for initiative when they appear. They will have a group place on the initiative order.

The celestials are friendly toward the caster, neutral toward allies, and hostile to anyone who would attack them or the caster. Allies can have a neutral celestial become friendly with an Persuasion (CHA) check against the Caster's Spell Save DC.

**At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a 6th or 7th level Spell Slot, twice the number of Celestials are summoned. If an 8th or 9th Spell Slot is used, three times the number of Celestials are summoned.

## **TOLL THE DAWN**

*Evocation Cantrip*

**Casting Time:** 1 Standard Action

**Range:** 60 Feet

**Components:** V, S, M (a Bell)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You ring the bell at one creature you can see within range, and the sound of being inside a large bell just as it is being struck assaults the target's ears. The target must WIS save or take 1d8 Radiant damage. If the target is at full hit points, it instead takes 1d12 Radiant damage.

The Spell's damage increases by one die when you reach 5th level (2d8 or 2d12), 11th level (3d8 or 3d12), and 17th level (4d8 or 4d12)

### **TO SEND FEEDBACK**

As I mentioned earlier, this character option has just been written, right down to the revised and new spells. I've yet to playtest this, and I don't usually have the chance to do so myself.

Because of this, I'm very open to feedback. There are plenty of addresses where you can contact me with your input, and it will be greatly appreciated. If nothing else, my E-Mail address is [davidgonterman@foxfirestudios.net](mailto:davidgonterman@foxfirestudios.net).

I look forward to hearing from you.

# ASHES OF THE DAWN PROLOGUE

The Sea Ward of the City of Waterdeep  
Tarsakh 4, 1492 DR (Year of Three Ships  
Sailing,) 10:25 AM

Note: These events occur between the Waffle, Inc Crossover (*Dice Camera Action* episode 100) and *Dice Camera Action* episode 104.

In the beginning there was darkness. No, not because reality was formless and empty.

It was because Matthew was unconscious.

Last thing he remembered was crashing through some city by the sea. Whatever that sea was. There wasn't much to see due everything rushing up to smack into them. He remembered falling off something, landing on a cabbage cart, rolling for about fifty feet, and stopping against a wall.

It took him a while for him to hear anything above the roar of the blood through his ears. At least he can tell that he survived. Whatever he would say "Parise God," or "Holy Shit," is up in the air.

His head was too rattled by the landing to put two thoughts together yet, but it managed to pick up voices.

"By the Morninglord! Someone just dropped from that... thing!"

"Hold that thing back while I get to him, Evelyn!"

"Evelyn he's already in the Deadbook! He crashed into that building and landed hard!"

"My-my-my...**My Cabbages!!**"

"We don't know if he's dead yet, Strix!"

"How do we know if he's a 'he,' Omin?"

"We save him first, Strix, *then* we find out what gender he is!"

"We got it at bay, someone send a healer!"

"WHY?! Why is it always my cabbages?!"

"Ah got him!"

Evelyn Martain, paladin of Lathander, knew something like this would happen. These things always happen during a total eclipse. Of course, any follower of the Morninglord knows what an eclipse is: The Moon orbiting the world passes under the Sun producing a temporary shadow underneath. In some total eclipse it even dampens Lathander's connection to his people. That shouldn't cause too much of a problem—eclipses are temporary, after all—if it weren't for bad things happening in the duration. Eclipses weaken the borders between realms, and eventually it's weakened enough for something to fall through. Normally it comes in the form of some cosmic horror that those who follow the light need to defeat.

What she didn't expect whatever that...thing..was to spit out someone. At first, he looked like a young teenaged boy. At that point, motherly instinct kicked in and she rushed to help him.

The sight of him made her pause for a mere heartbeat. A slender young man in his middle teens, brown hair with spikes, he is dressed in all black with golden floral trim, with boots with some strange spurs on the heel, leather gloves, a shiny black vest, and a belt with a large rectangular device of some kind strapped to his right hip. A book hung in a leather pouch on the left. A shiny silver star is pinned on his vest.

Not someone she'd recognize. But he's down and out cold. So she knelt down to lay her healing hands on this young man, she found something on him she did recognize: In the center of that star is the symbol of a winding road leading to a sunrise. The holy symbol of her beloved Lathander.

"Sweet Morninglord in all your glory," Evelyn half-gasped, half-prayed, "You brought this child to me?" That made her hug him even more and letting the light Lathander gave her flow into him.

He heard someone walk up to him, embrace him with a full-on hug, and felt what could possibly be the nicest warmth he ever felt. It filled his whole body, stitching scratches, soothing pains, and filling life into his limbs. He could swear that he was floating. It didn't bother him though, by now he knows Lathander's healing light when he feels it. Thank God.

His head felt like it was in a haze that has just now been lifted. Most of the memories of the past couple hours or so, in real time, were fuzzy. He remembered an eclipse happening, followed by something that came out of Lovecraft's wet dreams, and then something within him just supernovaed. What happened next...maybe something jostled the brain cells out of alignment and he'll remember when they return to place. It always happens like that.

He opened his eyes and saw the blue eyes of what he thought the cutest angel he ever saw. A cherubic face smiled at him with curly golden blonde hair. She wore white with gold trim, a golden armor chest plate with a sun motif, and sported a double-sided axe with a familiar sun symbol.

"Oh, praise Lathander you're all right," the blonde cherub said, "Good thang ya got him watching over ya!" She looked like she glowed in the noon-day sun.

"Wubbie wubbie blue eyes wubbie wubbie whole world," was all he could mutter.

That made her laugh. It matched her angelic appearance. He felt his head clear a bit and he shook his vision back into focus. He found himself in the arms of what looked like a paladin, shorter than he is, but much more powerful, in strength and in spirit.

"For a moment, I thought you were an Angel, ma'am," the young man's voice returned, with a distinctive draw.

The paladin's voice matched his own. "Ah get that every now and then, sunshine. My name's Evelyn Martain, what's yours?"

"Matt," he said showing quite a bit of recognition. "Matt Christopher. Nice to meet...**Incoming!**"



Neither had time to wonder if they have indeed met before. Matt moved Evelyn to one side and rolled to the other, just as a purplish pink appendage slammed in the area they were in. Thanks to him, it only smashed the street between them. It belonged to a like-colored monstrosity that denied description. It looked amorphous, coated in slime, and had face parts in places that shouldn't be. It didn't have a stable figure, but it can form...shapes. Not to mention tentacles. Hopefully there wasn't many people around with skirts oh he looked at the onlookers around him oh crap.

"He's still got some fight in 'im!" Matt said as he reached for something strapped to his right hip. He pulled out what looked to Evelyn's eyes like a, well, it looked like something Warrington Mundt would wield on a side. The hand-held weapon looked like a cannon mated with a crossbow and it had a cylinder above the handle. It was made of fine wood, blacked leather, and blue metal, with runes etched in areas that neither looked Dwarven or Elven.

"What is *that*, Matt," Evelyn asked. "Is that your weapon?"

"Spellcasting Implement," Matt said, and to illustrate, he spun the cylinder. As it did, a bright and unmistakable dawn-like glow appeared inside the spinning part. "Just so you know, Lady Evelyn, When the Morninglord found me, he learned a new trick or two. I'll explain later. Need some backup?"

"Sho thang, Sunshine!" Evelyn couldn't help but blush by the formality.

Matt stepped backward, giving Evelyn ample room to attack. Perfect chance to test out her reformed battle-axe. She reached out, grabbed Lightfall and called on her divine link to her deity.

The battle-axe glowed with the light of the sunrise. She then leapt up in the air.

At this point, Matt still wonder whatever or not Evelyn was an angel herself. She *did* have wings. On her ankles?

He didn't had time to comment on it. He just raised his hand cannon up to a firing pose.

"What can I say," Matthew muttered. "I'm in the D&D multiverse now."

In the back of his mind, as he flipped some switches on the weapon, he heard a familiar voice. *That's her, Matt! She's the one I told you about, my latest Saint. Cover here whenever you're able to, she'll be a great help for ya.* Matt nodded, not caring at the moment that he was nodding to someone who wasn't seen.

Matthew answered back in his own mind. 'Do you think she's hearing you right now, Papa? She *is* one of your Paladins, after..'

"The Light of Lathander com—**EEEEK!**"

The whatever that is was about to throw a tentacle. Right up Evelyn's winged legs.

"Oh no you don't!" Matt said as he aimed.

A red dot moved up from the cobblestones, to the monster, and up to the offending appendage.

**"Eat Sunshine!"**

Matt pulled the trigger.

The light that emitted from the gun was clearly Lathander's. Any follower of the Morninglord would recognize it instantly. But it just didn't beam down like the sunshine they're expected to. This sunlight crackled, it sounded more arcane than divine. It burst out of Matt's weapon like a beam of solid energy. The sound thundered throughout the city blocks throughout all the City of Splendors. The beam shot like a bolt into the tentacle, where it exploded, spraying out dark blue ichor and mucus all over. Whatever it was, it managed to do some damage, not to mention spare her a rather compromising situation.

It gave Evelyn the room to come down on the thing with her battleaxe, it cleft two more such appendages free from the rest of the body. More of the non-natural blood spraying from the incision point. While her jaw hung a moment as she saw the blast, her thoughts quickly returned to the task at hand.

At the same time, a slender male human with light brown hair with what appeared to be rope marks around his neck rushed up to his side. "Whatever that is, if it bleeds, we can kill it. Matt, right? Name's Diath. I'm a friend of Evelyn."

Matt had to do a double take to see who was rushing up to the other side, showing a level of fitness he hadn't seen since Jack LaLanne, was what could be the oldest halfling he had ever met, a grey-haired little woman holding a staff twice her size. "Yeah yeah, I know I look all hot and sexy, dearie," she said. "But please stay on the task at hand. My name's Rosie, and the man behind you is Omin. He'll be your healer."

Matt looked back. A bald man with ears with a distinct point wore blue armor with a large 'T' shape up front. Could be a 'T' or a cross or a hammer for all Matt knows. "Damn! I told Jim Darkmagic not to eat Anchovy and Pineapple pizza before an eclipse." He looked over at Matt. "I got your back, Tex. Go git 'im."

By this time, Evelyn leapt up for another dive.

"Well," Matt said as he turned to his new friends. "Now that we're introduced.."

He then fired three more bursts of crackling beam of sunshine. Two broke off another appendage that appeared to replace the ones Evelyn hacked off, and a third in one of the eyes. He then noticed something sounding like a backdraft caused by a door opening behind a house fire.

"Gangway!!"

He rolled backward and stopped on one knee, grateful that the entity playing voice in his head learned some of the lingo form his world.

"GAAAAH!!!"

A fireball hurled over Matt's head and slammed into the horror, immolating where it strikes. He didn't know what smelled worse, the eldritch barbeque in front or the tiefling who tossed said fireball to his left.

"Strix, Watch it with that thing! You almost singed the new guy!"

By now, Matt was too busy with the battle at hand to figure out who's who. He's just glad that his weapon has a built-in computer that does that for him. He circled the beast while the others pummeled it, dodging ichor as weapons and spells slammed into the beast. While he managed to take out two more eyes that didn't get an arrow, dagger, firebolt, or javelin, he held his fire to make sure he didn't hit an ally.

Until the beast, who is now all covered in ichor, flicked out four last pseudopods that lashed out anyone and everyone all around. All that was visible is the one big last eyeball.

Matt saw that he had a clear shot.

"One eye left, let's make it count."

He raised the gun up to the monster. His thumb reached up to a lever behind the barrel and drew it down, revealing some sort of hammer that slid back with a click. He hardened his gaze. "Going for Witch Bolt," he said in a soft voice.

The barrel of the gun began to fill with a miniature electrical storm, sparks flew out of the business end as the young lad drew in divine power. He kept the red dot on the eyeball.

"Waitasec," he heard someone say. "That ain't a *divine*..."

He pulled the trigger.

Lightning, even louder than the bolts that shot out of the barrel, surged out of that open chamber and arced into the creature. It stayed on, connecting the newcomer with the monster that came with him, for a good minute. Smoke was billowing from its several mouths and it shook as if electrocuted.

It kept surging out of that gun until it appeared that the spell ran out of charge. The lightning sputtered and vanished. Matt kept the trigger pulled for a couple more seconds before his trigger finger obeyed his command to pull away from it.

The abomination collapsed on the ground, smoking and sizzling, lifeless, and smelling something quite unholy.

Matt just stood there, inhaling gallons, his eyes wide. He looked like he was just processing what he just seen along with everyone else. "Did...Did we...git 'im?"

Matt flipped the switches back on his weapon. The first one turned off the red dot that flew down to the cobblestones in front of him. Nobody noticed what the second one did, and Matt spun the gun back into it's holster.

Evelyn poked at it with her battle axe, while Omin poked at it with his mace. It didn't move. "It's dead," Evelyn said. "We got 'im!!" Omin agreed with a "Nice Shooting, Partner!"

Matt nodded. And then he puked. Major retch. Buckets of Barf. Rouf-o-rama.

"Oh, my goodness, All you alright?" Evelyn asked.

Matt lifted a finger, while still letting go with his stomach, as if to tell the others to wait while his stomach emptied itself.

Thirty seconds later, he was gulping up air again, with the former contents of his stomach soaking the dirt. He could feel the warmth from Evelyn's hand again, while she's patting his back.

"He's going to need something more than Laying on Hands," Paultin said as he walked up to Matt with a wineskin in his hand. He handed it to Matt, who squeezed a mouthful in. He swished it around his mouth, the alcohol content stinging his nose. He spat it out, and then threw back a couple more swallows.

"Thanks," he said as he held out the wineskin, which Paultin retrieved.

He then backed a couple feet and then inhaled more air, making sure he didn't fall into his own chuck.

"This is just great, Lathander," he muttered. "I made the first impression I thought I'd make." He then said out loud, "Sorry for the mess. If you've went what I've gone through, you'd barf too."

The heroes around him was just as surprised at what this newcomer just did. It was clearly sunlight, no doubting that, but nobody has ever seen sunlight do *that!* In fact, it looked less like a divine smite and more like....

"That was **Eldritch Blast!**"

That came from the rather smelly Tiefling.

"And he killed it with a **Witch Bolt!**"

"He just prayed to the Morninglord, Strix," Evelyn said behind Matt. "I don't see why you're worked up ab..."

"Have you gone Barmy, Evelyn? He's a *warlock!*" Strix replied. "Since *when* did Lathander have Warlocks?!"

"Warlock or not, His check is good here!" Mangus said as he slapped Matt on the back. "That's some wicked Pact Rod you're using, there. Works with a trigger and it transforms. Awesome!"

"How could he be a warlock, Strix? Sure, he might be strange to us, especially with that..." she pointed to Matthew's weapon. "...whatever *that* is, but I know the Morninglord's light when I see it."

"And I know a Warlock's spellcasting when *I* see it! Even if it's through some...whatever that...\*thing...\*is..."

"I'm afraid you're both right, Ladies." Matt said, as he holstered his gun.

At this point, everyone is quiet. Too quiet.

Matthew sighed. "I'm going to slowly turn around and see a crowd coming up behind me, am I? Everyone with the 'what the hell' expression on their faces, no doubt." He raised his hands, as if surrendering, and turned around. "Might as well get this over with."

And yes, there were several armed soldiers surrounding them. Along with them was a couple other worshipers of Lathander, judging by the white outfits with gold trip. He also saw a much older cleric with blonde hair, mustache, and beard, with a golden symbol of a sun. Matthew's eyebrow went up when he saw that. They were all looking at him, wanting an explanation.

"Hail and Well Met, people of...Waterdeep, is it? Yeah, I see the Spires of the Morning. This is Waterdeep. My name's Matt Christopher. Before you ask: yes, I'm from another world, judging by..." he pointed to what's left of the abomination behind him "...what I rode here on. Also, yes, I am a Warlock, and as wild as it sounds, my patron is the deity you know as Lathander, the Morninglord. I thank you in advance for not accusing me as a heretic right off the bat."

The other paladins looked at each other. Some of them nodded. As they did so, an older cleric with blond hair and a sweet beard stepped up. “Well, we don’t normally come across any *warlocks* of the Morninglord. But judging from the circumstances, Ser Christopher, I’ll give you a benefit of a doubt. My name is Father Luke Sunbright, one of the elder priests of the Spires of the Morning. I would like to take you there, so you can recover from what I could guess is quite a harrowing journey. After that, you can fill us in on how you got here. How our deity became a warlock patron is something I’d like to hear.”

“So, you went from one world to another riding that cosmic horror all the way, landed here without a parachute, and lived,” Paulin said. “Whatever or not Lathander was looking out for you, I don’t blame you for throwing up.”

Matt nodded. “The tale is something that’s quite complicated, I should warn all of you. It concerns your world, my world, and a deity from both, Lathander from his and a God from mine. The only problem is finding a way to tell it without ending up in a stake—”

“Don’t worry that much about that, Matthew,” Evelyn said. “This world’s got a lot of Gods, and Lathander’s good friends with a lot of them. It shouldn’t be a stretch to think that he’s got friends in other worlds.”

“True enough, Evelyn,” Sunbright said. “And I’d like to know more about this world myself.”

Matt nodded and said, “Lead on, sir. Oh, and if you know of a certain wizard named Elminster of Shadowdale..”

“I don’t think he’s in town today.”

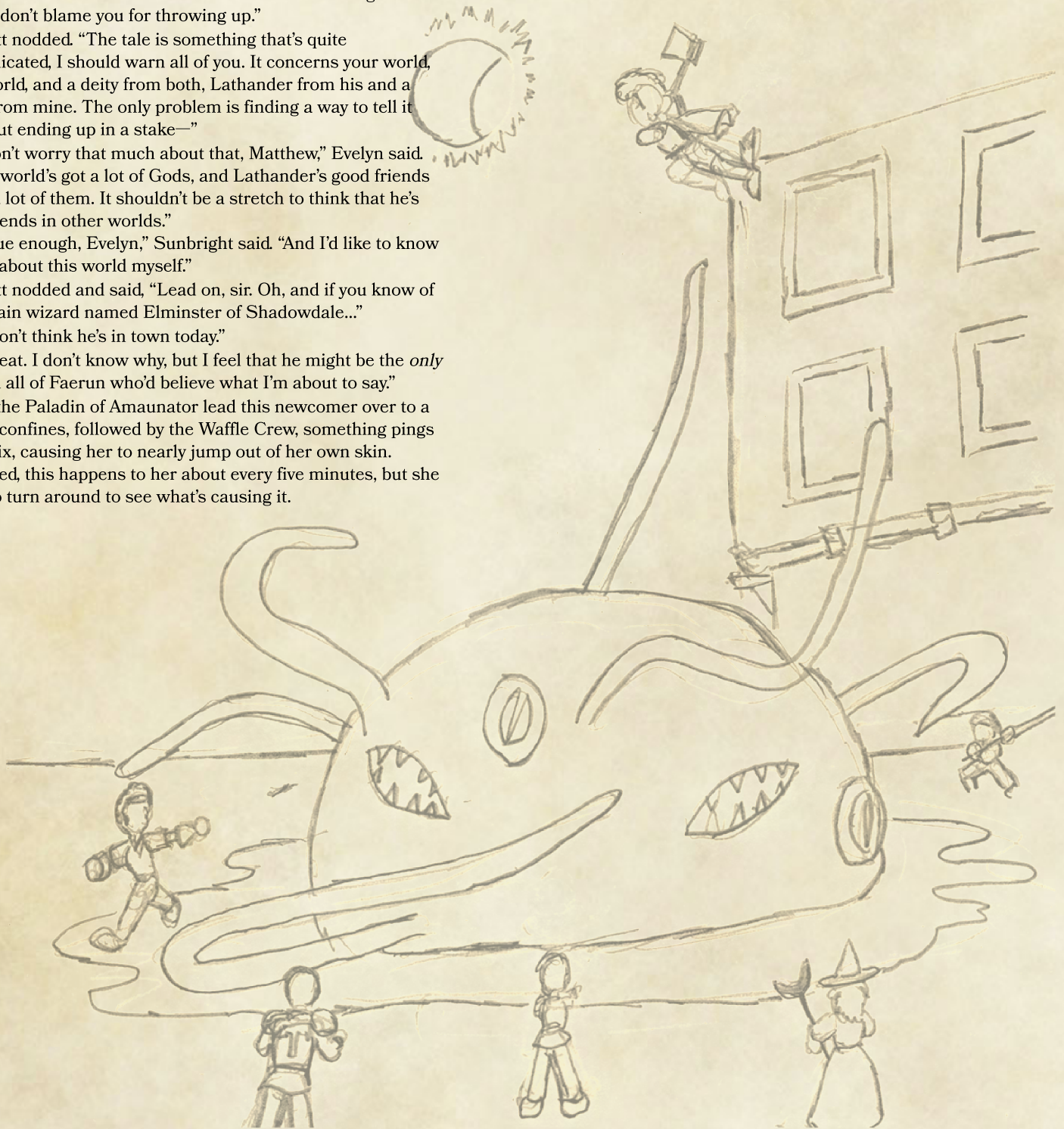
“Great. I don’t know why, but I feel that he might be the *only* one in all of Faerun who’d believe what I’m about to say.”

As the Paladin of Amaunator lead this newcomer over to a saver confines, followed by the Waffle Crew, something pings at Strix, causing her to nearly jump out of her own skin. Granted, this happens to her about every five minutes, but she had to turn around to see what’s causing it.

And there was Vajra Safahr, otherwise known as the Blackstaff. Or at least, the current Blackstaff. She was staring quite intently on Matthew.

“Y-you know him?” Strix asked, as she faded to the back of the procession to let Elminster to follow the group.

Vajra shook her head. “I don’t know him, but I think I’ve heard of the world he’s from. His tone of voice, his choice of weapon, the way he prays. It all reeks of a world Elminster himself warned me about. Oh, Lathander, what in the Light did you just do?” He then favored her head and muttered something nobody noticed. “There goes the harasting neighborhood.”



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