

NOTICE BOARD QUESTS

by DropTheDie

FOREWORD

This PDF was developed with the *Dungeons and Dragons 5th edition* tabletop game in mind, but when writing it, my goal was to give only the framework for potential quests players could choose to involve themselves in.

Feel free to alter whatever aspects of the quests you see fit, these are only a guideline. Some gold amounts were given to **suggest** how difficult a task would be for those following the lead. Consider, also, that each notice may lead to a much different long-running quest.

For example: One could take a notice to investigate a missing child, and become embroiled with corrupted city officials who have begun kidnapping children and selling them to near-by hags to prevent the city's lifeblood, apples, from suffering in the wake of a harsh winter

Likewise, it should be just as likely that a notice lead to practically nothing - such as a simple misunderstanding. A notice from a mercenary that states his equipment was stolen may have had a drunken night and left his armor at the blacksmith's to repair damage from him falling down the stairs. Above all, **be creative with it!**

NOTICES

Seeking hardy and hale, healthy, preferably single orphans, as assistants for completely safe experiments using a very rare ingredient. Payment of 5gp up-front and an additional 20gp to any who can articulate the effects afterwards. Inquire with **Rulfred Volmantel** at the Scale and Vial apothecary.

Darlen Hoat, leader of the Scaled Shield Mercenary company seeking investigators to find prize winning milk goat lost in the nearby wood. Will pay 100gp, no questions asked, for her safe return. Answers to "Victoriana."

Fan of armor? Nerves of steel? Come see me at **Helm's Helms** for a chance to earn an honest week's pay for a single minute of your time at the wrong end of a crossbow. My armor is so good it'll stop a spear! Help me put it to the test!

The rumors aren't true – **The Green Spires Alehouse** is not haunted. However, any travelers or adventurers with knowledge of the undead willing to help me put these vile rumors to rest can make themselves 25 gold coins and all the ale they can drink!

Anyone with information on the whereabouts of my daughter, Talia Whisperbrook, will be rewarded handsomely. She was last seen with that silver-tongued half-drow singer. Help bring my daughter home and take your pick of my tried and true adventuring gear.

Lim Whisperbrook

Attempts to track and kill the vicious beast feeding on my horses have proven fruitless. I did not buy that valley to have my stallions threatened! Hunters, trappers, and adventurers – bring me the head of the beast and two of my horses are yours, a kingly reward. Speak to my steward Trok Hallowtusk. Dictated but not read by **Jalik Worner**, here at the Worner estate.

The battles of this nation are ceaseless. As such, I am in need of assistance for a time. Many gravely wounded individuals have found their way into my care, some of which need delicate surgical operations. Resources are plentiful, but steady hands are not. Ilmater beseech you, please come to the House of Aster and seek out **Painkeeper Julian Breelace**

By order of **Captain Foxal**, any fighting men and women should turn their attention to the Midnight Trees north of the city. Goblin sightings have aroused worry among the natives close to that blackened forest. Those who return with goblin heads will be paid a sum of 2 gold per goblin and 10 gold per Hobgoblin or Bugbear head delivered to the captain of the guard personally. Any and all injuries sustained during conflict with the goblins are the concern of the fighter involved and will not be factored into payment. May the Gods watch over us all.

Investigators wanted – wrongful hanging of doting father and kind businessman. Inquire with **Kathlene Longsdale** at the Purple Pirate Taproom.

Those who appreciate the finer things: antiques, magical items, paintings, and masterwork jewelry, should attend the Au'd Mystriri gala. Open from sundown to midnight until the end of the tenday. Entry fee is 50 gold. Those interested in employment as staff or security may reach **Stathos Zvet** from sun up to midday at the gala's entryway. Payment is 5 gold per person per day, 15 gold at the end of the tenday, should no complications arise during the festivities.

Magical folk and people what make potions – the water in my well has turned silver. Heavier than it should be, snapped up my ropes and buckets. A bunch of people have come to take some, but it's just strange-tasting water once it's out of the well! Come down to my dairy farm south of town. I'll pay what I can.

Dorla Spritin.

Hail, citizens. Some creature is stealing all of my dead leaves! To what purpose, I have no clue. Over a hundred years I've lived in the wood outside of town, and never have I seen this. Whoever takes the leaves is beyond my skill to track and is an expert at avoiding me on my own land. They leave behind tiny effigies whenever they come. I can give you a small cache of supplies if you help me unravel this mystery. I come to town every other day to deliver furs and meat, most know me as **Keltoris**.

Madame Lince Broketusk has beseeched me to pen this summons: As of late, malicious dust spirits have been attacking her family on their farm in the dustpan east of town. They've yet to hurt the sturdy half-orcs, but she fears for their safety and the continued livelihood of her husband. Verily, should adventurers wish to intercede on their behalf, Lince has agreed to repay their kindness by sending her eldest daughter to assist them on their travels.

Penned by Alfrin Truemark, scribe

Seeking judge for a duel between two feuding individuals. Send word to **Bhort Iron toe**. We'll meet to discuss the rules then have the duel at sundown. Loser's coin purse to the judge.

Taylen J'orar, of the Cracked Dragon Inn here. I've a treasure map to any adventurer brave enough to go into the Blinded Mine and return with a particular yellow gemstone. 300 gold pieces for each of the gems brought back to me.

I don't remember who I am or where I'm from. No one here knows me. If you recognize this symbol, please come and find me – just ask the owner, they know me.

Graves

I hear voices coming from my parent's crypt at night. They whisper for me to hurry up and join them. I am terrified, but I cannot just leave my ancestral manor. If you can truly help me, I will grant you a deed to a large parcel of land from my estate. Come to the Valley Smoke Manor and see me directly.

Count Elvaal Amberglass

Adventurers keep attacking my friend! I hope to pay strong swords and shields to help escort my friend, who happens to be a Troll, from the old bridge back to my home safely. I'll pay what I can.

Gellian Cartwright

Interested in purchasing used adventuring gear – will pay full price for used equipment, plus more. No questions, please. **Enmity, the Bold** – ask for me at the tavern after dark.

No one can best me at fighting. No one. Since I was a little girl, I've never lost a fight – and I'm ready to finally meet my match before I lose my sight. Fifty gold to the person who can overcome me!

Kirin Vesh

In search of competent young fighters to brawl with my son. Be warned, he's adept with this fists, so good he's scared off all his sparring partners. Will pay an honest day's wages if you lose and double that if you win. Help the boy gain the attention he deserves.

Jekken Slint

My roosters is gone a miss. Damn black elves creepin' in steal my roosters. Elf killers welcome.

Mitchen Briggs

The annual ceremony approaches. We must send our tithe to The Crone. Any adventurers willing to wade into the Pitiless Swamp and deliver the children's teeth to the Splintered Shack can earn themselves 300 gold pieces. Remember, citizens, the last time we failed to send the tithe was the Day the Water Seethed. Come to me at once.

Mayor Soldin

(In Dwarvish) Clansmen heed my warning. The owner of the Bright-kettle Teahouse is a dwarf hating maniac. Lurista Huckle, the proprietress, has been responsible for no fewer than three missing dwarves that ignored my warnings and took sup at her business. I know not what she does with them or where they end up, but gone as sure as a candle's flame what's been snuffed out. If you have a mind to see to the bottom of it, find me outside the place any waking moment. Moradin guide you.

Bresh Goldspinner

Basilisk handlers needed! Due to an unexpected turn of events and a lucky hand at cards, I've found myself in possession of a very exotic companion! I fear I do not have the means and knowledge to care for it, yet. However, I would be appreciative to the tune of 150 gold pieces should anyone see fit to help me corral my guest into its new living quarters and out of my bedroom, and never play cards with a spiteful merchant

Harrik Lowfield

Bounty: 1,400 gold pieces for the capture, dead or alive, of the kidnapper known as "Croak." Several minor houses have been targeted by this vile criminal who has been confirmed to be responsible for 6 missing persons. Most recently the Garlin family were targeted. The kidnapper leaves a spotted bullfrog at each residence, in the children's vacant bed.

Do you love birds, but hate Starlings? I do as well. And I am willing to pay you for each and EVERY DISGUSTING STARLING THAT YOU MURDER AND SEND TO ME! Simply murder starlings from within the city and place them in a shallow grave. Find a rock, and to that rock whisper, very gently, your darkest secret. Place the rock atop the starlings and cover them with salt. You'll wake to find 5 gold pieces for EACH AND EVERY STARLING has found its way into your coin purse.

The Blue Wizard

Assistance needed to complete new dam. Up the river, we're working on a new dam to help out the local farmers, but we keep getting chased off of the work site by fish creatures! People are getting hurt, and it's only a matter of time before someone gets killed. We can pay you well if you manage to keep the things off of us while we finish up construction. **Grimm**

My husband is a horse. I did not marry him that way, and your crass jokes are not appreciated. I cannot pack up and leave long enough to seek help from a cleric or wizard, if you can come and help me, I'll be willing to give you my father's old scroll collection. I imagine it's worth a pretty platinum! I just need my husband back.

Mar Hornblower

Wester Farm reports that one goat has went missing every third night for the past six tendays. A reward of 30 gold pieces and a 'curious and rare' gemstone has been offered to any sell swords who can identify the problem before month's end.

Oaklin Wester

It has been deemed that any able bodied men and women should travel east of the city to the Low Field. More than five dozen goblin corpses litter those fields and the **Captain of the Guard Luca Chatterteeth** fears that carrion eaters may descend on the outskirts of the city. All volunteers will be paid 3 silver per corpse collected – burial or burning welcome.

I need a strong ass or mule what can plow a field right quick. Horse o' mine broke its leg on a burrow twice the size o' a barrel what came outta thin air. You traveler types read good! I know a cave on my land leads deep down – down to cut stone! I can show you where, just need a borrow your beast o' burden for a time.

Cuthbert

The old hermit on the ridge overlooking the bog has been sending ravens to the rookery with notes heralding dark, dark tidings. None of our birds and messengers we've sent have returned from their shack. Anyone willing to make contact with the Hermit and get to the bottom of this will be handsomely rewarded for their time.

Rookery Master Billings

A wounded man came to my shop asking about healing. I tended his wounds as best I could, but he slinked away in the night. He left behind some strange looking coins as payment, but I'd much rather know his name. He's handsome and tall, with wide wiry shoulders and piercing brown eyes. Any information will get you a discount at my shop!

D.B. Everret

My daughter signed up with the Blazing Fist mercenaries. They fought a big battle against some inhuman creatures outside of town, and I just know the worst happened. I can feel it in my bones. She's not come home or sent word. The bodies are still out there, in the sun. People are too scared to go lay them to rest, those creatures are still out there. Any sell swords that help me find her in that mess and lay her to rest can have her dowry and my prayers of safety for as long as I draw breath. **Mikana Orla**

Beware. A local hunter was found mutilated and hung on the broken branches of a tree a bow-shot from him home. Whatever creature of the night killed the man also tore apart his hunting hound and destroyed the roof of his cottage. None should venture into the forest after dark for any reason. **Watch Captain Byrl**

Citizens be warned! No matter what treasures you see inside rabbit holes in the fields north of town, do not approach them! A half dozen people have went missing around such holes in the past tenday, the treasure left behind. Should you see a coin, gem, statue, even a full bar of gold, turn on your heel and fetch the guard.

(Commoner Scribbles) Nobil master, I beg ye'. Me yongst childs are shakin' an hot like a fyre. I cannot pay ye' not but a payer an' a place ta lay yer head for the rest of yer life. Help me littl'st one?

X (in a different hand: His name is Hanbin)

They're among us even now. Doppelgangers! They're here, among us. Dressed like us. In the guise of our loved ones and most trusted leaders. I've seen them. I see them still. Gods help us, what do they want? Why is no one brave enough to speak up? Why does no one seem them?!

Arana Brambletoes

Good People. My wife's still missing. The guard have given up the chase, but I ne'er will. She went into the wood not but a tenday ago. My Thistle's a strong one! She's out there! I'll pay any price to the one who can bring her home or tell me where I might find her. Bum leg or no, I'll do what it takes.

Otin Karst

Attention. Attention. Those with information as to the whereabouts of **[Insert PC name]** should contact War Mage Aldis Tholt immediately. One should give any and all information to the captain of the guard. Any messenger told to find War Mage Tholt in regards to this post will be paid twice their fee for their trouble by War Mage Tholt upon their arrival.

All able souls, **Commandant Leonet Brambleblood** has decided to post a bounty for the extermination of creatures believed to hunt in the mines connected to the quarry south of town. The brave soul who permanently rids the tunnels of this filth will receive a generous reward from the hands of Vrakis Arn and will be listed in the town chronicles as a noble citizen and hero.

Vrakis Arn, Town Chancellor

It is with a heavy heart I announce that the Hard Place smithy will be closing its doors indefinitely. The rumors are true, my friends: my work has been cursed. I cannot live with innocent blood on my hands. Should an emergency arise, I have a stockpile of spears and my son is more than capable of hammering out dents in armor. My deepest apologies.

Zicon

Harborside Mercantile requests your aid. Vicious beasts in the waters near the east harbor and have proven too dangerous for our ships to pass unimpeded. Trade has ground to a halt, and commerce, the lifeblood of our entire town, is dying. Anyone capable of defending our ships or destroying these creatures will receive a monthly percentage of all trade that passes through those waters for one year.

Juliana Holt, Captain of the Brinespinner

Test your luck and your skill with dice. The Fettered Fates gambling ship is hosting a five-night gambling tournament. Buy in of 300 gold pieces gets you table access, food, and entertainment for the duration of the voyage. No expense has been spared in terms of comfort and security aboard the ship. All interested parties contact ***Captain Nobu Koa-qual*** directly.

After the flooding of the graves surrounding Kyten Tumulus, operations to exhume and relocate the bodies have proven problematic, large undead creatures have made their way into the boggy graveyard and attacked any who venture too closely. Peoples capable of clearing out the beasts will be paid no less than 400 gold pieces and given special privilege within the city. ***Captain Eshta Pjor*** and a squad of 9 soldiers watch the roads leading to the Kyten Tumulus and should be contacted for information and payment.

Friends, let it be known that ***Breden Jorcastle*** is a fiend and a swindler. The “elixir” he’s been selling is just vinegar and white-pine sap. The only “benefit” this mixture has is emptying your bowels all night. If he tries to sell you on his false promises, send him on his way with a black eye for his trouble!

A tenday ago, caretakers at the House of Reprieve were found ravaged beyond identification. The guard have begun an investigation to look into the matter, and the attackers will soon be found and put to justice. Anyone capable should consider helping the guard find these horrific murderers. Such individuals should report to the nearest guard post at once. Payment is guaranteed.

Major Pogris Mariday

Thieves! The night of the fifth day this month, several thieves broke into the Black Walrus Trading Depot, where they savagely beat the owner and stole no less than 350 gold pieces worth of equipment. A thin, long haired man with gray eyes was seen smoking a pipe and watching passers-by, and a squat bald man was spotted near the scene around the time of the break-in dragging a wagon with a busted wheel, chattering to himself about regretting the “skull cracker.” The guard have given up on finding the detestable whelps, but anyone interested in tracking them down should come see me at the Black Walrus immediately.

Oakrin Hundredweight

The trees have been whispering to me. We hack and cut the forest away; we no longer pray in the old ways. The Dryad are going mad. The forest must be soothed before it consumes this entire community.

Grovespeaker Teslin

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I DON'T ALWAYS ADVOCATE ROLLING, BUT WHEN I DO... BE SURE YOU HAVE TO DROP THE DIE.