

The Beginning

Black Mass Scroll

[Unfurling the scroll reveals a list of foul rites and rituals, detailing all the ways death can be turned to one's advantage (or simply made more interesting).

The Rite of Perfect Slaughter, the Liturgy of the Dead, the Sacrament of the Damned, and many more strange, accursed rituals cover the parchment. The final entry, however, is familiar.]

The Rite of Profane Ascension

Oh, piteous dead! Oh, ravenous dead!

Immortality is your gift, but darkness is your prison and hunger its gaoler.

The Rite of Profane Ascension will release you. Walk in the sun. Suffer not from hunger. Grow your power beyond anything you imagined.

A pact has been made with the Lord of Hellfire. Deliver unto him seven thousand souls, each bearing an Infernal mark, and you shall be free of your chains. You shall know true power.

Deliver the souls.

Speak the words.

Ecce dominus,

Has animas offero in sacrificio,

Nunc volo potestatem quam pollicitus es mihi.

Kozakuran Dictionary

[The book is a dictionary of the ancient Kozakuran language, from the distant land of Kara-Tur. Flipping through the pages, you find certain words and phrases underlined - "Open", "Enter", "Beware", "Forbidden", "Sealed".]

Amanita Szarr - Lady Incognita

Alutriak 1477

Alutriak 1477 -

Until I was thirteen years of age, I didn't know that 'Uncle' Cazador was a vampire - that, indeed, my entire family were vampires, going back generations. Growing up on the Szarr country estate near Anga Vled, raised by old family servants, I rarely visited our city palace in Baldur's Gate. And when I did, I couldn't wait to leave and return to the country. The city palace, straddling the wall between the Upper and Lower City, was more than creepy, it was somehow chilling.

-Amanita Szarr

Tarsakh 1477

Tarsakh 1477 -

On my thirteenth birthday, I was summoned to the city palace by Uncle Cazador. Old Drossel hitched the team to the best carriage and drove me to Black Dragon Gate, where I was met by porters and a litter to carry me through the Upper City to Szarr Palace. The chamberlain was waiting to conduct me to the ballroom, a chamber mysterious to me, as I'd never been allowed to enter it before.

-Amanita Szarr

Mirthul 1477

Mirthul 1477 -

The whole family was waiting for me, every living Szarr: Uncle Cazador, Granddam Fistula, Great-Aunt Dralia, and Cousin Blovert. There was a gilded clavichord on a dais that was playing without anyone sitting at the keyboard. The four of them were sitting on armchairs in a semicircle facing me. Uncle commanded me to approach him and look him in the eye. I did.

-Amanita Szarr

Kythorn 1477

Kythorn 1477 -

'Uncle' Cazador made me a vampire, but I refused to participate in the family rites. He gave me the Hunger but he could not break my will. He had Blovard imprison me in the attic. I weakened. They sent up human blood, and eventually I drank it. For a year, they stopped sending anything. I tore at the walls in frustration. Then they sent up a bound captive.

-Amanita Szarr

Flamerule 1477

Flamerule 1477 -

I succumbed. I am a vampire, and damned. I curse the name of Szarr and reject it.

Now I stay in the attic by choice and write my little histories. I am Lady Incognita. Amanita is no more.

Vampires Before Vellioth

Our illustrious predecessors, brief notes of the succession of master vampires in Baldur's Gate, by Lady Incognita.

(All dates Dale Reckoning)

612-698 - Eravask the Forebear

698-713 - Zholtan Farr the Eviscerator

713-888 - Madame Tallon the Well-Preserved

888-955 - The Interregnum (temporary suppression by Lathanderians)

955-998 - Blaiseuse the Coryphee, who led her spawn in ecstatic blood dances

998-1019 - Dyckson Nightbinder

1019-1019 - Faibleur the Fleeting

1019-1138 - Hideous Gathwycke 'Who Knew Not Satiety'

1138-1204 - Donnela Szarr the Architect, who opened the Tourmaline Depths

1204-1276 - Vellioth the Martinet

1276-present - Cazador Szarr 'The Avid'

The Tourmaline Depths

The Tourmaline Depths, by Lady Incognita

It was master vampire Donnela Szarr who reopened the vast blue-green halls beneath Baldur's Gate and brought them under our control, but what is the history of this subterranean expanse, and how far back does it go? Not even Donnela the Architect knew for certain, but in her notebooks she speculated that the Depths were originally dwarven-built by exiles from Bhaerynden, though she admitted she was no scholar of dwarven history. 'Thought deeply delved, the halls were certainly more of an outpost than a city,' Donnela wrote, 'though if it was established as a facility over a mine - what were the dwarves mining here?'

A larger question in this writer's mind is, how did these abandoned depths go undiscovered for so long under a great city like Baldur's Gate? Were they deliberately hidden by some kind of persistent glamour that finally wore off? We may never know.

Diseases of the Blood

[This is a journal handwritten by a vampire known only as Lady Incognita in which she describes two different blood diseases that, if contracted by ingestion of infected blood, might inconvenience a vampire with a brief illness. The bulk of the text is descriptions of symptoms and diagnoses of Red Thrombosis and Thandal's Paroxysm. Lady Incognita notes that, with a vampire's superior senses, it's possible to train oneself to recognise infected prey by scent before biting them, 'Red Thrombosis by a piquant, gingery odour, and the Paroxysm by a sharp astringency.']

Eternal Cruelty

For my sins, my soul was made ink and written onto this parchment, where its scrawl crawls sleeplessly for eternity - unless you free it.

Cazador Szarr - Beginnings

Vellioth's Lessons

On the pillow rests a skull with a scroll clamped in its bony jaws. The skull's empty eye sockets flare with an eldritch gleam. You feel invited, somehow, to witness the skull's memories. It seems... *urgent*.

This skull is all that remains of the vampire Vellioth. He turned Cazador, gave him the gift, and then taught him the rules of vampiric existence.

Vellioth's first lesson is always to dominate. Allow none to be your equal. Vellioth recalls when Cazador reached out to a former friend. His punishment was to watch as Vellioth drained his friend dry.

Vellioth's second lesson is that power comes from solitude. To share with others is to be weak, and to be weak is to fail... and die. Vellioth recalls when Cazador rebelled against him. Cazador suffered eleven years of impalement... because he failed.

Vellioth's third lesson is to act not in haste. A near immortal has time to plan, time to act only when others will pay the price of action. Vellioth recalls Cazador, his lessons learned, killing him in the Rite of Perfect Slaughter. How they both laughed!

Vellioth recalls Cazador boiling the flesh from his skull and then, to mock him, clamping the Schooling Scroll in Vellioth's jaws.

The skull's eyes flash a final time and its jaws sag open. The scroll with all of Cazador's rituals is yours. Vellioth is no more.

Rhapsody

(Item description - Cazador's dagger)

Cazador's love of poetry arose after he read one on the naked stomach of a dead child in his homeland. The child was hung from the lowest branch of a tree. Cazador read the poem, and looked at the child, and he knew that here was the artform for him.

Woe

(Item description - Cazador's staff)

The gentle tap-tap-tap of a staff on stone sparked terror for all in Cazador's palace. It signalled an approaching storm, and all they could do was shrink into the background and pray its wrath would not fall on them.

The Long Arm of the Gur

(Item description - Crossbow in Cazador's vault at the Counting House)

When the boy was seven, he was frightened badly by a vampire spawn during a public burning. Seized by the flames, the creature didn't shrivel up. It swelled and burst like a squeezed Leech. Brains splattered the boy's shoes, grey-pink and pulpy.

Scroll of Names

[Names. Thousands of them.

Many of the surnames would be familiar to a Baldurian, though some of those near the beginning of the list are of families now long disappeared. This is a list of names of people dating back centuries, but continuing right up to the present day.]

Leon and Victoria

Victoria's Note

Victoria, remember to read that ancient language book. You'll need to know some of the vocabulary to be able to move freely within the palace.

- Father

Favoured Spawn Ledger

Favoured Spawn, Cazador's best prey hunters who are entitled to stay in the Special Bedchamber, year to date:

- Leon
- Leon
- Violet
- Leon
- Leon
- Leon

Violet's Diary

Hee hee, the garlic in Yousen's bed gave him a nasty rash - serves him right for being such a whining runt. Now, if only I could get at that snob Leon and his brat of a daughter, but she's protected. Cazador must have a fine plan for little Victoria, I wonder what it is?

Leon's Dairy

[Diary of Leon Onufrio]

[Final page]

Ever since the master Turned me and forced me to bring Victoria along into the palace, I've had to be his best hunter just so I could stay in here with my daughter and keep her away from the other spawn. I don't like the way Violet looks at her, not at all! When I ask the master what he plans to do with Victoria, Cazador just gives me that wicked smile. Next time I get out on a hunt, must talk to Figaro to finalise the deal for Victoria's escape disguise. If only there's enough time before this 'ritual' the master talks about!

Victoria's List

1. There are 17 paintings, but sometimes some of them are the same painting, except that later sometimes they're different again.
2. There are 17 candelabra. Sometimes I light them, but the candles don't burn down.
3. There are 17 chairs, which is almost always too many.
4. Father says that if I go into the Ballroom I will be bitten 17 times by 17 rats.

Dalyria's Journal

Dalyria's Private Diary

Before I was Dalyria, vampire spawn slave to Cazador Szarr, I was Doctor Dalyria, Physician General to the Parliament of Baldur's Gate.

Spawn or no, I'm still Doctor Dalyria, and I will not submit to this lowly status.

The others say vampirism is a curse, but in my educated opinion, it's a disease, and therefore must be vulnerable to medical treatment.

I believe a massive infusion of fresh, youthful blood may overwhelm the vampirism infection and enable my body to heal. There is one potential source of such blood here: Victoria, the as-yet pureblooded daughter of Leon Onufrio.

Leon was a sorcerer before he was a vampiric slave, and has warned us not to prey upon Victoria as he has imbued her with a counter-curse in the event of attack - made her a necrotic booby-trap, as it were.

I think Leon is bluffing.

Victoria - Speak with Dead (Non-canon)

(Note: This dialogue is no longer canon as of Patch 5.)

 Removed Victoria's Speak with Dead dialogue in Cazador's Palace as it didn't match the story that you can learn about her from different diaries within the palace.

Who are you?

"Victoria... Orphan..."

How did you end up here?

"Lady promised me food... shelter... took me here..."

Do you know anything about the dictionary I found?

"Lady who brought me here carried it... Hid it from monster..."

What lady? Do you know her name?

"Dalyria..."

What happened when you got here?

"She held me... bit me... blood everywhere..."

Did the lady kill you?

"Tried but... couldn't drink... retching and gagging... then monster arrived... Furious... she tried to disobey... not drink thinking creatures... he dragged her away..."

What did the monster look like?

"Tall... Long hair... Terrible eyes..."

Chamberlain Dufay

Provender Ledger

[A ledger listing and tracking inventory of goods in regular use at the Szarr Palace, with categories for food and drink for servants and 'guests'; cleaning supplies, including alchemical bloodstain remover from Bonecloaks'; opaque heavy curtains; candles of different sizes in yellow tallow and red and black wax; leather straps with buckles; balms and oils; and regular deliveries of Baldur's Mouth broadsheets.]

Ledger: Blood Donors

Cazador's finest -

When you're on the hunt, take prey by preference from the city's lower classes. Patriars may smell better, but it will attract unwanted attention if too many aristocrats vanish when they're out slumming. In the last month you already brought in a Dlusker, a Jhasso, and an Oathoon, and now three wealthy families are up in arms. Watch it.

-Chamberlain Dufay

Party Planner

[This seems to be the working notebook used by a certain Chamberlain Dufay to plan Cazador's gatherings in the Mansion Ballroom. Functions are divided into two categories, those for Invited Guests and those for Involuntary Guests - the entertainment for the latter category being considerably more sinister than the former.

The final handwritten entry is below.]

Master has ordered a special party - a 'final feast', he said. This will be my ultimate test, but I am prepared. And I'm sure the guests, both invited and involuntary, will be thrilled to participate.

The Ballroom Door

Chamberlain Dufay-

The Kozakuran Dictionary we use to train new servants on how to operate the Ballroom door has gone missing, and my Signet Ring alone won't do the job. Please have the servants sort this out, it shouldn't be my problem to solve.

-Godey

[The note continues in different handwriting.]

Godey-

The servants and I are thoroughly busy preparing for the Master's celebration. Get your bones out of the Kennel and search every chamber on the vampire spawn level, and quickly. Find that book.

Dufay's Diary

Diary of Antwun Dufay, Chamberlain of Cazador's Palace

[The final page of the diary reads]

I know enough about what the master has in mind with his ritual that I refuse to be the stand-in for that missing brat Astarion. Even if Cazador finds my body, the potion Bonecloak's sold me is promised to provide a convincing illusion of death - especially since I'll leave behind a lookalike potion of acid poison.

My one regret is dear Lurianna - but I simply cannot trust her with the secret of my one chance of escape. When the potion wears off, Cazador will have Ascended and will have need of my services - or he will be no more, and mastery of the place will fall to me.

My Darling Dufay

My Darling Dufay,

Despite all your promises that when we went to the afterlife we'd go together, you went without me.

Or did you? I found your body and the empty bottle - I know you took a potion, but was it poison or something else? Here are two more identical bottles - I'm going to drink one of them and then I'll join you, one way or another. I love you for eternity.

-Lurianna

Cazador Szarr and the Rite

Power Structure of Baldur's Gate

[This is a journal of Cazador's thoughts and concerns about the power structure of Baldur's Gate and how the changing balance between the factions affects his own ability to operate in the city without interference or competition.

The most recent notes at the end relate to the old problem of Nine-Fingers and the Guild and new concerns about the ambitious young Lord Gortash.

Cazador's worries about the Guild revolve around the rise of the brash new criminal kingpin known as 'The Stone Man', and what it might mean for the Gate's underworld if Nine-Fingers is replaced.

Meanwhile, the upstart Gortash is fielding prototypes of his Steel Watchers in the city streets - are they capable enough to detect and damage Cazador's vampire spawn?]

Letter to Mrel Alkam

Mrel Alkam

I suppose, as you say, that you have reason to be proud of the expansion of the vampire circle in your city. Of course, Athkatla is more homogenous than Baldur's Gate and you face fewer challenges from other factions and law enforcement, but still, accept my kudos on your progress there.

Enjoy your success while you can, Alkam, for I'm afraid that very soon it will be surpassed by my situation in Baldur's Gate, definitively so.

I am on the verge of a long-planned transformation that entirely changes the rules of the game. Too long have I been content to be merely a major's city's vampire lord when I can be so, so much more. And I shall.

But that's all I'll say about the matter at present, young Alkam. After all, we mustn't give away the surprise entirely!

- Cazador Szarr

Sheet Music

Sheet music for General Sandro's Death Suite, A Funerary Celebration in Three Parts.

Meditations of a Vampire Lord

[The journal of Cazador Szarr. It records the movements and actions of his spawn, with particular attention paid to Astarion. Every order, failure, and punishment is recorded with cold calculation - only the most recent entries seem to betray any emotion.]

Astarion failed to return from his hunt this night. Godey informed. He will have the pliers ready when the boy shows himself again.

Still missing. I ought not to be surprised - the boy has always been troublesome. But to disappear now, when we are all but ready? It is unconscionable, even for him.

I have dispatched the brood. They will find him and bring him home. And when they do, I will make him scream for this.

It has been days and he is still missing. No amount of pain has motivated his brothers and sisters to find him. It seems Baldur's Gate has swallowed him whole.

I am searching further afield, but my reach outside the city is limited. In the meantime, the hunt continues here.

Dalyria and Petras returned from today's hunt, rushing to report that they had seen him in Wyrms Crossing. Their tale was fanciful, but they believe it to be true. Astarion, standing in the sun's light? Willing **and able** to disobey me? Inconceivable.

It seems he has become more than troublesome - he is now a liability. But he will be brought to heel. He will come home, take his place with the others, and complete his purpose.

My spawns fail me. Astarion eludes me. I WILL HAVE MY DUE.

Common Texts

These are texts able to be found in other locations around Baldur's Gate and Faerun in addition to Cazador's palace, and are thus not specific to the Szarr lore. I only included those I found at least somewhat relevant.

The Quarta Sune

[An excerpt from 'The Quarta Sune: A Guide to Sexuality, Eroticism, and Emotional Fulfilment. Detailed diagrams accompany every page.]

On your journey to sensual alignment, treat each passionate encounter as a dance - your movements should flow from one to another, like a river through the mountains. For instance, it would likely be uncomfortable for you and your partner (or partners) to move immediately from the 'Bugbear Bend' into the 'Underdark Choke'.

Instead, after strenuous positions, gentler ones such as 'Threading the Weave', or 'Transitive Plane' are encouraged.

It is also important to treat your partner's care post-encounter as the final step to this dance - recipes for scented oils for exhausted muscles, tea blends for sore throats, and massage tips can all be found in later chapters.

The Gate's Pub Crawl Guide

[This excerpt from The Gate's Pub Crawl Guide suggests that more than one drink was imbibed during its writing.]

Everyone goes on about the Elfsong - how iconic it is. How 'interesting' its ghost is. Well, BOO I say! I wish to have music! DRAMA! And I can't with a spirit jealous enough to stop any but itself performing.

Therefore, it is with stupendous delight that I suggest many OTHER glorious boozing establishments!

Take the Blushing Mermaid, where you can watch Shimmer the Siren dazzle the crowd, or simply enjoy its swashbuckling patrons sing shanties and beat one another into oblivion.

Or mayhaps you fancy a delightful venue with live music, and the most sour waitstaff you've ever met. If so, the Singing Lute is for you! Tucked away by the harbour, it's perfect for a romantic evening. If nothing else, Henk's delightful demeanour will make you grateful for your beloved.

However, there remains another watering-hole. One that only the most daring, the most courageous of patrons go! Should you wish to test your mettle, and rub shoulders with the city's secret underbelly, I can only tell you this.

Enjoy the Guildhall...

Lower City and Upper City

[A guidebook written to assist newcomers in grasping the separation of the Upper and Lower parts of the city of Baldur's Gate. It describes the Upper section as the home of the Patriars, who are city's nobility caste. It is well-patrolled, and its immense wealth shows itself through wide well-lit streets shining proudly on buildings of elaborate and elegant decoration. By contrast, the Lower section of the city is a tangle of narrow streets, compact buildings, patrolled not by many guards, but a cornucopia of merchants, craftspeople, chancers, dancers, fools, fabulous vagabonds, cutpurses, young men and women of negotiable affection, barkeepers, beggars, knights and knaves.]

The Mortal View: Eyewitness Accounts of the Bhaalspawn Crisis

[The guild seal on the inside of the cover belongs to a printmaking collective in Baldur's Gate.]

'Of course I remember. Knew the second that girl was walking that she'd be trouble. Little thief, always in everyone's business. And that ward of Gorion went right along with her. Nor surprise a wicked god's blood was running in their veins.'

-Anonymous, Candlekeep

'Sarevok and his lot are always the first ones that come to mind. You know this all started with a bit of iron in Nashkel? Everyone thought their weapons would rot out of their hands. Back then, I thought the problem was bad trade. Never took the man for a son of Bhaal.' - Amnian Mercenary, interviewed on his deathbed

'You dare speak that name to me? My mistress was turned to ash fighting those forsaken wretches. I curse Bhaal, I curse Irenicus, and I curse you!' - Hostile Vampire, Athkatla Slums

'The Five tore Tethyr to pieces. I don't think anyone expected more Bhaalspawn showing up would fix the war that a pack of them started. Then again, they were all inclined to killing each other, eh? Good riddance. Here's hoping every last one of them has been wiped off the face of Faerûn.' - Saradush Merchant, retired

'I'm not authorized to be talking about any murder with someone like you. Take it up at the Seatower if you want to argue. But honestly, who cares if a Bhaalspawn got it stuck to them? Their father's the killing type, after all.' - Flaming Fist Gauntlet, Baldur's Gate

[Several hundred more interviews follow, most of them terse.]