

THE EXECUTIONER'S DAUGHTER

AN INTERACTIVE STORY FOR SOLO PLAYERS

TRIBUNAL PART 1



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TRIBUNAL #1



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INTRODUCTION

Summary

Soldra is a beautiful, ancient city, flanked by sea and mountain and lit by the sun as if blessed by the gods themselves. But its beauty comes with a price. After a tumultuous history fighting dragons that attacked and looted the city, the superstitious citizens of Soldra make an annual offering to appease the dragon god, Bahamut. A virgin woman, selected at random from Soldra's citizenry, is exiled to Garra's Peak, where she is left at the mercy of dragons. None of the women have ever returned.

This year's sacrificial ceremony does not go as planned. What will transpire on Garra's Peak?

How it works

Like a multiplayer adventure, a solo adventure allows you to participate in an established world and with the characters who dwell within it; the main difference is that you embark alone without a Dungeon Master to navigate. It's essentially a choose-your-own-adventure, so the story unfolds based on your choices. To aid you, the story is clearly annotated to make it easy for you to progress to each narrative beat.

Not every choice is outlined in this module. Feel free to adapt the story to your own needs; like all modules, recommended choices and rolls are included, but it is ultimately up to you. If an option doesn't fit your exact thinking or motivation, select the closest option.

THIS ADVENTURE IS RECOMMENDED FOR
LEVEL 3 CHARACTERS.

Combat

In a solo adventure, you control both your actions and those of the enemies you encounter. The stats and actions of potential enemies are listed in the relevant section of the story. When making decisions for the enemy, consider what motivates them to make that particular move. The encounter should be challenging for both you and the enemy.

NOTE: There are no maps included in this adventure. If you are unsure of whether an enemy or an action is within range, it's ultimately your call. Make decisions based off of what seems most logical during the encounter.

Who are you?

It is up to you to decide who you are in this story. Make choices as they are presented to you. The way you build your character — including your alignment and background — should also inform your decision-making.

What you need

- A full set of dice.
- A character sheet for a level 3 character.
- A notebook/piece of paper to track encounters.
- ***Optional, but recommended:*** a good drink and a good playlist. (Visit my website, ashleywarrenwrites.com, for a playlist curated for this story.)

THE EXECUTIONER'S DAUGHTER

The Plaza of the Sun

In the shadow of the stone tower that looms above the plaza, it is cool — but the many bodies standing in close proximity have made the air humid. The din of the crowd swells, and between the noise and the heat and the anticipation of what's to come, the atmosphere is stifling.

You have found shelter and shade under the arched porticoes that protrude from the edifice. Thick stone bricks comprise the walls and structures encased within the Plaza of the Sun — an ironic name, for the tall walls block out most of the natural light, and everyone stands within its shadow.

Before you is the flat façade of the Temple of Bahamut. Above the large, arched door hangs a beaten-metal shield, emblazoned with the profile of a dragon. To the left is a half-circle daïs. The stairs lead to another large door: the entrance to the King's palace, where the ruler and his family reside. Atop the daïs are three chairs, one each for the King, the Queen, and the Princess.

And to the right, attached to the temple, is a tall cylindrical tower. The top of the tower is ringed with triangles, resembling a crown, and a small spire protrudes from each point. This structure is simpler than the others, adorned with only one slatted window toward the very top and a small wooden door at the bottom.

Under your feet, the stone is grouted with blood.



On any other day, your visit to Soldra would likely consist of a stroll through its bustling market, a luxurious meal of fish and rice on the beach, and perhaps an afternoon visit to the Temple of Bahamut to see a musical performance. But you have arrived in Soldra on its strangest day, and the whole city is tense, pulled taut like a bowstring.

You've overheard mutterings that today is the Day of Sacrifice, a ritual revered by the people of Soldra. Soldra treats this day like a festival, despite the darker reality. The citizens are bedecked in jewel-toned finery and the city has been scrubbed clean. King Augustin presides over the ceremony, joined by Queen Catalina and their daughter, Princess Augustina. Soldra respects the King, for it is under his rule that Soldra has continued to enjoy peace and prosperity.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS EVENT?

Roll an Intelligence (Religion OR History) check:

IF YOU ROLL A 15 OR HIGHER:

Soldra's history is plagued by war. After many decades spent living under the torment of dragon attacks, Soldra's citizens became fervent votaries of Bahamut in the hopes that Bahamut would help protect them from the dragons. This seemed to work, and Soldra went all-in, going so far as to annually sacrifice one of its own citizens: always a virgin woman or girl deemed expendable, whom the dragons would consume instead of attacking the city. There are some dissenting opinions among religion scholars about the nature of this offering; Bahamut is considered a virtuous god, so this type of sacrifice is not aligned with his domain. Still, nearly all Soldrans devoutly follow Bahamut. Attempts to end the sacrificial ceremony have been unsuccessful.

IF YOU ROLL LESS THAN 15:

You've heard enough chatter in the city to know that an offering is about to take place. A woman will be sacrificed to appease the dragons who used to frequently attack the city. You're not sure how the sacrifice is enacted, but people speak of it with both fear and fervor: fear that one of their loved ones will be chosen, mingled with a sense of relief that the sacrifice will ensure another year of freedom from dragon attacks.

PROCEED TO THE NEXT PAGE.

A blessedly cool breeze meets your skin. As you turn to find the source of the fresh air, you see that the crowd has gone silent and parted. An older man steps forward, dressed in a long black tunic that brushes the tops of his bare toes. His head is freshly shorn, covered only in a sheen of perspiration. His face is long and weary, and dark half-moons sag under his eyes. A thick silver chain is fastened around his waist, and on his left side hangs a sword in a rectangular scabbard.

From the corner of your eye, you see a gray-haired woman in a gown the color of sapphire whisper to her companion dressed in rich purple. "It's the Executioner," she says. Her harsh whisper holds scorn and disgust. The eyes of the crowd narrow at the man as he finds a place next to you. He is tall and wiry, and his line of sight extends over the heads of the crowd.

Soldra's citizenry is relatively homogenous: around you is a sea of dark hair and dark eyes and fair skin protected from the sun with parasols and ornate scarves draped loosely over faces and shoulders. The Executioner's black robe accentuates his pallor, and his eyes are a pale, watery blue. His furrowed brow gives his face a severe, dour look.

The woman in gold nudges her companion. "You shouldn't speak ill of him. He does the King's bidding. He only condemns those who defy Bahamut."

"I don't care," replies the woman in blue. "Anyone who does a gruesome job like that and doesn't crack from the weight of it disgusts me."

Her friend sighs and fans her face with a gloved hand. "It's his daughter who disturbs me. They say she can control minds."

No one dares to get closer to the Executioner. He stands with his arms at his side, and you

suppose that he is used to the negative attention. The whispers about him are cut short as the door near the daïs opens, and three people step out.

The King emerges first. He wears a bejeweled golden crown that resembles the top of the tower, a ring of slopes and points. His dark hair and beard are streaked with gray, and he wears an outfit comprised of a rich, ruby-red brocade. He smiles jovially at the crowd, which responds with cheers and claps. The Executioner beside you stiffens at the sight of the King.

Next comes the Queen. She is not from Soldra, evident by her dusky skin and her vivid amber hair, so red it gleams like firelight in the shadow of the square. She matches her husband's finery, wearing a ruby gown inlaid with gold. Age has accentuated her features, and the King and Queen make a handsome, regal couple. She takes the King's hand as they face their audience, and the crowd cries out their names. "King Augustin! Queen Catalina!"

The King and Queen turn toward the door, arms outstretched, and their daughter emerges. The crowd sighs and swoons when they see her, and she is a remarkable young woman, a mix of her parents, sharing her mother's beauty and her father's lean stature. Her auburn hair is wound into an intricate braid that circles her head, and she wears a silk vest and skirt the color of oxblood. Princess Augustina smiles demurely and takes her seat beside her mother. The King remains standing and addresses the crowd.

"Welcome, citizens of Soldra!" he says. His voice booms and the sound reverberates around the square; you feel the low rumble of it in your chest. A powerful voice for a powerful man. "I am honored to oversee another year of peace in Soldra."

Cheers erupt around you, and the King waits patiently before continuing.

“Soldra’s peace and prosperity is hard-won,” he says. “Our people have sacrificed much, and we continue to honor Bahamut with our annual ceremony. I thank the loyal members of my court for their vigilance in protecting Soldra from heresy and from those who would disrupt our rituals and way of life.”

The King lets this settle over the rapt crowd, hand outstretched toward the Executioner. While some of the Soldrans nod their heads and murmur agreement, those near the Executioner narrow their eyes at him, despite the King’s accolades of his services.

The King smiles and claps his hands. “Let’s begin the ceremony!”

New Blood

As is tradition, Priest Nahum will select this year’s offering.” The King clasps his hands, a regal gesture. “Once the offering is selected, she will be anointed.

Then, she will be escorted to Garra’s Peak by our designated guide” — at this, he points to the escort, who is, unsurprisingly, the Executioner — “where she will await her fate and serve Bahamut’s will. High Priest Nahum!” The King’s voice is authoritative and you are sure it can be heard through the thick stone walls.

The door of the temple opens. A tall, dark gold dragonborn steps outside, dressed in long navy robes. His appearance is jarring, a stark break in the homogeneity of Soldra’s citizenry. The same profile of the dragon depicted on the shield above the temple door is embroidered on the dragonborn’s vestments. He cradles a large silk pouch, tied closed with a cord.

“Thank you, my King!” replies High Priest Nahum. He possesses the strong, clear voice of a priest well-versed in public speaking. “I am pleased to lead another Day of Sacrifice. Daughters of Soldra, come forth!”

The Daughters emerge from within the temple, tentative like a trickling stream, but still they must come, relentless as a river.

WHAT DO YOU NOTICE ABOUT THE DAUGHTERS OF SOLDRA?

Roll a Wisdom (Perception) check:

IF YOU ROLL A 12 OR HIGHER:

Your eyes scan the group of girls and women, huddled together. While many are young women, many are not; a handful are gray-haired, clasping hands with little wide-eyed girls. Like the crowd, they are dressed in finery, scrubbed clean, lacquered and rouged and powdered like dolls. Each wears a large silver amulet engraved with a dragon's profile, the holy symbol of Bahamut.

One woman stands out among the rest: her expression is serene, so very different from the neighboring expressions of fear and turmoil. She wears a simple black dress made of rough linen. Against the black fabric, her long flaxen braid glints like gold in the lowlight. She wears simple leather sandals; her wrists and ankles bereft of jewelry. You watch as she scans the crowd, and settles on the Executioner. Across the plaza, blue collides with blue as their eyes meet. The Executioner's frown deepens as the girl in black gives him a small nod and a secret smile.

IF YOU ROLL LESS THAN 12:

The worry written on the faces of the Daughters is visible from every corner of the plaza, and it mirrors the poorly-masked concern depicted on the faces of the crowd. The Daughters huddle together, casting nervous glances at the bag in High Priest Nahum's hands.

The Daughters are a range of ages, old and young and middle-aged, all made equal by the fate that awaits them.

CONTINUE BELOW.

Princess Augustina stands, smooths the front of her dress, and descends down the daïs, joining the rest of the Daughters. Queen Catalina watches the Princess with worried eyes, white pursed lips and white knuckles.

High Priest Nahum tugs at the pouch's cord and it blooms open. He gives it a shake and the contents shift and clink. "Each of the coins in this bag bears the name of a Daughter," he says. "Each coin has been blessed by Bahamut himself, forged from the metals found in the depths below Garra's Peak." He glances toward the sky, as if waiting to see the

shadowed silhouette of a dragon, but the sky remains cloudless and blue. "Bahamut, we present you with this offering, so that you may shield us from those who seek to do us harm. We thank you for Soldra's protection."

High Priest Nahum reaches into the pouch and pulls out a coin. His eyes widen, and he chokes on the name as he reads it aloud: "Princess Augustina."

The crowd stares, the way the faces of skeletons in catacombs have decomposed — with mouths open.

She Who Is Chosen

The Queen's anguished scream cuts through the shocked silence, and the crowd erupts in shouts and cries of agony.

"Select another name!" someone shouts from across the plaza.

This elicits both cheers and noises of dissent.

"That's not how it works!" another Soldran yells above the chaos. "The offering is chosen by Bahamut himself, and we must obey!"

High Priest Nahum glances back and forth from the coin to the King. The priest is in a dangerous position now — he has just condemned the Princess, Soldra's heir and the King's only child, to death, definitively ending the Augustin line.

The Executioner, too, is quiet, for he will have to escort Princess Augustina to Garra's Peak and leave her for dead.

"Maybe Bahamut will show her mercy," offers another Soldran. "We don't know for sure what happens to the Daughters."

Several voices overlap in response, giving the same rebuttal. "We know that they never return! That's the whole point of the offering. Haven't you seen the bones on Tarren Trail?"

The shouting escalates and swells; chaos ferments in the humid plaza. The Queen shouts at her husband, "Do something!" Princess Augustina is in tears, looking helplessly at her parents; many Soldrans crowd around her, consoling her and reaching for her hands. The Daughters disperse, finding their families, sagging in relief at being spared another year.

"Take *her* instead!"

The woman in blue flings out her hand and points at a Daughter dressed in black, who lingers near the doorway of the temple. The crowd quiets immediately as the young

woman looks calmly at her condemner. You watch as the Daughter's eyes — such a vivid cornflower blue that you can see the blueness from across the plaza — travel from the outstretched finger to the Executioner. The Daughter smiles at the Executioner, and nods.

"I will take the Princess's place," the young woman says, turning toward High Priest Nahum. "Bahamut asks this of me."

The Executioner balks and cries out, "Domenica, no!"

The young woman, Domenica, holds up her hand. "It's alright, Papa. Remember the holy text: '*Bahamut honors she who is chosen.*'" Domenica moves to the Princess and clasps her hands. "Go. Return to your family."

Princess Augustina gapes at Domenica before dashing up the daïs and into her mother's arms.

High Priest Nahum and the King exchange bewildered looks.

"This is unprecedented," says the King.

"Bahamut smiles upon you!" Nahum says jovially to the King, regaining control of the ceremony. He beckons to the lower priests lingering behind him. "A Daughter has been selected and now we must proceed. Where are the wreaths and oils? Ah, thank you, Priestess Mara —"

"You ask this of me, that I lead my own daughter to her demise?" the Executioner interrupts. He fixes the King with a steely look, and you can see how years of killing on the King's orders have taken a toll.

"You have led many Daughters of Soldra to doom," responds the King. "You dare challenge the will of Bahamut? Your daughter's will? *My* will? You, who has always acted as my faithful servant?"

The crowd once again begins to argue. "Send her alone," someone shouts.

"She's no good as a sacrifice if she dies before she gets there!" another retorts.

The Executioner's defiance wavers. The tears on his face fall in silent rivulets, and he looks truly harrowed.

"I cannot," the Executioner says, voice breaking. "Do not ask this of me." The plea is directed toward his daughter, not the King.

High Priest Nahum intervenes, cradling a small bowl of oil. "Perhaps another will accompany her in your stead." He looks out into the crowd. "Is there anyone willing to serve as Domenica's guide on the ascent to Garra's Peak?"

*"Bahamut smiles
upon you! A
Daughter has been
selected and now we
must proceed."*

— HIGH PRIEST NAHUM

DO YOU RESPOND TO HIGH PRIEST NAHUM'S QUESTION?:

"Yes, I will take her to Garra's Peak."

CONTINUE BELOW.

"I will go with her — for a price."

PROCEED TO PG. 10.

Say nothing, and continue observing.

PROCEED TO PG. 10.

"YES, I WILL TAKE HER TO GARRA'S PEAK."

The crowd turns to face you as you proclaim your intentions.

"Very well," says High Priest Nahum. "As Domenica's escort, you are tasked with delivering her as the offering to Garra's Peak, which entails a treacherous climb up Tarren Trail. To aid you in this journey, the Temple of Bahamut presents you with this."

High Priest Nahum steps toward you and hands you a **common *Potion of Healing***.

PROCEED TO *THE ANOINTING*, PG. 11.

“I WILL GO WITH HER — FOR A PRICE.”

Your voice carries out into the plaza, and the crowd turns toward you.

“Name your price,” says the King.

You do not need to roll if you are asking for money, renown, property, or clothing up to 500 g; the King agrees to your request and will reward you with it upon your return.

If you want a magical item or something of value that exceeds 500 g, roll a **Charisma (Persuasion)** check. Consult the magical items listings in the *Dungeon Masters Guide*.

If you roll a 17 or higher:

The King agrees to gift you a magical item designated **rare** or lower, or the money you’ve requested, before you leave.

If you roll between 12 and 16:

The King agrees to give you a **common** magical item, or money up to 800 g, only when you return.

If you roll an 11 or lower:

“I’m sorry, but I cannot grant that request,” says the King. He laughs uncomfortably, and the crowd’s current placation is tenuous at best. “Escorting the offering is considered an honor, a reward in itself!”

The Executioner interrupts. “I will give you what you seek. It will cost everything I have, but I will no longer have need of my earthly possessions once my daughter is gone.”

The Executioner will grant you a **common** magical item and up to 1,000 g.

SAY NOTHING, AND CONTINUE

OBSERVING.

The crowd is silent, and the Executioner is torn between grief and anger, narrowing his eyes at the Soldrans who refuse to champion his daughter.

“I will go with you, then, daughter,” he says, resigned.

Domenica shakes her head. “You have made the treacherous journey far too many times, and you are too valuable to the King to perish at my side. I absolve you of this responsibility.”

The Executioner opens his mouth to argue, but Domenica holds up her hand, and he goes silent. If you are proficient in Arcana, make an **Intelligence (Arcana)** check:

If you roll a 17 or higher:

You recognize that Domenica has just wordlessly cast *command* on her father.

If you roll lower than 17:

You suspect that Domenica has just cast a spell to placate her father, but do not recognize the spell.

PROCEED TO *THE ANOINTING*, PG. 11.

The Anointing

Two priestesses flank High Priest Nahum in front of the door of Bahamut's temple. The priest holds a bronze bowl full of fragrant oil; he dips two fingers into it then presses his oiled fingers to Domenica's forehead, chin, and the hollow of her throat, and recites something in Draconic.



DO YOU KNOW DRACONIC?

YES, YOU KNOW DRACONIC. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HIGH PRIEST NAHUM:

*"We offer Daughter to Dragon
Both creatures of beauty,
Comprised of blood and bones
We offer freely what thy once took"*

High Priest Nahum passes the bowl to the priestess on his right, who hands him a tightly wound circlet of laurel. Domenica lowers to her knees, and High Priest Nahum places the wreath atop her golden plait.

"Bahamut guides you, Domenica of Soldra," says High Priest Nahum.

The priest leads the procession to the city gate. Curiously, the Executioner remains silent as he walks beside his daughter. Soldrans who weren't present in the plaza peer out of their windows, eager to see who was chosen as the offering.

The procession reaches the gate and stands idly before the large wooden doors that lead out of the city. On High Priest Nahum's command, the guards on the parapets above heave open the gate. Before you is a road — a mile out, the gravel path merges into a dirt trail, winding upward through the craggy mountains. The range is jagged and pointed

NO, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND DRACONIC:

The words High Priest Nahum speaks are harsh and throaty, filled with edged consonants and guttural vowels, and you assume it is some sort of prayer.

like the serrated edge of a knife, and one point looms the tallest: Garra's Peak.

Domenica carries nothing with her; she wears only sandals, the laurel crown, a black cloak, and the black linen dress that matches her father's garb. The crowd is silent as Domenica embraces her father; she whispers something to him that you cannot hear.

"Wait!" cries the Executioner. "Please, if you must go with nothing, at least take this." He hurries toward his daughter, unbuckling the belt and sheath around his waist, and hands the blade to Domenica. She accepts it, embraces him and walks away, her back to the crowd, to her father, to Soldra.

- **IF YOU ARE ESCORTING DOMENICA, PROCEED TO GARRA'S PEAK, PG. 16.**
- **IF YOU HAVE CHOSEN NOT TO ACCOMPANY DOMENICA, PROCEED TO TRIAL BY FIRE, PG. 12.**

Trial by Fire

Domenica proceeds alone to Garra's Peak. Once the gates are closed behind her, the crowd exhales a collective breath: it is over. Peace has been earned. Until next year.

The celebration is held in the plaza. Merchants set up tables laden with food and drinks, and the wine flows freely. Soldra's citizens partake well into the evening. Torches are lit in the plaza and the weather begins to cool, and the atmosphere is so comfortable and jovial that it is easy to forget what has transpired today.

The Executioner remains in his tower, sitting in the window, looking beyond the city toward the distant spire of Garra's Peak.

The night passes in a blur.

A rare, harsh beam of sunlight penetrates through the shadows cast by the surrounding buildings. You awaken face down in the plaza, dirt and pebbles embedded in your cheek. You sit up and brush away the remnants of the previous evening. Your head pounds, your tongue parched from the abundance of wine and sugared pastries, and your body aches from a night on the ground.

You're not alone in the plaza; Soldrans who also slept off their drunkenness stir awake as the sun shines directly overhead. The hangover is collective, and like every year, the drinking was a coping mechanism. The remaining partygoers murmur and laugh to themselves as they reflect on the raucous evening the night prior.

You stand and stretch, assembling the belongings that fell from your satchel. You think about breakfast with a wave of hunger and nausea — perhaps there is a tavern already open.

The rest of the city groggily comes to consciousness. You stumble out of the plaza and onto Soldra's main thoroughfare, and that's when the screaming begins.

You look up to see a dragon flying overhead. Curiously, its body is shiny black like obsidian, and its wings and tail are edged in gold. It opens its mouth and expels a stream of fire, torching the buildings in the plaza.

WHAT DO YOU DO?

ATTACK THE DRAGON

Use the **New Obsidian Dragon** stats on pg. 12 to engage in combat with the dragon. As you fight, you are joined by the following allies: High Priest Nahum and a Soldran guard. (You may choose to fight alone or select all or one of the allies.) See below for each of their stats. To keep combat simple to facilitate, put all of your allies on the same initiative order.

FIND A PLACE TO HIDE

You duck into an alley outside of the plaza. Roll a **Dexterity (Stealth)** check. A **DC 15** means you remain unseen; a **14 or lower** brings the dragon's attention to you, and it will attack. See the **Attack the Dragon** column above to proceed with combat.

If your Stealth is successful, the dragon continues to attack the city, and you can hear the temple priests and the city guards attacking the dragon. Although the dragon cannot see you, it breathes fire on the buildings you use for coverage, so you will need to continue moving and seeking safety. Roll a **Dexterity (Stealth)** check every time you move to a new street; there are **three streets** between the plaza and the city exit gate. If you fail a Stealth check, you will be attacked by the dragon.

Once you are outside of the city, you are safe and no longer have to roll.

CONTINUE TO THE AFTERMATH, PG. 14.

NEW OBSIDIAN DRAGON

Large dragon, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)
Hit Points 28 (4d8 + 10)
Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)

Saving Throws Dex +2, Con +3, Wis +2, Cha +3
Skills Perception +4, Stealth +2
Damage Immunities fire
Senses blindsight 10 ft., darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14
Languages Draconic
Challenge 1 (200 XP)

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d10 + 2) piercing damage.

Shard Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12 + 2) slashing damage.

Breath Weapons (Recharge 5-6). The dragon uses the following breath weapon.

Fire Breath. The dragon exhales fire in a 20-foot line that is 5 feet wide. Each creature in that line must make a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

HIGH PRIEST NAHUM

Medium dragonborn, lawful neutral

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 27 (5d8 + 5)
Speed 25 ft..

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)	13 (+1)

Skills Medicine +7, Persuasion +3, Religion +4
Senses passive Perception 13
Languages Common, Draconic
Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Spellcasting. Five level 1 spell slots. Spellcasting ability: Wisdom. Spell save DC 13 +5. Cleric spells prepared: *Cure wounds*, *guiding bolt*. Cantrip: *Sacred flame*.

ACTIONS

Mace. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5, one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) bludgeoning damage.

Derived from Priest, Monster Manual, pg. 348

SOLDRAN GUARD

Medium humanoid, lawful neutral

Armor Class 16
Hit Points 11 (2d8 + 2)
Speed 30 ft..

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +2
Senses passive Perception 12
Languages Common
Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

ACTIONS

Spear. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 or range 20/60 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage, or 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack. .

Source: Guard, Monster Manual, pg. 347

The Aftermath

The sun sets over Soldra. The bloodied corpse of the black dragon lies in the Plaza of the Sun. Soldrans gather around it, looking for answers from High Priest Nahum, whose robes are scorched and tattered. Soldrans gape wordlessly at one another, all wondering the same questions:

What happened?

Why wasn't our offering enough?

The King and Queen emerge onto the daïs to address the city, and the crowd turns hostile.

"We should have sent the Princess!" a Soldran yells. "We defied Bahamut and now he punishes us!"

"Or maybe the Executioner's daughter never arrived," says another. "She grew cowardly and ran away!"

"Domenica would never abandon her duty," says the Executioner. "She has always been the most devout servant of Bahamut, and knows the God of Dragons does not ask this of us! Don't you people see, that the sacrifice is a lie? Soldra is being punished for her selfishness, and it is about time the reckoning began!"

At the mention of Domenica's name, the black dragon's corpse suddenly jolts, syncopated with a *crack!* of lightning from overhead. The evening sky, settling into a calm gradient, instantly turns black, masking all moonlight. The plaza is submerged in darkness, but a ray of light breaks through, enveloping the dragon.

The dragon's limp body begins to levitate, and the crowd shouts and moves away from it. Higher and higher it floats, a strange sight as its lifeless limbs drift and float in mid-air. The light around it strengthens, a brighter and

brighter golden, until it becomes too bright, and you close your eyes, still able to see the glow of it through your eyelids —

And once again, darkness. You can see nothing, but you hear the curious clinking of metal. Are the guards preparing for another attack?

And as soon as the darkness came, it lifts, like a sheet pulled from a lamp. A serene glow has taken its place, and where the dragon once lay lifeless now stands Domenica. Her body is encased in shining golden armor, Bahamut's profile emblazoned in black across her chest, and the laurel wreath remains fresh and whole atop her head. In one hand she bears a shield shaped like a dragon's wing; in the other, she holds the Executioner's sword: once a battered silver, now a gleaming obsidian, engraved with an illuminated Draconic script.

IF YOU CAN READ DRACONIC,

DOMENICA'S SWORD NOW READS:

Do not think I came only with peace.

I came with a sword.



The crowd balks at the Executioner's daughter, and she rotates in place, addressing the crowd.

"As a child, I was visited by the God of Dragons," she says, her voice clear and strong. "He told me, 'One day you will be called upon to lay your life down, and I want you to answer the call.' And I promised I would. In turn, he infused me with his power, which I then used to aid those in suffering." She finds her father in the crowd; he regards her with shining eyes. "Those who witnessed these gifts feared and scorned me. You do not recognize Bahamut's power and are therefore unworthy of it. But all is not lost. Bahamut has named me his champion to protect and defend the Daughters of Soldra. In Bahamut's name, I declare: No Daughter will be sacrificed ever again! Upon its smoldering remains, Soldra is made anew."

And with this, Domenica lifts up her sword with both hands and brings it down in a fluid motion. The flat tip of the blade meets stone and sends a blast of energy throughout the plaza. You feel it pass through your gut and the aftershocks continue to tremble underfoot. Golden light spreads through the cracks of stone and the tendrils climb upward like illuminated vines, engulfing the tower and the palace and the temple. The plaza fills with Bahamut's blessing, Domenica's radiance, the light of the sun, a holy light — and you are blinded by it, consumed by it, purified by it.

THE END

*"No Daughter will be
sacrificed ever again!
Upon its smoldering remains,
Soldra is made anew."*

— DOMENICA, CHAMPION OF BAHAMUT, REDEEMER OF SOLDRA

Garra's Peak

The road outside of Soldra is not vacant nor populated; a singular caravan from a nearby city passes you by, and the merchant avoids your eyes, her face half-shrouded by a scarf. A raven perched on her cart caws in your direction.

It takes twenty minutes for you and Domenica to reach the trailhead. The paved road underfoot transitions to a trodden path that winds upward. A weathered wooden sign on the left reads *Tarren Trail* in both Common and Draconic.

"I'm sorry," Domenica says. "I was lost in my thoughts and I have not asked your name, nor thanked you for accompanying me." She pauses as you respond, then peers toward the mountain, shading her eyes. "The path ahead is dangerous, and we may encounter hostile creatures. Stay alert, my champion." She places a hand on your shoulder and you feel a warmth pass from her palm to you. You've received **3 temporary hit points**.

The mountain range before you is a series of jagged limestone pillars blanketed in patches of verdant trees. Tarren Trail is relatively flat for the first few miles, and you and Domenica proceed without trouble. She is unbothered by her sandals over rough terrain and walks with a sense of purpose and certainty.

After a while, as the path begins to incline, Domenica speaks. "Bahamut does not ask Soldra to sacrifice its citizens for him. It is true that a century ago, Soldra was once frequently attacked by dragons. But that is only because the city encroached on what was once wilderness and home to a race of dragons made of stone and rock. That is why there are still lairs and hoards within these mountains. A volcano remains dormant, too, far beneath us.

"But these were not the chromatic dragons many fear; hewn and birthed from the earth, these were the cousins of Bahamut's chosen creatures, the metallic dragons with scales and wings that glint and gleam.

"The sacrifice was the idea of Soldra's first temple priest, High Priest Akaro. Some suspect that High Priest Akaro secretly worshiped not Bahamut, but Tiamat. But regardless of his true alliance, the first offering worked: the dragons stopped attacking. Superstitious Soldrans hold fast to the ritual, believing it is what Bahamut bids. High Priest Nahum does what he thinks is right. Those of us who have tried to claim otherwise are silenced. The King commands my father to execute those who speak in defiance, and my father dutifully obeys, although in his heart I think he knows the truth."

Domenica tugs on her long, blonde braid, absentmindedly fingering the ribbon that keeps it plaited. She smells of laurel leaves and sandalwood oil, a pungent and pleasant aroma of spice and musk.

"I was visited by Bahamut as a child. He told me, 'One day you be called upon to lay your life down, and I want you to answer the call.' And I promised I would. In turn, he infused me with his power, which I then use to aid those in suffering. But those who witness these gifts fear and scorn me." She looks upward and you follow her gaze. The sky overhead darkens, easing into an ominous, heavy cobalt. "Girls like me are always the first to be sacrificed. I promised Bahamut I would do what he asked. Still, I hope to not become another pile of bones on this path. I do not think he intends for that to be my fate."

You glance down to see the path littered with human bones: dozens of skulls, femurs, ribs, and unidentified body parts lay picked

“*I was visited by Bahamut as a child. He told me, ‘One day you will be called upon to lay your life down, and I want you to answer the call.’”*

— DOMENICA

and forgotten, sun-bleached and desolate. It’s a harrowing visual, the true cost of Soldra’s peace, a city built on the bones of dragons and daughters.

The incline was gradual but the path now angles upward at a steep incline. The trail is rocky and difficult; you wonder how Domenica’s feet are faring. If she feels pain, she makes no complaints.

The peak is about a half mile up and Domenica ceases speaking, for the climb requires all attention and energy.

Something screeches above you — you look up to see **four large blood hawks** hurtling toward you, talons and beaks sharp as knives. Domenica draws her father’s sword from its sheath and prepares to attack.

The stats for the **blood hawks** are found on pg. 18, alongside the stats for **Domenica of Soldra**. To keep combat simple, keep all of the blood hawks on the same initiative order.





BLOOD HAWK

Small beast, unaligned

Armor Class 12
Hit points 7 (2d6)
Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	3 (-4)	14 (+2)	5 (-3)

Skills Perception +4
Senses passive Perception 14
Languages --
Challenge 1/8 (10 XP)

Keen Sight. The hawk has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

Pack Tactics. The hawk has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the hawk's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4) piercing damage.

Source: Monster Manual, pg. 319

DOMENICA OF SOLDRA

Medium humanoid, lawful good

Armor Class 11
Hit points 18 (3d8)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Skills Perception +2
Senses passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Draconic
Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Spellcasting. Three level 1 spell slots. DC 10 + 3.
Spellcasting ability: Charisma. Spells prepared: *Cure wounds, command*.

The Executioner's Sword. Longsword; versatile weapon. Once per day, the sword is imbued with a calming aura that transfers to the target on the moment of its death.

ACTIONS

Longsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8) slashing damage.



The Precipice

You fought well, champion,” says Domenica. Her father’s sword is already stained with the remnants of Soldra’s traitors, a deep crimson; the hawks’ blood shines slick and new, still dripping. You wonder whose blood that blade has seen. She wipes the sword on her cloak and sheaths it. “The sun will set in the next few hours. We should hurry so you can return to the city before nightfall.”

The peak is not far; the plateau comes into view above you. Domenica’s leather sheath hits the rock as she climbs, and the sound of impact echoes around you. She takes care to not disturb the additional bones that remain embedded in the cracks of rock; there are fewer bones here and you suspect fewer Daughters made it this far. As you go higher, the atmosphere grows thinner and cooler and a light fog surrounds you. The mist clings to your clothes and skin.

At last, you emerge at the peak. It is not just a plateau, you notice now, but a precipice — the large slab of rock upon which you stand juts out over the rest of the range below.

In the center of the 50-foot diameter plateau is a long rectangle of obsidian, about three feet long, the inside carved and cratered like a trench. “A sacrificial altar,” Domenica explains. “The first Daughter sacrificed here, Octavia, was bled out. High Priest Akaro cut her throat. But her body disappeared, and no one knows what happened to it.”

Domenica points out over the precipice toward a glow far in the distance: Soldra, nestled in the valley. Beyond the city, miles and miles away, is the sea. The city at dusk, seen through the shroud of mist, is like a candle, flickering as it settles in for the night.

“The celebrations have begun, I’m sure,” says Domenica. “A night of revelry, toasting Soldra’s year of peace.” She says it without bitterness or spite, but with a touch of longing.

She turns to you. “Now I wait. And you have done your duty so you should return and join the festivities. Here,” she says, unbuckling the sword belt. “Please give this to my father.”

The sound of flapping wings jolts you, and Domenica laughs. “Not a dragon. Not yet, at least. There are hippogriffs who fly here. Look!”

She points, and you see a grand white hippogriff soaring above you. Its heavy wings beat against the tension of the air and it regards you and Domenica warily and without hostility.

Domenica frowns. “As magnificent as I think they are, I wish they wouldn’t come here. They are prey to dragons.”

A low rumble makes the ground quake and tumble. The diaphanous clouds overhead suddenly grow heavy like sodden rags, dark with moisture. A raindrop splatters on your face. The first few drops come tentatively — but a moment later, lightning shatters the sky and the clouds break open, releasing a torrent.

“You must go!” Domenica shouts through the rain. “It is not safe here for y—”

Domenica’s plea is cut short. She cries out and lurches forward as if struck, and you look around for the attacker — the dragon this time, or another blood hawk? — but there is no one else on the peak besides you and Domenica. You reach for her hand to pull her to her feet, but she cries out again as the back of her linen dress splits open — a giant black dragon wing bursts forth from her shoulder blade, splitting the skin as it tears through.

“No!” Domenica screams as another wing, webbed and slick with rain, emerges from her back. The wings overpower her slender frame

as they begin to flap and she is lifted from the ground. More draconic features sprout from Domenica's limbs as she cries out in agony, fighting against the transformation. Jagged cimmerian scales cut through her flesh until nearly all of her body has pulled and shifted and mutated into the form of an obsidian dragon. Before her face is engulfed by scales,

Domenica cries, "Please, free me—!"

Domenica, the Executioner's daughter, has transformed into a dragon before your very eyes: a gruesome, agonizing, and awe-inspiring event to witness. The creature hovers before you, flapping its great midnight wings.

IF YOUR PASSIVE PERCEPTION IS A 12 OR HIGHER:

You notice that while the dragon is black, its hide is a texture that resembles obsidian. You recall Domenica speaking of the rock dragons that once lived in this region and of the volcano that remains dormant under the mountains. The dragon's wings and tail are edged with gold, and its eyes are a vivid blue. Is Domenica still in there, somewhere?

IF YOUR PASSIVE PERCEPTION IS LOWER THAN 12:

The torrent makes it hard to distinguish unique features of the dragon. Its large shape looms before you, and you cannot tell what, if any, of Domenica remains.

The lightning cracks again. The dragon makes a low rumbling noise in its throat, opens its mouth, and exhales a breath of fire, vivid and vibrant against the storm. The rain douses some of the flames, but you are caught in the blast, engulfed in scorching heat, causing **3 points of fire damage**.

The dragon growls again, its body tensing and coiling, readying for another attack. The Executioner's sword, whether on the ground or in your hands, begins to glow.



WHAT DO YOU DO?

ENGAGE IN COMBAT

To fight the dragon, use the **New Obsidian Dragon** stats on pg. 22. If you choose to use the sword, reference *The Executioner's Sword* in Domenica's stats on pg. 18.



HIPPOGRIFF *Large monstrosity, unaligned*

Armor Class 11
Hit points 19 (3d10 + 3)
Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	13 (+1)	13 (+1)	2 (−4)	12 (+1)	8 (−1)

Skills Perception +5
Senses passive Perception 15
Languages --
Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Keen Sight. The hippogriff has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The hippogriff makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its claws.

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d10 + 3) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Source: *Monster Manual*, pg. 184

TRY TO RUN OR HIDE

It is risky to try to outrun the dragon. The dragon has initiated combat with you, so be sure to account for an opportunity attack.

Once you are on Tarren Trail, it is more difficult for the dragon to get to you; make a **Dexterity** check. A **DC 17** or higher ensures you reach the bottom of the trail. If you roll **less than 17**, you stumble and fall on the trail, and the dragon is able to attack you.

If you successfully escape back to Soldra, the dragon leaves the mountain and begins to attack the city.

If you remain outside of the city, you will remain unseen and unharmed:

Proceed to *The Aftermath*, pg. 14.

If you choose to go into the city:

Proceed to *Attack the Dragon*, pg. 12.

OPTION: LURE A HIPPOGRIFF TO AID YOU.

Despite the chaos you can still hear the hippogriff flying somewhere nearby, around 60 feet away; it appears in the sky every few seconds, briefly in your sights, and you can attempt to draw it closer. If you are able to wrangle it, it will engage in combat with the dragon either on your behalf or alongside you. See the hippogriff's stats in the left column.

IF YOU ARE FELLED IN BATTLE OR DIE TRYING TO ESCAPE, GO TO *THE DARK AND THE LIGHT*, PG. 23.

IF YOU DEFEAT THE DRAGON, GO TO *THE ONES WHO SURVIVED*, PG. 24.

NEW OBSIDIAN DRAGON

Large dragon, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)
Hit Points 28 (4d8 + 10)
Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)

Saving Throws

Dex +2, Con +3,
Wis +2, Cha +3

Skills

Perception +4, Stealth +2
fire

Damage Immunities

Senses

blindsight 10 ft.,
darkvision 60 ft., passive
Perception 14

Languages

Challenge

Draconic
1 (200 XP)

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d10 + 2) piercing damage.

Shard Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12 + 2) slashing damage.

Breath Weapons (Recharge 5-6). The dragon uses the following breath weapon.

Fire Breath. The dragon exhales fire in a 20-foot line that is 5 feet wide. Each creature in that line must make a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



The Dark and the Light

All of it fades: the dragon, the mountain, the storm, the city in the distance. You are submerged into blackness, so dark you cannot see or hear or feel. You rotate in the void, unable to speak or move, and you wonder if this is it, if this is some sort of afterlife or purgatory or simply the sensation of death.

Just moments ago the pain had been too much to bear. You can't remember the moment of the final blow. Did the dragon's teeth tear through your torso? Did your skin wither and char in a blast of fire? Did you plummet down Tarren Trail in your haste to escape?

It doesn't matter now. It's over.

Time passes. Mere seconds, or an eternity? Eventually, a light sprouts through the blackness, the tiniest pinprick of a glow. It grows larger and spreads, outlining the shape of a young woman. The light silhouettes her body and masks her features, but you know already that it is Domenica.

"My champion," she says. As your eyes adjust to this sudden brightness, you see that it is not the Domenica you saw before she transformed into the dragon: this new Domenica is bedecked in scaled obsidian armor, her blonde plait still adorned with her laurel wreath. She has been reunited with her father's sword, and it hangs from a black belt around her waist. Domenica kneels before you and presses two fingers to your forehead, chin, and hollow of your throat, mirroring High Priest Nahum's blessing. "You have honored your commitment to me. In return, Bahamut restores your life. Wake!"

Your eyes snap open and you come to consciousness on Garra's Peak. Is this where you were when you died? It doesn't matter now, for you are no longer dead. But you are alone.

Beside you is the Executioner's sword, unsheathed. It bears new script that glows faintly against the patina, and it reads:

I was not afraid. I was born for this.

It is night now; the stars above you twinkle and pulse in their cimmerian blanket. The mountain is quiet and still. You see and hear no hawks, hippogriffs, or Domenica-dragons. The sky may be uninhabited now, but you know, somehow, that it is not empty.

THE END



The Ones Who Survived

A final blow takes down the dragon, and its body lay lifeless before you. The storm ceases raging, but the rain persists, lacking its earlier tenacity. You gather your wits and tend to your wounds as night settles around you. Gone are the sounds of the hawks and other winged creatures rustling nearby; the peak has been abandoned during your fight.

What to do with the creature before you? What will you tell to the Soldrans if and when you return to the city? Is this what happens to all of the sacrificed Daughters?

As you plan your descent, the dragon's body suddenly jolts. A true darkness falls, masking all starlight and moonlight, and you are engulfed in it. A beam of light pierces through the black, illuminating the corpse, and the dragon's body begins to levitate. The light grows brighter and brighter until you have to look away, until it suddenly calms. The glow touches your eyelids like a caress, like a morning ray. You open your eyes and it *is* like morning all around you; the storm lifts and the light pushes away the shadows.

The dragon is gone, and in its place now stands Domenica. Her body is encased in shining golden armor and she wears the laurel wreath like a crown. The only remnant of the dragon is Domenica's shield: the dragon's obsidian wing edged in gold. The silhouette of Bahamut is emblazoned in black across her chest. Her father's sword appears in her hand, and it is no longer metal, but jet-black, matching her shield.

Domenica smiles at you. "My champion. You have not just released me from my fate, but have saved all Daughters of Soldra."

How? Why? What just happened?

"Soldra's act of sacrifice inflicted a curse upon its Daughters," she says. "It twisted Bahamut's love and made it something ugly and fearful. In turn, Daughters who reached the peak were warped and transformed and condemned to live out their days as the creatures most feared by Soldrans. For we Daughters — virgins, votaries, girls without names — are what Soldra truly scorned. But you have set me free and now I will do the same for the others. As a thank you, I gift you my father's sword."

She hands you the black blade. Before, the metal hilt was bound in leather; now the full handle is pure gold. The pommel is shaped like a dragon's head and two golden wings form the cross guard, opening into the length of obsidian. Words are carved into the blade in glowing Draconic; Domenica reads it aloud:

"Do not think I came only with peace. I came with a sword."



“If you are ever in need of Bahamut, you need only to speak his name, and he will aid you,” she says, then steps toward the edge of the precipice. “Daughters, come forth!”

A thundering begins, the rumbling of dragons’ wings beating against the wind, and the dragons rise from the valley below. There are dozens of them, their scales hewn and forged from the landscape from which they were birthed. Some are older and larger, their features rough and jagged from the decades they lived in this state; some are still small, their bodies lacking the strength and heft of their predecessors.

Nevertheless, they are magnificent: these are the Daughters who survived.

Domenica stands before them, a radiant holy warrior — and in this moment, as you see Domenica superimposed onto the valley below and the city ahead and the powerful beasts awaiting her command, you find it very hard to tell the difference between a daughter and a dragon.

THE END



Author's Note

What I had intended to be a short, one-page module for another project quickly became a much bigger story than I anticipated. I hesitate to call this a “solo adventure”; in my mind, it’s more of an interactive story. I wanted to write something literary while giving the reader a chance to participate, but I didn’t quite model this after other solo adventures.

For months, I couldn’t get the character of Domenica out of my head. While in Barcelona in fall of 2017, after exploring the Gothic Quarter, I had dreams about a woman with a sword standing in a cobblestone plaza. I woke up and started writing the first draft of what would eventually become what you’re reading now. This story was inspired by the Spanish Inquisition and the legend of St. Jordi. I am always fascinated by groups of people who believe they are doing the right thing, in the name of their religion, when they are actually having the opposite effect. Superstition is powerful and makes for good stories. And as much as I enjoy the idea of St. Jordi rescuing a helpless princess from an angry dragon, I always prefer a powerful heroine to a passive damsel, so I put my own spin on it. Girls turning into epic creatures is one of my absolute favorite tropes!

This is the first in a trilogy entitled *Tribunal*. Each story features a woman who is challenged by her society, and you, as the reader, can choose to aid in her defiance. Or not. It’s up to you. Regardless of your choices, I hope you enjoy the journey.

Ashley Warren

Thanks & Acknowledgments

As always, thanks to my DnD crew, the Tavern Burners, for their friendship and support. A special thank you to my husband, Andrew.

Additional Information

This adventure was written and produced by Ashley Warren. *This work contains material that is copyright Wizards of the Coast and/or other authors. Such material is used with permission under the Community Content Agreement for Dungeon Masters Guild.*

Document designed with Adobe InDesign. All images sourced from Unsplash and Adobe Stock.

The quotes on the Executioner’s sword were derived from two notable quotes:

“I was not afraid; I was born to do this.” — attributed to Joan of Arc.

“Do not think that I came to bring peace on the earth; I did not come to bring peace, but a sword.” — Matthew 10:34, New International Version

If you enjoyed this story, please let me know! Connect with me:

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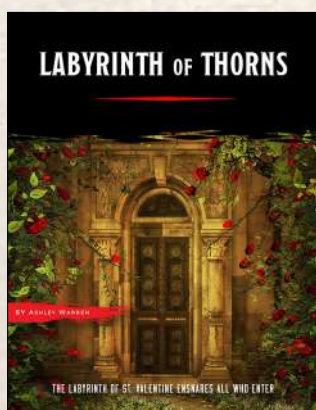
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A NIGHT OF MASKS AND MONSTERS | *A level 3 adventure*

In the city of Ibrido, locals enjoy a life of splendor and frivolity. Every week, a lavish party is held at the Castel di Maschera, hosted by the Marquis di Maschera, Prospero, who has a reputation for being a generous party-thrower and avid patron of the arts.

But the Castel di Maschera holds many secrets. When a strange, hybrid creature — half bird, half man — is found brutally murdered in Ibrido's city square, tattooed with the Marquis's signature symbol of two masks, rumors have begun to spread throughout Ibrido that something more sinister may be occurring. Did a Marquis di Maschera party simply get out of hand, or does a real danger threaten the inhabitants of Ibrido?



LABYRINTH OF THORNS | *A level 4-5 adventure*

The city of St. Valentine is home to Dante's Casa di Dolci, a world-renowned bakery — and tucked within the bakery is the entrance to a secret labyrinth, created by a mischievous, merciless god. Every February, an unsuspecting resident from St. Valentine is pulled into the maze. Some return after years spent in the labyrinth, but most do not.

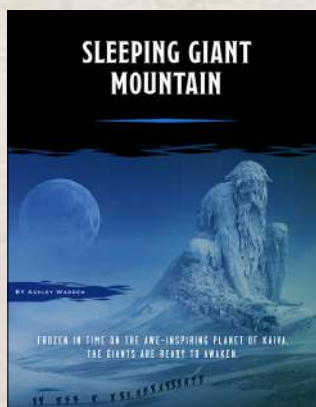
When Dante's beloved wife, Simonetta, is pulled into the labyrinth, he must enlist the help of adventurers to get her back. The journey that follows is one of strange doors, riddles, and dangerous creatures that lurk among the hedges...



THE STARLIGHT RELIC | *A level 7 adventure*

A dense forest surrounds the city of Magra, a place known for its spired buildings and talented artisans. The Magran Forest not only provides artisans with the materials for their trade, but protects and hides the ruins of a long-destroyed temple, said to have once served an old, ancient deity that precedes the existing pantheon.

When luthier Vela Kapra learns of the temple's location by accident, she knows this is where the ancient relic known as the Starlight can be found. But this information is dangerous, for there are many who would die to find the Starlight — and just as many who would kill for it.



SLEEPING GIANT MOUNTAIN | *A level 3 adventure*

A recent archaeological expedition in Icewind Dale has uncovered a remarkable discovery: the Spine of the World mountain range is, in fact, the actual spine of a great giant. The discovery confirms an ancient legend, that giants as tall as mountains once roamed the Forgotten Realms. Lead archaeologist Silja Stengravar knows the truth. Centuries ago, a lich, threatened by the giants' ancient elemental power, banished their race to an abandoned planet known as Kaiva. The lich was defeated, but its curse remains, protected by its minions in the heart of Garagai Mountain. Held captive to the curse, the giants are suspended in time, unable to roam free and claim Kaiva as their own.

Silja's discovery has summoned the portal to Kaiva. Will adventurers brave the perilous journey through the hostile and awe-inspiring planet to destroy the curse and reawaken the giants?

Legalese

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