

THE HOLDENSHIRE CHRONICLES

ACT ONE



THE ILLS OF
HENGISTBURY

INTRODUCTION

The Holdenshire Chronicles takes EN Publishing's classic adventure *To Slay a Dragon* and revamps it for a new generation of gamers. Using fifth edition rules, we hearken back to the 1980s and embark on an adventure which is sure to remind you of RPG modules and boxed sets long past!

This trilogy of adventures leads an adventuring party from the town of Hengistbury on a journey across the land to challenge a red dragon who dwells in a volcano lair known as Skull Mountain.

The first act begins with the characters in the town of Hengistbury, detailed previously in the Prologue. There, they begin their progression as heroes, and learn all about the dragon Cirothe's predations on the local area. As they advance in expertise and experience, the idea of tracking the dragon to her lair and ending her threat forever may become a more realistic prospect.

ACT STRUCTURE

Act I is comprised of twelve short scenarios that take place in and around the town of Hengistbury.

I: Jack of the Weirwood (level 3)

Children are being lured into the Weirwood by fauns under the control of Spring-Heeled Jack, who intends to perform a ritual to bring a blight across the county.

II: The Hound of Fogmoor (level 2)

A werewolf dwells on the Fogmoor, primarily preying on lizardfolk, but is moving closer and closer to human populated areas.

III: Troll under the Bridge (level 2)

A troll lives under a bridge near Thornbury and is attacking travelers. Most escape because, strangely, the troll does not pursue those who run.

Open Game Content

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IV: Memories of Brockendale (level 1)

A poltergeist haunts the ruins of Brockendale Castle. Deep within can be found the scabbard of Lord Pemberton's sword—a scabbard that will be essential if the heroes are to defeat the dragon.

V: Lizard's Lament (level 3)

The Cavernsnappers, a particularly aggressive tribe of lizardfolk, have been attacking fisherman, and recently claimed half a dozen more victims.

VI: Escort Service (level 2)

Village blacksmith Rorus Klain has a shipment of masterwork daggers which need to be sent upriver to the neighboring county of Lanickshire, but there have been reports of bandits. He needs



someone to protect the shipment as it makes its three-day journey to the border of Holdenshire.

VII: Pandora's Box (level 1)

The Mortimer brothers have obtained a curious box and have made the mistake of opening it. Unfortunately, the box designed to summon a rather bad-tempered bearded devil called Kazyk.

VIII: Manhunter (level 2)

Brand Torek needs help to apprehend a pickpocket named Tila, who just escaped from her Hengistbury jail cell. She's had a one-hour head start, and the clock is ticking!

IX: On Safari (level 3)

Tales of a strange creature roaming the hills northeast of Brockendale Castle have attracted the attention of local veterinarian Albert Wright who sees this as an opportunity to make his dreams come true by capturing it.

X: Troublemakers (level 3)

Another adventuring party has shown up in Thornbury, and have been nothing but trouble. No one is quite sure why they are here or what they want, but they would definitely prefer them to conduct their business and leave...

XI: Peculiar, Most Peculiar (level 1)

Something odd is happening at a place called Murray's Folly. No one is exactly sure what, but some of the local residents in Thornbury are worried.

XII: Kobolds of Thornbury (level 4)

Kobolds attack, and steal away virgins from the village! Is this a random attack, or is the valley feeling the taloned influence of the dragon of Skull Mountain?

Get the Introduction! The "Holdenshire Primer" document is at <https://www.patreon.com/posts/holdenshire-part-4123536>

GETTING STARTED

How the party has come to Hengistbury is a matter best left to the individual gaming group, but once that is established, read or paraphrase this aloud to your players:

Winter is over, and Hengistbury is experiencing a warm, dry spring. The summer county fair is already being organized, the Fair Committee headed as always by Lady Sybill Pemberton, and the village is its usual bustling, cheerful self.

All is not well, however. There have been problems of late! Children have been disappearing into the Weirwood; howls of an unearthly nature have been echoing across the Fogmoor; and Three-Fingered Jake, the county's itinerant bard, has been spreading rumors of treasure in the ruins of Brockendale Castle.

All this aside, however, tonight is a warm, balmy evening. Many of the villagers are gathered in and outside the Bleeding Heart Tavern (originally called the Beaming Hearth, until some children vandalized the pub's sign), and any troubles seem far away.

This is an opportunity to introduce the PCs to various important members of the community. Most are friendly—unless the PCs do or say something to offend them—and are willing to talk. Amongst the random gossip, talk of the weather and the harvest, discussion of the summer fair arrangements, and other domestic trivia, the PCs may pick up on various snippets of information (see the "Rumors in the Tavern" sidebar). This is all background information; the hooks will come later. For now, just let the PCs get to know everyone.

The PCs can attempt any of the initial quests in any order. Some are hinted at in tavern rumors, and others contain their own plot hooks to draw the PCs in. These hooks are presented at the start of each quest, and each quest is relatively short.

The final quest, Kobolds of Thornbury, is the one which ultimately sends the PCs on their journey to slay the dragon; the PCs should be 4th level by the time they undertake it.

Rumors in the Tavern

Not all quests are rumored here, some emerge as the adventure goes along. Similarly, not all rumors here are true. Or at least not true yet.

- ▶ **Brand** is aware of the howls from the Fogmoor. He warns that the moor is inhabited by lizardman tribes, however, and believes the howls to merely be a large wolf. He promises he will deal with it should it show itself in the village. (Quest II: the Hound of Fogmoor)
- ▶ **Gavin Morigan** speaks about a strange floating ship he saw in the night sky a few weeks back. He claims it was a schooner under full sail and sailed off to the south. (A false rumor unless the GM decides otherwise. Gavin had a bit too much to drink one night and an odd cloud formation lit by a full moon captured his imagination.)
- ▶ **Lady Sybill** is familiar with the history of Brockendale Castle, as it used to be the Pemberton seat of power. The castle is said to be haunted by the spirit of a young woman who was executed there on suspicion of being a witch. Her name was Elanour, and within a year of the execution, the Pembertons relocated to Hengistbury Keep. This was all a couple of generations ago, and happened before Lady Sybill was born. She thinks that her husband would probably know a little more. (Quest IV: Memories of Brockendale)
- ▶ **Aus** will talk about how neat the dragon of Skull Mountain is and how much he thinks it would be cool to see it and talk to it. He clearly has no idea how dangerous dragons are, nor can he be convinced they are anything less than wonderful. Anyone speaking ill of the dragon or suggesting it should be killed will be mocked as only an 8 year-old can.
- ▶ **Mylani Azalathellon** refers to her notebook and says she thinks that someone is trying break the law rather badly in Hengistbury. She will not be drawn out beyond this statement and simply looks darkly at the PCs. (This is true, but the Samuel and Sons Robbery can be developed by the GM as a further Quest using the elements provided in the NPC write ups.)
- ▶ **Three-Fingered Jake** elaborates a little on the rumors of treasure at Brockendale Castle. Apparently, the Pemberton's family scabbard is there; Lord Pemberton has the sword itself, but when the castle was abandoned in the dead of the night, the former Lord Pemberton had sword in hand. The scabbard was left in his bedchamber. It is valuable, it has great sentimental value for the Lord and Lady Pemberton, and it is said to have magical properties. (Quest IV: Memories of Brockendale)
- ▶ **Saraz bint Farad bint Aquilah** asks the PCs if they know about the black cheese. She believes they are possessed by the souls of the dead and that something evil is going on at Clothbinder's Cheese Shop. People will confirm that the Black Cheeses are to be left alone. (The truth is, there are about a dozen black-wrapped cheeses in the shop, all of which are prepared well in advance for the Autumn Festival Cheese Roll. They are specially hardened and nearly inedible, but otherwise normal. No one is allowed to touch them to prevent tampering.)
- ▶ **Ariadne**, Brand's niece, has joined Lady Sybill's Autumn Fair committee. She has grand plans for the flower arrangement competition. While in Thornbury last week, she thought she saw a small scaly humanoid creature dressed in robes, watching her. (True, but at this point merely a hint of what is to come.)
- ▶ **Ugg** is sitting on the ground outside the tavern because he's too big to fit inside. He talks of seeing a "green lady" out on the Fogmoors being followed around by what he calls "scalies." (Quest V: Lizards Lament)
- ▶ **The Mortimer Brothers** (well, Gord and Beej) are sitting with Ugg, outside the tavern, and are concerned that Poke hasn't been seen since they dared him to venture into the Weirwood at night. (Quest I: Jack of the Weirwood)
- ▶ **Some of the locals** may mention trouble at a bridge near Thornbury. Travelers mention having been attacked by a Troll at the bridge. (Quest III: Troll Under the Bridge)

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QUEST I: JACK OF THE WEIRWOOD

Children are being lured into the Weirwood by fauns under the control of Spring-Heeled Jack. They are being held in the Weirhenge where he intends to perform a ritual to bring a blight across the county. Why? Because he's a malicious, nasty, petty bastard who just enjoys seeing people suffer. He has three of the four children he needs, the latest being Poke Mortimer.

Following Poke's trail is easy up to a point. A DC 8 Wisdom (Survival) check leads the PCs to the Weirwood, and about ¼ mile into the wood.

The Weirwood always seems eerie and haunted. There's something not quite right about the way the sun filters through the leaves, or how the birdsong sounds somehow muted and distant. The Weirwood makes you feel uneasy, but you can't quite put your finger on why. Poke's trail is easy to follow at first. It leads you deeper into the wood, perhaps a quarter mile, before arriving at a small clearing. Here, the trail seems to end.

In the distance you can hear the faint sound of music; it sounds like pipes, and is curiously inviting. The music is, of course, the panpipes of fauns.

If the PCs follow the sound (DC 10 Perception check), they soon come across a potential ally:

Standing on a small rise nearby is a curious creature. It stands on stark white goat legs and has short horns protruding from its head. It also has a short tail that swishes playfully from excitement, and its hair falls gracefully around its horns and ears. Its humanoid torso is lithe but chiseled.

PCs may well mistake this creature for a satyr. A DC 12 Intelligence (Nature) check allows them to discern that this is, in fact, a **faun** (see "New Monsters and NPCs").

This faun is named Peripoptofulavar and, while afraid of Spring-Heeled Jack, he strongly dislikes what the malicious fey is doing. He is willing to

Rumors in the Tavern, continued

continued from previous page

- ▶ The woodsman, **Stefan Oakfell**, should he happen to be in town and willing to talk, can tell a strange tale of gypsies in the Queenswood and late night dancing around a bonfire to the strains of unearthly music. (Partially true; or, as true as the GM needs it to be. See the Queenswood location in the Primer for ideas to develop.)
- ▶ **One of the older townsfolk**, either a fisherman or a barge-man, speaks of strange goings on near a place called Murray's Folly. He seems to be a bit drunk and talks about floating rocks and ghostly hammering noises. (Quest XI: Peculiar, Most Peculiar)
- ▶ **Someone** mentions that Albert Wright, in Thornbury, seems to have news of an interesting creature out in the hills. He is seeking help in tracking it down and capturing it. (Quest IX: On Safari)
- ▶ A **group of adventurers** has been making trouble in the area lately. They keep asking about something called Bluestone, but no one knows what this might be. (Quest X: Troublemakers)

GM's Note. You can make up additional rumors if you so choose and sprinkle them around either village. Which ones are true and which are false is entirely up to you.

Continuing the Quest

Many of the quests contain a note entitled "Continuing the Quest." These notes are provided as suggestions on ways to either extend the current quest or create new ones for a GM and players who would like to spend additional time in the county of Holdenshire.

help the PCs, but he will not engage in combat against his fellow fauns (out of familial loyalty) or against Jack (out of fear).

Peripoptofulavar is only too eager to get the party involved in stopping Spring-Heeled Jack; to that end, he will freely give the following information:



If the PCs ask about the missing children:

“Ohgoshohgoshohgosh! Yes, Jack has taken the younglings from your village. He holds them at the Weirhenge. Oh my!”

If the PCs ask if Peripoptofulavar is involved in the plot:

“Golly, no, I don’t approve, no sir, not at all!”

Asking about Spring-Heeled Jack reveals the following:

“Jack, spring-heeled he calls himself. He may be small, but he’s a vicious one, that he is. Oh my! He leaps and sneaks, he does, leaps and sneaks. Oh, a nasty fellow, Jack is. Nasty, nasty, nasty. And he hates human-folk. Oh golly.”

If the PCs ask about the details of Jack’s plan:

“He mutters about a ritual, says he needs four of your younglings. He has three now!”

If the party wants to know how many are involved:

“Four of my fellows, yes, indeed. I was the fifth. Four of my fellows plus ... Jack.”

Peripoptofulavar, if asked, can lead the PCs to the area of the Weirhenge. He will not enter the area of the Weirhenge himself, however, instead saying:

“This is as far as I can go, good sirs. Oh my, oh my yes. Too much fear I have, too much. Please, go carefully. Don’t let Jack get you. Oh no, oh no. Save the poor children, bring them back safe.”

He then runs off into the woods back the way you came.

If they follow the faun for a few minutes, the PCs reach the Weirhenge, a circular group of standing granite stones sitting atop a perfectly round hill. Clearly here since ancient times, the stones are covered in moss and faint, weather-worn pictographs that are barely discernible and impossible to read. The area of the Weirhenge is shrouded in a light mist as if it were early morning no matter what time of day the party arrives. There is a faint metallic tang to the air.

Allow the PCs to make whatever Intelligence checks they feel would apply. A successful DC 13 Intelligence (History or Arcana) check may reveal that areas similar to this were sometimes used to perform powerful ancient rituals, but no one has heard of such a ritual being performed for several hundred years.

The mists are thick, but PCs that successfully perform a DC 16 Wisdom (Perception or Survival) check may be able to discern several sets of small hoof prints scattered about the area.

Allow each PC a short opportunity to make one

of the above checks. PCs that choose to make a DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check will notice that the unsettling feeling that permeated their approach to the area is particularly strong here and the sound of the pipes has stopped.

Once everyone has had an opportunity to make their check, read or paraphrase the following:

A goat-like chuckle breaks the silence and you realize you are not alone. It is as though the creatures that now surround you simply materialized out of thin air, although none of you saw any of them actually do so. Standing atop a large stone, you can see a small and roguish man with horns, garbed in a tattered vest, cape, and trousers. His movements seem hideously quick, unnatural, and the very sight of Spring-Heeled Jack's cruel grin chills your hearts, as does the sight of his viciously curved dagger.

Jack is not alone, however. Arrayed around the Weirhenge, you can see a handful of fauns.

Spring-Heeled Jack (see “New Monsters and NPCs”) is not one to waste words. He is a malicious and cruel fey interested only in letting as much blood as possible. If this means torturing and killing children, then so be it. If it means fighting the party, then that is all the more to his liking, even if it means some of his faun followers have to die as well. Blood is blood as far as Jack is concerned. He has promised this group of fauns that he can perform a ritual that will blight the landscape and give them dominion over the nearby settlements. This is a lie, intended only to further his thirst for violence.

Jack is positioned on a stone immediately above the PCs and toward the center of the hill. He opens with his breath weapon, attempting to catch as many PCs as possible in its cone and then immediately leap away to another stone. On subsequent rounds he will attempt to determine the weakest members of the party and then use his Frightening Gaze on them while attempting to gain position for either another breath attack. His *passwall* ability has already been used.

The 4 **fauns** (see “New Monsters and NPCs”)

are fairly naïve and will scatter and flee into the surrounding forest if Spring-Heeled Jack is killed. Otherwise, the fauns coordinate their attacks so that in the first round half the fauns use their panpipes to frighten their foes while the other half attempt to incapacitate them with laughter. In the second round, if any PCs are unaffected, they swap and attempt to incapacitate the remainder while Jack attempts to instill fear in anyone still standing. After that, they attack PCs when and where they can, focusing on any that have been unaffected or manage to recover.

The mist in the area is not sufficient to provide any degree of concealment. The standing stones can be used by both sides to provide cover.

Once the battle is over, the PCs can hear children crying nearby. (The sounds of fighting have frightened them.) Spring-Heeled Jack has used his *passwall* to open a tunnel into the interior of the hill, which turns out to be a burial mound. The mound has long since been looted and most useful items are too rusted or broken to be of any value. Three children—Poke, Mallory Jackdaw, and another local child named Boris—are bound to each other inside. Asking the children, or succeeding at a DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check, reveals a small stash of gems (400 gp value) and coins (200 gp value) hidden in a corner under the collapsed remains of an urn. The musty remains of the burial mound's first inhabitant reveal a +1 *buckler* and one *potion of climbing*.

Upon returning to the village, with the children safely in tow, the PCs are warmly welcomed and offered free healing of any wounds. There is a small celebration held for the safe return of the children, but the families involved mostly want to get the children home to their beds to rest and recuperate from their ordeal.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

With his companions dead or fleeing, Peripop-tofulavar is at a loss as to how to proceed. He may approach the PCs and ask for an escort safely out of the area, or seek their assistance in locating those members of his family who were driven off.

QUEST II: THE HOUND OF FOGMOOR

There is, indeed, a werewolf abroad on the Fogmoor. At the moment, it is primarily preying on lizardfolk, but is progressively moving closer and closer to human-populated areas.

The moon casts eerie shadows across the moor and, aside from the werewolf himself, presents the chief danger in the Fogmoors. The Fogmoors are already a particularly dangerous example of the type and every few months someone enters the Fogmoors and fails to return. The dim light, combined with the thick, rolling fogs, means that it is much more difficult to traverse the Fogmoors without stepping off dry land and into the swampy, mucky areas for which the moors are named. A creature can navigate the treacherous ground, or lead others safely, for a hundred yards or so by making a successful DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) check. A character who uses a pole to test the ground ahead of them gains advantage on this check.

PCs failing the check accidentally stepped off the trail and fall into one of the swampy areas that dot the landscape unless they make a successful DC 15 Dexterity saving throw. They immediately become stuck fast in the muck and require a DC 15 Strength check to be pulled free or slowly begin sinking into the moors. After the third round of being stuck, and every 3 rounds thereafter, the Strength DC increases by 1 until freed or the PC has been stuck for 12 rounds. At that point the PC must abandon all gear and make a desperate last attempt to get free (DC 19) or be swallowed by the moors forever.

The werewolf wanders the moors only at night, and anyone on the moors after sundown will hear the occasional howl in the distance. The werewolf isn't trying to hide, so a DC 12 Wisdom (Perception or Survival) check is good enough to get close to the creature. Make the "hunt" last a short while to give the PCs a sense of suspense.

After sufficiently building the tension, read or paraphrase the following:



Following the sound of the howls, you soon begin to see evidence of the creature's passing. Animals lie dead, blood and guts sprayed everywhere in grisly scenes of carnage. The stench of entrails and offal permeate the air. Here and there you find the dismembered corpse of a lizardman, victim of a particularly stomach-turning evisceration.

And then you see it, silhouetted in the moonlight, a muscular, hairy, half-humanoid figure with yellow claws and the snarling head of a vicious wolf. Its eyes gleam yellow as they fix upon you.

Searching one of the lizardman corpses reveals a small vial: a *potion of heroism*.

When they find it, the **werewolf** is on a dryish patch of land, baying at the moon. Upon seeing the PCs, it begins stalking towards them until it is within charge range, at which point it launches itself at the closest character.

The werewolf is savage and nearly feral. He's been stuck permanently in wolf shape for so long that very little trace of humanity remains. He isn't a fool though, and knows that stepping off solid ground could be fatal. Hopefully the PCs' earlier experiences with traversing the Fogmoors have given them an idea to help deal with the werewolf; for example, you should allow them to attempt to knock the werewolf into a nearby muck pool and then dispatch him accordingly.

A DC 16 Wisdom (Perception) check made on the way to and from the encounter area can reveal a scattering of coins and valuables dropped by unfortunate travelers, victims of both the moors and the werewolf, totaling 100 gp between coins and other trinkets.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

What happened to the werewolf that locked him in his hybrid form? Is there something more sinister waiting in the Fogmoors or was this an isolated incident? Only time will tell if the PCs have truly eliminated the threat.

QUEST III: TROLL UNDER THE BRIDGE

A **troll** is living out the ultimate cliché; it lives under a bridge near Thornbury and is attacking travelers. Most are able to escape, because the troll does not seem to pursue those who run, but there have been a few fatalities.

This particular troll is, unknown to anyone, protecting an extremely young, badly ill troll baby. She took refuge under the bridge in an effort to get the baby as out of the elements as she can. She can be reasoned with but only if the PCs can find a way to communicate and succeed at a DC 16 Charisma (Persuasion) check. The PCs' best bet for opening the lines of communication may be to convince Ugg, the village **hill giant**, to translate.

If the PCs can manage it, they discover that the troll is seeking healing magic of some sort to treat her child. Without some sort of aid, the child will surely die soon. From her hiding place under the bridge, the troll has attacked people in an attempt to acquire some manner of healing magic, but she has so far been unsuccessful. She won't pursue potential targets beyond the confines of the bridge because she's afraid that her baby will fall victim to local wildlife or passers-by in her absence.

PCs that take time to approach cautiously and succeed at a DC 10 Wisdom (Perception) check will note the sickly coughing noises of the baby troll. This may be sufficient to clue them in on the nature of the encounter.

If the PCs can somehow make it clear that they wish to help, the troll immediately halts her attack and begs for aid and mercy. If present, Ugg, being a kind-hearted soul, takes particular pity on the troll and insistently attempts to make her intentions clear to the PCs. If they can produce any sort of healing magic and use it on the baby, the mother troll will be very grateful and give the PCs the entirety of her small treasure hoard in repayment. Once her baby is out of danger, she takes it and departs the area swiftly, heading off into the woods to find seclusion.

GM's Note. It is entirely possible that, should the PCs be in danger of dying in a later encounter

in this module, this troll may make an appearance on the PCs side to swing the tide of battle. This is a one-time repayment of the favor as a further show of gratitude.

If the PCs fail all attempts at a peaceful resolution, or simply don't allow one to happen, the mother troll fights to the death and the baby dies a few minutes later from its illness, perhaps even in the PCs presence. Ugg, if present, is distraught, and he admonishes the PCs for only seeing "monsters" when they look at someone different than them, including himself. Further interactions with Ugg will be colored by the violent resolution of this encounter.

The troll has collected a small pile of "shinies" from its victims: 52 gp, 65 sp, three small 50-gp rubies, and a lady's necklace worth 100 gp.

QUEST IV: MEMORIES OF BROCKENDALE

Elanour the poltergeist (see "New Monsters and NPCs") haunts the ruined old Castle Brockendale, where deep within can be found the scabbard of Lord Pemberton's sword—along with other lesser treasures. This scabbard, though the PCs won't know it yet, will be necessary if they are to defeat the dragon.

First, though, they've got to get into the ruins.

Castle Brockendale has clearly seen better days. Much of the castle is in ruins and few outside walls remain unbreached. Over the years, various vines and other climbing plants have taken hold in the rough and broken stonework that litters the ground. Some of the stonework appears to be covered by old dilapidated cobwebs of usual size. However, a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception or Survival) check can determine that one particular mass of webs appears to be fresher than those surrounding it and of sturdier construction. A successful DC 15 Intelligence (Nature) check will alert the PC to the fact that these are the webs of **giant wolf spiders**. The outskirts are home to a number of the creatures.

Read or paraphrase the following as they approach:

The castle now looms over you, its skeletal ruins stark against the grey sky. Whether or not it actually is haunted, it certainly looks the part.

For an instant, you think you see a light in one of the empty, ruined windows—but it is gone; probably a figment of your imagination. Before you can consider what you may have seen, something moves amongst the rubble—several somethings, scuttling rapidly towards you, fangs dripping with venom...





Four **giant wolf spiders** have recently set up house here in the ruins. They've managed to trap and ensnare various woodland creatures, an unfortunate lizardfolk and other travelers who have come within their reach.

They have no other purpose than securing the PCs in their webs and taking them back to their lair under the crumbled stonework and stuffing them into their larder for later consumption. If more than half of them are killed or seriously injured, they retreat into their lair in the hopes that the PCs will move on and more easily-caught prey will come along.

Should the PCs pursue the spiders into their lair, they are in for a hard fight, as much of the webbing in the narrow entryway is kept in fresh for defensive purposes and will therefore stick readily to any non-spider creatures who make contact with it. Creatures caught in the web are restrained. A successful DC 12 Strength or Dexterity check ends this effect. The close quarters inside the lair make it easier for any surviving spiders to ensnare PCs in fresh webbing of their

own (reduce the DC for the web attack to 10 instead of 12 within the confines of the lair), with similar checks needed to free themselves.

Setting fire to the lair from outside destroys the lair. The spiders inside are not fools, and flee the lair rather than burn inside it. Escaping spiders are not interested in continuing the fight, but instead scatter among the ruins until the PCs give up pursuit.

Characters who examine the lair find a number of corpses cocooned within. While most are just various animals that have wandered too close, two of them are different. One is the corpse of a lizardman that has been here some time. Amid its desiccated remains can be found a small pouch with three gems (worth 67 gp total) and a *spell scroll of fear* (spell save DC 15). The second body was, at one time, human and a search of its remains turns up a further 40 gp in coins and miscellaneous trinkets.

Once inside, the PCs can search the ruins. However, Elanour will not be happy about this intrusion and will harass and attack them at every

opportunity. Lady Sybil's grandfather, once Lord Pemberton himself, had an affair with the poor, unfortunate Elanour, a scullery maid at the castle.

While not entirely uncommon among the rich and powerful of the time, for old Lord Pemberton this proved to have devastating results. The assignation resulted in Elanour's pregnancy, and infuriated Lady Sybil Pemberton's grandmother, the Lady Pemberton of the time. Elanour was locked in the castle dungeons and given no light and the barest of prison rations. When the baby was stillborn 7 months later, what emerged was deformed and hideous due to malnutrition.



This was all the excuse Lady Pemberton needed to have Elanour executed as a witch who had cast a spell over Lord Pemberton to steal his affections from her, thus restoring her honor while eliminating her rival. A short time later, Elanour's spirit, now a poltergeist, began making itself known and persecuting Lady Pemberton. The castle was swiftly abandoned and Lord Pemberton lived the rest of his days in shame over what had happened while Lady Pemberton carried the secret to her grave.

Defeating Elanour's poltergeist through combat is possible—though difficult—but the ideal solution is to send Elanour peacefully to her rest. In order to do this, she must be pardoned by the current Lord Pemberton. Securing some evidence of the heinous nature of the crimes will go a long way toward convincing Pemberton and especially his wife. There are a number of ways of doing this. The PCs could, perhaps, convince Elanour—a DC 16 Charisma (Persuasion) check—to tell them her story and then relay it to the Pembertons, requiring another DC 16 Charisma (Persuasion) check to convince them of its veracity.

In the castle kitchen, hidden in a secret slot in the stonework of one of the still-standing walls, is a diary written by Elanour herself. It details the events of her affair with Lord Pemberton and the days leading up to her imprisonment. A DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check is required to locate the proper stone to move.

If the PCs descend to the dungeons, they find the cell that Elanour was held in. A successful DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) check reveals that, secreted in the frame of the prison bed is a note written on cloth torn from Elanour's dress addressed to her dead son. The note tells the rest of the tale, and along with the diary, will suffice to convince the current Lord and Lady Pemberton of the events in question. They will issue a Writ of Pardon to dismiss the charges against Elanour. Any other reasonable course of action the PCs can come up with that has the same basic result should be allowed. Elanour herself, if spoken

to, demands an official pardon, as the old Lord Pemberton is no longer alive to apologize.

If the PCs can obtain the writ and read it aloud in the ruins, Elanour's spirit will be will silenced forever. If they succeed in dismissing the poltergeist, read the following:

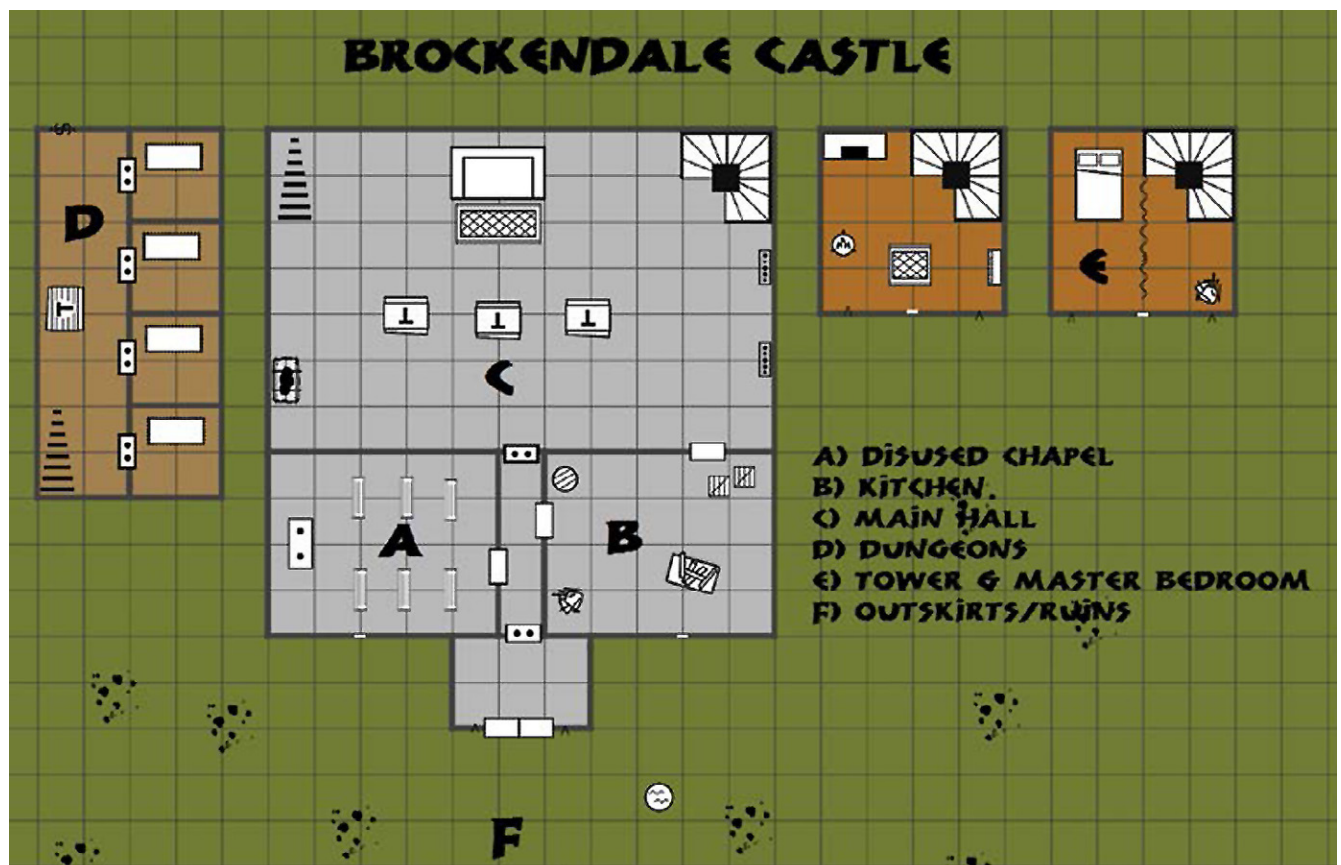
You read the writ aloud, your voice echoing in the empty halls. The wind whistles through the ruins, and then—for a moment—it seems to stop. There is a silence, and you feel a presence, but there is also a sense of relief. And then there is nothing except a scrap of parchment, blowing on the wind, landing in the rubble at your feet.

The parchment, should the PCs read it, contains only the words "Thank you."

There's not much left of the castle. The only rooms which resemble structures are the master bedroom, a kitchen, and what appears to be a disused chapel. The rest is all pretty much rubble, although a series of stone steps cut into the corner of the main hall lead down to the upper dungeons.

The four cells of the upper dungeon are all open and empty and many of them are now exposed to the outside. One cell in particular seems to be largely intact but has obviously, at some point, been sealed off in such a way that very little light could enter the cell. This is, of course, Elanour's old cell. The cell has an iron bedstead in one corner and Elanour's poltergeist, if not encountered elsewhere in the castle, can sometimes be found inhabiting the cell keening to herself over the loss of her child.

Under the rubble of a collapsed wall in the upper dungeon lies a trap door that leads to the lower dungeons. A DC 20 Wisdom (Perception) check is required to spot the trap door beneath the rubble and a DC 18 Strength check is needed to move the rubble and expose the trap door. The lower dungeons housed the most dangerous and twisted of the castle's prisoners. Deemed too evil to be allowed to roam free, they were left to die within the confines of the castle when it was abandoned. These dungeons will be detailed in a separate adventure, for they eventually lead into



the Underdark. For now, should the PCs insist on investigating, there are 10 **skeletons** and a **wraith** (ex-prisoners) that block the way further.

A crumbling and worn stairway at the back of the main floor leads up to a single remaining bedroom. A portion of the stairway has deteriorated and fallen away, requiring a DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check to negotiate its upper section without assistance. Once the characters reach the bedroom, they can find the long-lost scabbard and a small locked chest under the bed. The chest contains 142 gp and a ruby worth 75 gp. The scabbard was overlooked in the rush to pack and leave the castle after yet another of the poltergeist's attacks.

The kitchen stinks, and is home to a **grick**. It attacks the PCs on sight. It has recently fed on the corpse of a giant wolf spider it managed to kill and so is only fighting to defend its new home. A sufficiently robust attack by the PCs could be enough to drive it off. The grick has a lair in the corner of the kitchen, under a fallen wall, and in that lair is a small amount of treasure: a mithral chain shirt, a silver short sword, and the bones of several unfortunate victims.

When the PCs return the scabbard to Lord Pemberton and Lady Sybil, they are thanked profusely and each given an emblem depicting the Pemberton crest, which, if worn, will encourage merchants within the county to give them a 10% discount on goods in addition to any other deals they may receive.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

Aside from the lower dungeon and the door to the Underdark, PCs can investigate the chapel. If the GM wishes, they may find a small ornate but broken relic here. Taking this relic to the Hengistbury Temple and Lady Pemberton may see the PCs tasked with recovering the remainder of the relic which is no doubt hidden in one of the many other nests of giant spiders located in and around the Castle ruins. Perhaps the reassembled relic contains a blessing or boon that would be valuable to the PCs.

QUEST V: LIZARD'S LAMENT

Lizardfolk have been a thorn in the side of fishermen for years. Territorial and aggressive, the lizardfolk tribes of the Fogmoor think nothing of attacking humans. The tribes, a couple of dozen members each, don't get on well with each other, either; it is not known how many tribes there are, but some of them have been documented:

Bigshadow, Bonetongue, Cavernsnapper, Damnbane, Deathgouger, Dreadbasher, Droolhunter, Madstalker, Nightshade, Pitrot, Rantburner, Rantfury, Screamghost, Spinepuke, Stinkchain, Thiefbane, Tombgouger, Tombhand, Vomitshred, Wormchain

One particular tribe, the Cavernsnappers, has been particularly aggressive lately and are responsible for the deaths of a half-dozen fishermen. They attack suddenly and without mercy, pausing only to loot the bodies before disappearing into the Fogmoor.

Read the following when the PCs encounter a fisherman:

"Why can't that Lord of ours clear out the lizardcreeps, that's what I wanna know! Last week it was Percy, and the week before that Barry's daughter Elsie was killed. They took her engagement ring, y'know!"

Barry's fishing hut is located on the opposite side of the river from Hengistbury along the northern edge of the Fogmoor. If the PCs seek out Barry, they find a distraught man alone in his hut. After losing his wife a year ago—and now his only daughter—Barry has nothing left to live for. When the PCs discover him, he is kitting himself out for a foolhardy solo mission into the Fogmoor. Barry has strapped a rusty sword to his back, a pair of fisherman's knives to his waist, and carries an old crossbow with a half-dozen bolts. Completing this ensemble is a worn studded leather tunic bearing the emblem of Lord Pemberton.

Barry is desperate for revenge and is hard to convince of the foolhardiness of his mission. He believes he is the only one who cares about what has happened to his daughter and the other

fishermen in the area. If the PCs can show some genuine concern and interest in Barry's problem, it may slow him down enough to talk him out of it temporarily. It takes a DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check and a promise to recover Elsie's engagement ring to talk him out of what would certainly be a suicide mission. If the PCs do this, award them each 500 XP; if they do not, he heads out into the moor alone and is never heard from again.

The Fogmoors remain a dangerous place; rules for navigating the misty moors are presented in Quest II: Hound of the Fogmoors.

If the PCs are unable to convince Barry to abandon his course of action and attempt to accompany him into the Fogmoors, they quickly discover that he is a liability. Barry is more at home on the river in his boat or along its shores and has very little skill when it comes to navigating the treacherous ground. Any Wisdom (Survival) check Barry makes to travel safely through the Fogmoors is made at disadvantage due to his unfamiliarity with the terrain. Left to his own devices, he clearly won't survive more than a few minutes.

Barry can take the PCs to where Elsie was killed. It is a place where the Fogmoors close in closest to the river, about 300 yards down the bank from his hut. There are still bloodstains there on the riverbank, and he breaks down into heartfelt sobs. After comforting Barry or reassuring him, the PCs can easily spot the tracks of lizardfolk leading into the Fogmoors. Three DC 12 Wisdom (Survival) checks are needed to track the lizardfolk to their camp. The PCs may make as many checks as they wish, but each time they fail a check they encounter creatures:

ENCOUNTERS

1d4 Encounter

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1 | 1d6 crocodiles |
| 2 | 1 giant constrictor snake |
| 3 | 2d4 giant frogs |
| 4 | 2d6 stirges |



Once the PCs have spent some time in the Fogmoors and successfully made their checks, read or paraphrase the following:

You come into a small clearing. The stink you have been smelling for the last few hundred yards seems to come from this place. A low fire burns in the center of the clearing surrounded by mud huts.

Standing around the fire are three reptilian humanoids with green scales, short, toothy snouts, and thick alligator-like tails. With them is a bright-eyed lizard, larger than a horse. As it hisses in anger, a brightly colored frill extends around its neck.

Once the 3 **lizardfolk** realize they have been invaded, they waste little time and prepare to defend themselves and their home. The real danger here is the giant frilled lizard. This creature uses **giant lizard** statistics, but has 50 hp, AC 14, and has the Spider Climb feature.

Once combat has ended, give the PCs a moment to search the bodies. No ring can be found. After a moment or two, or if the PCs attempt to enter any of the huts, read the following:

A green and twisted female humanoid shape emerges from one of the huts. Knots of dark, moldering hair spill over the features of this sickly, thin, green-skinned crone. The terrifying old hag cackles with delight, holding up a copper ring on a leather cord.

“Why did you come to Fionnguine’s camp? Were you looking for this? Is this what you’re looking for?” she laughs, before cackling again with deranged laughter. You hear a noise behind you, and turn to see another pair of lizardfolk rising from the swamp.

As the combat is joined, the cackling of the **green hag** Fionnguine’s mad laughter, mixed with the hissing war cries of 2 more **lizardfolk**, can be heard throughout.

Even for a hag, Fionnguine seems completely unhinged. The hag takes every opportunity to cackle at and taunt the PCs over the ring. She uses her *invisibility* to attempt to get a position behind a PC and attack with her claws. If the battle turns against her she will attempt to sneak off and use *tree shape* to disguise herself, returning once the PCs have dropped their guard in order to try to finish them off.

Once the fight is over, the ring can be collected

from the hag. Anyone searching the huts with a DC 15 Intelligence (Investigation) check finds the following: 13 gp, 150 sp, a carved stone Idol (30 gp), one silvered longsword, one *spell scroll of continual flame*, and one *oil of slipperiness*.

Returning the ring to Barry causes him to break down weeping. After the long, racking sobs have stopped he thanks the PCs for their efforts and for showing him that there are folks who still care enough to go out of their way to help people. Read or paraphrase the following:

“Pardon my grief, good sirs. It is a hard thing to lose someone you love and had so much hope for. I’d all but given up hope, but you’ve shown me that there are still folks in these parts that can be counted on to help a man in his time of need. For that, I thank you. If ever I can do a good turn for you, I swear I shall.”

GM’s Note. PCs who have completed this quest who find themselves in trouble on or near the river may find Barry coming to their aid as best as he is able.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

The Fogmoors are infested with various tribes of lizardfolk. No doubt at least three more are being led by hags of various types. Allowing them to form a coven would be disastrous and should be prevented at all costs.



QUEST VI: ESCORT SERVICE

Seven-Foot Dan, the stuttering apprentice to Rorus Klain, the village blacksmith, approaches the PCs with a request after they return to town having successfully completed any other quest:

“R-r-r-r-rrrr-Rorus asked if y-y-you would come and ss-s-see him...”

Rorus Klain has a shipment of hunting knives which need to be sent upriver to the neighboring county of Lanickshire to the East. However, there have been reports of bandits of late, and the cargo has a high value, so Rorus needs someone to protect the shipment as it makes its three-day journey to the border of Holdenshire. At that point, the responsibility will be handed over to another group.

Rorus is gruff but kind. He is worried about his business and is trusting the PCs to deal fairly with him only because every other option he can think of has failed. Read or paraphrase the following:

“I’ve had me fill of losing cargo to bandits. No one ’round ’ere seems to know how to handle t’em. I figure you lot stands a better chance ’n most. If ye’ll take me goods upriver to Borcester and hand ’em off to t’eir local carter wit’out losing any, I’ll pay ye handsome and well. T’in out some bandits and I’ll pay ye even better t’an t’at.”

Rorus offers 100 gp apiece, plus a 10 gp bounty for each bandit slain while protecting his cargo. He has no time for foolish questions and expects the PCs to take care of the details themselves. He can be bargained up to 125 gp each, and a 15 gp bounty with a successful DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check. He sees further attempts to haggle as a waste of his time and refuses to discuss the matter further. If the PCs balk, then he simply writes them off as either incompetent or afraid and will make other arrangements at a later date with someone else.

Rorus will answer any two of the following questions before brusquely dismissing the PCs

and impatiently sending them on their way.

What is the cargo?

“Some of me finest weapons, not for your use, mind. T’e garrison out of Lanickshire needs ’em.”

Whom do we deliver it to?

“Ye’ll be met by a carter. Dunno which one, but he’ll drop a proper signal t’ree days hence. Met’inks ye’ll probably want to be well on time. He’s not likely to wait on ye.”

Why does the garrison need these weapons?

“Don’t know. Not me business to know. I gets me orders and I fills ’em. Not yer business to know, eit’er.”

Do you know anything else about the bandits?

“I do not. T’ey comes out of the woodwork once ye gets away from town. Not been meself, so I can’t say for sure where ye’ll find ’em. I suspects t’ey’ll find ye on t’eir own.”

Can you give us some weapons (or tools or supplies)?

“Does I looks like a charity to ye? Not enough am I paying ye? If ye’re doing t’e job, go do it! Stop wasting me time!”

How do we get back?

“How do ye get back?! Ye take t’e barge, of course! It’s not like t’e damned t’ing only goes one way!”

The journey takes three days by river barge, and attacks can happen at any time of day or night. The PCs should provision themselves accordingly and establish a watch schedule. The barge makes regular journeys both upstream and down, but is primarily for hauling freight and not passengers. Anyone staying on the barge will have to provide for their own shelter among the cargo.

The barge is poled upstream by two men (**commoners**, proficient with a quarterstaff—the barge pole). If asked, they can confirm the reports of bandit attacks and the regularity of their run schedule. Both of them are relatively new to the barge, the last pair having been killed in a previous bandit raid. Not only do they have little new information to add, they are nervous about the journey.

Every 8 hours (that's three times per day), roll for the possibility of an attack. There is a 1-in-6 chance of attack on the first day, and 2-in-6 on subsequent days (on average this will result in two attacks over the entire journey). If an attack is indicated, roll on or choose from the following table (1d8):

ATTACKERS

1d8 Attackers

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | 1d4 goblins and 1 goblin boss |
| 2 | 1d4 bandits and 1 bandit captain (river pirates) |
| 3 | 1d6 lizardfolk |
| 4 | 1 sea hag |
| 5 | 1d6 merfolk |
| 6 | 1d4 giant frogs |
| 7 | 1d4 stirges |
| 8 | 2d4 giant octopi (squid) |

Establish which hour of the 8-hour shift the attack occurs in by rolling 1d8. During attacks, the barge-men do their best to hide among the cargo. They only act to defend themselves if personally attacked. If a barge-man is killed, one of the PCs will have to take over pole duty (a DC 15 Strength check every 8 hours). It isn't difficult work, but it does require continuous effort.

When the PCs are three days upriver, assuming they are on schedule (no reckless side treks to pursue enemies through the wilderness, etc.), they see a freight dock adjacent to a small village much like the one they left. A man stands next to a horse and cart here and waves to them. Once they are in earshot, he calls out to them and helps tie up the barge.

If the PCs are late, there is no one at the dock to greet them. Asking around may eventually reveal that the carter is at the local inn sitting down to a meal. He will be quite cross with the PCs for the delay as it has thrown off his schedule. Some small recompense on the PCs part may help smooth things over, but otherwise he remains irate and suggests to the barge-men that Rorus should find a better escort in the future.

Once the freight is unloaded and on the cart, the PCs are free to return to Hengistbury by whatever means they can find. If they wait for the barge, it leaves the next morning once again loaded with freight. The return journey is uneventful, the PCs having sent any possible bandit groups back to lick their wounds for a time.

GM's Note. If the PCs decide to go overland back to Hengistbury, they can do so. Either fill in the time with random encounters or continue to roll on the table above. Keep track of the time. On the third day the barge will have returned by river without the PCs aboard. This may or may not be a cause for concern depending on how they have been doing. If the PCs stumble into a regular encounter location go ahead and put them through it. Depending on the rumors they have heard and paid attention to they may or may not know what the objective is.

Once they return, Rorus will pay them what he owes. Bandit kills can, and will, be confirmed by the barge-men if no other proof is offered.

If the PCs arrived on time read or paraphrase the following:

Rorus is evidently quite happy to see you. With a big grin on his bearded face he says, "At last! Ye've returned. And here was me t'inking ye'd not come back at all. All arrived safe and sound I trust? Good! Good! Ye've done me a great service for which I am truly grateful. I dare to t'ink we've seen t'e last of bandits 'round here and I may have work for you in t'e future. Now, let's settle up."



If the PCs arrived late to the drop-off, the barge-men will report this to Rorus. Read or paraphrase the following:

Rorus' face betrays his anger at the news. He turns his scowl to you and says, "Bah! Your dilly-dallying and fait'less disregard for my shipment has cost me time. Who knows but t' garrison needed t'ose weapons to defend some poor town from goblins! Now ye might have cost t'em! T'e lives of t'e innocent are in danger. Ye're fools! Take ye pay and get gone from my sight!"

Rorus counts out the coins and tosses the sack on the ground at your feet before storming off.

GM's Note. Rorus is *the* town blacksmith in Hengistbury. PCs wanting repairs or new gear from him will have to deal with the outcome of this mission and Rorus' attitude towards them because of it. The only other option is to travel to Thornbury and hope the smith there hasn't heard how badly things went.

Regardless of the amount of XP earned from these attacks, the PCs earn a minimum of 4,000 XP total for this mission.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

If the PCs do well, Rorus can be counted on to provide additional shipments for them to escort to various locations around the county. This will provide a reasonably easy supply of coin and experience for a while. Whether they all go as well as this one is up to the GM.

QUEST VII: PANDORA'S BOX

The Mortimer brothers have managed to get in over their heads. They've obtained a curious box from Tamas Agrens, the local sage, and have made the mistake of opening it. It is, in fact, a box designed to summon a nefarious entity from the depths of hell—a bearded devil called Kazyk. The devil is in a bad mood: he's recently come from an eternally flaming forest after failing to obtain some important documents for his infernal masters only to be sent out after more paperwork which he subsequently also failed to acquire.

This encounter can occur in any location at any given time. If the PCs are out strolling along to another quest and pass a stand of trees or a secluded section of the moors for instance, feel free to drop this on them. Ideally they should be within a stone's throw of the village, but hidden from prying eyes. When appropriate, read or paraphrase the following:

You've only been walking along for a few minutes when, out of the corner of your eye you catch a bright flash in the distance. Heading towards the flash you can hear a voice that is at once pleading and annoyed.

"Now look, boss. I already told you I was sorry. How was I to know the papers were ... hey! Who are you kids?! What am I doing here?! Who gave you permission to summon me?!"

Upon entering the clearing the characters see the Mortimer brothers—Gord and Beej at least, Poke if he has already been rescued from the fauns and Spring-Heeled Jack.

The Mortimers are huddled together in fear some small distance away from an open, ornate, box. A dark, smoky light pours from the open box and, standing in the center of the light as it fades, is a somewhat bewildered and increasingly annoyed-looking bearded devil. His beard writhes and twitches and his awful, fang-filled mouth opens and closes in confusion as he looks around this small clearing. Finally, his eyes light upon you and he turns to face you, pointing one horrendous claw in your direction.

"You there! Yes, you! You better have a good explanation for dragging me out of my slumber like that! What's going on here and who are these children? Well? Speak up!"

Most likely, the PCs are as confused as the Mortimers. Assuming they don't immediately attack, they can learn some interesting things and possibly find an ally.

The Mortimer brothers are too frightened to be much help—every time the devil looks at them, their sniveling and crying intensifies. If the PCs can calm them down enough to talk, using a DC 15 Charisma (Persuasion) check and some soothing words, the oldest Mortimer, Gord, will collect himself enough to relate the following story, which is presented here as text you can paraphrase or quote to taste.

The Mortimer brothers love their little pranks and tricks and a few weeks ago they played a trick on Tamas Agrens while he was passing through the village. It was harmless enough as these things go and most people, once they get over the initial surprise, tend to laugh along with the boys and pass it off as youthful enthusiasm. However, Tamas seemed to have been more upset than most and chased the boys around the village for several hours, much to the amusement of everyone watching. When the boys finally lost the Sage in the woods, they returned home and thought nothing more of it.

Two days ago Tamas returned and appeared to have forgotten all about the incident himself. Upon being approached by the boys he complimented them on their wit and apologized for reacting so poorly to their fun on his previous visit. He then presented them with a special package full of the best pranks and gags he had found on his wanderings. If the boys could promise not to share what was inside the box with anyone else until they had learned to master the tricks inside, he would guarantee they would be the proud owners of the most clever, most subtle and most fun tricks for miles around. The boys agreed and, for a small enough price, he sold the boys the box now in front of them. After a day of deciding on

the best way to go about it, the boys came out here and opened the box to see the tricks inside.

Upon hearing this the bearded devil is, if anything, more shocked than the PCs are at the turn of events. Fortunately, he has some problems of his own and sees an opportunity. He wheels on the terrified Mortimers and sneers:

"What?! Oh, you have got to be kidding me. Seriously? You fell for that old trick? Well, now you've done it.

"I'll say this for the old boy, he certainly got you good. By rights I should be tearing your souls from your bodies right now. You must have upset him something fierce for him to turn me on you. Fortunately for you, I think I know who we're dealing with here and I've got a score to settle with him.

The devil turns to you and continues, "My name is Kazykimelentagonfetanel, 5th Captain of Hell's Legions and ... well you can call me Kazyk. Now, understand, we're only having this conversation because I have bigger fish to fry than some wayward children who are not quite as clever as they think they are and a few raw-boned adventurers.

"A few days ago, I was sent out to get some important deeds. No, don't concern yourself with the particulars, you wouldn't like it anyway. All I ever seem to do is track down someone else's paperwork. It's damned aggravating. The old man who had them was exactly as clever as he thought he was and pulled a fast one on me.

"I do *not* like being tricked. Especially if it means that I get in trouble when I get back to Hell. You cannot imagine the tongue-lashing I got when I showed up and had to explain to my boss that not only did I not have the papers, again, but this time an old man had managed to bind me to a box."

Kazyk reaches over and taps the box the brothers opened. "Yeah, your wandering sage friend, may I use his skin for a rug, is a little more than meets the eye. But I have a plan you can help me with, which, I think you'll agree, is far better than the alternative." Kazyk grins in a way that exposes all his teeth and the rippling tendrils around his mouth, then winks. "Interested?"

At this point the PCs are free to make any decision they want. Kazyk is being honest (DC 15 Wisdom (Insight)), because it suits his purposes to be so at this time. Of course, this means he is also being honest about the consequences of refusing his offer. Hopefully, for the children's sake, the PCs agree to go along.

Once the party agrees to hear him out, Kazyk explains what he needs.

"Good. I'm glad you can at least see reason. Your sage friend is still somewhere in town. I can guarantee that because he won't want to wander far from this here box. He'll be thinking about getting it back.

"Tamas holds the deeds I need somewhere in his bag of goods. With those deeds I can get my boss off my back; I just need to find them. Unfortunately, one of my kind wandering into your village is likely to attract unwanted attention. What I want you to do is go through his things and find the deeds. They'll be on what looks like yellow parchment, tied with a green ribbon. Find them, bring them back to me. There are three of them and I need them all.

"Once you've brought them back to me I'll tell you how to free me from the box and then we can all go our separate ways.

"Fail, and...well. I'll be forced to take what spoils I can," he says as he eyes the children.

Things are just as Kazyk says. He will insist on the children remaining with him until the PCs return. He will not object to a PC remaining behind to ensure the children's safety in the meantime. Being a lawful, if evil, creature, he will honour his word not to harm the children unless the PCs fail in their task (DC 15 Sense Motive). For the children's part, they are unhappy with the arrangement, but can be convinced to not make trouble until the PCs return (DC 17 Diplomacy, DC 15 if a PC stays with them). If a PC remains with Kazyk, he has little else to say and will wait silently until the Party comes back.

Getting back to town should present no difficulties. Finding Tamas Argens is easy if the PCs think to go directly to the inn. Finding the

deeds needed is a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check if the PCs just grab his bags and go through the contents. Argens will protest and shout for the authorities unless he is silenced in some way or not in the immediate area. He doesn't usually stray far from his bags of goods, though. If the party decides to attempt a more stealthy approach, say by distracting Tamas in conversation and then sneaking up to the bags while he is engaged, it requires 3 successful DC 14 Dexterity (Stealth) checks to go through the contents of the bags without Tamas noticing.

If Argens or the PCs alert the local authorities, or the PCs tell Tamas himself what is going on, there will certainly be trouble. If a rescue party is mounted, Kazyk will hear them approaching long before they arrive at the site and will prepare accordingly. His first move will be to summon support and dispatch any PCs left behind to guard the children. Then he will eliminate the children themselves. This will not sit well with the village and the PCs may find themselves the target of some uncomfortable accusations for not dealing with the problem properly when they first encountered it. Tamas himself may be taken into custody and later executed for his role in the death of the Mortimer brothers.

Assuming the PCs retrieve the deeds and bring them back to Kazyk, he will accept them and release the boys into the custody of the party. If the PCs look, the deeds are written in Infernal on parchment made from human skin and are the deeds to the souls of Tamas, his wife, and their adult son, though they won't know these particulars unless someone reads Infernal. The family long ago foolishly made a pact with the devil in order to save their son's life during childbirth.

"Ahh. Excellent, just what I was looking for. Here, take the children and let's hope they've learned a lesson about being clever clods. I'd certainly hate to have to come back for them later," he says as he winks so that only you can see.

"Now, about this box. You'll have to smash it while

saying my name. My full name. Not this short thing we've been using. I hope you remember it because I cannot, now that we are talking about releasing me, repeat it to you. Them's the rules.

"One last thing before I go. It is just possible that if you get this right I could see my way clear to acknowledging your help in some concrete way in the future. Should you visit my realms, be sure to ask for me.

"Of course, if you screw this up, you'll be there ahead of me."

With a nasty chuckle he seems to disappear back into the box in another rush of dirty light and the lid snaps closed.

The PCs get one chance to get it right. Allow them each a single DC 15 Intelligence check to see if they recall the name should they need help.

Failing to destroy the box, or failing to remember the name and say it while doing so, has no immediate

effect. The next night however, when the PCs is sleeping or otherwise occupied and distracted, Kazyk will return of his own accord and have his revenge on the party for failing to release him.

Successfully destroying the box (a simple successful attack roll against an AC 10 will suffice) with the proper procedure releases Kazyk. At some future date, if the PCs find themselves in or near the realms of Hell for whatever reason or dealing with hell-spawned creatures, reciting Kazyk's full name will once again summon him to their side to offer whatever help he may. This help may come with a further price though, so PCs should use this judiciously and only in times of direst need. This is a one-time request and no further use of his name or encounters with him will result in aid to the characters.

The Mortimer brothers, for their part, run home as soon as they are able. They've had quite enough of pranks and tricks for a while

and have indeed learned a valuable lesson. This does not, however, prevent them from continuing to trick people once they have recovered—they're just a little more careful about who they choose to pick on and how. Boys will be boys.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

Someone should probably think to have a word with Tamas Argens. After all, this was a pretty nasty way to try to get revenge for a harmless little prank. Additionally, he *has* sold his soul, and those of his family members, to a devil. One might wonder if all the parties involved are aware of this and how to rectify the situation.



QUEST VIII: MANHUNTER

A few weeks ago, Brand Torek apprehended a pickpocket named “Tila” in Thornbury. Since then she has been locked in the only cell in Hengistbury. At least, she was until this morning, when she escaped. The lock was picked, and she had somehow managed to slip her manacles.

When the PCs are next in town and free of other obligations, Brand enlists the PCs aid to hunt the escaped prisoner. She’s had a one hour head start.

“Be careful—she’s a slippery one. She’s snuck into the storeroom and recovered her gear. As I recall she has a crossbow, a nice-looking dagger and short sword set, and some kinda fancy cloak. A lot of mechanical gear and fishing line, too. She might be trying to live off the land. I’ve asked around, and nobody saw her leave; she’s not very noticeable though, except for that red hair o’ hers.”

Karatilana “Tila” Torin is a **scout** with 34 hit points and an AC of 15, and she deals 2d6 extra damage on a successful sneak attack. This increases her Challenge to 2 (450 XP). She expects to be pursued and she is wonderfully adept at making traps. Throughout the following “stations” of the pursuit, she will progress, hour by hour, through each station. The PCs must make a Wisdom (Survival) check contested against her Dexterity (Stealth) (+6) to track her. If they fail the check, or fall victim to one of her traps, they neither gain nor lose ground on her pursuit. If they both fail to track her and fall victim to a trap, they lose one hour (for example, if Tila has a one hour lead, her lead increases to two hours). If they track her successfully and avoid the traps they gain an hour (for example, if she has a two-hour lead, her lead decreases to one hour). When the time difference between them is zero, the party finds her and can attempt to recapture her.

GM’s Note. It is probably faster, and makes more sense, for the PCs to avoid the traps they spot rather than spend the time disabling them.

Assuming the PCs do not waste time pursuing, Tila is on station 2 of the route when the PCs

begin. To help narrate the chase, each hour’s worth of travel is as follows:

1. Leaves Hengistbury to the west, heading along the bank of the river.

The first trap Tila lays is an *arrow trap* made from an arrow she managed to grab on her way out of town. A trip wire is rigged between two trees along the river bank. Triggering it looses an arrow from a concealed trap in the bushes along her path at the PCs.

Arrow Trap

Mechanical trap

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

This trap is triggered by a trip wire 3 inches off the ground stretched between two trees. The DC to spot the trip wire is 10. A successful DC 15 Dexterity (thieves’ tools) check disables the trip wire harmlessly. A character without thieves’ tools can attempt this check with disadvantage using any edged weapon or edged tool. On a failed check, the trap triggers.

When the trap is triggered, a single arrow is shot at the creature who triggered it. The arrow makes a ranged attack with a +10 bonus against the creature (vision is irrelevant to this attack roll). On a hit, the target takes 2d8 piercing damage.

2. Passes wizard’s tower and heads north, skirting the edge of the farmlands.

On the shore opposite the tower she has laid a series of *bear traps* and covered them over with straw from a nearby field. The out-of-place straw makes it easier to detect that something is here than it normally would be.

Bear Trap

Mechanical trap

Challenge ½ (100 XP)

Six of these traps are hidden across the field. This trap is triggered by a creature stepping on it. The DC to spot this trap is 8, due to the out-of-place straw. A successful DC 13 Dexterity (thieves’ tools) check disables the trap harmlessly. A character without thieves’ tools can attempt this check with disadvantage using any edged weapon or edged tool. On a failed check, the trap triggers.

When the trap is triggered, its metal teeth clamp onto the creature that triggered it, making a melee attack with a +5 bonus. On a hit, the creature takes 1d4 piercing damage and is restrained until the trap is removed. Removing the trap requires another creature to make a successful DC 10 Wisdom (Medicine) check. Failing this check does not remove the trap and deals the creature another 1d4 piercing damage.

3. Continues north along the west edge of the Weirwood heading towards the hills in the distance.

While skirting the woods, Tila has found a badger sett and rigged it into a *punji stake trap*.

Essentially a badger hole with downward pointing wooden spikes concealed just inside, the hole is just big enough and in just the right place for someone to step into it. When they do, the trap catches their leg and prevents them from moving. The target takes damage if it tries to move from that square or if a check made to free them fails by 5 or more.

Punji Trap

Mechanical trap **Challenge** ½ (100 XP)

This trap is made of a shallow, foot-sized pit with several wooden spikes protruding downward to trap the foot of anyone who unwittingly steps into it. It is concealed by a thin cover of leaves, making the DC to spot this trap is 15.

A creature who steps into this trap must make a DC 10 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure, the target is restrained. The target takes 1d4 piercing damage only if it tries to move from its current space or if it fails a DC 10 Dexterity (Acrobatics) or Strength (Athletics) check to escape.

4. Enters the hills and continues in a northerly direction.

Tila has sharpened a branch she gathered while near the woods and has made a makeshift spear out of it. She made this into a *javelin trap* which has been rigged to a trip wire in the scrub brush here in a pass between two low hills.

Javelin Trap

Mechanical trap **Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

This trap uses a trip wire to shoot a javelin at a single creature.

The trip wire is 3 inches above the ground and stretches between two small bushes. The DC to spot the trip wire is 13. A successful DC 16 (thieves' tools) check disables the trap harmlessly. A character without thieves' tools can attempt this check with disadvantage using any edged weapon or edged tool. On a failed check, the trap triggers.

When the trap is triggered, the wire snaps and a hidden javelin flies towards the creature who triggered it. The javelin makes a ranged attack with a +10 bonus against the creature who triggered the trap (vision is irrelevant to this attack roll). A target that is hit takes 1d6 + 3 piercing damage.

5. Passes through a valley, stops to drink from a shallow river.

The steep sides of the valley at this point make a perfect location for her to rig a *rock deadfall trap*. When the characters reach the rocky ground near where she stopped to drink, whoever is leading the pursuit must make a DC 13 Dexterity (Acrobatics) check or release the wire.

Rock Deadfall Trap

Mechanical trap **Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

This trap uses a trip wire to release rocks that fall upon all nearby creatures.

The trip wire is 3 inches above the ground and is hidden between two load-bearing stones. The DC to spot the trip wire is 13. A successful DC 16 (thieves' tools) check disables the trap harmlessly. A character without thieves' tools can attempt this check with disadvantage using any edged weapon or edged tool. On a failed check, the trap triggers.

When the trap is triggered, the wire snaps and causes a small avalanche of rock. All creatures within 10 feet of the triggering creature must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure, the creature takes 3d6 bludgeoning damage and falls prone. On a success, the creature takes half as much damage and remains standing.

6. Turns abruptly west again, along the cliff edge of a long gorge.

Tila crosses to the other side of the gorge via a rope bridge. She is happy to rig the bridge to fail and dump the PCs in the water below.

Rigged Rope Bridge Trap

Mechanical trap

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

The central board of this bridge has been rigged with razors that sever two load-bearing ropes.

The DC to spot the rigged board is 13. A successful DC 10 (thieves' tools) check disables the trap harmlessly. A character without thieves' tools can attempt this check with disadvantage using any edged weapon or edged tool. On a failed check, the trap triggers.

When this trap is triggered, the ropes that suspend the bridge are severed, splitting the bridge into two halves. All creatures on the bridge must make a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw or fall 80 feet into the river below. Characters who fall take 4d6 bludgeoning damage (the water somewhat cushions their fall).

7. Continues along the gorge-edge. At one point slips and almost falls in. Stops to rest.

Tial doesn't set a trap here because she needs time to rest. It would be a waste of time to also set a trap here, and she figures she is very close to escaping anyway.

8. Leaves the hills and heads straight across the plains for the border of Borchester.

If she reaches this point before the PCs, she is home free.

Catching up with Tila is one thing, capturing her is another altogether. It will mean some combat and she's no slouch there either. Brand would prefer her returned alive to complete her sentence, but will not complain too much if she ends up dead.

If they manage to kill or apprehend Tila, Brand lets them keep the criminal's gear. If the thief is returned alive, read the following:

"She won't be getting away this time, and Lord Pemberton doesn't look kindly on escape attempts. She won't be needing these for a long time."

The gear consists of 136 gp, one *mantle of spell resistance*, three *potions of cure wounds*, one suit of +1 *leather armor*, one +1 *dagger*, one +1 *short sword*, and one light crossbow.

If she escapes, the PCs may encounter her in a later adventure if they travel westward. Brand will be displeased, but there is little he can do about it, though he will not rely on the PCs to assist him in the future unless they prove more competent in other areas.



QUEST IX: ON SAFARI

Recently, tales of a strange creature roaming the hills northeast of Brockendale Castle—a chimera—have attracted the attention of local veterinarian Albert Wright. It is no secret that Albert has often dreamed of catching, examining, and possibly training rare and exotic creatures and he sees this as an opportunity to make his dreams come true.

Albert has no idea what the creature might be, but he comes to the PCs when they are in Thornbury to ask for assistance in finding and capturing it. Albert is well educated and smart enough to know he will need help in dealing with any extraordinary creatures he might encounter.

“Please, sirs. If I may trouble you for a moment? As you may know, I have an interest in strange and rare animals and I believe I have a line on one that may be exactly what I have been looking for! I wonder if I might impose upon you to assist me in capturing it? I’d be happy to pay for your services.”

Allow the PCs to ask a few questions of Albert. He is happy to explain that he is a veterinarian and that the heights—nay, the very pinnacle!—of the veterinary career has always been dealing with “the exotics,” as he puts it.

If pressed, Albert is forced to admit he has no idea what the creature in the hills is. All he can tell the PCs is that it sounds as if something has recently moved into the area and is preying on the local wildlife and stray farm animals. There have been some reports of missing livestock, but all that has been found are the occasional scorch marks on the ground near the remains of charred sheep. He doesn’t believe it could be a dragon, because the area is not known to have any suitable places for a dragon to have its den.

Albert offers the PCs 2,000 gp for their assistance in capturing the creature alive. A DC 17 Charisma (Persuasion) check and the right words can increase this to 2,500 gp, but in return for the reward increase, Albert stipulates that the creature must be brought back alive and relatively uninjured.

Once the PCs have agreed to assist Albert, read the following:

“Excellent! I knew I could rely on your help, I just knew it! Now, there is just one more thing to take care of and we can begin in earnest.

“In order to bring *whatever creature this is* in alive, I intend to tranquilize it! That should make things much easier for all concerned. The problem is, I’ve run out of tranquilizer and need to get more. Would you be so kind as to pay a visit to the wizard Sirkesalo and acquire an *oil of deep slumber* from him that I can use on my darts. Just tell him I sent you and ask him to put it on my bill!”

Without the *oil of deep slumber*, it will be significantly more difficult for the PCs to succeed without severely injuring or killing the chimera. Albert has already offered the PCs all his available money, so asking to be paid more for this—in Albert’s view—much simpler task isn’t going to sit well. If the PCs insist, Albert will be very disappointed in them and, instead of going after the creature today, will wait an additional three days: one to contact Sirkesalo’s assistant, Hunchbacked Roland, and a further two days for Roland to return with the necessary oils.

Oil of Deep Slumber

Potion, very rare

This midnight-blue oil seems to be flecked with silver, like stars in the night sky. The oil can coat 5 pieces of piercing ammunition. Applying the oil takes 1 minute. For 1 hour, the coated items is magical and instantly renders a creature with 100 or fewer hit points unconscious whenever it deals damage. The creature remains unconscious for 3d6 minutes, or until it takes damage.

Unfortunately for the PCs, waiting an additional three days gives the chimera ample opportunity to deplete the local supply of stray sheep and depart the area in search of more favorable hunting grounds. For the first day of waiting there is a 50% chance the chimera will depart; on day two, this rises to 60%; and on day three, 70%.

If the chimera leaves the area, there is no reward for the PCs and no experience awarded.

If the PCs agree to fetch the oils needed, it is a 5-mile trip up the river to the west to Sirkesalo's tower in the middle of the river. Upon the PCs' arrival there, read the following:

In the middle of the current, a small, rocky island serves as the foundation for what is clearly a wizard's tower. The top of the 90-foot tower ends abruptly, as if the top has been broken away, and scorch marks color the remains. A makeshift roof of boards randomly nailed together covers the exposed top. The rest of the tower is constructed of large stones which themselves are covered in layers of moss and lichen. Small, open windows dot the outer surface and smoke or steam rises into the air from at least two of them. A large door frame marks the only opening. The door to the tower is made of stout oak and covered in small runes. A clean, long-limbed young man leans against the tower watching you arrive.

The young man is, of course, Hunchbacked Roland. He is neither hunch-backed nor named Roland and he dislikes having to explain this to people. No one aside from "Roland" himself seems to know why this should be his name, nor the circumstances surrounding it.

Roland does not leave his station at the tower and will wait for the party to approach him before he says anything. As soon as the PCs start talking to him he interrupts them:

"Save your breath. The boss ain't available and ain't taking visitors. Kicked me out himself so he could focus on his research for the day. Don't expect him to be done any time soon. Might as well go back where you came from. Good day to you."

Roland is looking forward to having the day off, even if he has no specific plans for it. The PCs can't convince him to let them in to see Sirkesalo. Roland knows what the penalty is for disobeying his orders and no amount of diplomacy, bribery or other attempts to influence him will be successful.

However, if the PCs ask Roland about acquiring the *oil of deep slumber*, he knows enough about his master's business to be able to advise the PCs.

"More oil for the Vet, eh? Well, I just happen to know that the master was planning to make a new batch for Albert just the other day. Problem is he was out of some of the ingredients and was going to send me out today to collect them before he got sidetracked. Can't see why I should ruin a perfectly good day off looking for ingredients. You might as well go find them yourselves. Shouldn't take you more than half a day. Which is just as well: the master should be done with his research by then."

The PCs can, of course, refuse to collect the ingredients. This doesn't particularly bother Roland, since he has no intention of collecting them today, either. He is not concerned about any time constraints the PCs might be under and sees this as entirely their own problem.

If the PCs agree to collect the ingredients, Roland will tell them that he needs **5 lbs. of fine sand** collected from the middle of the river bed half a mile upstream. Roland can supply a bucket, but insists that the sand must be as fine as possible and free of any non-sand elements, requiring 3 consecutive successes on a DC 16 Wisdom (Perception) check or Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) to sort out the bad bits.

The other ingredient Roland needs is a **sackful of rose petals**. This is slightly trickier, as it involves an overland trek into the Weirwood to find a single grove of rose vines growing there. The grove is difficult to find; without assistance, it requires 2 successful DC 16 Intelligence (Nature) or Wisdom (Survival) checks to locate the grove. If asked, Roland recommends the PCs enlist the aid of Freya Aeval, the **pixie** who is usually found hanging out at the Bleeding Heart Tavern. She makes regular trips to and from the grove to get roses to plait into her hair and often takes Roland out to the grove to help him harvest the rose petals when needed. Roland will give the PCs a small, clean, white linen sack to hold the petals.

Going back to town and the Inn to find Freya is easy enough and she is more than willing to help the PCs if they explain why they are there and who sent them. She is a bit sweet on Roland and goes out of her way to make things easy for the PCs if she thinks it could score points with him.

“Oh yes. I would be most happily pleased to take you to the grove. Roland is ever such a nice man and any friend of his is most definitely a friend of mine. We have such nice times in the grove, I’m only sorry that he couldn’t come with us now.”

She takes a direct route that avoids any trouble and wastes as little time as possible. If the PCs attempt to find the grove without her help, each failed check results in a potential random encounter. Roll 1d4 on the following chart:

SAFARI ENCOUNTERS

1d4	Encounter
1	No encounter
2	2 lizardfolk ambush
3	2 wolves out hunting for a meal
4	2 giant spiders returning to their nest

Once the PCs reach the grove, read the following:

The Weirwood has been murky and dark up until now, but as you come around a tangle of briar you find one of the wood’s hidden treasures. Light streams through a break in the treetops and glistens on the dewed petals of thousands of bright red roses. As the light twinkles from leaf to leaf you see spread out before you a veritable garden of rose vines and the sweat scent of the roses wafts across the grove, filling your lungs. Small finches flit among the branches and their calls to one another lend a pleasant, restful sound to the atmosphere.

Freya flits over to the roses and picks one, then entwines it in her hair. “You see? It is so beautiful here and I’m always so happy to share it with Roland. You will tell him how helpful I’ve been, won’t you?”

Collecting the necessary rose petals takes 3 successful DC 14 Intelligence (Nature) or Wisdom (Perception) checks to find the freshest and purest rose petals. With the sack full, the PCs can then proceed back to town without further incident.

Once the ingredients have all been gathered the PCs can return to the tower and approach Roland. Telling him how helpful Freya was will earn them a wistful smile from Roland. He collects the sand and rose petals from the party and briefly inspects them.

“Looks like you’ve done a good job to me. Just you wait here and I’ll run them up to the Master. Shouldn’t be too long. Back in a bit. Don’t go nosing around.”

Roland leaves the PCs outside and heads into the tower, securing the door behind him. PCs making a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check can hear it being locked from the inside.

At this point, the PCs have nothing else to do but wait. Should they decide to poke around, the tower door is not only barred from the inside, but also magically sealed, courtesy of the runes carved into the stout oak. If this is not enough of a deterrent for the PCs and they insist on trying the door, have Roland lean out of the tower from a window above and shout down at them to leave things alone. If they persist, at least one of the runes is a *glyph of warding* that triggers a *sleep* spell, cast at 3rd level. Examination of the door will reveal several more runes like it, each with more serious effects should the party be unable to take the hint.

After an hour’s wait, the door to the tower opens again and Hunchbacked Roland emerges.

“The master said you did a fine job collecting ingredients. Almost as good as me. Here are your oils. Tell Albert his account is due next week. Good day to you.”

Roland turns over two small vials of *oil of deep slumber* wrapped in cotton wool and goes back into the tower.

When the PCs return to Albert Wright, he is anxious to get under way as soon as possible. He has already made arrangements for a horse and cart should the PCs be successful in capturing the beast. He has also acquired a number of good stout ropes and three large nets to bind whatever they find before bringing it back to his Veterinary offices.

Albert shows the PCs a blow gun and several darts and explains their use:

“Now, see what I have here? A simple blow gun used to propel these hollow darts. Each dart will carry a small amount of the oil you brought back and, if we can manage to inject the creature with the darts, it will sleep soundly until we can get it back to the cage I’ve prepared at my offices! We only have enough for five shots, though, so we have to make sure we get it right. Otherwise we’ll only anger it and, well, in that event we’d be forced to kill it, I’m sure. Can’t have that! It’s no good to me dead. I’m sure it won’t be a problem though—I’m quite good with the blow gun! I’ve put any number of livestock to sleep with it!”

Albert is determined to accompany the PCs, and no amount of talking him out of it will work. He feels he needs to be on hand should the creature, whatever it might be, be injured. He really does want the creature brought in as safely as possible, but knows that if things go wrong he’ll be forced to put it down and won’t baulk at doing so. Albert carries 5 additional darts laced with more lethal poison (deals an additional 10d6 poison damage) for this purpose that are not meant to tranquillize.

Once all preparations have been made the PCs and Albert set out to track down the creature.

The chimera can be found at the cave northeast of Brockendale Castle. Albert can lead them to the last reported attack site at a point half way between the castle and the cave. Once past the castle itself, the party will begin to see intermittent areas of scorched ground where the chimera has made kills recently. The skeletal remain of lost sheep will be in evidence in some of these areas.

Characters who succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom (Perception or Survival) check notice sets of lion-like footprints at some of the kill sites and determine the creature’s general direction of travel. Examining the carcasses requires a DC 12 Wisdom (Medicine) check and reveals what appear to be three distinct sets of bite marks. Once pointed out to him, Albert can identify them as those of a lion, a dragon, and, strangely, a goat.

Continuing northeast and making two more successful DC 14 Wisdom (Survival) checks eventually brings the party to the area of the cave.

You cross the top of a low will near the foot of a mountain range that you have been nearing for the past several hours. The area in front of you has been burned clear of all vegetation for a hundred yards in front of a cave mouth set in the lower reaches of the slope of the nearest mountain. The rocky approach to the cave will take some time to ascend, but you feel certain you have reached the end of your search for the creature.

You can’t be sure, but it feels as if you are being watched. A feeling of unease steals over your body.



If the party approaches during daylight, there is a 50% chance the **chimera** is within its cave and watching them. It has fed recently and is somewhat lethargic, but will attack the PCs once they are halfway up the slope. This will ensure that the party is on difficult terrain; the chimera will use this to its advantage while taking to the air. The nature of the approach is such that the PCs may take advantage of cover provided by the rocky slope and broken ground to defend against aerial attack.

Otherwise, it arrives on scene shortly after the PCs reach the cave entrance. The cave extends back approximately 30 feet and ends in a relatively flat wall. The floor of the cave is strewn with the bones and half eaten carcasses of previous kills. The smell of the rotting carcasses and the midden pile of the chimera are strong, but not overpowering. Characters who spend more than 2 rounds near the midden pile located near the back wall of the cave suffer the poisoned condition until they move closer to the entrance.

As soon as the chimera arrives read the following:

Albert's eyes light up and he lets out a whoop of joy. "A chimera! Look at that beauty! Hold him off until I can get him drugged!"

Albert attempts his first shot with the darts containing the *oil of deep slumber*. Albert is actually a good shot and has a +7 bonus to hit with ranged attacks. The PCs will likely want to engage in a defensive fight until Albert either drives a dart home or runs out of shots.

"That's got him! Stand back! He'll be out like a torch in a moment!" Albert turns to watch the chimera. "Thatta boy. Sleep. Sleeep."

If Albert runs out of the darts without incapacitating the chimera, he is smart enough and sensible enough to realize that the situation is hopeless.

"Dammit! It's no good! Take him down! No sense dying out here!"

He will then switch to his lethally-poisoned darts (he has a further 5 of these darts) and try to help the PCs put the chimera down as quickly as possible.

If Albert is killed, the PCs can attempt to use his darts themselves. Upon returning to the village, amid the sorrow over the loss of a good veterinarian, Lord Pemberton reimburses the PCs for their trouble, thanks them for returning the body, and offers Lady Sybil's assistance in recovering from any injuries.

If the chimera succumbs to the *oil of deep slumber*, Albert runs off to fetch the cart and horse and bring them as far up the mountain side as possible. He is very excited and will be in a great hurry. The party only has 3d6 minutes to secure the chimera before it begins to wake up. The minimum binding needed to secure the chimera includes its heads, wings, and feet. Anything less and the party risks having to fight it all over again.

Once loaded on the cart and secured by net and rope, the party can return to the village without further incident and secure the chimera in the cage Albert has prepared for it. He will take appropriate precautions to ensure it remains safely constrained and no further danger for the immediate future. Once this is done, read the following:

"Thank you! Thank you so much! I couldn't have done it without you! A marvelous performance, really!"

"Just think, my very own chimera! Think of the books I can write about its behavior. The dissertations I can give. The lectures! At last, I can make a name for myself! A live chimera!"

"I almost forgot! Here's your payment. Well deserved! Thank you once again, my friends, thank you!"

The PCs receive the agreed upon pay and Albert quickly becomes absorbed in studying the chimera.



If the PCs thought to search the chimera's cave, requiring a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check, they may also have recovered the following in among some of the more humanoid remains: an assortment of gems worth 150 gp, one *scroll of mirror image*, and a +1 *dagger*.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

What lies at the back of the chimera's cave? Perhaps a hidden entrance to the interior of the mountain? Maybe secret runes that can only be read when the moon shines just right into the opening? Certainly the chimera is a dangerous beast; perhaps it will escape the cage Albert has so carefully prepared for it. If it does, what damage will it do to Thornbury?

And what about that wizard's tower? What is going on in there? Something secret, certainly, but does it represent a threat to the residents of Hengistbury or is it just the tinkering of a washed-up wizard past his prime? Would it make it any safer if he was?

How about Hunchbacked Roland and Freya? Wouldn't they make the cutest couple? Surely the PCs can bring some influence to bear on their behalf. What could possibly stand in the way of happiness for these two?

QUEST X: TROUBLEMAKERS

A party of adventurers showed up in Thornbury two weeks ago, and they've been nothing but trouble ever since. No one is quite sure why they are here or what they want, but they would definitely prefer them to conduct their business and leave.

The Troublesome Adventurers, as the residents have begun calling them, consist of the warrior Mossad, Old Jovan the dwarf, and the rogue Andrew Nemeth, the *de facto* leader of the group. They've come to Thornbury at the insistence of Nemeth to locate a fourth adventurer who goes only by the name of Bluestone. Sometime in the recent past Bluestone was part of their party, but, when the group finally made a big score, Bluestone ran off with the loot.

They don't particularly have any reason to suspect that Bluestone is in the area aside from the fact that he was last seen headed in this direction from the west. Bluestone is, in fact, in Thornbury, but the Troublesome Adventurers haven't been able to locate him yet. Instead, they've been going around town poking and prying into various places trying to locate him and asking the residents of Thornbury various seemingly nonsensical questions to try to get a line on him. They have a tendency to turn up where they aren't wanted and have gotten into a number of arguments with the townsfolk.

Whenever the PCs visit Denhew's Pub 'n' Grub in Thornbury, there is a 70% chance that Bluestone is there as well. He isn't being particularly careful, although he has managed to avoid the Troublesome Adventurers so far. Bluestone will be seated at a table in a corner by himself trying to stay in the shadows, if possible. He is dressed in somewhat shabby brown robes and a battered straw hat which he tries to keep low over his eyes. There are about a dozen patrons in the bar already. The party has likely been in town long enough to be able to identify the regulars and know that the Troublesome Adventurers aren't from around here. Once the PCs have made themselves comfortable at a nearby table, read the following:

After a few minutes of enjoying your drinks, three men enter the Inn. You can hear several patrons groan quietly to themselves and at least one says, “Not *them* again.”

Without warning the skinny one thrusts out his arm and points to a man who has been sitting quietly in the corner up until now.

“You! Decided to drink up all our profits did you? We’ll teach you to steal from us!” He grabs a mug of beer from a nearby table and throws it at the man in the corner, but, in his anger, misses badly. The mug smashes against the wall and sprays beer all over you and your table.

The PCs can react as they see fit. However, this proves to be the last straw for several local residents who came in for a quiet night of conversation and drinks. With shouts of “That’s it!” and “I’ve had enough!” several patrons leave their tables and a bar fight begins.

The patrons, particularly Penner the Pig Farmer, Reg Bakerson, Donald Morrison the Thornbury forge master, and Logan Brokenbarrel, are somewhat emboldened by drink and begin laying into the Troublesome Adventurers with anything handy. They aren’t looking to kill them, just “teach them a lesson.”

GM’s Note. Use whatever NPC statistics you feel would make things most interesting for your PCs. The locals aren’t likely to be too careful when dishing out the hits and may “accidentally” involve the PCs in the brawl.

Old Jovan is a dwarf **thug**, and Mossad is a **thug**. Andrew Nemeth is a **spy** with 36 hit points and an AC of 14 who deals 3d6 additional damage on a successful sneak attack. This increases his Challenge to 2 (450 XP). Bluestone is a **mage** with 25 hit points who cannot cast spells above 3rd level. This reduces his Challenge to 3 (700 XP).

As soon as the fight starts the owner of the tavern, Horatio Denhew, attempts to calm people

down and warn them not to fight in the tavern. After the brawl has gone on for 3 rounds, he runs for the door and attempt to find Brand Torek or one of the other sheriff’s assistants to come break things up. 10 rounds later, Brand will show up with his part-time deputies, Yara Bloodclaw and Jayel, to bring the fight to an end. If this happens, everyone can expect to spend the night in jail cooling off and sobering up.

For their part, the Troublesome Adventurers have spotted Bluestone and make every effort to get to him before he can slip away in the confusion. They don’t draw weapons unless someone else escalates the situation, but they do defend themselves against whomever tries to engage them. Bluestone, in turn, panics as soon as he is identified, though he has trouble parting the *mêlée* and may resort to throwing spells to try to clear his path out the door.

The locals have a hard fight in front of them without PC assistance and several of them will no doubt suffer injuries. None of them should be killed, as that is not the Troublesome Adventurers’ objective.

However the PCs choose to interact, if the Troublesome Adventurers can be incapacitated they can be shown the door and told not to come back to town. In fact, they won’t return, as they recognize they’ve overstayed whatever little welcome they had. If Bluestone can be similarly taken out, the Troublesome Adventurers will leave town with Bluestone in tow.

If the Troublesome Adventurers win, but Bluestone escapes, they remain in the area and become even more belligerent than before, believing the locals are in with Bluestone and hiding him. If they capture Bluestone, they depart the area as above.

Experience should be awarded based on whom the PCs manage to disable. If they do nothing, there is no award for being spectators.

QUEST XI: PECULIAR, MOST PECULIAR

Something odd is happening at a place called Murray's Folly. No one is exactly sure what, but some of the local residents in Thornbury are worried.

Murray's Folly is a plot of ground located northeast of Thornbury. Fifty years ago a man named Lee Murray came to Thornbury, bought up building supplies, and marked out the plot. No one is quite sure where Lee came from except that it was from "somewhere north." When the locals asked him what he was building, all he would tell them was that the location had been revealed to him in a dream along with the details of a structure to be built on the ground. Taking it as divine guidance he began building.

Almost immediately he ran into trouble. The patch of ground he chose was filled with rocks and boulders of varying sizes and Murray spent the first two years trying to clear the ground of these obstacles. Once he had done that, other problems presented themselves.

Murray was neither an architect nor a builder. Every time he began erecting the structure, it would collapse after just a few days and he would have to begin again. The ground was infertile and nothing besides grass would grow on it; frequent trips into town were needed to keep himself supplied with food. Neither could he keep farm animals; within days they would either fall ill or run away. The townsfolk initially offered their assistance to Murray, but were either met with flat refusal or a reluctant acceptance that lasted for one short task or another; upon completion, Murray would curtly see them dismissed. Eventually they stopped offering, and Murray was left to his own devices.

Still he persisted. When wood turned out to be more problematic to deal with than anticipated, he switched to using the stones he had previously dug out of the field. Still, the structure would stand for a few days and then collapse again. For ten years Lee Murray tried his best to build what would become known simply as Murray's

Folly among the locals and made no appreciable progress.

Then, one day, people started to notice they hadn't seen Murray in town lately. A few of them made the trip out to his building site.

What they found there astounded them. No trace of Murray or his attempts at building could be found. The rocks he had dug out of the ground and attempted to build with were, it seemed to them, back in the ground exactly as if they had never been dug up. Murray's attempts at farming and turning the soil were erased and nothing but clean green grass was to be found growing in the area. For all intents and purposes it seemed as if Lee Murray had never existed and no tool had ever touched the ground. The townsfolk returned to Thornbury and reported what they had discovered. Since that time, no one has ever willingly set foot on the ground of Murray's Folly.

The river runs close by Murray's Folly and lately strange things have been reported by those who travel its waters in the area. Some folks are reporting that stones can be seen arranging themselves on the site. Other say that the sounds of farm animals can be heard late in the night as if there were dozens of pigs, chickens, and sheep living on the grounds. Several passers-by even report the sounds of hammering and pick axes coming from the place. No one is quite sure what to make of it all, but they all agree that it is no place to be after dark.

If the party goes to Murray's Folly to investigate they can discover the following pieces of information:

1. The rocks and stones scattered around the area are mostly unremarkable. However, a DC 14 Wisdom (Perception) check reveals that 28 larger stones and the four boulders located at the corners of the plot of land all bear faint markings, and very close inspection (DC 16) shows burn marks on several of them.

2. In their present condition, it is difficult to make any sense of the markings on the stones. However, the boulders appear to contain words in an ancient script not seen in the world for

at least 1,000 years. If a character succeeds at a DC17 Intelligence (Arcana) check, the writing can be deciphered partially (due to weathering and exposure) as the following four words: “hweogol,” “deasil,” “eventide,” and “nord” (“wheel,” “clockwise,” “night,” and “north”) along with a rough arrowhead shape.

3. Further inspection of the remaining marked stones, requiring a successful DC 17 Wisdom (Perception) or Intelligence (Investigation) check, may lead the PCs to conclude that the stones, weathered as they are, can be placed to form four rough stone circles, each with a single notch in them.

If the PCs place the stones, 7 each, at their nearest boulders and align the notches in the stones with the arrow heads on the boulders, they will have assembled what amounts to four individual combination locks. At this point it is fairly easy to examine the stone wheels, requiring a DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check, and note similar marking for “nord” on each wheel, but in different places on each.

If the PCs can’t figure out the locks, but decide to stay overnight in Murray’s Folly, there is an 80% chance that the “shift” described below happens spontaneously while they are there.

If the PCs attempt the following during the day, nothing will happen. During the night, if the party aligns the wheels by rotating them clockwise so that the word “nord” aligns with the arrow heads on the boulders, read the following:

As the final wheel is rotated into place you feel a strange queasiness in the pit of your stomach and it seems, just for a moment, as though something immense has moved and then settled back into place. The air smells somehow cleaner, but the usual night noises of crickets and night birds has suddenly stopped.

As you look around for signs of danger you are astonished to see that the world seems to end at the boundaries of Murray’s Folly. Beyond the edges of the grass there is nothingness. A vast, yawning blackness greets your gaze and it feels almost as if you are being

pulled into it, like standing on the edge of a high cliff and looking down between your feet. Except, there is no bottom to fall to; looking up is no better, the emptiness stretches up and up. You have nothing to use as reference beyond the plot of land itself and your mind is not happy with this.

When you force your gaze away from the emptiness you notice that all the stones you had thought scattered around the area are now piled in the center of the plot. Mixed among them are cut timbers and wood planks, a few farm animals roam the area and a tilled patch of garden sits to one side with some vegetables and other small crops growing in it. Perched atop the pile of stones sits a lone figure, seemingly staring off into the great empty vastness of black.

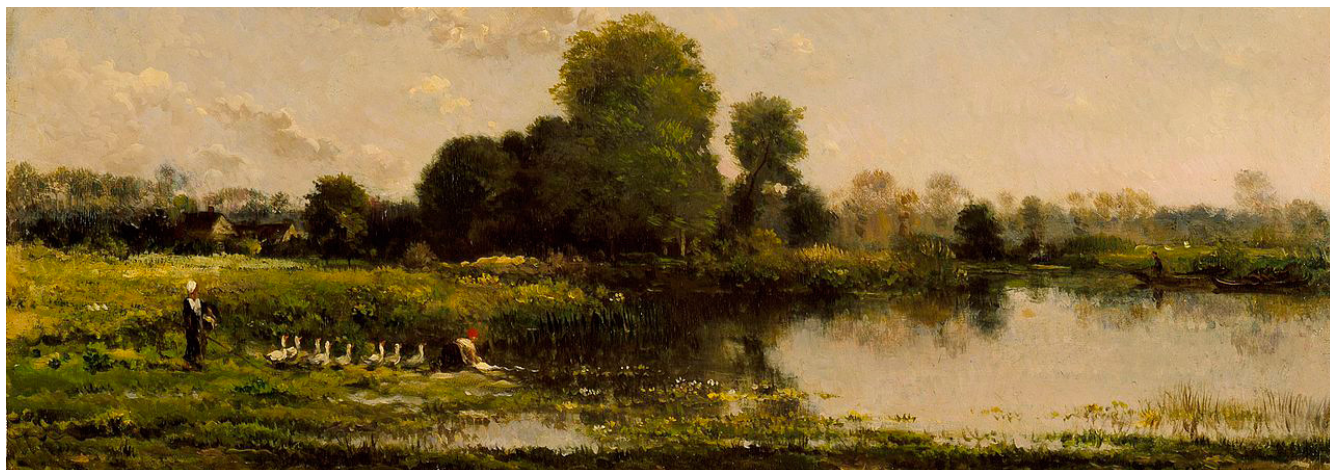
The PCs have unlocked and entered a pocket dimension consisting only of the patch of ground known as Murray’s Folly. When the PCs approach the figure on the stones they discover Lee Murray himself, sitting quietly. When they address him he says:

“So, it got you, too. I’m very sorry for that. I think we are all trapped here; I’ve been trying for the last few days to get out of this gods-forsaken place.”

Lee believes himself to have been trapped for only a week or so and has no idea just how much time has passed in the real world. Further questioning reveals the following:

“I think I’ve worked out part of it. There were always stories when I was growing up. The kind of stories a father tells his son about his family. Dad used to say that one of my relatives, many generations ago, was a famous, or at least well known, wizard. Dad said the old boy was a bit cracked, but nothing serious. Sometimes he’d disappear for a month or two at a time, once in a while for a year or more. When he came back, he never seemed to have aged. That’s what Dad said, at least.

“They used to have fights back then, you know. Two wizards would fight over new spells or old magic or whatever it is that concerns wizards. I think this was



the old boy's hiding spot. He'd come here until whatever danger had passed and then return home to find everyone a bit older and his rivals either long dead or having forgotten all about him.

"Somehow, I must have remembered about this spot. Maybe there is such a thing as ancestral memory. Maybe he passed the knowledge down somehow through the years and I was the only one foolish enough to act on it. All I know for sure is I woke up one morning and knew this place was here. Didn't know what it was or what it did, just that I had to come here and build on it. I guess shuffling all these stones around woke it up.

"At night it would flip back and forth between here and there, sometimes the whole thing, sometimes only parts of it, though I didn't know it. All that shifting around really messed up my plans for the building. Couldn't keep a thing growing. Animals would spook. Can't blame 'em. Once I worked out what was happening, it spooked me, too.

"Anyway, last week I moved some of the stones and they seemed a bit stranger than usual. Sharper, kind of decorated like, too. So I arranged them in a nice little pattern, thinking that'd make it kind of nice and pretty like to build around. That night, everything shifted all at once and I've been stuck here ever since. No idea how to get out. The stones are marked, but I can't read 'em. I'm truly sorry you are stuck here with me."

Lee doesn't have more information for the PCs, but, if they examine the pile of stones, they will find that these stones appear younger and less

weathered. It is an easy task (reduce all previous DCs by 2 if they haven't already worked out the lock mechanism) to identify the ones that make the lock. Reassembling them in the proper places will allow them to work the lock in reverse and escape the pocket dimension. Assuming the PCs don't waste time in the pocket dimension, it will be about noon two days later than when they went in.

Lee Murray is saddened to discover just how much time has passed, as he realizes that it means nearly everyone he used to know has probably passed on. He may spend a few days in Thornbury trying to work out what to do next. If the PCs think to arrange it, one of Lee Murray's few real skills is as a chandler—he can set up shop selling candles to the rest of the locals, some of whom may even recognize him from all those years ago.

Award the PCs 800 XP for working out the lock before the shift, or 600 if they didn't do it until after the shift.

Additionally, Lee Murray, if the PCs help him to settle in, can give the PCs a 50% discount for any light sources they may need such as torches, candles, and lanterns.

CONTINUING THE QUEST

Now that the PCs know how to work the lock to the pocket dimension, what other settings can they find for it and where will it take them? Will they all be pocket dimensions? Or have the PCs just found a way to visit other planes?

QUEST XII: KOBOLDS OF THORNBURY

This part of the adventure can occur at any time after the PCs have reached 3rd level. Read the following at some point when the PCs are in the village:

You hear a commotion, and turn to see a large crowd gathered outside the temple, all trying to push their way in. They're chattering excitedly; something has clearly happened. You can see Lady Pemberton's carriage tethered outside the temple.

When the PCs enter the temple, read the following:

Pushing your way through the crowd, you see Brand, carefully laid out on a stretcher. He is awake, and talking to Lady Pemberton, who is tending to him as those around them strain to watch. A short, black arrow juts out of Brand's leg, and his tunic is heavily bloodstained.

"I couldn't stop them!" you hear him gasp. Lady Pemberton nods, concentrating on cleaning the man's wounds. Seeing you in the crowd, Brand waves, beckoning you forward.

"They got her! They got Ariadne! I tried to rescue her, but I was only one man...against a horde of...those devils...ple-please...you must..." Brand's voice falters and he slips into unconsciousness.

Lady Pemberton can fill the PCs in on what she knows. Brand staggered into town about half an hour ago and collapsed in the street. He was carried into the temple, and Lady Pemberton summoned. Before the PCs arrived, Brand told her that his niece, Ariadne, has been kidnapped by kobold cultists. His attempt at a rescue failed.

Lady Pemberton looks at you with concern and fear in her eyes, "Quickly, go after them! Let no harm befall the child. Return to the Keep when you have news. Go now!"

Ariadne was kidnapped on the edge of town, near the river where she had been picking

flowers. There is a trail of Brand's blood that can be followed easily to the spot. A DC 12 Wisdom (Survival) check reveals that the kobolds boarded a boat and headed upriver towards Thornbury. A couple of frightened fishermen slightly upriver can confirm this.

The PCs can easily find the spot on the bank where the Kobolds disembarked. They will, of course, have bypassed the town. Another DC 12 Wisdom (Survival) check will lead the PCs inland to a dilapidated farm house.

The kobolds are using an abandoned farmhouse on the outskirts of the hamlet as a make-shift temple and base of operations. Their mission is to capture virgins (of any gender) and deliver them to Cirothe. Ariadne was, indeed, here, along with a young, spotty, red-haired lad called Boris. Unfortunately, both are halfway to Skull Mountain now, carried by winged kobolds.

Still, there are kobolds left for the PCs to clean up! A group of 3 **kobold cultists** and 2 **kobold hunters** (see "New Monsters and NPCs").

The kobolds give up all they know under light interrogation: it's not much of a secret. They happily tell the PCs that (1) the two captives are destined for sacrifice, (2) the dragon resides in Skull Mountain (a fact that everybody knows), and (3) the kobolds themselves hand off their captives to higher-ranking kobold cultists at a small shack about a mile from the mountain. These kobolds have never entered the dragon's lair, and have no desire to do so.

If the kobolds are all dead, Aus comes out of hiding nearby and berate the PCs for spoiling the kobold's plan. He had high hopes of following the kobolds to Skull Mountain and finally getting to see the wonderful dragon for himself. He will, however, be able to relate the details of the plan to the PCs because he has been listening to them for some time and they've not been discreet in discussing it.

One of the kobolds carries a map. This map can lead the PCs in the right direction to reach the Dragon's Lair, but only if they can manage to

get it translated from the Draconic language it is written in. Tillian Bricklebottom can perform this task if the PCs ask him. If not, they will have to find other means to read it.

The party should return to Hengistbury and deliver the news. Lord Pemberton, Lady Sybil and Brand are anxious to know of Ariadne's fate. If they do not seem to be heading back, remind them that no one knows what has happened.

When the PCs return to the Keep and tell what they know, read the following:

"My friends, you bring grave news indeed. And yet, I am not without hope. You truly are becoming local heroes." Lord Pemberton's sword is across his knee, clad in its ornamental scabbard. His hand rests lightly across it. Lady Sybill sits beside him, and Brand Torek leans heavily on a cane, clearly pained by his injuries, yet more pained by the news you have delivered.

"I must ask you to be heroes once more. A task which dwarfs the good things you have done for the county so far. A task which is so dangerous that I dare not ask anyone else. I'm sure you have guessed already: I want you to slay that evil dragon, Cirothe, and end its reign of terror.

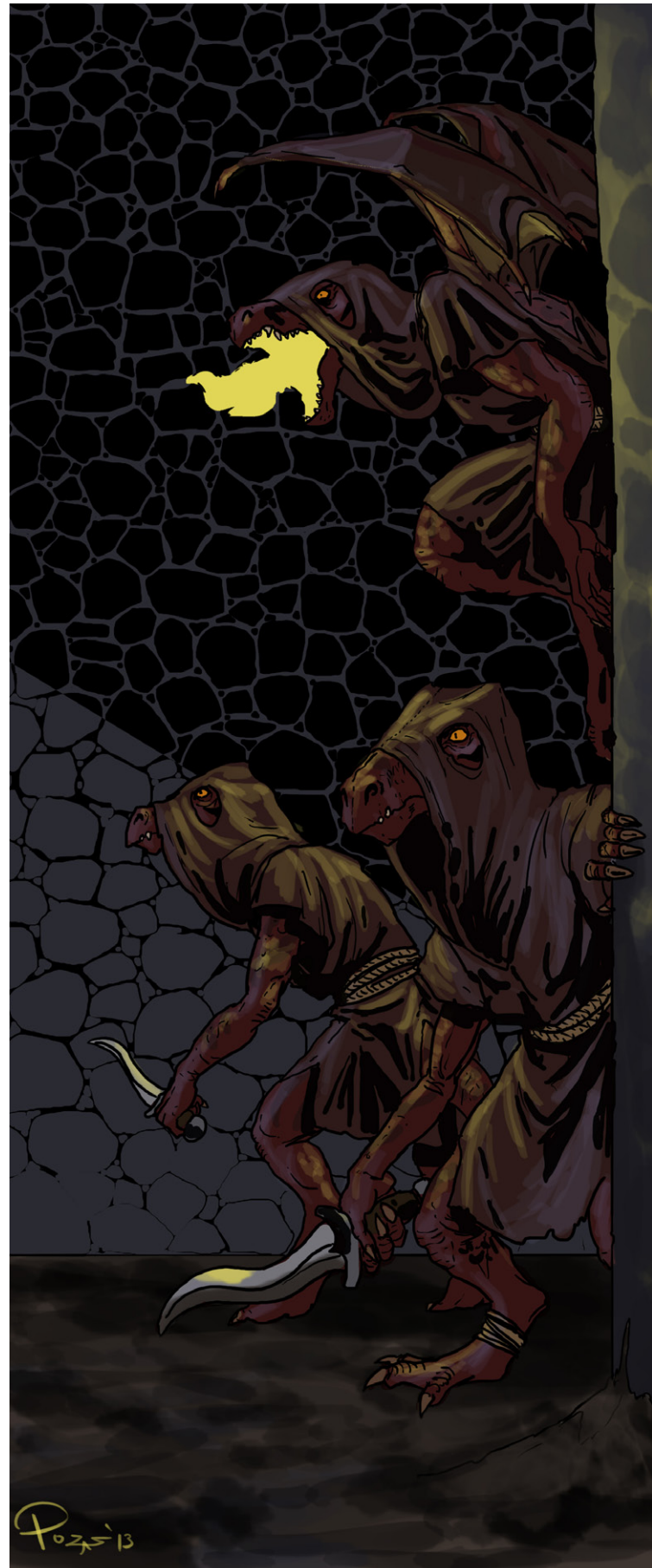
"My sword, and the scabbard which you did recovered for me, have a secret. They are named *Dragonbane*, and I give them to you now. This sword will even the odds somewhat; strike the beast in the heart, and it will surely perish.

"My friends, if you do this for me—for us, for the county—I will name you knights. I cannot afford to reward you well with gold, but I can shower you with honor. What say you?"

Once the PCs have had a moment to discuss things and accept the honor bestowed upon them, as well as the quest offered, read the following:

Lord Pemberton nods with satisfaction.

Lady Sybil smiles upon you, "Excellent. I have every confidence in your abilities. May you go with speed and may courage guide your path." She excuses herself and steps over to comfort Boris' parents.



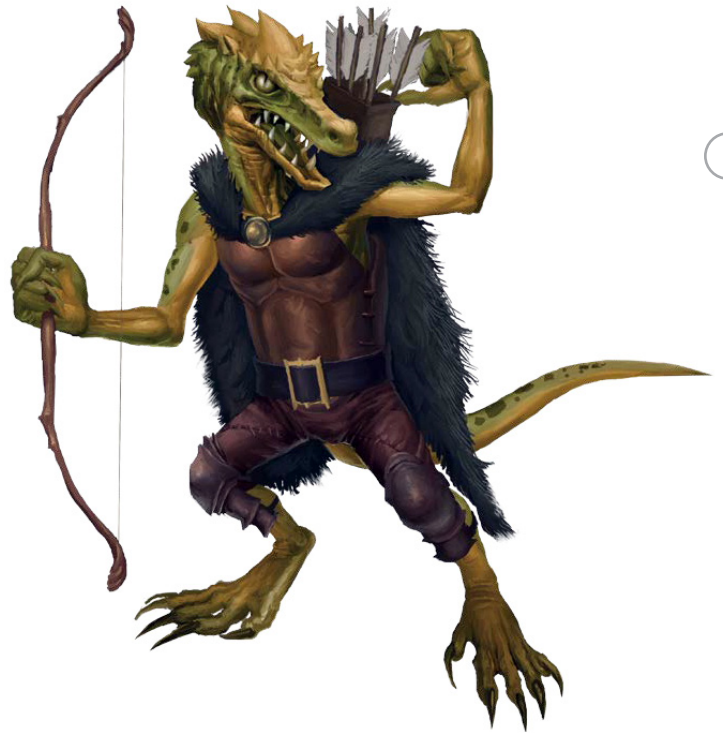
Brand hobbles over to you. His eyes betray his worry for his niece. “Please, bring her back safe. She is all I have. Bring her back to me and any reward that is within my power to give you, I will.” His eyes tear up and he raises an arm to cover his face.

GM’s Note. It is at about this time that Gord Mortimer makes his intention to accompany the party known if they meet his criteria and he hasn’t already. See “Other People of Note” in the Prologue.

The party can begin making preparations to leave. If they still haven’t translated the map, now would be a good time for one of the people present to suggest they take it to Bricklebottom. The map tells them little enough that isn’t already known. It does however point a safer path to the Skull Mountain wherein lies the dragon, one that might be of use in avoiding trouble. It also contains two words that might be pass phrases, though no indication of when or where to use them is given.

The townspeople will supply them with as much as they can spare for the journey. This is not much, but should be sufficient to see them safely on the way for at least a few days. The PCs can clean up any remaining quests if they choose.

They should not delay too long, however. The menace of the dragon and its kobold minions grows with each passing day and they would do well to put a stop to it as soon as possible. Danger awaits the new heroes of Hengistbury. The road before them is long, but perhaps they can rise to greater heights. Only time will tell in Act II: The Journey to Skull Mountain. 🐉



NEW MAGIC ITEM

Dragonbane

Weapon (greatsword), legendary (requires attunement by a character wearing the sword’s scabbard)

Appearance. This double-sided blade is made of red-hued iron, and is engraved with Draconic runes that glow red when near a true dragon. The hilt is made of blackened iron and wrapped with redsilver wire; the pommel is shaped like the head of a red dragon.

History. This family greatsword is the property of Lord Pemberton. The scabbard was lost decades ago in Brockendale Castle when the Pembertons’ ancestors fled. Since then, most believe it to be a family legend—a colorful story, but nothing more.

Function. You gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this greatsword. When used against a true dragon, you instead gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls, and deal an extra 3d6 slashing damage. When the blade scores a critical hit on a dragon, the dragon head on its pommel glows with fury, dealing an additional 3d10 radiant damage.

Additionally, you have advantage on saving throws made to resist a true dragon’s spells or effects, such as its breath weapon or Frightful Presence.

NEW MONSTERS AND NPCs

QUEST 1: JACK OF THE WEIRWOOD

Faun

Medium fey, chaotic neutral

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 6 (1d8 + 2)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	14 (+2)

Skills Perception +1, Performance +6

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Common, Sylvan

Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Magic Resistance. The faun has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Hooves. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage.

Panpipes. The faun plays its pipes and chooses one of the following magical effects: a frightening strain or a clever scherzo. One creature of the faun's choice within 30 feet must make a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw or be affected as described below.

An affected creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success. If the creature's saving throw is successful or the effect ends on it, the creature is immune to the panpipes for the next 24 hours.

Frightening Strain. The creature is frightened for 1 minute.

Clever Scherzo. The creature falls into fits of laughter for 1 minute, falling prone and becoming incapacitated for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected.

Spring-Heeled Jack

Small fey, chaotic evil

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 33 (6d8 + 6)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	17 (+3)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	13 (+1)

Skills Acrobatics +7, Deception +3, Stealth +7

Senses passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Elven, Sylvan

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. Spring-Heeled Jack's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 11). He can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components.

At-will: *feather fall*, *pass without trace*

1/day: *passwall*

Vault. Spring-Heeled Jack is capable of leaping great heights and distances, and doubles the distance of his long and high jumps. Additionally, he may jump up to 20 feet vertically without provoking opportunity attacks. This feature functions identically to the *levitate* spell, except Jack can also move horizontally as long as the total distance moved is no more than 20 feet. This ability may be used multiple times in a turn as long as Jack lands on a stable surface between jumps.

ACTIONS

Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) slashing damage.

Fire Breath (Recharge 5-6). Spring-Heeled Jack exhales fire in a 15-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 10 (3d6) fire damage on a failed save and half as much on a successful one.

Frightening Gaze (3/day). Spring-Heeled Jack may cast *fear* (spell save DC 13), affecting only creatures it can see and that can see it.

QUEST IV: MEMORIES OF BROCKENDALE



Elanour the Poltergeist

Medium undead, lawful evil

The air feels unnaturally chill, and curtains flutter in a nonexistent breeze. A door slams shut, and a candlestick throws itself from a mantelpiece. You are not alone.

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 22 (5d8)

Speed 0 ft., fly 50 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)

Damage Resistances acid, cold, fire, lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, unconscious

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Common

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Fear. A creature hit by an object thrown by the Telekinesis action (see below) must succeed on a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw or becoming frightened for 1d6 rounds.

Incorporeal Movement. Elanour can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. She takes 5 (1d10) force damage if she ends its turn inside an object.

Invisibility. Elanour cannot be seen, as if under the constant effects of the invisibility spell. This invisibility is not broken by attacking and cannot be dispelled.

Unnatural Aura. Both wild and domesticated animals can sense Elanour's unnatural presence at a distance 30 feet and will not willingly approach closer than that. Animals forced to move closer are frightened as long as they are within this radius.

ACTIONS

Telekinesis. Elanour telekinetically hurls one unattended object weighing no more than 150 pounds within 30 feet of her. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +4 to hit, range 30 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (4d4) bludgeoning damage.

QUEST XII: KOBOLDS OF THORNBURY

Kobold Cultist

Small humanoid (kobold), lawful evil

Armor Class 13 (leather)

Hit Points 18 (4d6 + 4)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	10 (+2)	12 (+1)	9 (-1)	8 (-1)	8 (-1)

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Draconic

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Sunlight Sensitivity. While in sunlight, the kobold has disadvantage on attack rolls, as well as on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

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

ACTIONS

Sacrificial Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) slashing damage.

Sling. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 30/120 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.

Fire Breath (Recharge 5–6). Cirothe's kobold minions have been granted a fraction of the dragon's power. The kobold exhales fire in a 10-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 10 Dexterity saving throw, taking 7 (2d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

Kobold Hunter

Small humanoid (kobold), lawful evil

Armor Class 15 (studded leather)

Hit Points 28 (6d6 + 6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	16 (+3)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +4, Stealth +4

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Common, Draconic

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Sunlight Sensitivity. While in sunlight, the kobold has disadvantage on attack rolls, as well as on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

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

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The kobold makes two shortsword attacks or two shortbow attacks.

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

Shortbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) piercing damage.

Fire Breath (Recharge 5–6). Cirothe's kobold minions have been granted a fraction of the dragon's power. The kobold exhales fire in a 10-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 10 Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.