

Rise of Mourningdale

By Robert Young



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As its kindred waterfall and the River Tesh along the western rock face rises with the tides, Daggerfalls is beset by a thick mist each passing evening. Tucked away in the vast green hills of the heartlands, the walled village is a jewel to many, and home to few.

The events of thirty years of war have blood stained the country and today its Lord Randal Morn only just holds his lands from the continued threat of the Zhentarum and other neighboring powers that would take the Dale for their own. Prior to the retaking of the Dale by Lord Morn in 1368, the city of Daggerfalls fought off a variable group of rulers who sought to control the Dale. With the rise and fall of puppet Lords of the Zhentarium, the reclaiming of Daggerfalls by its hereditary Lord and heir to the nobility was to be a time of peace and prosperity in the Dale, but turmoil brewing within the Cormanthor would soon change the lives of those who called Daggerdale home. In the following year the Abraxus affair occurs, a magical attempt on the life of King Azoun IV where in the Bleth family and the Cormeril family are disavowed of their lands, titles and wealth. Lady Silver Cormeril, younger sister of Randal Morn and wife to Tamerith Cormeril is caught within the shadow of her husband's own implications as a servant of the Fire Knives, and a traitor to the crown. She soon leaves her home in Suzail at the command of Tamerith for fear her life may be in danger. With the fall of Arabel and the Goblin Wars, travel by way of Tilverton is not a simple task. However Lady Silver's fate has already been decided by her husband before she leaves for the north. Intent on escape and retaining his privileged life, Tamerith manages to pass a message to allies within the Fire Knives, setting in motion a plan to take control of Daggerdale. After an arduous journey, Lady Silver safely arrives in Daggerfalls and is taken into the arms and protection of her brother.



Only days after Lady Silver arrives in Daggerfalls, Randal Morn is attacked in his home by assassins. Though he cut down one of the attackers, the Lord is wounded with a poison dart, for which there is no immediate cure. When help arrives they find the injured Randal on the floor unconscious. Further investigation of the home reveals Lady Silver's body still under her sheets, having been killed in her sleep. During the hours that the dying Randal Morn struggles to survive, a visiting cleric to the city, Father Dominic Quintus is asked to aid Randal but to his regret he is unable to counter-act the poison. On the 3rd of Nightal, Randal Morn Lord of Daggerdale passes away. Succession of the nobility that would pass to Lady Silver is left to debate as the city weeps for its murdered Lords. In the weeks that follow and Deepwinter in the north grows closer, those members of the Harpers and closest friends of Randal Morn gather together in the city to decide on who will rule the Dale in his stead. Word has already reached Tamerith Cormeril who claims entitlement to the lands, but it is quickly agreed that the exiled noble is in no position to make such a claim. In contrast, Talath Hawksund, an Elf and friend to the Morn family reveals that in his time spent with Lady Silver during her years before she was married, the two had a daughter named Alysila Lumen, or Annalee in the common tongue. Being of half-elven birth and a bastard in the eyes of

Cormyrian nobility, it was the decision of Silver and Talath to raise Annalee with her elven family rather than her human. This revelation is met with many insults as to the audacity of Talath in keeping the secret from Randal Morn for so many years. The High Elf is remorseful to the truth of this, but retains that it was the wish of Silver to protect Annalee from the pains of losing her short-lived human family to old age. With mounting threats by Tamerith Cormeril to seize Daggerdale by force, the council in Daggerdale decides to accept the hereditary rights of Annalee and name her Lord of Daggerdale and its proceeding lands. In memorial to her mother, Annalee's first order as Lord of the Dale is the recasting of its name to Mourningdale. For the next year, Tamerith vows to secure the lands of Daggerdale and those abroad by forcibly taking over Tilvers Gap and Ashabenford. What has now become a bad-land, the roads leading to Mourningdale are strewn with battle grounds. Where once deep forests stood, fire has claimed them and the landscape is dotted with

monuments to death in the form of great boulders cast down from the giants of the mountains. Even merchants who manage to slip past patrols recall the distant walls of Mourningdale like a great headstone, marking the grave of freedom. Overseeing the border with Tilverton, the Twisted Tower continues to support the claims of the newly cast Mourningdale, provoking a stand-off with Tilverton and at times outright war. As such, all trade moving through Tilverton or Sembia has been barred from entering Shadowdale or Daggerdale along the normal trade routes.

In an effort to stem the loss of the Tethyamar trail and the roads to the south, Mourningdale, aligned with Shadowdale has continued to battle the expansion of Tilverton. Aid from neighboring Dales is all together absent however, as they do not wish to anger the rulers of Sembia and cut themselves off from much needed trade, or they do not recognize Annalee's rule as legitimate, instead seeing the Wyvernspur family of Cormyr as the new entitled Lords of Daggerdale. In the midst of it all, the sudden death of King Azoun IV in his battle against the Dragon Nalavaraauthoryl, has left what little hope for aid from the Forest Kingdom to the despair of Cormyr's Lady Regent, Alusair Obarskyr. Though she intends on liberating the dales, her forces have yet been unable to reclaim the lands surrounding Arabel. For now it seems, the Heartlands are on their own. But while clouds loom over the newly seated Lord of Daggerdale she finds solace in the arrival of the Elder Tree that seeds itself along the waterfall overlooking Daggerdale.

Within days the great tree grows to tremendous size, a virtue of its deep roots and magic inherent in the mountainside. Sent to protect the Dale, Moghroith as it is called by the elves, begins binding itself to the land and serving Annalee as her eyes and ears across the region. She soon finds a home beneath the branches of the tree and meets with captains and farmers alike at the base of its trunk. Within the village of Mourningdale Father Dominic Quintus consecrates the old Temple of Lathander with the blessings of Tymora, marrying the two religious beliefs. In the weeks that follow he is succumbed by a vision of a rising sun to the south, and a trail of coins leading an army along the Tethyamar Trail. The road that the army travels is beset by many perils but the dream vision provokes a glimmer of hope in the south. Within the dream, Dominic sees a child born with the blessings of several gods including the holy triad of Illmater, Torm and Tyr. The child speaks to Father Dominic with a tone beyond his years while never moving his lips. Though the words elude him after he awakens, the feeling of power and awe remains. Immediately Dominic is reminded of an aged promise to a woman named Holly Huldane who lost her first born son to a terrible disease several years ago. Though Holly has remained steadfast in her beliefs that Helm will one day fulfill his promise to reincarnate her son, there has been no depiction of the event until now. With the dream vision fresh in his mind, and believing it is the holy word of Tymora, Father Dominic calls his faithful to rally their troops for war.



SPRITE SLIGHT!

It has been a long Journey traveling to the Northwestern Dales. Your party finds respite in the forests north of the land of Daggerdale. You trudge through brush and thickets, looking for a cool, dry place to set camp. Finally, you find the perfect spot with good protection from the elements and predator's. You shed your armor and equipment, set your bed rolls and set the first watch as night falls in the Forest. You fall to slumber feeling the pangs of weariness. It has been a long day and you find it easy to slip into rest.

If anyone is on watch or any spells to protect the PC's have been set up then just after the Bewitching Hour the Camp site is showered in rainbow hued sparkling dust. This is an extremely strong sleeping powder from the fae wild. It is dispensed by a gaggle of Sprites flying over the campsite and crop dusting it. The save is a **Charisma save DC 18** for anyone awake. However, the Save must be made once per 1 minute while in a 100 yard radius of the campsite. Those sleeping automatically fail. Elf Characters are unaffected by the magic of the powder. If there are any elf characters in the party the Sprites swarm and try to restrain the Elves after the rest of the party has fallen into slumber.

While traveling through the landscape over the previous days, the group accidentally trounced over a hollowed out fallen tree. Unfortunately the fallen tree housed a sprite village. Though no-one was killed, many sprite were injured and the cave in trapped most of them in the tree for 2 days. After freeing themselves, the warriors of the Sprite community went on the warpath to hunt down and capture the culprits. Using Sleeping powders, fae magic and surprise, the Fae attempt to capture the PC's and punish them for their grave crimes. The sleeping powder has extreme residual effects on those who fail the save. For 1 week after being exposed, **the poisoned PC gains no benefits from Short rests** and is racked with nightmares every night. Eventually the residual effects wear off. For combat statistics use **Sprite** or Fae.

Read the following to the player on watch or otherwise awake.

The cool night air brings a soft breeze through the camp. You watch your comrades as they shift and turn seeking comfort with in their bed rolls upon the hard ground of the forest floor. It is close to the moons zenith and the midnight hour is upon you. You scan the perimeter of the camp, looking deeply into the tree lines for any movement. The forest is quiet save for the whistling of wind through the tree branches and leaves. As you move to the eastern side of your camp quietly, you see the wind picking up and the canopy above swaying violently. As you move to get a vantage of whatever is moving through the tree tops, the dark night explodes in hues of Purple, pink and green all around your camp. Flecks of the coloration begin to drizzle down in a 20-yard radius over the camp like glittering rainfall. You reach your hand out as the material begins to settle slowly upon it. The substance is a fine iridescent powder and waves of wariness begin to overtake you...

If the player on watch makes their save or is an elf, read the following. There are multiple surprise actions so do not worry about initiative just yet.

You shake off the effects and rally yourself. You yell out to awaken your comrades but they do not stir. Coming into your vision mere inches away from your nose, a small humanoid creature no more than six inches in height, appears out of thin air. It wears a leaf hewn tunic and small pointed toe boots. It has deep pure blue orbs for eyes and dragonfly like wings. Its ears are pointed and its hair is a sheen of gold and amber. Focused on you, it draws back a small bow and releases an arrow.

The arrow is known as an **elder arrow**. It is tipped with a paralyzing poison that renders the target unable to move but is still conscious. The arrow automatically hits and does no damage. The PC must make a **Constitution save DC 17**. If successful enter initiative with the knowledge that these sprites

will keep firing elder arrows until the PC fails a save.

If the Player on watch fails the save, read the following.

Your vision crosses and begins to blur. You feel immense warmth like a robust mead or ale in your belly. Your motor functions slow and your body becomes heavy. You feel as if you're falling in slow motion. The last visual your eyes see before you is the fluttering of dozens of dragon flies seemingly appearing out of thin air swarming above your camp.

At this point, all of the PC's should be unconscious or paralyzed. If the Watchmen is paralyzed, they have fallen face down and can only hear some high pitched quickened language being spoke at different audible distances all around but can only see glimpse of fluttering iridescent wings and feel tension around their extremities.

All of the PC's are bound by the Sprites. When the PC's under effects of the sleeping powder "awaken" they find themselves in a dark obsidian throne room (this is a dream state all PC's are still within their camp but are unaware it is a dream they are in). Any paralyzed PC's see **20 sprites** armed to the teeth with darts, daggers and arrows tying up and securing their comrades while speaking in their sprite language (this is not automatically sylvan and is the sprites own language.)

Read the following to the Paralyzed PC

As the Sprites secure your party, you watch the expressions of anger and anguish in their tiny faces. You are not left to wonder for long exactly what is about to happen to all of you.

A large Sprite, nearly a foot tall, brandishing an obsidian sprite sized spear flies into the camp. All the other sprites seem to respect and cow to this larger sprite. He wears a black stained oak wood circlet and has deep green eyes.

He flutters up to you hovering mere inches away and begins to move his hands in a circular motion, first clockwise then counter clockwise. After a

moment, a breeze of energy flows through your ears and mouth and the high-pitched speech of the sprites begin to formulate into understandable words. "Fae haters, evildoers, forest banes!" They all scream and hoot at you and your comrades. The larger sprite speaks. "You whom have destroyed our home and injured our children must be held accountable for your actions, must pay for your trespasses; you who does not look before you step, you who show our kindred lack of living respect!"

The Sprite will explain that the PC's destroyed their sprite village that resided inside a fallen hollowed out oak tree in the Forest you traveled through only a few days back. Many were injured and some may never fly again.

At this point the Large Sprite will inform the PC that he is the Elder and has been brought here to hold a trial to determine the groups penance for their crime against the sprites and the forest. Feel free to indulge the Elder Sprites power and make it a point to show it. The Elder Sprite also will inform



the PC that he must answer four questions and if the Sprites are satisfied with the answers, they will allow the group to perform an act of contrition and once again be at peace with the Sprites. He warns that if the Sprites do not like the answers, the PC's comrades will suffer terrible dreams and find no rest while in this land.

The questions are quite trivial to the Elder sprites verdict, as the Elder Sprite will use Heart sight on the Paralyzed PC but it is important that they are asked to establish an understanding of the Party members sleeping. Remember the questions don't matter in regards to the over-all outcome but should seem like a series of four probing questions about specific party members.

Question 1 – Ever have you ever, in the past been late in returning something of value to a friend or ally?

Yes answers spark multiple outbursts of 'Thieves, Vagabonds and Orc traders.'

No answers similarly are retorted by calling the answering player a liar.

Question 2 – Ever have you ever, killed a creature or thing simply because you encountered it in its home or dwelling?

Yes answers are replied by calling the players murderers and bandits.

No answers require the players to answer for the many trinkets, items or gear they might be in possession of.

Question 3 – Ever have you ever, took the time to extinguish your campfires properly?

Yes answers are met with 'yea right' and 'Unlikely at best.'

No answers are met with nods and praises such as 'That's probably true' or 'Let's feed them to the bears!'

Question 4 – Ever have you ever done a thing you regret, even if you didn't know of it until confronted but still felt remorseful?

Yes answers are contradicted with 'Haven't you been listening?' or again with 'Let's feed them to the bears!' which is becoming very popular among the crowd.

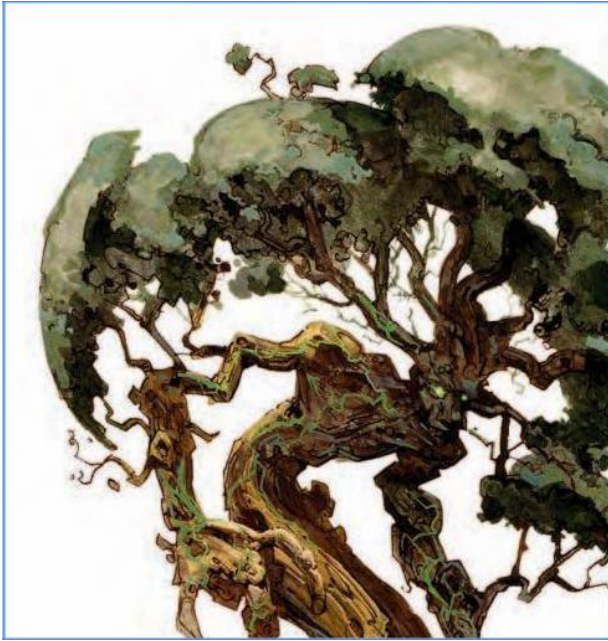
No answers are outright booed.

For every question the PC gets right, or wrong, the atmosphere will darken and become more nightmarish and terrifying, or lighten and sooth the players worries. Use your PC's backgrounds to drive home this dream world and tailor it to them. Afterwards the Elder Sprite will touch the paralyzed PC using Heart sight and know his emotional state and true alignment. If good or neutral aligned, the PC will be told that they must seek out the High Oak upon the Waterfall and perform the task given to them. All others will be 'fed to the bears'. The Sprites will not offer contrition to an evil character and will simply leave them there for the predators or until the magic wears off. This should help set the tone for how dangerous the war-torn lands they are entering are.

When questioned about the location of the Oak tree and waterfall, the Elder sprite smiles, revealing a series of sharp teeth. "Oh, you'll see."



As the branches, vines and plants surrounding the camp begin to come alive. They curl, pull and twist themselves around the already bound players. Very soon after, the plants begin to conceal all the PC's and drag them into the earth below. What is occurring is a mass transport via plant spell.



ROOT OF THE CAUSE

After being expelled from the earth and plants, you find yourselves beside a waterfall overlooking a walled village. On the ridge grows a massive Oak, its branches spanning the breath of falls. Its roots have broken and carved their way through the stones, diverting the water into a handful of fountains that drifts away in a heavy mist. Its bark is gnarled and partially grey, twisting up from the ground to a dizzying height. With evening approaching and the stars barely piercing the mists, the quiet ambiance leaves you questioning whether or not you're still dreaming.

From within the twisted trunk of the Oak, a woman steps out much in the fashion you did, be it slightly more graceful. She's lightly built and tall, taking two long steps before stopping suddenly, her dark green eyes capturing you with surprise. It's then as the lingering sprite magic begins to fade completely from your minds, the sound of boot falls and swords being drawn can suddenly be heard. From behind, men dressed in leathers and furs turn on you with

weapons in hand. "No stop!" the young woman yells, bringing the attackers to an abrasive halt. They crowd around your group, cutting you off from the woman and the Oak tree. "Who are you! How did you come to this place!" several shout from beside and around you until one older man cuts through the noise. "Speak quickly folks, and speak true." dressed in dark blacks and a cloak that bares three gold rings, like the Oak tree the man is grey and wrinkled, but impressive in his height and strength. "Captain," calls the woman again, her soft voice cutting the vicious stares of the soldiers. "Moghroith said we would be visited by strangers." Her eyes spanned up to the canopy of the great oak tree, then back to the men. "And by their looks, they've traveled a long way underground to get here."

"My name is Alynсила Lumen," she waves her hand, inviting you to sit along the gathered stones before the Oak, "But, you may call me Annalee. I believe I know how you've arrived, but what I'm curious to know, is why the Elder tree has brought you to me? Do you come as allies, to support the people of Mourningdale, or have you come to cause them greater suffering?"

Annalee knows little to nothing about the players. She is aware via the Oak tree (**Moghroith**) that she would have visitors soon, but the tree said nothing more of them. Allow the PC's to describe their past few hours, or days, as Annalee listens carefully, but examines them intently.

There is a politeness from Annalee, but degradation or malice from the players will not be tolerated. It is her hope that the Great Oak has delivered the PC's to her in order to restore balance in the region. She doesn't know much of Sprites, aside from stories her father has told her, none of which were pleasant. If the players tell her of the Sprite's order of contrition, Annalee will not only console the PC's but entice them with her land's plight, again hoping they will aid her cause. If the players are uncooperative, persuade them with an allowance of 1000 gold pieces within Mourningdale, so long as they 'keep the peace'. This offer appears later in the story as well, as a means of attracting adventurers to the area.

Read the following aloud once the players are ready to listen to Annalee's proposal.

"I grew up," she begins softly "In a place like this. Sitting beneath wonderful trees like this, where the skies are green and it's perpetually twilight. And then on my name day, my Father came to me, not to gift me as I had hoped but to tell me that my mother whom I'd never met, had died. I'd seen a painting of her once. I knew she was human, that her name was Silver, and I knew I had her eyes. I wasn't sure, how to take the news at first. I wondered how I should react," she smiles through the guilt and continues. "My father then told me, that my Uncle had died as well." Annalee's gaze darkened then, growing fierce as she looked to you. "His name, was Lord Randle Morn of Daggerdale, making me the surviving heir of my mother's house." Straitening in her seat, Annalee crosses her hands at her waist, turning a signet ring along her index finger. "There was another who contested the inheritance, my mother's husband, Tamerith Cormaeril. It was only after his collusion with other nobles to murder King Azoun, that he was arrested and sent my mother here to Daggerfalls. He escaped soon after, and day's later assassins murdered Silver and Randle." Annalee pauses in the retelling, still turning the ring over in her palm. "It all happened quickly then. I was brought to Daggerfalls, and met these men you see before you. They are the captains of my Uncle's Freedom Riders who along with the militia, took up arms in my favor. Envoys came from Tilverton not long after demanding I relinquish my title of Daggerfalls. I told them that Daggerfalls was no more, and that I had renamed her Mourningdale, in respect of my mother and uncle. With my refusal, they came with soldiers. When we fought back, they closed us off from trade to the south, and sent more soldiers. I feel the weight of the people's grief as strongly as my own, but the elves did not teach me to grieve as humans do. I was taught that there comes a time for remembering the dead, and a time to honor them, and beneath dark clouds, a time for avenging them."

Annalee will continue to answer any question the players might have. This is a good opportunity to envelope the PC's in the structure of Mourningdale and the recent events in the area. Though not forceful in her attempts to recruit the PCs, Annalee will propose they remain in the dale if they decide not to join the march south. She hopes through other avenues, that she can convince them to aid her one way or another.

KNOW THY NEIGHBOR

Provided is an updated listing of merchants and shops in Mourningdale. These are altered or taken from supplements for Daggerdale by name only. They are not detailed further but it is suggested the DM refer to any number of sources relating to Daggerdale and the region to flesh out the city and the depictions. These include but are not limited to **Doom of Daggerdale, The Sword of the Dales or Volo's guide to the Dales**. concerning statistics no NPC should outshine the players unless they are of a combative nature or useful otherwise. It is left to the DM to alter NPCs considering some time has passed since these names have been revised. Feel free to experiment as you like. Levels and classes range from the mundane fighter to minor spell casters of 1st – 5th level. They exist majorly to provide depth and may also be encountered in any number of situations throughout the module as many will be joining the armies march south.

Seams and Silks – Owned by Harold Fulgath who remained after the restoration of the Morn Family. His wife Lena runs the textile company. The shop provides wool, silk, clothes and wardrobes. Lena is a master seamstress, but protests the poor material she has to work with. The Fulgath family owns an Alpaca farm, but recently their few remaining Alpacas have been stolen by a competitor. (They were eaten by Werewolves)

Siren's Salves - Emily Teshan, one of the last members of her Noble family of Teshandale, Emily is a long standing friend of the Morn family. She is an accomplished archer and well educated. Her shop provides Salves, powders, poultices, herbalism and healing. Emily owns a failing rice farm due to the lack of labor hands in recent months.

Light Hammers – Horass is a sundered Dwarf formerly of the Bladebright clan. Due to his close ties with the Morn family he was disgraced and his beard was cut. He provides cold steel trade which he mines only with the permission of the Lordship. These steel works are sold at 150% mark up from phb price.

Longshots – Maria is a 4th level archer who has daughter named Leah 14 years old. She is a Mounted combat specialty and a freedom rider. 16 str 18 dex 14 con 12 Int 15 wis 16 cr, 34 hp. She as well trades in furs and routinely acts as a guide for hunting parties. While gone her daughter runs the shop.

The Mighty Quil – A library operated by Mephriel Greysky, a learned wizard who settled in the former Daggerdale in hopes of unearthing historical, and magical writings of Colderan the Mage Lord.

Carts and Cows – Owned by Hammit Swindlestix, this caravan supplier has been run in recent months by two halflings named Hubs and Perry. They are cousins of the proprietor and have established a workers union of sorts. They attest all proceeds go to their forlorn uncle, should he ever return for them.

The Temple of Tymora/Lathander – Refer to Marching to War. The temple also provides mailing services, healing and notary works.

The Black Harbor – A black market hidden inside a cavern behind Daggerfalls. Run by Dulwar a staunch supporter of the Morn family, he uses the location to operate his thief network. The Cavern is what remains of the flooded underground tunnels of Calderon the mage lord.

Redrock Tavern – A ramshackle tavern owned by the retired minstrel Tesla, CG. Half elvin 6th level bard who cooperates with Dulwar and the Morn family.

City Barracks (Military quarter) – The current Constable of Mourningdale is Connor Ferris, 8th lv Ftr, who heads the Black Guard, a retired unit of

Freedom Riders. 17 str 16 dex 15 con 12 int 12 wis 13 cr

The Ampetheatre (The Spur) – A local playhouse established by Alysian the elven bard. It resides outside the city walls and is rarely used save for coronations and festivals.

Dulwar's Leather – Own and operated by Dulwar, a friend of the Morn family and aged thief.

Provided here is a list of short adventures to press any wayward players back towards the plot should they decide not to aid Mourningdale. Expand on these how you like, introducing any NPC available to you or simply take this chance to let the player explore. In any case, when introduced to an NPC they will most likely ask the players to aid them in returning to support the war effort.

A likely encounter throughout the region will be mercenaries under the flag of Tilverton or another allied company. These militant groups will harass and or pursue the players while they reside in the Dales. By order they seek to uproot any adventuring groups that may be in the area so as not to encounter them on the battlefield.

Adventure

The players are traveling to a local merchant for supplies, by suggestion from the local inn keeper. Enroute, they find the merchant and his wagons burned. The remnants of mounted horsemen and arrows suggests it was the work of soldiers.

Emergency

The players are camped on the borders of Mourningdale when they are raided in the night by Wemics (10). After the fight, they find a wolf pelt with magical inscriptions written on the hide. An identify spell or read magic will reveal the tribe is going to war. To celebrate this, Chieftain Rukendkel has asked for the heads of 500 men.

Old Enemy

The players learn that their oldest enemy is back and is very active in Mourningdale, and up to

something. They will naturally want to investigate and will be forced to meet with Father Dominic.

Event

Some time in the night, the players see fire lights on the horizon. Soon, others in the congregation make the fires out for what they really are, homesteads. As the players investigate they realize the fires are the act of wizards flying over the countryside casting fireballs. The wizards also use invisibility to hide their movements.

Divine Cause

In the morning, the sun rises in a bold red rather than the usual orange. By dawn, a mountain of smoke rises in the distance. There they find a field of local militia who were burned alive.

Demi-human Community

In wilderness areas, this will be a large community of demi-humans -- elves, dwarves, halflings, whatever. The group is battered and bloody, most of them are dead. Their small hamlet village has been destroyed by Tamereth's mercenaries. They plead with the players to aid them.

Tragic Hero

When next they stop, the group meets Drevnar Coldstone who has lost everything. He explains to them that Tamereth's forces have seized everything south of the Ashaba.

While in the area, Annalee will eventually ask the group to go into Mourningdale and see Father Dominic Quintus at the Temple of Tymora (Once the temple of Lathander). Here they will approach at the end of a rousing sermon being given by the High priest (Regardless of time of day). The temple is boisterous and loud, even in the early morning hours. Each daily event is catered to with ale and poignant smoke as the crowd is enthralled by Father Dominic. It is difficult to speak with Dominic during the sermon but once the players enter the temple, they'll be watched closely by the other priests. Listening players hear the last parts of a vision described by the high priest.

“A trail of coins leading to the city of gold, and upon an altar of gold, three holy symbols lay next to each other. That of Illmater, Torm and Tyr. With the Blessings of the Triad, Lady Luck shall lead the way!”

As the gathering subsides, Father Dominic exits to the altar chamber. The players will then be approached by brother Jass, an aged man with a calm yet deciphering look about him. Among all of the luck bringers, he is the most level headed and likely to replace Father Quintus in the event of his demise.



MARCHING TO WAR

Read the following once you have gathered your PCs in the temple

Embroidered with green florals and three golden rings, the rising flag of Mourningdale kept the High Priest of Tymora Father Dominic Quintus so entranced that he barely notices when his name is spoken aloud. It's only when Brother Jass taps him on the shoulder does he turn to see he's being introduced to an assembled party. The High priest simply smiles as he looks the group over, then stands to face the young adventurers gathered before him.

“Lady Luck be with us, you've finally arrived. It's been nearly a week, and I was beginning to grow concerned.” You mean to question his presumption, when your group had only just arrived, but Dominic

speaks on without slowing. “In every place in this country, you can see the depression inflicted by Tamerith’s hold on Tilverton. But it is not the blight of man that has called me to this land, though I grieve for them all. It is the will of Tymora and the brave men and women who have been called to war over the demise of Randal Morn. Though Lady Annalee has the support of her countrymen, it is the flock of this temple that makes up the largest portion of her army. Though I request conscriptions with the approval of the Lordship, it is by the grace of the Goddess, that I measure you.

To those among you who require a material promise, I have been told by the Lady Annalee to offer these notes for 1,000 crowns with one request. If you do not venture South, I ask you to aid in the protection of the people of this Dale while residing here.

I do not believe that necessary however. Tymora has been clear through these many nights of augury. Whether by virtue or defiance, you will play a part in this war. I pray you will see the truth of this and aid this country in restoring order. So, what will it be friends? Will you return to the taverns, your farms, your slow roads to old age and battered lives? Or will you walk along the path of Tymora, bound for glory?”

If the players are interested in remaining without aiding Father Dominic then they may use the gold with the stipulation that they must use their abilities to aid in the protection of the dale. By virtue this will lead them back to joining the war effort. Allow the PCs to choose among any listed equipment save those not permitted by the DM.

For those players still on the fence or openly against war, allow them to speak at length with Father Dominic. The PCs are not under duress, they are free to leave if they choose. As well, Father Dominic has looked into the lives of each of the PCs already, ensuring himself that the moral codes of each of your players are relatively in line with his own. Use any character history to your advantage if needed, but understand this information comes from somewhat vague auguries with his goddess.

In the days ahead, allow the PCs to prepare themselves as necessary for their road to Tilverton. Soon the PCs are awoken to the sounds of horns and drum beats as the city rallies with Father Dominic and he awaits his clergy and men-at-arms at the forefront of his landed knights. Before midafternoon a swelling army of 2,000 troops begins its march towards the south. A two mile long precession dotted with heraldic flags and banners of Mourningdale ignite the baron Tethyamar trail in flashes of silver and gold. The army can easily be seen several miles away, leaving no chance to conceal its movements. At the end of the first day, they are invited to a small council meeting inside Father Dominic’s pavilion. As they enter, the PCs are met by the highest ranking clergy, knights and Father Dominic himself.

Read the following aloud after a day’s travel south along the trail.

There is a heated debate among the Knights and Clergy as to the plans for the coming war, when you enter the tent, the discussion stops, and all eyes lock on your group. You’re welcomed by Father Dominic at first, but as you approach, there are whispers abound, which draws a heavy scowl from the High Priest. One Knight stands from his seat, and turns to face your group. “Father Dominic how is it that these strangers should have our trust, after only just arriving?” Father Dominic looks to the knight, then back to your group before answering. “Sir Moran, Tymora has shown me that they will be the instruments of the Goddess in this coming war, and they have the trust of our Lords, whom you also serve. I do not possess the understanding to speak for Tymora, or Lady Annalee, only the power to listen. These adventurers may very well turn the tides, but for now trust in our Lady of Coin, as you trust in me.” Sir Moran wore his own scowl then, but with a gauntlet covered hand over his heart he speaks.

“If it is the will of Tymora that you should lead the charge, then I am honor bound to accept you as my kinsmen. You have my life, and my sword.” Father Dominic praises his knight, then calls for all gathered to examine his plans for the battle ahead.

“Once we have arrived at the Ashaba River, the clergy and myself will see to the army’s crossing. However this spell will not last long. It is imperative that we double our efforts to take the shore as quickly as possible. Our hope then lay with Tymora to watch over us during that delicate hour.”

In one days’ time, Father Dominic’s army will reach the crossing at what was once the **Serpantswine Bridge**. Once this great bridge connected the north and the south together however the bridge was destroyed by Tamerith’s army. Today the Ashaba River stands as a natural barrier separating the two Dales. However Father Dominic’s plan is to part the waters of the river and allow his army to cross, but it does not come without inherent risks. Should Tilverton have their own clerics among them, they might easily dispatch the spell and split Mourningdale’s forces in half. This along with the time it will take to cross and remaining under fire from an opposing army during the crossing has driven Dominic to seek an alternative plan. Though what he has devised cannot be accomplished by any mundane soldiers.

FRIENDS IN WILD PLACES



Rather than risk the safety of the army, Father Quintus intends to employ the aid of an old friend. In his years of adventuring he knew and traveled with a Halfling by the name of

Hammit Swindlestix. The rogue was never the most trustworthy companion, but he possessed a bowl of water elemental control. Often the device was used for more mischievous ends, but Hammit may aid the progress of the army if he can be found. When last Father Quintus saw the Halfling he was returning to his homestead in the Daggerhills. It was only after arriving in Mourningdale that he learned of a werewolf curse that had scattered the inhabitants of the hills, or infected them.

If Hammit can be enlisted, his contribution would mean the success of the crossing. To this end Father Quintus proposes the PCs enter the Daggerhills, confront the werewolves and rescue Hammit, if he’s still alive.

Read the following aloud once the war tent has emptied and the players are alone with Father Dominic.

“Tonight I ask a grave task of you, to enter the Dagger hills and seek out a potential ally, a Halfling by the name of Hammit. If we’re to cross the Ashaba in force, he may still poses a trinket to secure that crossing, a bowl of elemental control that would greatly aid us in parting the river. I must warn you, the Daggerhills have seen a plague of Lycanthropy in recent months. Their leader is the former heir to these lands named Balathor. What the Lycanthrope wishes to possess more than anything are the rights to his father’s land, though I cannot permit such a beast to Lord over good men, there may be some way to form a treaty with him. His father’s signet ring will suffice as an offering which I just so happen to have.” The priest reveals a finely crafted ring from his pocket and hands it to you. “But, as it stands if you can uproot the pack, I have no doubt the settlers in the region would be thankful. Above all, if you can avoid the pack, seek out the old ruins of White Crag. That’s where the Halfling settlement was, and likely where you’ll find answers to our missing rogue, or his cache.”

Tethyamar Signet Ring: Ring of Encampment:

A godsend created by Halfling Clerics who were tired of missing 2nd breakfast, brunch, lunch, onesies, twosies, threesies, and supper before dinner while out in the rugged dagger hills. When the command word " Setia is spoken, a full campsite springs into existence complete with food, fire, and lodging for up to six people of medium size or smaller. The fire is smokeless, the food is well spiced and the water is always cold. The encampment lasts for 12 hours & can be used 3 times per week. Those who spend hit dice to heal while resting in the magical camp add 3 to their hit dice rolls.

The Tribes of the Daggerhills live in relative peace with Mourningdale though the same cannot be said for those settlers in the area. The Daggerhills themselves hold less value for farming as much of the surrounding country does, but its sprawling hillocks serve as a natural protection. Lord Balathor, the once heir to the Lordship of Tethyamar fell from power when the elven bard Alysian Solestiel took it upon himself to rid the land of the bloodshed the Lycanthrope was imposing upon his people. Though the Werewolf escaped, there has been little effort to stem the spread of Lycanthropy since the embargo set down by Tamerith. Farmers in the region have spread word that on occasion, the elves of the Cormanthor enter the Dagger hills for a monthly tirade of hunting the beasts. This has led to an increase in attacks on settlers to replenish their numbers against the elven raids. Balathor himself detests this practice, as he believes the purity of his 'family' is watered down by what he refers to as 'the turned'. In a private effort to give his tribe time to replenish their numbers, Balathor has entered into a pact with the neighboring Wemics who have settled in the ancient ruin Castle Daggerdale.

The Wemic tribes numbering in the hundreds keep the attacks by the elves at a minimum, less the fifty bands under the Chieftain Rukendkel decide to go on the war path.

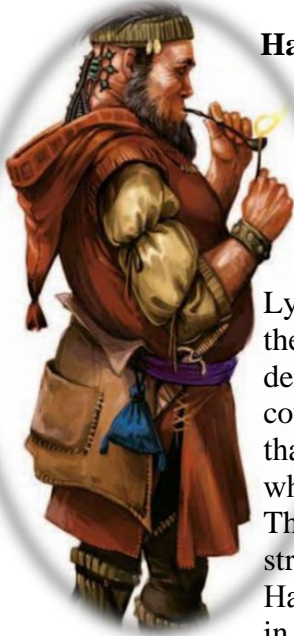
Unless the PCs have an underlying issue with pursuing Father Dominic's agenda, the war camp takes up a regular patrol around the ruins of Tethyamar as the PCs ready their horses. Father Dominic and his knights secure the area, leaving the PCs to investigate the Daggerhills on their own. There is also the stipulation of the army's marching orders which will move forward regardless of the PCs success. If Dominic cannot secure the magical bowl, he will have to devise a new plan on getting his troops across the Ashaba River. This will require the army to venture into Wemic controlled territory and likely cost several hundred casualties as a result. If this comes to pass, do not concern yourself with waging table top war with the Wemic tribes. As the Wemics number at nearly 3,000

warriors, such a fight will not only be costly to the war effort, but quite possible detrimental to the security of the Dalelands as a whole. But, disarming the Wemics, or turning them as allies are both potential outcomes.

LORD OF THE PLAINS

Once the PCs have readied themselves read the following

As you lead your horses away from the Tymorian army, the darkness of the countryside begins to set in around you so far away from civilization. Before long, the sounds of wild windswept plains remind you of the dangers in traversing the lands south of Mourningdale. Hiking to the top of the nearest hillock, the rolling Daggerhills vanish into the horizon of stars in the night sky. The only points of reference being the vast forest of the Cormanthor to your east, and the flickering glow of torchlight from the war camp at your back. The soft light of a camp fire a few miles to the south seems to be at least a sign that life endures here in this forgotten plain. With nothing else to go on, your group begins to set out for the camp fire that may or may not point you in the direction of the Werewolf Belathor. As you near the camp, still only a glint in the darkness, the horses become riled. They kick and nay, as though they can smell an approaching predator. At first you brandish your arms, expecting an attack from the shadows. Just then a slate of stones topples from a nearby outcropping. The head of your group spins towards the noise, pointing it out to the others who turn to face the danger. Instead, a Halfling man, his eyes glowing in the darkness with infravision steps into the bathing light of the moon. "Oy! Being of no harm to you good folk!" He ducks back behind the outcropping out of concern for his life, but curiously peeks around the corner as he speaks to you. "The names Hammit, Hammit Harrow to be precise. I caught sight of your group approaching is all. It being my job to investigate strangers in the night, less those soldiers down south catch us by surprise!"



Hammit Swindlestix is an unlikely suit for a Werewolf, but indeed Hammit is one of many former occupants of the Dagger hills who have been cursed with Lycanthropy. He is the Halfling the players are seeking, but denies it, saying he has four cousins all named Hammit and that it is a nick name for ‘those who take without asking’. Though he is not a particularly strong member of his pack, Hammit’s contributions come in many

facets, one being his likeable personality and diminutive stature which attempts to disarm those that the pack have cornered inside their territory. The distant campfire is actually a **dancing lights spell** that Hammit has conjured to lure the PCs into an area better suited for an ambush attack. All around the group, members of Belathor’s pack are closing in on the PCs under the shelter of the rolling hills. When told of Father Dominic and the request to aid the Tymorian crossing, Hammit will play dumb, saying that he’s never met a Tymorian priest, or had a magical bowl of any sort. This is a lie of course, due to his fear of Balathor’s retribution over any cause he might have of aiding Father Dominic. (The two were never very trusting of each other.) Within ten rounds, the pack will be upon the PCs from several directions around their position. To limit suspicion, try not to hint that Hammit may actually be a werewolf. Allow him to converse with the PCs, even joke with them if needed. Before Hammit was infected, he was the head of the Halfling community here, a long standing merchant with Daggerfalls and he is renowned for growing the most potent leaf this side of Silverymoon, Hammit happily shares his wares and rambles on about the process in which he has perfected his horology. Those that smoke the Long bottom leaf must immediately make a **saving throw VS poison DC 16** or be enthralled in generally happy fluctuations of euphoria combined with a relatively mild sense of

paranoia. The true majesty in Hammit’s leaf is the vivid colors that soon begin to illuminate the night sky. This he proclaims is the signature of his art form. “You can smell the colors” he protests, and declares that no magic was used in the growing of said leaf; of course that is a blatant lie. It should be noted that these colors do not aid in detecting the approaching werewolves. It is simply a hallucination brought on by the plant and actually aids the pack in their ambush by disorientating the PCs from what is real and what is an illusion.

Once the trap is set, read the following

All around you shadows begin to loom over the hills, staring down at your position in a valley between two opposing hills. Their eyes glow in a hellfire red and their teeth are as white as the full moon.

The pack descends on the group in howling anticipation that echoes across the landscape. Those that decide to fight are met with slashing claws and razor sharp bites from every direction. The pack leaves but one opening in their circle, the southern route between the two hills pushing the players deeper into the Daggerhills.

Daggerhills **Werewolves** (9) use Werewolf statistics normally.

Hammit Swindlestix (Bard/Thief) : Armor Class 12, HP 27 (6d8), Speed 30ft. STR10 (+0) DEX15 (+2) CON10 (+0) INT12 (+1) WIS14 (+2) CHA16 (+3) Deception +5, Insight +4, Investigation +5, Perception +6, Persuasion +5, Sleight of Hand +4, Stealth +4, Perception 16, Challenge 1 (200 XP) Cunning Action. bonus action to Dash, Disengage, or Hide. Sneak Attack (1 turn) deals extra 7 (2d6), Shortsword. Att: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft or one target. 1d6 + 2 dmg. Hand Crossbow. Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, range 30/120ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

If Hammit is caught in the fighting, he will use any ability he has to escape including throwing down his possessions or pleading for his life. In reality

Hammit is not like his evil brethren, as he has retained his good hearted nature due to being a Halfling. The curse of Lycanthropy however does drive his hunger for meat, and the pack is the best way for him to secure a regular feeding. If capturing Hammit is at all possible he will gladly aid Father Dominic's cause provided he cures Hammit of the curse. If the PCs cannot capture Hammit, he escapes into the Daggerhills to regroup with Balathor to the south. If the PCs engage the Werewolves do not hold any punches in combat. If a player has to retreat offer them a chance to flee to the south, No Werewolves will attack them or pursue him to the south as Balathor and the rest of the pack are awaiting any retreat by the PCs. Watching the fight from a nearby hill, Celinna the Alpha female of the pack will alert Balathor if the fight does not win out in their favor. At this point Balathor and another three Werewolves will move up from the south to cut off the PCs. Once Balathor is present, the pack will back off licking their wounds, letting the Alpha male take lead. Celinna will not engage the PCs in any form, and once Balathor enters the fight she will retreat to the packs cave to watch over her nine pups and see to the safety of the clan. If the PCs retreat to the south, they will encounter Balathor and his brood and finally be surrounded by the entire pack. If Balathor must enter the fight, he sends in his lower ranking members to even the odds before he commits to fighting. It is only when the PCs make light that they possess the signet ring of Tethyamar and are under Father Dominic's orders to make a treaty does Balathor stop the attack to speak with the PCs. If the players do not make this attempt to speak with Balathor, he will attack the PCs until he is dropped to half HP at which point he will flee to his cave to heal.

Once Balathor enters the scene, read the following out loud.

From the south, a creature seemingly from your nightmares barrels towards your group pursued by another three Werewolves. Running on all fours, the Lycanthropes show no signs of slowing as they tear across the rocky terrain without hindrance. Leaping nearly fifth-teen feet forwards, what could only be

Balathor rears up on his hind legs and lets out a bellowing howl into the sky. With a wide breath he levels his massive claws towards you and rakes the dirt sending stones flying into the air.

"Draw breath while you can, you will join us, or we will feast on your bones!"



Balathor – The same as Werewolves but with the following Alpha abilities. +1 to all attributes, Hit Points: 70, Dread Howl: Once per encounter Balathor can let out a blood curdling howl that instills fear in the hearts of those that hear it. All Enemies with 100 ft of Balathor who hear his Dread Howl must make a wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed in fear for 1 round. Those who make the save are unaffected.

If the PCs speak with Balathor, read the following out loud.

"Ha! The conjurer sends his lap dogs to barter my father's lands. What weakness is the flesh, I can smell the piss on his boots from here! So then, what have you to offer Balathor Lord of the southern plains, a carving of what is rightfully mine?! I should tear the limbs from your sockets for such an insult!"

If the PCs offer to trade the signet ring for the release of Hammit, read the following.

Balathor spins on his hind legs to eye the curious Halfling tucked behind several larger Werewolves somewhere in the back. “Bring up the half-mutt!” Forcibly Hammit is thrown to the middle of the encircled pack. He finds his footing soon enough, but the lapping of the Werewolves does not diminish his fear. “Hambone! Tonight you will serve the pack first rather than last!” Hammit looks around him, then to Balathor, “But, don’t I always go first?” All around the wolves’ growl and curse the tiny werewolf just as Balathor snaps at his heels. “Be glad you did not die when we took these hills from the half-men,” one of the pack members cackles from the side, “Such a waste of meat turning that one!” Balathor spun again, sending rocks into the pack. “Silence!” in a slow approach towards Hammit, Balathor takes up the miniature werewolf by the collar then hurls him to your groups feet. “There is your prize fleshling, let it be known in the fleshling city, from this day until the last; Tethyamar belongs to Balathor! Now leave this place, before I release them...”

As the PCs gather their senses, there are likely some injuries among them. Balathor and his brood are not easily dispatched and intelligence and ingenuity are what might have saved the party from having to combat the Lycanthropes at all. If Hammit is not with the group, take this chance to have the Halfling sneak away from the pack to ask the players if they will bring him to Father Dominic for a cure. For this kindness, he promises to aid their cause in any way possible.

For any party members that are Druids or Rangers who are infected, the curse operates much differently than otherwise stated. The night after the attack, the PC will have a lucid dream in which he or she is running with a pack of wolves through the Dalelands, unfettered by the lands and its oppressors. The longer the curse remains the more the PC will seek to leave society’s restraints for the wilds. After three wisdom saves at DC 18 are failed the character will leave the group unless forced against their will. If allowed to go, they will seek out the remaining pack.

When word reaches Father Dominic that the PCs have returned, they are immediately brought to the war tent.

Your group is rushed to the side of Father Dominic, where several clergy have gathered in a pavilion tent for communion. As you are brought inside, they quickly leap from their chairs and begin to prepare salves. The clergy begin a low chant and within moments your wounds are fully healed. Father Dominic moves about your company, blessing each of you in Tymora’s name and offering you a gold coin printed with the face of Tymora. “My friends, the light of Tymora has blessed our path again.” Left in the tent once again, the battle plans had now taken on multiple levels of directions. Lay-lines and visible advantages on the field have been marked and classified with miniature troop models.

For details on the battle plans, refer to **Parting the Ashaba**.

By morning the players are awoken to a similar rousing of horns and bugles. Within the hour the Tymorian army is on the move, back towards their road south. The early morning passes without incident, but as the sun breaks over the distant monolith of Castle Daggerdale, scouts spot a line of riders beginning to parallel the army’s march. At the head of the column, the clergy pass word along the lines that they are not riders, but Wemics. Orders are made to hold fast until the creatures close distance with the army.

ANKHEG!

Read the following out loud then take surprise attacks before rolling initiative.

Suddenly there is a scream from somewhere in the back. Men in the column begin to scatter wildly in all directions. The knights around you draw their swords and spin their horses, kicking them into a gallop. “We’re under attack, their within our ranks!” one of them yells. His horse quickly carries him from ear pitch as troops begin to fan out from the center. For a moment you think the Wemics have devised some trap, and your eyes scan the horizon for an incoming charge. Then a powerful vibration from beneath your feet sends your mounts into a frantic lurch, just as the earth explodes some ten yards away. Seconds pass before the silence is wretched again by a cascading chirp, as the deep

earthy colored head of a terrible insect crawls out from within the pit. As it drags its massive body from the dirt, its frontal claws snap forward in two quick thrusts. Before anyone can get to him, Sir Moran is torn from his saddle, and twisted and pulled into pieces of himself by the massive insect. He's drawn back to the creature's mouth, and eaten in portions while his sword hand is assailed through the air, landing nearby with a hand still gripping the hilt. "Ankheg!" scream the priests, as men all around you draw weapons.

This extremely large Ankheg is the product of starvation and a change in the natural order of the Dales. Driven from its burrow deep underground, this female would normally never breach the surface, instead relying on males to seek her out for mating and in turn providing her with a substantial meal. Though she does hunt for herself, her main diet consists of male Ankhegs which she cannibalizes once they've inseminated her eggs. With much of the wild game absent from the area



however, those males have little call to enter her territory leaving her hungry, and aggressive. Being that she is so large, this Ankheg's front digging claws are over enlarged, which she uses to snare her prey before dragging it to her mandibles.

To the PC who investigates Sir Moran's blade, it's of a fine craftsmanship and likely dwarven made. To the victor of the battle, it's possible to receive the blade as a prize, considering Sir Moran's comments the night before. Though, the Knights words rang far truer than he'd expected

Female Ankheg : Large monstrosity, unaligned, Armor Class 16 (natural armor), 11 while prone, Hit Points 69 (8d10 + 6) Speed 30 ft., burrow 10 ft. STR17 (+3) DEX11 (+0) CON13 (+1) INT1 (-5) WIS13 (+1) CHA6 (-2) Senses darkvision 60ft, tremor sense 60ft, passive Perception 11 Languages. Challenge- 4 ACTIONS Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.Hit: 9 (2d6 + 3) slashing damage plus 3 (1d6) acid damage. If the target is a Large or smaller creature, it is grappled (escape DC 13). Until this grapple ends, the ankheg can bite only the grappled creature and has advantage on attack rolls to do so. Acid Spray (Recharge 6). The ankheg spits acid in a line that is 30 feet long and 5 feet wide, provided that it has no creature grappled. Each creature in that line must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 10 (3d6) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Klyckarra - Formerly belonging to Sir Moran, a knight of Tymora. Long sword +1, +2 vs magic using creatures, +3 vs Lycanthropes& shapeshifters.

From the first round of combat, the PCs only have until the beginning of the 5th round before Father Dominic enters the fight. Once this occurs, he will order everyone back before tying killing the creature with a Flame Strike spell at the end of the round. Those that enter combat with the Ankheg receive an equal portion of the XP, however If a PC kills the Ankheg themselves before Dominic can subdue it, he'll commend them for their fearlessness, and gift Sir Moran's blade to them, once he's properly buried of course. On his initiative Father Dominic still

delivers his Flame Strike spell, invoking a tower of fire that scorches the earth and immolates the carcass of the Ankheg. As the battle comes to a close, the wounded are quickly seen to, though some are beyond the churches aid so far from the temple of Tymora. The dead are not left in the field of course, they are seen to by members of the church who perform the proper burial rights and volunteers begin digging the graves. While the army is stopped, storm clouds roll in from the east and a light rain picks up. As the afternoon wanes, the storm gathers strength and the trail ahead becomes steeped in mud slowing travel. Father Dominic calls to set camp early in the day and wait out the storm. Tents are quickly put up and the columns form ranks with the knights and clergy at its center. The camp is strangely quiet, as patrols keep watch for some surprise attack on the dim horizon. The night passes, and by morning the trail has dried. Those PCs who are earliest to rise may catch sight of Father Dominic praying as the sun rises. (He is casting a mass Destroy water spell, drying the mud). When the sun reaches its highest point, the Tymorian army and Father Dominic come into sight of the Ashaba River. Even from this distance, men around you can see the high spears of the mercenary army gathered on the other side of the river. Within the hour you come within a half mile of the crossing. The ruins of the Serpents Bridge dot the water with massive stones and arches sticking out of the waves.

Taking ranks along the shore, orders are given to form two columns with the clergy spread out among the men. The knights begin to sing a marching song called **‘The Lady and the Three Rings’**. It is a parable of three murders, that of Silver her mother, Randal her uncle and one un-named person.

O we are free
O Lady Lee
Three rings we made
To watch for thee
O we are free
Beneath the tree
For you we march
For you we sing
And when we ride
We ride for thee

Three rings we make
From sea to sea
For Silver's Day
For Morn we sing
For you we fight!
For you, we three!
And when we die
Tymora please
Keep our coins
For we are free
Three graves we dug
Three rings we keep
For Lady Lee
In the old oak tree

Read the following when the army arrives at the Ashaba River. If Hammit is not with the party, progress the event to your requirments.

Kneeling beside Hammit, Father Dominic hands the halfling a golden coin. “You know what you must do friend, for the sake of the Dales.” For a moment Hammit seems unsure, however he soon finds his resolve and nods acceptingly. “So be it Father, but we’re even now!” The halfling moves down to the waters edge and removes a small bowl from his side pouch. Speaking a whispered incantation, Hammit’s eyes glow a bright blue, as the magic begins to course through his body. Suddenly a bright light spreads out across the River, turning the waters rough and forcing them back. A powerful wind picks up as the river begins to part as a massive water elemental explodes from the surface of the river. The army watches on as the clergy chant in unison with Father Dominic, further empowering the spell. Soon the river bed is visible, but the shock and horror of the sight nearly shakes Hammit from his control of the spell. Standing among the stones and pools of water are hundreds of the undead, their bodies putrid and swollen by the river. On both sides of the shore, shouts go out among troops and horsemen rally to the front. Father Dominic seems astounded by the visage, and as the mass of undead look up from their watery graves, they begin to move towards the onlookers. Amidst the wales of the dead, Hammit looks to you in anguish “I will hold back the waters as long as I can, Hurry!”



PARTING THE ASHABA

Hammit will be incapacitated for the fight while he tries to hold the river back. He can only do this for ten rounds before his concentration is broken. It will be up to Father Dominic and the Clergy to stop the undead from wreaking havoc among the army.

Among the clerics, 14 have the ability to **Turn Undead**. They form a line in front of the columns as the knights draw their weapons and call out for the army to charge. As each round passes, roll one Turning check for the entire group of clergy. If they succeed, the undead army cannot make an attack on any of the soldiers. However, should they fail, their Turning ends and the men will take heavy losses. Stage the battle as you wish, but effectively Father Dominic will lose nearly five hundred men should the clergy be unable to Turn Undead efficiently.

On the other side of the River, the enemy troops are not so lucky. Without clerics among them the undead army rushes into their numbers, killing hundreds of men by the end of the battle.

As the PCs charge through the opening in the River, do not allow them to stop and battle the Undead unless absolutely necessary. As the turn counts down, remind the player of the danger in being caught beneath the waves once Hammit can no longer keep up the spell.

It will take the entire turn for the Tymorian army to cross the river. At the end of which, Hammit is forced to release his spell. If any PC is still in the path of the water, they are killed instantly by the crushing force of the River. Any undead likewise are crushed, leaving only a few dozen of them on

the beach among the army. Once his spell ends, Hammit will try to run for the shoreline for safety, however he stumbles in his dash as the water closes in around him. It's only by a stroke of luck that he falls into an opening in the riverbed and is washed deep into underground tunnels. Eventually Hammit will arrive somewhere in the gloom of the upper levels of the Underdark. However his time there will lead him into new relationships with deep merchants and dwarves therein. From here, the PCs and the Tymorian army are dragged into combat as mercenary and Dalelander fight to fend off the onslaught of the remaining undead and each other. While deep in the center of the battle, allow the PCs to cut out their own areas of combat among the fighting. The combat will last 10 rounds before the armies begin to take control of the fight. Though they can continue to fight for the next five rounds or injured players may opt out of the fight for safe territory. Those that remain in the field will take part in a ferocious battle. This fight is a test of constitution, and players need not worry about killing every enemy. Hidden among the undead is a very special prize as well. It may only be found by those who survive the entire battle, and are among the last to leave the piled bodies. One of the dead, unlike the others, is armored in the remaining pieces of a suit of plate mail. The creature drags its left leg, and moves at half the allowed rate. Partially injured from the fight, its hands seem to have been severed at the wrist. The rusty plate mail is of no use; however the sword in the sheath along its belt is of opulent make. Further investigation reveals the true nature of the weapon; it bares the marks of Sharavyn the weapons mage. How it came to be in the possession of this man is unknown. Like many of Sharavyns weapons, the sword is imbued with magical qualities and acts as a sword of sharpness, severing limbs on a natural 20.

Skeletons (200) use normal statistics.

Ghoul uses normal statistics while having a **Vorpal Short Sword +3** in its scabbard.

Once 10 rounds of combat has ended, Father Dominic and his clergy finish off the last of the

undead, as men find their nerve to face another day of bloodshed. Before noon the remaining troops of the Tymorian forces and the enemy defense take up positions in the fields west of Shadowdale. The army is bloody and battered, but holding together.



As hundreds of soldiers and militia line up across from one another, the commanders of the gathered mercenary soldiers ride out to meet Father Dominic and his knights. Father Dominic invites the PCs to join him, as the people have begun to greatly respect them in their steadfastness to protect the Dale.

Five Calvary officers meet the PCs and Father Dominic at the center of the field.

Heavy horses ride out to meet your group, as Father Dominic; clad in his Tymorial armor carries the flag of Mourningdale, with him are three of the clergy

should the worst occur. The officers wear a variety of insignia mostly of Sembian make with their plated armor shining brightly in the morning sun. Behind them, three men clearly dressed in robes bare the insignia of Tilverton, a black snake on a grey field. Their looks are judgmental and aristocratic. “Commander Dominic Quintus,” the officer at the center of the line greets the old priest. Dominic smiles at the title, “I am Lord Wesscan, and by the orders of Lord Tamerith Cormaeril, you will lay down your weapons and disband this army from the field. There is no need for a battle that we both know you cannot win. There can be no victory here; the people of Daggerdale will suffer if you insist on your march south.”

“As they have already suffered?” Father Dominic pressed the Lord. “This carnage was proof enough that Tamerith has made a graveyard of these lands. The dead walk these plains, unrepentant, unmarked and lost. They drag themselves home to the north, only to be taken by the river and you dare to speak of suffering to me? Boy, you may have your orders, but I am oath bound to the Goddess Tymora, and I will see her will be done.” There is silence among those present, as Lord Wesscan shakes his head solemnly. “So be it Commander.”

What will proceed is a large scale combat with hundreds of troops.

Alternatively you can simply center the fighting on your players and allow them to track down and kill the enemy commanders.

If so, skip to **The Chase is on!**

As the men prepare for battle, Father Dominic gathers his knights together as part of the main cavalry charge while his clergy remain in the rear of the army to tend the wounded. Orders are made for archers to take the field at maximum range. Allow the PCs to join other regiments if they do not wish to be in the initial charge. Players with bowman skills will be highly valued and given a unit of men to command for themselves as will footman for the reserve attack. Mounted fighters will be organized with Father Dominic and take the lead once the archers fall back. Those that lead their soldiers will

act on their initiative and then dictate the action of their unit.

Father Dominic gives the order to advance sending his two units of Knights into a charge against the enemy Calvary. His plan is to occupy the center of the field as long as possible while he moves his Longbow men into position on higher ground. To protect his archers, he sends a unit of Spear-men to protect their flank before turning back to the foray at the center. On the far side of the field, Dominic sends word for the short range archers to move up and fire until the Cavalry's meet. At which point they are to take up small-arms and cover the flank until two footman units cover their retreat. The remaining Footman troops will remain in reserve until Dominic calls them in to protect a failing unit. Once Father Dominic's Long Bowmen make it to higher ground, they will use the elevation to fire on the enemy's Bowmen from a safe distance while remaining Footman finally move up to shut down the centerfield skirmishes.

The mercenary battle plan is to use their Longbow men to flank left and right, attacking the flanks of the Tymorian army. Their Shield wall, Bill-men and Spearmen will move forward with the shield wall to attack the center charge after the initial lance attack. The Calvary will form a retreat once the shield wall is in place and spread out to attack other units in the area. Footmen will drive into the Tymorian lines attempting to kill Dominic's rear units. If they are routed, Longbow men will come to their aid and cover their retreat.

Military units act on necessity in the field unless

ordered by their commanders. Use both sides of the engagement as intelligently as possible, remembering that neither army can truly afford to be outright destroyed. If the mercenary's lose the field, they will form a full retreat back to Tilverton or another battle field of their choosing. Should the Tymorian's lose the field, they will retreat to Shadowdale. However it should be noted that Father Dominic cannot afford to lose this battle so far from Mourningdale. He will press his army to fight to the last. Should the Tymorian army fall short of defeating the mercenaries, aid from Shadowdale will swing the battle in their victory to assure that the story-line moves in the direction of this module. However such a loss will certainly change the role of Father Dominic, and Daggerdale as a whole. This is of course left to the GM.

Mass Combat Optional Rules

Being this is the first mass combat encounter there are a few ways you can accomplish the event without slowing down the gameplay. First, you can use each unit as 1 individual in terms of dice rolling. Once the two combatants have succeeded or lost, equate the percentage of HP left to determine remaining men.

For instance, if there is a unit of 200 men and 10% of that unit's HP is left. (If we used a Solder, Scout or similar troop 10% of their HP is 3) then there are 20 men left in that unit. Similarly if there is 50% of the troop's HP left then there would be 100 men. If units are grouped together in larger numbers, the reverse order will function for HP. For instance, a unit of 1000 has 5 times more HP than a unit of 200. If the PC's involve themselves in combat with enemy units you are welcome to let them cut a swath through the soldiers. Simply use the stats for the particular type of unit they are engaged with, and count each individual defeated as the equivalent HP lost for the unit.

For instance, a player leads the vanguard of the battle and wades into the fight facing a unit of 200 soldiers (unit HP 30). The player kills 2 soldiers on their turn, and that is recorded as 1 HP of damage to the unit of soldiers. Using math we know that $200/30=6.6$ and as such the players should do 1 HP



of damage for each 6 soldiers killed, but for ease of use we recommend always rounding up to the next unit HP taken in order to maximize the player impact in the battle. This allows for the effect of mass combat, without the DM needing to concern themselves with hundreds of dice rolls.

Each 200 individuals should make up one unit, but you can divide these as you choose in large or small units depending on how much time you want to invest in the combat sequence.

Tymorian **Knights** (20)
Mourningdale **Scouts** (400)
Mourningdale **Archers** (250)
Dalelander **Soldier** (2,350)
Tymorian **Clergy** (15)
VS

Highdale **Bill-Men** (300) XP Value: 7,500
Tilverton **Soldier** (1000) XP Value: 12,000
Tilverton **Archers** (1000) XP Value: 25,000
Mercenary **Soldiers** (500) XP Value: 12,000
Calvary **Knights** (30) XP Value 2,500
Tilverton **Scouts** (500) XP Value: 12,000

THE CHASE IS ON!

Regardless of the events that take place during the field battle, allow the PCs and Father Dominic to confront the Wizards and Lord Wesscan somewhere among the carnage. This may involve several small skirmishes, allowing you to detail the battle at length.

All around the field, wounded men struggle to hold on to their last breaths. Banners from among the gathered factions drape over the forlorn bodies of their wielders. As heavy silt blankets the arena casting the world in a vale of blue and gray, the outlines of mounted riders begin to come into view as your group and Father Dominic close in on the Commanders. From up ahead, shouting can be heard. Soon two of the riders break off from the others and turn towards you. “We must capture Wesscan,” Father Dominic tells you. “Ride ahead and don’t let him escape alive, but hold him if he’ll surrender. Let me deal with the Mages”. As your group rides on to take Lord Wesscan captive, the Wizards waste no time in confronting both you and

Dominic. While they have no weapons that you can see, the wizards hold steady in their charge, drawing wands from their belts instead.

“Tymora protect us!” says the old priest, as the air around him is set on fire.

Use troop statistics for a **Mage** or **Wizard** for the two spell casters of at least 3rd level. Aside from wands of fire there is no additional stats needed.



On the first round the Wizard’s charge with wands each casting a wall of fire in front of Dominic and the PCs. Those who charge through the walls suffer their full affects (Refer to the PHB for **Wall of Fire**). On the second round the Wizards flank to the left and right, sending fireballs back at the PCs and Dominic as they circle back around for another attack. If the Wizards are injured or otherwise believe they are in trouble they each possess a scroll of invisibility prepared to aid them should they need to escape arise. The Wizards will continue to circle the PCs and Dominic expending their wands of fire until they are either confronted in melee combat or take enough damage to warrant a retreat. If absolutely necessary they will attack using any offensive spells they have available. However the Wizards are not willing to risk their lives to defeat

the PCs. Their true mission is to aid Lord Wesscan as needed, and then return to Tilverton.

Among the fallen Wizards, those who search their possessions find a wand of some strange wood, decorated with webbing and spiders. There is a cloak as well that is on fire, and yet not burning. Inside the cloak, is a buttoned pocket with a traveling spell book inside. The book is wizard locked and will take some practice to be able to break through the magical wards without ruining the book.

Cassock of Protection +1: (+1 to AC, does not count as a robe). After the destruction of the wizardry school of Silverymoon, several of these enchanted Cassocks found their way into the hands of merchants who traded them within Mourningdale. Many of those were collected by the church in fear they may have held some danger to the people. However they have since been gifted to clergy and those in service of the city who are deemed entitled. To possess one is not only an honor, but a symbol of respect among the community.

Traveling Spell Book – Over the decades, many who practice magic have called the Dales their home. Some however, did not survive the harsh realities of the north. This particular spell book seems to have been the property of a Zhentilar agent, likely killed during one of the retaking of Daggerfalls. Though some pages are missing or unreadable, there are still several powerful spells one might transcribe given the proper time. If attempted each of the following spells may be learned provided the PC make an intelligence check at DC 16. (Fireball, Lighting Bolt, Invisibility, Haste, Acid Arrow, Fog Cloud, Knock).

Wand of Acid – This wand has made its way from deep within the Underdark to the vaults of Mourningdale. Likely the creation of Drow mages, its ebony wood and mithral inlays have been heavily enchanted with acidic abilities. The wand has three powers. An acid arrow may be fired from the wand at a cost of 2 charges as per the PHB spell. A splash affect may be used; costing three charges

and affecting a 10ft cubed area, refer to Acid arrow for damage to those in the area. The last power costs 5 charges and expels a stream of acid equivalent to a dragon's breath up to 30ft with a 5ft width in a fan shape. Victims of acid stream must make a dexterity save DC 14 or suffer 6d6 points of damage (save for half). If the creature failed the save then they take an additional 1d6 acid damage .

Those that pursue Lord Wesscan soon find themselves facing off against the elite noble guard and Wesscan himself. Without Father Dominic to protect the PCs, Wesscan decides to form a charge and wound the Tymorian chain of command in any way possible.

Read the following out loud to the PCs pursuing Lord Wesscan before entering combat.

Coming into view, Lord Wesscan and his guards form a line 100 yards out from your position. You count eight riders among him, each armed with lances. Wesscan himself holding the banner of Tilverton tipped with a lancing spear raises the banner high, calling out for his men to give no quarter. Rearing his horse, the Lord kicks into a gallop as his men fall in behind him. Spreading out in a skirmish line, only moments pass before you are swept up in combat as the sounds of hoof beats score the earth in a final attack by the failing army.

Use a **Knight** troop for the Elite Guard. Lord Wesscan is similar however he has three additional levels and War Mastery. All charge with lances first, and then resort to melee.

Allow the battle to progress naturally, keeping the men mounted as long as possible. Should the fight turn to melee combat Wesscan and his men draw broadswords and fight on until the last man. Wesscan will not give up easily; only when he has lost more than half of his guards does he consider surrender rather than death. If the PCs kill Lord Wesscan, Father Dominic will cast speak with the dead on him to gather Intel on Tilverton and their preparations for the coming siege.

ROADS LESS TRAVELED

In the days that follow, the Tymorian army travels father along the southerly route towards the Desertmouth Mountains, guarding one of two entrances into Tilverton. From the war camp the PCs can make out the cut in the mountain range called Shadow Gap, the origin of Tilverton's banner emblems with its snake-like trail that weaves through the range. The Thunderpeak Mountains are Tilverton's source of wealth and protection. The trade route of Tilvers Gap bolsters a supply of metal ores including gold, which the Lords of Tilverton covet above all things. It is this rich source of wealth that has supplied Tamerith's agenda. From the PCs camp, rising smoke can be seen from the distant Ashabenford that has doubled in size with the requirements of the occupied army there and the Lumbering campaign that spreads through the eastern woodlands. From Tilverton's position the walled city cannot be attacked from the Shadow Gap as any tactical advantage would be lost in such a narrow corridor. It is only through Tilvers Gap that Father Dominic's forces can enter Cormyr and way siege on Tilverton. Inside Father Dominic's pavilion tent once the army comes to a rest, such conversations arouse sharp debate among the Knights and Clergy.

Read the following as the PCs are being summoned to another council meeting.

"There can be no victory on such a stage Father, the men here are already tired and wounded from the advanced regiments. With such a large coalition in Ashabenford and long range scouts surrounding the territory we simply do not have the numbers to take such a prize and march on Tilverton. We should move on to the Gap, and secure Ashabenford once Tamerith is out of power." There are several dismays at the idea however. "And leave ourselves open to attack from behind, you're mad!" says one of the Knights. Sir Leon notes your entrance as he looks up from the war maps. Father Dominic seems attentive with his men and does not look up from the table. "We retain support here at Mistledale. But those men are militia at best..." As your group looks over the maps before you, the gravity of

Father Dominic's decision to make war on Tilverton begins to finally sink in. It is clear that your forces are vastly outnumbered. "The faithful of Gond will likely be present at Tilvers Gap ascertaining the quality of materials making their way to Tilverton." Listening intently, Father Dominic raps his fingers across the arm of his chair before finally looking up to your group with a smile. "My friends, you're just in time. I can foresee only one advantage we have over the presence in Ashabenford and the Church of Gond in Tilvers Gap..." Looking to your group, Father Dominic smiles wider drawing curious stares from all gathered. "My Lord?" Sir Leon questions, "The adventurers are but a few individuals." But Father Dominic shakes his head in disagreement as he speaks on. "No Leon, they are cut from the same cloth as you and I. Was it not Adventurers that aided Randal Morn in the retaking of Daggerfalls? Who Saved them from the Dream Fever, or banished the shadow of Gothl? Was it not Adventurers who came to the call of the Dales when the Zhentilar returned to take back the dale? So it will be adventurers again, who are the deciding hands in our victory to come. This is the message Tymora wishes all of us to hear, that individuals make the difference in this world, not kings and their amassed armies."

Allow the PCs to speak freely with Father Dominic and his men before continuing with Dominic's plan.



“An army cannot travel through the woodlands to the south without being put at risk by the many dangers there-in. However a small group might easily slip past their patrols and gain access to the dell. I have seen those of your ilk take down men of power of every sort, set their magic against the most powerful armies in Faerun and tarnish the crowns of tyrannical kings. With the aid of our allies, it is my belief that you might have just enough strength to take Ashabenford alone.”

As the PCs decide if they will aid Father Dominic, await their individual choices and concerns before continuing.

“Ashabenford is surrounded by woodlands, this is a great asset for commerce, but the terrain is difficult to patrol. Thankfully Mourningdale has a long history in supporting scouting missions in these lands supplying us with detailed maps of the area. I believe that a small group can navigate their way into Mistledale without rousing suspicion. Once there, the local militia will aid our cause if they can be convinced that seizing the territory will be in their best interests. There is one family in Mistledale that has always supported the north. Once you enter the Dale seek out Holly Huldane, perhaps she will know how to convince the militia to join their banners with our own. From there, you will lead those willing to fight into Ashabenford, and take it for your own. Once you have control of the dell, the army will meet you and your militia at the crossroads into Tilvers Gap. From there we will join your force and take the Gap from the church of Gond. In the meantime, I and members of the clergy will travel east into the Cormanthor to speak with our elven allies there. If we can negotiate aid to your fight we will hopefully arrive no less than three days after you have entered Mistledale. This gives you three days friends, only three, to convince Mistledale to join the revolt and secure their own freedom. Any questions?”

Father Dominic will provide the players with highly detailed maps of the area complete with notations from over one hundred years of traversing the area by rangers of several denominations. Making it to

Mistledale should be relatively easy barring random encounters in the area. Once the PCs reach the Dale, they must take on disguises to meld into the populace there so as not to garner the suspicion of soldiers. Allow the players to use their own creativity to accomplish this. Characters of races that are not common in the region will be looked on suspiciously. They will need to take further steps to disguise themselves, and it may be prudent to keep these players away from open view of Mistledales inhabitants. Humans and Halflings are the most common races in the region. There is also a strong population of Tree Gnomes who migrated to the area after the Spiderhaunt woods were burned by soldiers. Barring encounters on route to Mistledale, the PCs follow a herding path along the foothills of the Thunderpeaks until they reach the trade road leading West called the Moonsea ride. From their path, the long line of caravans and oxen moving building materials East into Cormyr can clearly be seen from their vantage point. Observing the route, the flags of Tilverton and the Church of Gond can be noted. Any PC taking the time to count men can get a rough estimate of around 5,000 soldiers moving along the trade road. There are frequent resupplies that head back into Mistledale and onward towards Ashabenford. There are several siege weapons that can be seen under construction near the mills surrounding the Dell, or finished weapons being towed West. They stand a towering forty feet in height and weight several hundred pounds. As the PCs circumvent the area, a great horn blast is heard, signaling the end of the work day for the laborers of the mills. Soon a host of men and women begin their long walk back to their homes surrounding Ashabenford in a small hamlet called Camden's Helm. Now is the time for the PCs to move into position and enter the Dale with the mass of workers. Those players who think to amass a small amount of tools from the mills will increase their likely-hood of going un-noticed. However there is a small chance (10%) that a local worker will recognize his tools and accuse the player of thievery. Once inside Mistledale, the PCs are swept up in the crowd and find themselves being led to Camden's Helm. The workers of Mistledale have rebuilt the village to serve as a way-post as well as

constructed a small bailey keep to house stationed soldiers. The Bailey keep and Temple of Helm however host those clergy of Gond who remain in the village to oversee daily work. Allow the PCs to traverse the village, but be aware of the risks in moving too far from the local establishments. The surrounding territory is notorious for strange beasts that wonder outside of the Cormanthor in search of prey. Once inside the Hammerfast, being the local watering hole, the PCs are served in a gruel line, and are given one pint with their dinner. Eventually they find themselves at a table when curious onlookers start to question who they are. The players may attempt to deceive the workers, but eventually their questioning becomes too much for even the saviest PC and a crowd gathers at their table.

Just before suspicion is roused, an older woman somewhere in her sixties cuts through the crowd and approaches the PCs.

“Hold ye selves friends, may’haps these folks be looking for work is all. Though they should’ve come to me first, but then troubled times we find ourselves in being that strangers cannot be accommodated without first being interrogated.” The woman leans over to one of the gathered workers and whispers something in their ear bringing her hand, or what should have been her hand, up to cover her words from those nearby soldiers. Bidding you to follow her with a wave of her handless-stump, the old woman smiles as she speaks. “Come with me then, let’s get you signed up for work in the morning.” There obviously seems to be some internal planning among the group, and though you suspiciously question their motives, the glimpse of a symbol of Tymora from beneath her neckline quells your apparent concerns. As your group enters the backroom where barrels of ale and wine sit among food stocks, the doors are shut behind you as the woman introduces herself. “Ye might’ve guessed, but I’m Holly Huldane. I Heard of ye mission from a little bird just this morn. I’ll be sending word back to Father Dominic that ye’ve arrived jus as soon as I can. I know what ye’d have of me then, but there be a wrinkle in the plan.

Most men here be simple labor hands, but a strong back and heavy hammer be a welcome aid to any uprising. I count nearly sixty trained soldiers in the camp, all ex-merchant hands an adventurers like ye selves. They’ll fight for me, if I can promise the militia will rally behind them. But there-in lay the problem. I can’t convince the camps without proper motivation. Ye see they know the strength of Tilverton’s blades well enough. But it’s the lack O’weapons that’s gottem fearful. But I’ve got me self a plan then, and ye group be just the sort to bring it all together. So lets’ get right to it, unless ye got better things to do this night?” with a sharp grin, the old woman continues. “Most of these men claim lineage to Ol’ Camden himself. The story goes the Knight retired here after service with the crown. His tomb be in the crypt beneath the Temple of Helm, there atop the hill ye see just north of the Hammerfast. Me thoughts are if’n we can convince the village that Camden be rising from the grave to fight off this rabble, call’n themselves Knights, that the men will find their nerve and march with him. You’ll think me daft, but I’ve spoken with the old knight once before. Aye, I’ve a hand or two in me own adventuring career.” Holly waved her severed wrist with a wry smile. “Those days be long past, but I remember just enough to be tipp’n the scales. I can’t in good faith take it upon me self to speak with Camden again though, me body can’t take the abuse of such magic. Ye young souls can fend off the costs of the spells better than I, so it must be you who rouses the spirit. Within the Temple, ye find a set of stairs lead’n to the crypt. There be one coffin inside, that o Camden. In the alcove there-in be a vase that I hid away a scroll. If’n ye can’t read the old tongues, I can translate for ye. You’ll have to return here then an give me a day to do so. If’n ye have the know-how though, take it upon ye selves and awake the spirit. I know not how ye can convince Camden to fight for us, but maybe this will help sway his temper.” Holly reaches into her corset and produces a golden ring on a silver chain. “It be the wedding ring rumor has it was passed on to Camden’s daughter before she passed. More over, it be the only thing left from the grave after the church of Gond exhumed it look’n for Camden’s Helm. Aye lads, the town be called

Camden's Helm for not. The old scribes speak of a Helm blessed by Helm, that Camden wore in many a bout. They be search'n for the thing, tide and true. But none be knowing where it lay, sept maybe Camden himself. "



Seeking out the crypt in the Temple of Helm will require some pretenses on the part of the PCs. Though time is of the essence, the players have a full three days to investigate.

As for entering the temple, Holly says **"the tests be different for everyone, set by the gods they are!"**

RAISING THE DEAD

First, to use the scroll Holly spoke of, will require a PC being capable of casting a clerical spell. Likely due to the level of the PCs this can only be done by a Cleric. If the players can achieve this in another fashion, by way of a thief with read scrolls or a multi-classed character allow the player to attempt the feat based on their own abilities. If the players

do not have a cleric among them, they can return to Holly who will translate the scroll so that anyone may read it. (Holly is a 17th level Ranger and 3rd level cleric). Once the PCs can use the scroll, they must open the sarcophagus of Camden and use the 'Speak with the Dead' scroll over his corpse. This can only be done by a caster of good alignment. Any player attempting to speak with Camden that is of evil alignment will find themselves facing down an Undead Warrior. Defeating Camden will only result in his inability to aid them in bringing the militia to fight against the soldiers. This is not suggested for obvious reasons. Take the time to reveal 'uneasiness' to any PC attempting to use the scroll that is not of a good alignment. To those that ignore such feelings, use other means to stop them as you see fit, such as a glyph of warding. Entering the Crypt beneath the Temple is no small feat either. The temple being under guard by mercenaries, and occupied by clergy of Gond are among the first line of defenses. However entering the inner chamber of the temple is another act all together. As of yet, the clergy and the soldiers have been unable to open the doors to the temple. The encampment around the temple houses the men in small makeshift bunks when they are not at their living quarters in the keep. It is only during the working hours that the temple is clear of any watchmen, and so it is then that the PCs should attempt to gain entrance into the temple. However, bypassing the wards on the main doors is the first hurdle. These wards are emblems of Helm, which only allow those 'worthy' of entrance to be permitted inside.

Read the following aloud when approaching the temple.

Surrounding the temple, make-shift walls and a small encampment conceal the building from onlookers. Beyond the fences a pair of stone doors can be seen at the base of a dome structure that stands nearly twenty feet, but obviously goes deeper into the hillside. On the face of the doors are two symbols of Helm, gauntlets emblazed with a watchful eye. Engraved along the doors are words written in the common tongue reading as follows.

“Ye beholden, take care to speak the truth, for Helm sees all”

To enter the temple, the PCs must first introduce themselves or request entrance. Knocking on the doors will likewise enact the wards. Continue reading once this occurs.

“Pilgrims of Tyche, I bid ye speak your purpose.”

The symbols of Helm are warding against the entrance of those who would defile the temple. The PCs must admit their purpose in entering the temple. Simply stating their reasons for going inside (provided they do not intend on robbing the temple) will not open the doors. The specifics of their purpose allow the wards to decipher their actions while inside, thus securing that it is not defiled. The priests of Gond have yet been unable to enter the temple, as their intentions are to use whatever wealth is inside for their own gains. As the Gm it is up to you to decide if a PC is being truthful. Otherwise, allow the players to enter the temple. Once inside, if they do intend to defile the grounds there are other wards in place to protect the temple. The first being that the doors magically lock themselves shut until the PCs return any stolen objects they find.

Read the following once inside

“All around you, marble stone reflects the light of oil lamps that dot the ceiling in a circular fashion. The temple is bare, save for a mosaic made of precious gems in the center of the floor. Its design is that of Helm, encrusted with a variant array of gems including topaz, sapphire and emeralds. In the rear of the temple is a small alcove housing several candles that have long since melted away leaving only the wick stems. There remains an offering on the altar of seven diamonds, a single rose that has long since turned, and the severed hand of some unfortunate soul. As well, a vase which seems out of place in the alcove sits beside the altar. Inside the vase is Holly’s scroll with the incantations of her

spell. A layer of dust coats the interior of the temple, as though no one has been inside for many decades.

A successful **search for traps DC 13** and concealed doors reveals the center of the Eye in the symbol of Helm to hold a doorway into a lower chamber. However no amount of force will open the door. Only an offering will allow the PCs to enter the crypt below. The offering given must be of some value to the player. The previous offering that they see before them was from Holly Huldane during her more formidable years. She sought to save her son from a deadly illness that befell him. To appease Helm; she gave the entirety of her personal wealth and her right hand. The illness was subsequently healed at the cost of her hand and the severed limb remains as a sign of the lengths Holly went to save her child. Likewise, the PCs must give a similar offering to be permitted into the lower crypt. This will first, require the PC to give up his most valued possession and then, sever his own hand. The hand will be restored once given however, unlike Holly whose hand could not be restored. With the disease too far along, her child inevitably died, but she was promised he would be reborn when the ‘Suns rise in the west’. For years Holly believed this was an astrological event, but Father Dominic now knows ‘Suns’ is actually ‘Sons’. He believes the rebellion is the rise intended by Helm, thus allowing the child to be reborn. The item given must remain on the altar however. As the Gm, make the PCs aware of the nature of the offering, but do not tell them that the hand will be restored. It must be given freely and with the understanding that they will lose said hand. If the players are unwilling to give up a hand, and by device seek Holly to do so in their stead, she will tell them that she is aware of the costs of entering the crypt. However due to her age and health, she fears she could not survive the blood loss and will not aid the PCs in this act. This is a lie however, as she does not want to tamper with her own offering. As well, anyone not of the players will simply lose the hand and will not have it restored due to the ‘falsehood’ of the offering. Allow the PCs to converse with themselves. This may take some time for the players to finally give in

and lose the hand, as is to be expected. The item to be left on the altar is just a simple offering that needs to be of value to the player.



Once the PCs make the offering, read the following aloud.

As the pain of your wound overwhelms you, you fall to your knees in anguish. Suddenly, the temple glows brilliantly as the gems in the mosaic pulsate with magical energy. From the center of the design, a flash of blue permeates the room, finding its way across the floor and covering your entire body. In moments, the bloody wrist where your hand once resided begins to glow, as before your very eyes your hand is restored to its full form. All around you a disembodied voice begins to speak. “Know that you are welcome here and rest well now, guardians of Sheridan.” From beneath the eye of Helm symbol a doorway slides open, revealing a staircase spiraling downward. From inside years of spoiled air escape the chamber below as lamps inside ignite, lighting your way into the crypts beneath the temple. Slowly you gather yourselves and begin your descent. One by one you come into the lower chamber. It is as well made of white marble, though more in descript than the previous room. Only a single sarcophagus stands in the room’s center topped with the form of an armored figure, its hands crossed at its chest holding a great sword within its gauntlets.

As the PCs approach the sarcophagus, it begins to glow a light blue in the presence of any evil aligned characters. If none are present, there is no glow. The players may now read from Holly’s scroll unless they are in need of a translation, in which case allow them to do so and return to the temple without hindrance.

As the words of Holly’s incantation leaves your lips, the room hums with magical energy. A soft white glow surrounds the Sarcophagus and then dimly fades away. Again, a voice is heard in the chamber.

“Long have I rested, disturbed now for the living. Speak then strangers from the north. Why have you awoken this old knight, piercing the vale between worlds?”

As per the spell, the caster may speak with Camden as if they were a 17th level caster. Thus the caster may speak with Camden for up to 3 turns (30 rounds) and ask up to 6 questions of the knight. Provided here is a brief description of Camden’s life and how he came to rest in Mistedale.

For further adventure you may elaborate on this small history for your campaign. The likes of which involve discovering the ancient burials of Camden’s family and the recovery of a Helm of Teleportation. This acts as per the spell, once per day.

Camden Faern was born to the Faern noble family who resided in a bailey Keep west of Spotters Peak in what was called The Helmlands. In life he was a Knight of Cormyr and a member of the Order of the Purple Dragons serving King Galaghard III during the battle with the Witch Lords and their Undead Army. Camden was raised within the Church of Helm and spent his entire life upholding its tenants. He served the crown for many years until he suffered an injury resulting in the loss of his right hand. Due to his weapon of choice being a great sword, Camden retired from service and sought a life of quiet serenity in the open countryside of today’s Mistedale. Driving his great sword into the ground and setting his Helm atop it where the temple stands today, Camden claimed all that he could see in the dell as his, and settled what is now

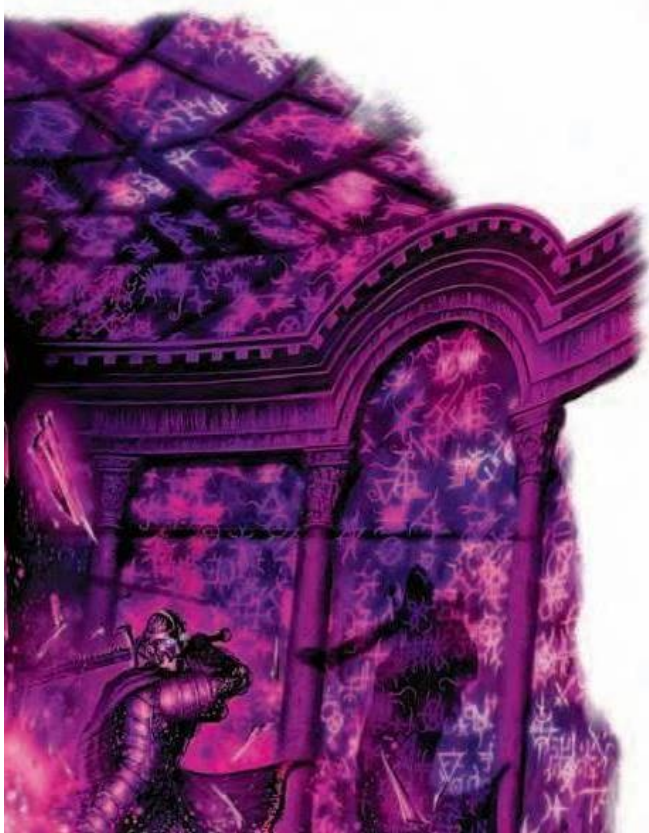
called Camden's Helm. The Knight soon married a woman named Essim Levier, an adventurer from Shadowdale, and lived out the rest of his years surrounded by a loving family. Before his death, Camden passed on his worldly possessions to his son Abvvier and requested his family build a temple to Helm over his grave. When he died he left his wife, son and three daughters Cadaleen, Sable and Tessime to watch over his lands.

If the PCs tell Camden of the acts of cruelty that Tamerith has committed, the Knight growls with discontent saying that nobility has fallen from its former grace. Such acts must be judged accordingly by Helm, and his lands restored to their rightful owners. Camden then gives the PCs permission to open his Sarcophagus and allow his spirit to enter his former body so that he might see to reclaiming his lands himself.

Read the following aloud to the PCs once they have opened the Sarcophagus with a combined strength DC of 18

As the stone lid slides away, the skeletal form of Camden is engulfed in a white hot fire that boils out from the body, spilling onto the floor in whipping tendrils of purple and silver. Consumed with white light, the body sits up from its grave. As the light fades, Camden comes into form. He is clad in ornamental Plate mail from an age long since passed; emblazed with the ancient symbol of the Purple Dragons on its chest. Adorning his head is a golden symbol of Helm set into the brow of his winged helm. Stepping from the sarcophagus, Camden reaches into the coffin with his left hand and draws a great sword from within. The Knight's voice permeates the room. "Low, do these aged bones course with life once more. By witness of Helm, Let us teach these perjurers the meaning of honor."

Camden may only embody his corpse for so long; as such he does not waste time in removing the hold of Tilverton from his lands. However those lands only reach as far as the River Ashaba. Once he has reclaimed Camden's Helm, his body will collapse and his spirit will return to the Halls of Helm's faithful. Camden is equivalently a **Skeletal Warrior** without the need of a circlet of power. He is given life by the power of Helm and as such is not bound by the same principles. The imbued power of Helm also allows Camden to wield his great sword with only one hand as well as giving him a +3 to his damage and attack. Camden's sword and armor are formed from his spirits memory of his original weapons. His great sword is known as an Ethereal Blade, forged in the ancient Nethril Empire. It allows its wielder to transform the blade into its ethereal form, becoming weightless and able to pass through any object on the prime material plane giving him advantage with his attacks. This power may be used 3 times daily. Camden's Plate Mail armor is blessed by Helm invoking a protection of evil spell in a 15ft radius. His winged helmet which is engraved with the symbol of Helm allows Camden to see through any illusion and hear any spoken word as though he were under the effects of a true seeing spell. As with all Skeleton Warriors Camden may only be hit by magical weapons and has advantage on saves. The mere



sight of a skeleton warrior causes any creature with fewer than 5 Hit Dice to flee in panic. In Camden's case this does not affect the PCs unless they become hostile. Skeleton warriors cannot be turned by priests.

Moving out from the temple, the PCs will be pressed to keep up with the Knight as he walks towards the Keep.

Through-out the village, whether day or night, people begin to gather as word spreads through town of Camden's visage in lead of the PCs. Soon a crowd gathers on the streets and soldiers begin flooding towards the keep's main gate. As Camden closes in, Soldiers attack by the dozens. Allow the players to take on as many as they wish, but if they stay within 20ft of Camden those enemies will either flee in terror or quickly be killed by the Helmite.

Ashabenford **soldiers** (200) XP Value: 200 each

Eventually two men manage to cut through the fleeing soldiers and engage the players. They're both **Captains** and work in unison against the PC's. If the players have difficulty, members of the town will come to their aid out of simple goodwill.

In a great kick, Camden forces the wooden gates of the keep open. Beyond in the small court-yard a dozen soldiers and two clerics of Gond sweep into the grounds.

The **Knights**(20) and **Clerics**(5) here will not give up the Keep without a fight. Camden is capable of holding the courtyard alone, but the players will need to break into the towers and subdue or kill the men inside. With enough arrow fire (Curtesy of coldsteel arrows taken from defeated Freedom Riders) Camden can be killed from suicide pits above him, and the players will have lost their leverage against the mercenary army entrenched here. Though the keep isn't particularly complex, it has high walls and only a few narrow stairwells to access the parapets.

Read the following aloud once the players have recaptured the keep.

"Name yourself devil, by the holy word of Gond!" the clerics call out as they conjure a field of positive energy, meant to expel evil spirits of the lower planes. Camden does not slow in any measure as he crosses the field. All around the priests soldiers fall to their knees. "Hear me false Zionel, by the word of Helm I reclaim these lands! You will lead those with you from this place or be judged." As Camden levels his blade towards the clerics, they raise their holy symbols before them, trying to revoke the undead knight from their presence. Their prayers are quickly silenced however as Camden's sword swirls in wisps of energy, and reverberates in a violent crackle as it passes through the bodies. Both fall to their knees before the Knight, and then forward in death, still holding their symbols of Gond. But the holy symbols begin to fizzle and burn from Camden's aura, revealing a twisted and abstract image of two bat like wings around a heart. "Faithless thralls, Helm sees the truth beyond sight. Zionel does not know these men. They are touched by shadow, and lost now in death".



Looking upwards to the walls of the Keep, those soldiers who are falling to arms come in full sight of Camden. As he speaks, his voice resonates with power. "You men, hear the word of Helm, the vigilant one. Know you have fallen to the false word. Your acts are those of confused children. Do not waste your lives in such ignorance". Several moments pass as those men in view look among themselves and then to the fallen clerics. Before long, the entire garrison begins to abandon the village, falling back in droves to Ashabenford. It is a chaotic process as they flee, encountering militia and workers along the way. Camden follows them to the bridge, stopping before the Ashaba River. He then speaks to you in reflection of the priests of Gond that he killed. "Zionel would not have allowed his worshippers to defile this land. They are hidden from his sight, by one that I have known in life. These creatures were named Witch Lords by my order. They have many facets, and deceiving man from the truth is their endowment. I have sensed the presence of one such creature upon the souls of those priests. Though my sight cannot pierce such distant vales; know that there are forces of ancient powers in liege against you. A time of tribulation is upon the land, casting the faithful into shadow." Camden's eyes burn with a golden fire, as though Helm speaks directly into his mind. "Such loss will you suffer when stricken from this world is the servant, taken by fire, cast down. His sacrifice will untether the realm. His death, will unite it." At once, Camden shudders in his stance, as though something had crossed over his grave. "The spirit leaves me, but I thank you now before I am returned. Great would have been my unrest were it not for your deliverance. When the servant is taken I will see that he is blessed, even lost as he will be among the denizens of Vallashan". The fire within Camden begins to diminish, as his spirit returns to the heavenly planes. Slowly, the body slumps to its knees, falling quietly and then resting in stillness, as his armor and weapons fade from existence. What was left of Camden is gone then, leaving only the battered remains of the Knight and tattered silken robes, dressing his bones in gaunt blues and silver. As his visage fades, men of the militia begin to gather at the edge of the river bank.

JOIN THE MILITIA

Though Camden's Helm is retaken, the host within Ashabenford is on high alert. Soon the commanders of the Tilverton's forces begin to rally within the settlement as onlookers among the militia and the PCs prepare for a coming attack. The night is lit with torches on both sides of the river, as it was in the battle at Serpantswine. Moving to take the shore line, leaders of the militia begin to form units as Holly finds the players among the gathered men. To successfully take Ashabenford the PCs must keep the enemy forces from sending word to Tilvers Gap. This will require them to take Ashabenford by force on this very night. However the militia are outnumbered three to one. With the PCs the odds are closer still, but a head on attack will likely cost many lives. Once the militia is formed, the PCs may concern themselves with any preparations they wish to take before the battle. Among the men, moral is strong with the visage of Camden is still fresh in their minds. Most of the occupants of the village claim some kind of lineage to the Knight, and seeing their ancient relative rise up against the army is enough to empower even the most cowardice of fighters. However they remain severely out matched by the heavily equipped mercenaries. Armed mostly with hammers, sickles, pitch-forks and handsaws the militia barely has two dozen sets of armor among the entire group. The most prolific weapons are bows and arrows, though they are short range and meant more for hunting than war.

Rather than function as units, the militia operate with guerilla tactics, driving in from alleys and retreating to better ground. They tend more to swarm their enemies then fight them one on one. Allow the players to lead the charge, but the combat should be overwhelming from the first. If they have gotten to this point too quickly, they may have to fight the soldiers stationed in Ashabenford on their own. It is made more difficult because the Ashaba River which would be a natural boundary is oddly shallow for this time of year (Due to Father Dominic's destroy water spell). If the players intend on fighting before support arrives, it is very likely they will lose the battle and

be forced into retreat. (The nearby forests are a good place to hide, and can conceal the militia for the time being). Losing the battle does not truly affect the outcome here, but it does injure the PC's as far as how the militia views them.

Read the following to the PCs only during the battle on the third day.

As the battle consumes your position, through the clashing of steel and cries, a whistle is suddenly heard and before your eyes, an arrow cuts through a lieutenant's throat, taking him from his horse in a lifeless heap. The two men with him look all about them, their horses stamping at the ground as they pull at the reigns. "Riders at the—" but the words are cut short. Two more arrows find their marks and the two commanders are dropped from their horses. Your group looks to themselves first, then the militia for the source of the arrows, then your eyes settle on the elegance at the flanks of the army. From within the woods, Elves pour into the fields around you, their arrows cutting through the night. Dozens of men fall all around the soldiers as the elves, unhindered in the dark take their time in picking each exacting shot. Before you can steal your nerve, four score of elven archers line up at your flanks moving in parallel lines up the length of the road into Ashabenford. Riding into the field an armored High-Elf atop a white gelding seems to glow beneath the starry sky. He is clad in the most brilliant silver armor that seems to fit each curve in his form perfectly. His nearly platinum blonde hair trails out behind him in long wisps as he comes to a standing position on his horse firing a barrage of arrows into the enemy.

The Elven **Archers** are commanded by a prince of Myth Draynor named **Ceradin Myel**, a high elf from the island of Eversmeet. Ceradin's history in the region is long, as he is nearly three-hundred years old. His time spent in Myth Draynor however has since altered his allegiances, naming himself one of the new Lords of the Cormanthor. With word of the PC's attack on Ashabenford reaching the elves, Ceradin has taken a unit of 400 archers with

him in his ride to Mistledale. Within the hour, the elven archers and the militia storm Ashabenford forcing the mercenaries into a full retreat. Using the provided map of Ashabenford, allow the PCs to infiltrate the village with their respective units if they choose. The remaining enemy units will attempt to hold the village as long as they can. For the most part the fighting ensues in the streets of Ashabenford leaving the villagers held up in their homes and shops. Random encounters may take place among the village at the DMs discretion as soldiers fall back through alleys and regroup with the approach of the militia. The elven units are the deciding factor in the battle, however the players should be allowed to take control of the battle themselves using the battle tactics for unit combat.

Holly Huldane 17th lv Falconer, 3rd lv Cleric of Melikki – Special note: Due to her age (57) and her disability, Holly does not fight in melee combat. However she is very capable with a sword and is still rather quick on her feet for her age. She will lead a unit of archers in command as they firing arrows from a distance. Holly's men will protect her at all costs and evacuate her should the fight prove unfavorable.

Mistledale **Soldiers** (60)

Mistledale **Militia** (400)

Ceradin Myel

Elven **Archers** (400)

VS

Soldiers of Ashabenford (800) XP Value: 12,000

Clerics of **Gond** (9) XP Value: 450



For those players that intend on searching the bodies of enemies or allies alike, they find a variety of magically endowed weapons and armor among the Sembians. Further inspection reveals the weaponry was likely taken from high ranking Freedom Riders, as most of it bares their insignia.

Leather Banded Mail +2 (Light armor, AC 12+2 +Dex, treated as dragon leather for purposes of AC, 2 sets): Riveted with cold-steel, usually fashioned for members of Mourningdale's Ranger Elite, they provide the most defense with the least inhibiting materials. Each set of armor is lined with rabbit fur providing much needed warmth during the North's harsh winters. Incorporating the fluid designs of banded mail, the joints are further protected by cold-steel chainmail and blackened for camouflage. This armor reduces 1 point of spell damage taken.



Freedom Rider Cold Steel Banded Mail +1: (Heavy Armor, with bonus this armor gives the wearer an 18 AC, no dex bonus is added and stealth checks are made at disadvantage). These suits of armor were prized among the veteran Freedom Riders. Their overlapping design deflected arrows better than the standard chainmail, and kept its wearer alive when at the mercy of magical attacks. From horseback banded mail made for a formidable opponent coupled with a shield and spear, or longsword if the enemy was on foot. This armor reduces 3 points of spell damage taken.

Freedom Rider Shield +1 (Gives the Wielder a +3 to AC). This fine shield is emblazoned with the coat of arms of the Late Lord Randal Morns' Freedom Riders.

Once the battle is at a close, the remaining soldiers make a last stand on the Moonsea Ride in the center of the village forming a defensive circle as men, elves and the PCs close in around them from all sides.

Standing at least six feet tall, the leader of the elven archers bows low before you as he introduces himself. "Well met I am Ceradin Myel of the House Myel, commander of the eastern guard and prince to the council of Elves of Myth Draynor. The council bids you welcome to the south, and congratulations on your victory. I've word from Father Dominic; he sends his regards and will arrive in the coming days, without delays on the road. For now, I am to aid you in the security of the Dale, in-part-to, is the decision of what should be done with the remaining enemy." Looking back to the corralled soldiers, Ceradin swiftly draws another arrow giving your group a momentary grin before he breaks through the line of elves. "This attack will not stand!" exclaims one of the men. "Even now a dispatch of five score are returning to Ashabenford!" Ceradin sets an arrow into the right hand of the threatening man, then another into his left hand. As the soldier falls to the ground Ceradin sets two more arrows flying, one sticks the man's foot to the ground and another taking off his right ear. The soldier cries out in pain, but none of those behind him step forward

to aid him. “Antolle ulua sulrim.” Ceradin’s words send a chuckle through the elven ranks. Standing before the soldier he kneels down meeting the man’s eyes as he speaks in the common tongue. “No one, soldier or priest is innocent of their own actions. You are here by order of a corrupt Lord, your suffering is in regard to this mistake. But the people of the Heartlands are not without their mercy. Were it left to me,” Ceradin lifted the chin of the man up so he could better make out the fear in his eyes. “I would see the whole of you buried in this place. But I am not Lord in these lands, that choice belongs to Tethyamar this day.” Leaving the man Ceradin turns to the elves raising a hand to them. The elves in unison sheath their bows and step away from the mercenaries allowing the militia to close in. “Kalia amin.” Ceradin’s command sends the elves into a fast march as they form two columns behind him. Looking to your group Ceradin gives another bow as he turns to leave the village. “I will set a perimeter my Lords. When you are ready, speak with me in our encampment. Follow the river north, we will surely find you before you find us. If indeed there is a contingent on approach I will send word back to you, before we see how fares these men of the forest kingdom against the light of Larethian’s sons.”



On the fourth morning of the player’s departure from the Tymorian army, the flags of Father Dominic’s men can be seen from the Moonsea Ride as they enter the lands of Mistledale. Scouts from among the militia make the PCs aware of the armies approach and within a few hours the whole of the Tymorian army enters the dale. Taking battle formations on the road towards Tilvers Gap, Father Dominic leads his knights and clergy into Peldan’s Helm where the PCs find the priest and his clergy on the hilltop at the temple of Helm.

Inside the temple Father Dominic prays alone as the PCs enter. Standing from his prayers, he moves to the center of the mosaic and opens his arms in a wide stance.

“Hail! And praise be to Helm this day! I had only hoped that my messages would be received with such speeds in this region. It seems we could not have taken this Dale with any less superiority! I say we, of course I mean you. How you might have fared against the trials I was not sure, but Tymora bless the road that such noble people should name themselves our allies!” Father Dominic wore a great smile on his battle worn features. The priest was not without his own wounds however, and blood coating his armor showed he had taken a deep cut to his left shoulder. As your eyes panned the old priest, he as well looked to the blood but did not seem to mind it much. “Fear not, it is nearly healed now. I attest I did not expect to find Ilgorniaxal so far from her realm within the Cormanthor.” The name being meaningless to you, Dominic snaps his fingers in delight at being able to tell his grand story. “A forest dragon that one, and not so easily subdued within the woods she calls home. It has been some years past since she was seen and most thought the beast dead. While we traveled to the east in search of the Elven Court, she made herself known and perceptively, unknown as she set herself to wreak whatever sense of revenge has been stewing in her breast these last ten years. Nay be it of me to turn down a good fight though, if it hadn’t been for Ceradin’s arrival I might have taken the beast myself. Elves have a funny way of showing up just at the right, or wrong moment depending on your

point of view. By the look of this place however, he took my pleading to heart to aid your uprising?" The look from among your group was all the assurance Father Dominic needed. "Good then, I wasn't sure how that trade would work itself out. Alas, I wish I could have been here for the battle. But, the day is yours friends, as are the lands of Mistledale until a noble heir claims her." From behind your group, a familiar voice sounds through the hollowed chamber. "You mean my lands don't you father?" Holly soon passed by your group, "Ah, Lady Huldane. I would not have been so-" but Holy quickly cut the luck bringer off. "I'll not be turned'round by ye fancy words." Father Dominic narrowed his eyes at the statement, but said nothing. Looking to your group, Holly takes a firm stance speaking with as much grace as she could muster. "Now then me Lords, ye be a might tough in the field, but rulin this here Dale be a delicate thing. We've not the towers of Shadowdale or the walls of the north. Mistledale is open country don't ye know? And open country be bringin all types, not just the ones ye be makin friends with. I've a station in this place, and me own blood runs through the Dale as sure as the Ashaba. Lest ye think the folk about here are gonna listen to a bunch of strangers. Have I made me self clear then?" the old ranger's threat was not without a warm smile, as though you were all children, and playtime was affectionately over. Father Dominic looked to settle the dispute, and approached Holly cautiously. "I believe Mistledale's care would wisely be left to the great grand daughter of Camden Faern. As Vassals of Mourningdale my commanders are bound to such an agreement as well, and surely none of us would wish to disturb the structure Mistledale upholds with her neighbors. Our presence here is temporary my lady, nothing more. However, I will be taking the siege weapons left over by the temple of Gond, as well as any armor - ." Holly cut Dominic short again. "Nay lad, ye can be take 'in the engines, but me own men be havin the left overs of Tamerith's arms. Ye men can take

their pick' of it, but the stock at the garrison be in my village. Nay a seasons passed we've not suffered the likes of this embargo, an steel be in short order." Holly turned fully to face off with Father Dominic, who was seemingly silenced by the woman's tone. "My lady I - ." Holly raised her stump to Father Dominic again. "No, father. Ye've ye engines an that be all. I'll not have another word of it, or do ye think me son would say otherwise were he about?" her last statement stopped any contest with the priest, and he nodded quietly. "Very well Lady Huldane."



ARISE YOUNG LORDS

By early morning, the Tymorian army has secured six massive trebuchets from the labor camps along the Moonsea Ride. Four others are incomplete though, and left to Camden's Helm and its workers to finish. Allow the PCs to spend the day resupplying as best they can considering Mistledale's stocks. Most basic supplies can be purchased though weapons are in high demand and the militia has stripped any soldiers of whatever they could find. The PCs may purchase weapons from the militia for twice the listed cost, though they do not like over-charging the PCs, the men of Mistledale make it clear that they would rather not spare any weapons if they can help it.

The players may also decide to visit the Elven encampment lying north along the edge of the Ashaba River. Here the players may purchase some weaponry, supplies and materials only found within the elven court of the Cormanthor. Access to this equipment comes at a cost to the PCs however. Ceradin Myel is well aware that the players serve Annalee. Ceradin has no designs on disrupting the new Lordship, but those that occupy the area. If the players will agree to uproot the Lycanthrope tribes of the Dagger Hills and join him at a later date to remove the Wemics of Castle Daggerdale, Ceradin will allow them to purchase materials from his camp. As well he will promise a host of his archers, and join the army of Tymora for the siege of Tilverton. Otherwise he cannot in good sense trade or aid those who would permit such beasts to roam the countryside. If the PCs bring up their deal with Balathor, Ceradin will express that any deal made with such an unnatural beast has no place in a civilized Mourningdale. If the players agree to Ceradin's terms, he welcomes them into a large glade off-set just yards from the elven camp. The PCs might have walked past the glade a hundred times without noticing it, but lead by the elven prince they quickly find that area, beset on all sides by a magical illusion. Inside the glade, elves tend small fires and prepare their weapons for the coming march back into the elven court to the east. Among the supplies the players may also purchase one of a dozen Cooshee pups, if they can afford the high prices of the elves. (20,000 gp each) Alternatively Ceradin will gladly trade land rights for one of the pups at 600 acres each. Provided is a list of Elven equipment the players may purchase along with most mundane items found in the player's handbook. Note that Ceradin's camp does not have any foreign weapons among their supplies nor do they have any lamp oil, torches or other lighting sources due to the obvious lack of need for such things.

The **Cooshee** pups will grow to size in less than a year, but live as long as a normal human. Highly intelligent and fearsome hunters, they have been bred for centuries by the elves to hunt down their enemies. The dogs are almost feline in their tactics, and use their dusky brown fur to camouflage in

most surroundings. Some are even capable of changing the color of their fur to match their surroundings. The pups are equally agile as their elven counterparts, and are capable of walking a thin branch just as easily as they can keep pace with the fastest elf.



The DM is suggested to supply the players with any much needed healing or materials the players will need at this juncture. Once they are finished in the Dale the army will press on to Tilverton.

Honey Leather - Honey leather is really a light canvas used as protection against rain and dampness. Elves use it for tents and to protect camping gear. Unfortunately, it doesn't offer much protection against snags, and it tears easily. However, as long as it is used only in camp, it is a fairly durable canvas. It is also completely waterproof, and it is highly valued because of that. Cost: 50 gp/sq. yard, Weight: 1 sq. yard=1/10 lb.

Sashling - This broad, billowing sash was the precursor and the inspiration for the girdle of many pouches, for its seemingly small exterior hides a great many interior pockets. Ten pockets are sewn into the folds of the sashling, each capable of holding about a fourth of a pound. The nature of the sashling is such that, unless the item inside is too bulky, it will conceal most of what the elf is carrying. It is thus ideal for carrying hidden coins, spell components, or other easily concealable items.

For those who need to carry more supplies, many sashlings are made with hooks on the outer side. This enables the wearer to hang pouches and other things from the outside of the sashling as well.
Cost: 10 gp, Weight: 1 lb

Thistledown - This is the grayish material from which cloaks of elvenkind are made. It is a light, downy material that does not snag on branches. Since it is a fine quality material, it can easily be enchanted with the spells that enable the elves to produce their woodswear.
Cost: 100 gp/sq. yard, Weight: 1 sq. yard=1/10 lb.

Elven Bow - During their years of experience, elves have found that often archers are attacked without much chance to defend themselves. They have therefore created the elven bow. It is designed to fire with the same rate of fire and accuracy, and yet the elves can use it to fend off attacks until they can defend themselves with a better weapon or spell. The elven bow is a beautiful piece of work, carved mostly from wood, and is highly decorated and polished. To fully fulfill its function, the elf crafters have also given it metal inlays. These enable the bow to be used as a parrying weapon until the elf can draw a more suitable weapon. Meanwhile, the elf's bow has not been damaged by the attack and can be used again. If used as an offensive weapon, the elven bow acts as a club, causing 1d6 points to M-sized creatures, 1d3 to L-sized or larger creatures.
Cost: 150 gp, Weight: 8 lbs.

Flare Arrow - Designed so that the archer may be more easily found or so that a distraction for enemies can be created, the flare arrow produces an intensely bright light in the skies, visible for long distances on clear nights. The arrowhead is a special detachable piece. It houses a small air-catching device that slows the arrow on its descent, allowing it to drift to the earth instead of plummeting. The interior of the arrow is filled with a slow-burning, elven powder that flares brightly when ignited. This powder is a closely guarded secret of the elf crafters. To send a flare arrow, one simply touches a flame to the fuse trailing behind the fletching and

shoots the arrow into the sky. The head detaches when the arrow reaches the top of its flight, releasing the parachute, which ignites the powder. The arrow burns merrily all the way to the ground. Naturally, flare arrows can only be used once. Unfortunately, they are somewhat fragile, and they break rather easily. If fired at an enemy, a flare arrow shatters, causing 1d4 points of damage and spreading its load of powder all over the target's body. There is a 50% chance that the arrow's fuse will light the powder on this enemy, causing 1d4 points of damage per round for three rounds. It can only be extinguished by immersing one's entire body in water. Simply beating at the flames or throwing water on them will not extinguish them. The flare arrow's range is S: 5, M: 10, and L: 15. If fired straight up, it can go as high as 120 yards.
Cost: 10 gp each, Weight: 1/5 lb.

Message Arrow- Sometimes, one needs to get an urgent message to a distant compatriot in a hurry. The elves developed message arrows for just this purpose. They resemble normal arrows outwardly, although the head is rather more rounded than most other arrows. It is the interior that makes the message arrow special. The shaft is hollow, enabling the archer to fit a tightly rolled scroll inside. The arrow can accommodate no more than one sheet of papyrus or paper. If used as a weapon, the message arrow will cause 1d6 points of subdural damage, only a quarter of which is permanent. Because of its fragility, it will most likely break if it is used offensively. In such cases, it must make a save vs. crushing blow as thin wood or be permanently splintered. Its ranges are S: 6, M: 13, and L: 20.
Cost: 2 sp, Weight: 1/10 lb

Cooshee Pup

Cost: 20,000

Refer to the module for more information. At most the elves will part with three pups to non-elven players. Elves are allotted their pick of the litter if they are of High Elven birth.

When the PCs are ready, read the following aloud as they make their way to the front of the Tymorian

Army which is preparing to leave Mistedale within the hour.

As Father Dominic stands with his clergy and his knights at the head of the army, the long line of Dalelanders you pass give out cheers and hoots with your passing. Some bow low hailing the heroes of Mistedale, others even throw flowers at your feet naming you the blessed of Tymora. Approaching Father Dominic his smile is evident even from a distance and he likewise hails you and motions for your company to stand with him. "My friends, the morning finds us in all of Lathander's glory." A curious group sits just off to the side from the army as you notice, and some of you recognize the men as those who followed Holly during the taking of Ashabenford. They stand waiting as though they had yet been given orders. Father Dominic looks to your group and hands you a folded flag and pole-arm. "It seems there are those in Mistedale who would join our cause, and march for Tilverton with their countrymen. I've spoken with Holly and she agrees that these men should join the cause. However I just don't have room for them among my troops." Dominic gives a sly wink and motions for you to take the banner. "If you will have them, these men would like to join the banner-men. There isn't a leader among them though; they seem to be here by their own accord. However tradition dictates that men are led to war by entitled Lords. It just so happens I've been empowered by Lady Annalee to choose among the army, new Lords of Tethyamar. I could think of none more worthy than yourselves. That is, if nobility is a mantle not too burdensome for the heroes of Mistedale?"

Father Dominic has provided the Land titles and grants to establish each of the players as Lords of Mourningdale.

These deeds provide the PC with 900 acres of farm land, and the title of Vassal. In return for rendering homage, fealty, and usually military service or its equivalent to a lord or other superior; feudal tenant, vassals ruled lands granted to them by their king. Those lands were called fiefs. Within fiefs, a vassal acts as a local lord and can give portions of it to vassals of his own. However these deeds are located

within the former lands of Tethyamar and a learned scribe would easily recognize the formidable issues arising in owning such land considering southern aggressions.

The following is an optional system for Titles and Nobility.

As the players progress in power, they as well gain wealth and renown throughout their adventuring careers. Characters gain titles and lands from powerful Nobles and Royals as rewards for great deeds and loyalty in service to them. Titles grant prestige, respect and station. They also come with responsibilities for those so entitled. Here are the most common titles given out by Lords, Counts, Dukes, Barons, Princes, Kings and Emperors and the general effects they have.

- Heroic Recognition - this is the most common title given to a person who proves themselves to a high-born. It confers advantage on persuasion roles in the hold where you are recognized and gives the hero a 25 percent discount on goods and services in a region where their title holds sway over the common people.
- Knight hood- This title is given to an individual who exemplifies the Tenets of chivalry while in service to High born of Lord Status or higher. A character need not be a fighter to be knighted. Those who are knighted gain a parchment of pedigree recognizing their title as "Sir". Knights have free room and board in their Patron's Holdfast. Knights have access to one suit of armor, one +1 weapon and a fully barded mount courtesy of their Patron. Knights may wear the coat of arms of their patron or their own coat of arms. This grants them a +1 to all charisma based skills. Knights may marry those of noble birth. Knights are required to come to their Lord or ladies aid without hesitation, defend the weak and innocent and follow the tenets of chivalry. A knight is granted a squire and 2 servants with his position.
- Lordship- This title is given to an individual for great deeds, true service to a Monarch, and love of the commonwealth. A character is granted the title of Lord over a set area of sovereign land and rules as the will and word of his Monarch in those

Lands His title is hereditary and passed down to the next familial heir. A Lord Gains an automatic +2 to Charisma within the borders of his hold fast. He is granted two House Attendants and Steward to help run his hold. A Lord has the following rights in his lands. He may dispense justice for crimes against his people or lands, he may set the local taxes and claims 25 % of those taxes for himself, and he has the right to raise 25 percent of his total population up for military service. A Lord has the right to raise a person to knighthood. Lastly a Lord may designate 1 item as an heirloom upon attaining their title and that Item becomes slightly enchanted. Lords have many responsibilities both to their lesser and their sovereign. Sometimes characters will be awarded parcels of land by people. For game purposes a parcel of land is 10 acres and is generally worth between 150- 1000 gp per parcel depending on the Location and Buyer.

These 600 men are now under the banners of the PCs. They may be commanded by any of the players, so long as that PC retains his title as Vassal and Lord of Tethyamar. As the first men to join the player's banners, they will eventually become the

voices by which others are brought under the flags of Tethyamar. Without a civilized fief to bring in people, the players must rely on word of mouth to gain more men. When the PCs return to Tethyamar and begin to sow crops and allow others to work their lands they will slowly gain more men that will fight for their Lordship. Until that time these banner-men will attempt to draw others into their unit with each village or city the PCs enter. There are other ways of gaining troops, such as sacking a city and allowing those enemies to live if they will fight for the PCs banners.

Read the following aloud.

“If there are no other rewards to rain down upon your already large egos, I have a war party to lead, and a city to lay siege to!” Father Dominic gives another bow, and turns to saddle his horse. “Ah, why not,” Dominic grinned, raising his mace in the air to the cheering of those around him. “For Tethyamar!” he screams, and spins his mount to begin the march.

By the end of the first days march, Father Dominic's army moves into the final stretch of the Tilver's Gap uneventful. Tilverton has called in most of its outlying troops ahead of the Tymorians. Due to the overwhelming size of the Tymorian host with the influx of Mistledale, most wild monsters stay clear of the heavily armed force. There are on occasion sightings of giants in the mountain ranges north and south of the armies march, but reports indicate they are either natives or scouts. Dominic notes this disturbing fact, but continues his march unhindered. The army nears the end of the first day and it is said among the commanders that many feel camping for the night in such open country could prove deadly for the army. With Tilverton only miles in the distance, Father Dominic decides to press on and push the army to their traveling limits. By the middle of the night the Tymormian force finally comes into view of Tilverton, the defense outpost of Arabel. There is a strange silence on the rolling country that spreads out in all directions. Scouting reports are good however, and aside from a small village just south of the trail, the road to Tilverton is



relatively unmanned. Should the players decide to investigate the village, the following is provided for the DM.

The villagers of the small settlement tell those returning rangers or players that when Arabel fell most people headed south to avoid the enmassed Orcs. The city itself has only been visited by soldiers from Sembia and those returning from Mistedale a few days ago. The head of the village, a man by the name of Gill Leskor tells the scout that fighting men in the village were conscripted by Tilverton about a week ago. He expresses that his oldest son was one of those conscripts, and makes a plea for the Tymorian force to stop their pursuit of war for the sake of his family. This information weighs heavily on Dominic when it is brought to his attention during the war meeting later that night. If possible, Gill will part with his family heirloom if the players will bring his son home safely. (One +1 Long Sword). To any investigation the sword is just as it seems. However a concealment spell has been placed on it, hiding its true power. The sword is a +3 **Sunbrand** dealing double damage to regenerating creatures and Undead as well as being capable of casting fireball once per day. The blade must be recharged each morning by basking in the sunlight for one hour. The concealment spell was placed on the weapon to keep family members from selling it during hard times. If the PCS agree to seek out Gill's son they are told his name is Haymond. Unfortunately Haymond has already been killed due to the true nature of the blade, which now lays dormant in the basement of the temple of Gond.



While the army rests before the siege, there is a final war council in Dominic's tent. Read the following aloud.

All around the table, Tymorian Knights, Clergy and yourselves look to Father Dominic for some sense of composure. His visage is plain however, almost solemn. Breaking the silence he takes up his mug, nearly emptying the glass before he speaks. "I had truly hoped that Tamerith would meet us in the field, rather than allowing this siege. I suppose I allowed him too much honor. He would sooner starve the people of Tilverton rather than ride out to meet us, where soldiers might die instead of commoners." One of Dominic's Knights spoke up. "They want to put their weapons of war to the test." He wisely added. "What good are such things if they have not been tested in battle?" Many of the clergy nodded at that presumption, knowing well the minds of the priests of Gond and their machinations for war. "How long might such a siege go on I wonder?" Sir Leon tuned in, his voice deepening with worry. Brother Jass folded his hands in front of him as he spoke then. "Tilverton is well supplied, even more so with our coming here. Lord Tamerith," Father Dominic interrupted the clergyman. "He is no Lord, and we shall not address him as such." The table gave a rousing pound of their mugs before allowing the priest to speak on who did so at a practiced pace. "Ahem." The cleric started. "The flap-wagging, corpulent," the table began to roll in laughter. "rent-rumped, beef-witted, cumberground, fopdoodle of a cox comb they call Tamerith Cormaeril..." all about the tent the Knights banged their mugs sending ale and wine sloshing through the air, coating the table. Father Dominic was bellowing in laughter at his friend, slamming a heavy hand on the cleric's shoulder, shaking him into disarray. "By Tymora!" he yelled as he poured Brother Jass another drink since his was subsequently knocked over amidst the outburst. "Tilverton sustainably can house no more than a thousand soldiers for a month, even less so with the nearby villagers brought inside the walls. I would number there are around fourteen thousand common folk within the walls considering the summer yield and nearer to four thousand soldiers. That being

said the city streets are wide berthed and might easily hold a dozen or more large scale catapults and trebuchets.” The joy in the room slowly dwindled as Brother Jass’s learned years as a scribe, did him perhaps too much curtesy. “The dias along the southerly gate is raised, a perfect place for long range ballista, and the walls might support five score longbow men in equal measures with room enough for runners to resupply. That being said,” the cleric looked about. “I would surmise a cast of young magelings will be present as well, looking for a chance to bloody their robes.” At the last statement, Father Dominic reached into his belt pouch and found a roll of his longbottom leaf, lighting it from a candle at his front. Many around the table did likewise, and the room soon filled with a poignant smoke.

“Well,” Sir Leon broke in. “I suppose we should keep to the faith then,” he smiled, and with a rousing salute, the council finished their mugs, each slamming them on the table again and again in a barrage of hoots and yells. As for the rest of the army, onlookers would see a people celebrating victory, rather than fearing the very real potential for their deaths in the morning.



THE SIEGE OF TILVERTON

The 1100 foot soldiers, 500 Archers and 1200 fighters are stationed in Tilverton while the church of Gond direct siege crews. Among the forces of Tilverton, only 4 veteran Knights of lower noble families command the army, stationed here more out of conveniences than tact. What the aged group lacks in friends at court however, they more than make up for in experience and ruthlessness. Behind closed doors; the four men had been Promised Land titles and contributions. The merchant council of Tilverton gave little protest when control was taken, and most were seen leaving the city days ahead of the approaching army. The real power in Tilverton lies with the 100 wizards of 1st to 7th level dispatched to the city three days prior. These magelings are commanded by Lady Lucero, a woman in her mid thirtys who has been paid a sizable wealth for her contributions. She hails mainly from Sembia, but her other contacts in the region give her enough clout to rally the small army of spell casters. Her own sect has taken special interest in quelling the rebellion of the north and finishing the expansion into Daggerdale for good. Indeed the giants in Tilvers Gap were spies sent by Lady Lucero to watch the Tymorian army from on high. In the weeks prior the giants have helped position the siege weapons in the city, while also loading ammunition. Four giants still remain in the city moving among the siege crews to reload. Along the easterly Wallride 12 Onager catapults at nearly 18 feet in height, stand beside prepared balls of hay soaked in oil (10 each). There are also over 50 100lb stones nearby to each catapult. Only siege crews may fire the weapons as it takes a certain amount of training. Should the siege crew be rallied or killed the catapult will remain out of commission until a suitable crew arrives. There are only 15 priests of Gond in the city capable of firing said weapons not including the artificers or wizards who are intelligent enough to run a siege crew. Each Onager may fire their balls of hay up to 200 yards from the city walls. Stones may be fired up to 300 yards. Just inside the Moonsea Ride gate stand five weapons constructed by artificers of the church. They appear to be ballista but without the standard

bow. Instead each of these weapons is fashioned with layered racks of ballista bolts each set with a guiding shaft. The bolts themselves are designed to compress an explosive liquid in a hollow tail, firing it from the shaft in showers of sparks and exploding on impact. Each Star Bow, as their affectionately called, can fire six rounds up to 400 yards before having to take 20 rounds to reload. The rounds may be fired all at once, or by rows of two. On impact the bolts inflict 6d8 points of damage in a 15ft radius. The Star Bows use heat metal spells to ignite the internal fuse. To alleviate the costs on the priests they have developed coins of heating, which on command begin to enact a heat metal spell and are then set into the firing coil on the ballista. As the coil heats, it ignites the bolt and releases a pin allowing the bolt to fire from the shaft and the coin to fall into a cooling pale. These coins are then brought to the clerics where they recast their spells. Along the walls of Tilverton 25 Field wizards stand alongside the cities bowmen commanding their attacks while another 25 control units in the street. 16 Lieutenant Wizards are directed by a core group of 9 Command Wizards who see to the overall orders of the army.

Each Wizard has a specific list of commands on how they are to use their spells. Beginning with the Field Wizards, while along the walls commanding the Archers their orders are to use their unseen servants to pass along messages from the walls to units on the ground inside the city. The archers have fire arrows prepared for the first assault on the approaching army. When the order is given, the archers fire their arrows in a wide arc. The Field wizards then use their Pyrotechnics spells igniting the arrows mid-flight enveloping the sky above the Tymorian army in bursts of sparks and flames. Directly after their spells, orders are sent to the catapult crews who begin loading balls of hay. When these hay balls are fired, they will be ignited by the Pyrotechnics in the field creating hurled balls of fire that deliver 3d6 points of damage in a 10 ft radius. If the men along the walls begin to take heavy return fire the wizards can create walls of fog to protect their position.

The other wizards are spent through-out the ground forces relaying orders from the command and

passing along information from unseen servants. They are magically protected by their spells, but have few offensive abilities prepared. Their main purpose is to direct orders, and use their floating discs to evacuate downed wizards, transport supplies or aid in reloading siege weapons should the giants fall behind.

Lieutenants are the offensive shield of the Wizards. Aside from their protective deowmers they move through the city on magically created light horses. Armed with some offensive spells like Ray of Enfeeblement and Magic Missile, they each possess a wand of lighting and a prepared wraithform spell should the need to enter combat arise. The Lieutenants take their orders directly from the Commanders.

Each Commander is located at various places through-out Tilverton, moving along the fortifications as needed. With them are five well-armed Soldiers who serve as personal body guards. Direction of the army falls to the Commanders in the field who use a series of cantrips, whispering wind spells and messages handed to unseen servants to communicate with the other commanders. Each Commander has memorized a different 4th level spell to be used when needed by dictation of the group. The Commanders have also prepared Clairvoyance spells to look out over the walls and perceive the movements and actions of the Tymorian commanders. So as not to take fire while on the walls, each has memorized protection from normal missiles as well. Most of the Wizards have memorized invisibility spells on the off chance they must make an escape and fall back within the city. Remember that this group of wizards are well educated in battle tactics and should the need arise to use their spells in unison they will develop plans on how best to achieve their goals by improvisation. Members of the Church of Gond are under the command of the Wizards and like the rest of the siege crew's fire their weapons only when the order is given by the Commanders. These orders may be standing however, such as fire at will or fire in volleys of two. Of the five Star Bow crews each is manned by one artificer and four footmen who load the weapons.

The Market Square at the center of Tilverton has been setup as a command post, safely away from the combat in the fields and along the walls.

It is a central crossroad to each major street in the city and though the Wizards will be moving through-out the streets, they will return here often. The four soldiers who have major control of the

footmen also use the command center to issue their orders to the army. Their orders often come into conflict with the commands of the Wizards however, and the Mercenaries have since learned to follow the Wizards rather than anger their powerful military advisors. In truth the Mercenaries serve as the 'pawns' of the Wizard Commanders and act as directed by them.

Field **Wizards** (50) (3rd lv) XP Value: 6,950
Wall of Fog, Unseen Servant, Pyrotechnics

Sergeants (**W**) (25) (4th lv) XP Value: 7,050
Armor (Cast), Shield (Cast), Tenser's Floating Disc, Invisibility, Mirror Image

Lieutenants (**W**) (16) (5th lv) XP Value: 7,950
Armor (Cast), Shield (Cast), Mount, Magic Missile, Ray of Enfeeblement, Wraithform, Equipment:
Each Lieutenant is armed with a wand of lighting

Commanders (**W**) (9) (7th lv) XP Value: 9,950
Color Spray, Magic Missile (X2), Invisibility, Whispering Wind, Web, Protection from Normal Missiles, Clairvoyance, Each Commander has prepared a different spell as follows, Hallucinatory Terrain, Ice Storm, Illusionary Wall, Polymorph Self, Stone Skin, Wall of Fire, Wall of Ice, Shadow Monsters.

Soldiers (1100) XP Value: 7,500

Archers (500) XP Value: 25,000

Conscripted **Fighters** (1200) XP Value: 12,000

Gondarian **Clergy** (20) XP Value: 450





Father Dominic's forces will be approaching Tilverton from the Moonsee Ride, moving up to 400 yards from the city walls. This places them out of range of archers and siege weapons but not the Star Bows. Bringing up his trebuchets the order is given to move the war machines to firing range as the army sets up in organized units. Once the weapons are within 300 yards of the walls the Star Bows begin to fire on the weapons as they make their way to firing position. In a hailstorm of explosions, the siege weapons will either be totally destroyed or their crews will be routed and forced to abandon the weapons in the field. The Wizard Commanders do not stop their assault until Father Dominic's siege weapons are left to ruins. This stand off will likely be abhorrent to the PC's. Allow them to devise any ways to enter the city and open the gates, but you should be assured that it would be no easy task.

Tilverton is defended by scores of men, both casters and skilled fighters. When the firing stops, Father Dominic will need to devise a new way to open the city gates and allow his army to breach the walls. Looking back to his Knights and the PCs, Dominic will issue a final command that leadership of the army will fall to Sir Leon and he is to direct the assault or retreat if the worst should occur.

Sir Leon 6th lv **Knight** of Tymora
 Tymorian **Knights** (25)
 Mourningdale **Archers** (300)
 Mourningdale Short bow **Archers** (150)
 Dalelander Militia **Soldiers** (1,500)
 Mourningdale **Fighters** (250)
 Mistledale **Militia** (600)
 Elven **Archers** (300)
 Tymorian **Clergy** (15)

Looking upon the fortified city of Tilverton, Father Dominic is surrounded by his clergy and knights, who openly pray for his safety as he prepares himself to assault the Moonsea Gate alone. Men begin to gather around the display, some concerning voices asking the Priest not to go, others commending his bravery, and assuring that the High Priest cannot be stopped by any man living within the walls. From all around him, Dominic's priests begin to chant, dosing him and his War Horse with blessed water from the Temple of Tymora, allowing it to drench his plated armor and incanting communed prayers over him.

As Dominic falls deeper into his casting, his body begins to glow beneath the many protection wards. All around his feet the rocks and dirt begin to shake as each spell is finished.

As your group watches his transformation, the High priest raises his hands into the air, forcing a gale wind to pick up as the sky darkens. When he is finished, Dominic speaks to the army in a voice unlike his own as the connection with Tymora permeates his body.

"Worry not my brothers and sisters. This day, by the will of Our Lady, Mourningdale shall rise up and take what is justly hers."

Looking to his war horse, Father Dominic pulls himself into the saddle and without another word,

kicks the heavy mount into a gallop. You watch from a distance as Dominic charges the walls of Tilverton. Though it may have been a trick of light, you swear a single opening in the sky allowed the sun to pierce the growing storm clouds, following him in his rush towards freedom. Across the walls, arrows begin to dot the sky as archers are given commands along the walls to fire on the priest, but they slow in their decent and the harsh winds drive them back into the city in dizzying spins.

As Father Dominic closes, horns sound beyond the walls, and the skies are suddenly filled with flaming arrows that explode in a vast array of sparks and flares, consuming the sky in smoke. Huge balls of hay are sent hurtling from within Tilverton, igniting as they pass the shower and cascading into the field exploding all around in fiery blazes.

The High Priest only pulls at his mounts reigns, leaping the balls of fire or tearing through them entirely. As Dominic stands in his saddle drawing his mace from his side, bolts of lightning course from the towers at the gate, jumping across the earth and splitting the air in terrible claps. Like an impervious God descending into the Nine Hells, Father Dominic comes to a full charge towards the walls, his mace high in the air and though you cannot hear his voice from such a distance over the explosions, you imagine the powerful commands of the Priest to shake the very foundations of the City; and so they do. In a sudden quake, the gates along the Moonsea Ride drop almost instantly as stones and wood pour across the earth in muddy waves. Even from your position, the screams of men dying as they're sucked beneath the watery earth and stones are enough to send gasps through-out the army. As the earth settles, fires burning in the field blankets the air and for a long time you cannot make out Tilverton beyond the thick smoke.

The powerful winds seem to breathe life into the flames, until rain begins to fall from above and the curtain inhibiting your view subsides.

The devastation is set however, and the Moonsea Gates of Tilverton are no more, only huge mounds of earth and mud remain, a permanent tomb for any caught in the throes of the spell.

About you, men whisper to themselves if any can make out Father Dominic, but not even the clergy can say for sure if he survived. Within the city however, four red sparks begin rising into the air, painting the clouds and then dying.

As your eyes begin to adjust to the shadow of the storm, the sounds of marching orders echo from within Tilverton. Without Dominic in command, eyes fall to Sir Leon and yourselves. The Knight feeling the weight of the moment looks to your group before giving a knowing smile.

"Aye Lads!" he yells, drawing a sword from his saddle. "The doors open! Let's introduce ourselves!"



It is up to the PCs on what their direction is in the battle. If they choose they may stay with the larger force of the army as the Tymorian Knights and the Dalelander Militia charge the opening in Tilverton's walls. If any PCs stay with the army however, they soon watch the Knights charge into the city only to be cut off by a massive Wall of Fire that erupts into place where the gate once stood.

Nearly spanning the length of the gate, the wall of fire lasts up to 7 rounds or as long as one of the Wizard Commanders wishes to concentrate on the spell. Knowledgeable players may recognize that the spell must be the work of a wizard along the remaining portion of the wall. They may attempt to attack the wizard however normal missile weapons are useless against the Commander due to his protection spells. Unless the Commander is forced from his concentration the wall remains in place while Lieutenants inside the city lead 400 fighters from the north and south along the Wallride to face the 25 Tymorian **Knights** and 250 Mourningdale **Fighters** as two groups of 100 soldiers move up to block the roads toward the Market Square.

The Tymorian Knights including Sir Leon find themselves quickly cornered in the narrowing streets. Those with the Knights as well are surrounded by soldiers, though Sir Leon does not stop to consider the odds and commands the unit to split into two groups and continue to charge head on into the approaching mercenaries. As the Knights battle the mercenaries, Lieutenant Wizards remain at the fringe of the combat hurling their spells into the fight and commanding their troops.

Back in the field, Mourningdale Bowmen move within range during the chaos of the fight and begin firing at the Easterly walls to cover the approach of the footmen. A hail of arrows showers both sides of the conflict and soon walls of Fog go up between the many towers, hiding the Tilverton archers who continue to blindly shoot into the field. Within the Tymorian force, footmen and spearmen alike head closer to the walls trying to close distance and stay out of a kill zone growing in the wide open terrain just beyond them. In the field the Tymorian clergy use sanctuary spells as they try to pull the wounded to safety and tend their wounds. Of the 9 Commanders inside Tilverton, 2 remain at the

command post in the center of the city, 2 more along the walls, another continues to hold up the wall of fire while 4 others over watch the battle with the Knights from a safe distance. Whether inside Tilverton or commanding from the safety of the army, the PCs will be caught in a myriad of fights, none of which are turning in the favor of Tymora.

Read the following to those outside the city proper or within range of the army.

As more reports come in, you're torn away from your task at hand. All around you men begin to form into columns and you look to those under your command considering who will lead the remaining forces into the fight. It is then that you realize you are the only commanders left outside of the city, and it falls to Tethyamar to direct those in reserve to push forward, or not.

Read the following to those inside the gates or those who choose to join the army.

Beyond the inferno at the Moonsea gate, enemies close in around you as men die in every conceivable direction. You watch as spells burn through your ranks, striking down horses and their riders alike. Though you can see the Wizards somewhere in the back, making it through the defensive line of soldiers is impossible and your arms are beginning to grow heavy.

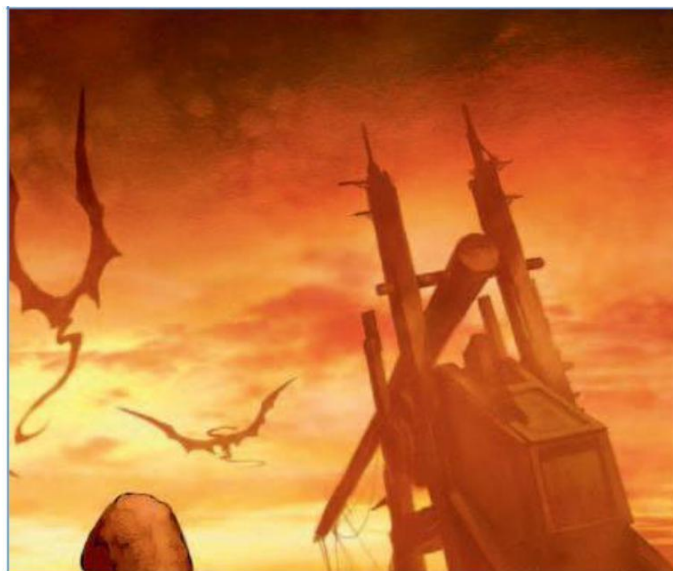
Sir Leon is nearby, his horse dead beside him as he runs his sword into an enemy. As you look about for others of your group, your eyes fall to the blazing fire at your back, no retreat you remind yourself

From this point the DM may continue to engage the forces of Tilverton against the remaining forces of Mourningdale. However this combat will likely span many turns and it may be more convenient to concentrate on the battle with the PCs at the Market Square. For those not in the Square, allow them to enjoy the rest of the fighting, though the deciding battle will surely be with Father Jass as he and those players with him face off against the giants and the remaining Commanders.

After four rounds of combat the following occurs

Turning forward again, rally cries for Tymora burst out around you and you are snapped back to the wall of fire in sudden disbelief. Reprieve arrives in the form of a welcomed sight. From within the fire, Brother Jass steps out of the flames, smoke rising from his chainmail with his hands held out at his sides. In a sudden burst of energy a shockwave is sent out from the Priest, dispelling the towering flames. You drive your weapon to the side, sending the longsword wide as another sword cuts in over your shoulder. You spin around to find one of the Tymorian Knights cutting a swath at your back and firing you a wide smile. Your eyes catch sight of more Dalelanders flooding in through the gate as Brother Jass leads a charge into the ranks. As he rushes past you, he cries out for you to follow him. Suddenly weapons of all shapes rise into the air and begin to spin around the priest in a whirl wind of steel and blood. You follow the unyielding priest of Tymora into the thick of the army as hundreds of soldiers at your back mount an offensive rush. The carnage left in Brother Jass's wake makes for a wide berth through the streets and you soon find yourself entering the Market Square. There seems to be no justice for your trials however, as the wide open expanse brings another unwelcome sight. Two massive stone giants move in from across the square wielding tree trunks for clubs at the command of four men who eye your group dangerously.

Entering the Square, the **Stone Giants** come to the stand still swinging their massive clubs into their hands as they look down on your group with toothless smiles. At their knees, a group of Commanders move in taking up a line just behind the towering behemoths. The Giants will move on the PCs first attempting to crush them with their clubs. Brother Jass, who now holds the mantle of High Priest, will cast a command spell on the closest giant during the first round of combat and command the creature to sleep. This will result in the giant falling to the ground and sleeping for 1d4 rounds. The other giant Father Jass continues to pelt with his Spiritual Hammer while the Players move



in to attack. On the second round Father Jass will attempt to silence one of the wizards with a Silence 15ft radius spell. After this he will resort to hand to hand combat with his spiritual hammer. If two of the War Wizard Commanders fall, the other two will retreat from the combat and cast invisibility. With the forces of Mourningdale pushing into the city the battle is all but won, and they will not remain to become simply two more bodies to add to the pile. The mercenaries however will be left to fight to the last man, or flee as they are more likely to do. The Wizards are not without their dangers however and still hold several powerful spells ready to be unleashed upon the PCs. In the first round, Shadow Monsters are summoned to attack the players. A total of 8 **Shadows** appear upon the initiative of one of the Wizards. These will be of little threat since Father Jass can turn the creatures just as quickly as they are summoned. Another wizard places a Stone Skin spell on one of the giants who rushes into melee combat. (He has a total of 7 skins placed on him). If the fight turns ill, one of the wizards will use an Ice Storm to cover the arena in a sheet of ice doing 3d10 points of damage to any in the area while another casts Polymorph self-taking on the form of Dragon. Though the wizard still has the same amount of hit points in the magical form, he is capable of not only flight but whipping his massive tale or slashing at the players with huge claws and a mouth full of razor sharp teeth. (Refer to adult dragon statistics).

Wizard Commanders (4) (7th) XP Value: 4,020
Cantrips, Color Spray, Magic Missile (X2),
Invisibility, Whispering Wind, Web, Protection
from Normal Missiles, Clairvoyance. Each
Commander has prepared a different 4th level
spell. They are as follows: Ice Storm, Polymorph
Self, Stone Skin, Shadow Monsters

Wrapping up the combat

As the battle in the Market Square comes to an end, the city of Tilverton is overwhelmed by the forces of Mourningdale. Though there is still fighting in the streets most of which are small pockets of soldiers who have not received word that Tilverton has struck her banners. There is a moment of peace in the Market where your group and Father Jass stand among the fallen bodies of your enemies. But whatever peace might have been held on to is quickly dispelled. From behind, Sir Leon breaks into the square with a host of men. They rush to your side, bloody and exhausted, but alive. "The gates are secured" he starts in "But a contingent is still holding the temple against all reason. Whatever is inside, they'll all die before they give it up." Finally taking a moment to look at Father Jass, Sir Leon seems to lose some of his stamina. "Does this mean," he begins, but Jass only nods and sets a hand on the Knights shoulder. "He is with us still, in our hearts." Though the loss of Dominic is keenly felt by all, there is little time to grieve. "My Lords," Sir Leon turns back to your group. "We've one more door to kick in..."

When the players arrive at the temple, the remaining wizards and soldiers protecting it have been killed or taken prisoner. What has been gathered from questioning is the final command by Lord Tamerith and Lady Lucero was to defend the temple at all costs. Inside the three story stone building the PC's find a high vaulted ceiling and ornamental arches supporting the massive walls. Along the walls and hanging from the arches are clocks and mechanized dioramas that turn and click insistently. The temple floor and ceiling is matted in gold florals set with oak wood, and the entire

chamber is lit with sconces. At the far end of the room is an altar where a very bloody and disturbing scene has unraveled.

On approach to the altar, a past viewing of the event is pressed into the minds of the PCs. This occurs because of the divine stature of what developed here, as it's still coursing over the separate planes of existence.

Suddenly your vision blurs, your your mind is pulled from the world around you, as a vision of the last few moments takes control.

'Finding her way into the temple after her water broke, a woman cries out for help. The priests, being caught in the throes of the fighting are nowhere to be found. She is not alone however, as a wounded Mercenary, dragging himself into the temple looking for healing, hears her moaning and cries of distress. The soldier, dying of a mortal wound, and the woman crying out in agonizing birthing pains finally awake the only priest of Gond left in the temple. And elderly man who had been clinging to life for the past week, suddenly finds the strength to pull himself out of his bed and the mental clarity to climb the stairs from the Temple's living quarters beneath the chapel. At nearly Seventy years of age, he is totally blind and delusional as he enters the room. When he comes upon the woman and the soldier however, his mind is fully restored and he immediately sees to woman at the pleading of the dying soldier. It soon becomes very clear that there is problem with the child, but before the priest can explain the situation to the mother, she quietly passes away. The old priest asks the soldier if he can help him cut the baby from the mother's body, but the lack of reply from the man sends him padding at the soldiers neck, feeling for a pulse. He too has died from his wounds, but as the priest feels for hand to be sure the man is gone, he finds the soldier gripping the woman's fingers in a final embrace, striking at the old priests heart. He wastes no time then, his hands struggling at the soldier's belt feeling for a dagger. When he finds one tucked in the soldier's boot, the priest falls to the woman and begins to cut at her abdomen, guiding the knife with his fingers so as

not to cut too deep and scar the child. Though blind, the old priest has done the procedure over one hundred times and uses the razor sharp dagger to perfection, making the incision and reaching inside the womb, pulling the baby from its mother. Only seconds pass before the child begins to cry as the priest speaks in soothing prayers, standing from the bodies and cradling the boy in his arms. Feeling the surface of the altar, a single bowl sits on its surface meant for blessings of holy water. However as he reaches in the bowl, he feels only dust. As unfitting as it was, the old priest considers himself for a moment, and then feels along the soldier's belt again. Finding a wineskin, he sits beside the deceased mother, wrapping the baby in the gold linens of the altar cloth. Putting the baby in its mother's arms, the priest says a blessing over the wineskin, and then pours a few drops of the water over the baby's head. As the child begins to quiet, the priest finally rests with his back against the altar, stroking the cloth and legs of the newly delivered baby. But just as suddenly as the mental clarity had returned it subsides. In only a few minutes, the old priest dies as well from the strain of the event on his body. The vision ends, and to those looking upon the scene as they enter the quiet temple, they find the three bodies, that of woman, the soldier and the priest sitting beside one another, and in the arms of the mother, a baby wrapped in a golden cloth. To those who heard Father Dominic's sermon in the days before the army marched to the south, the High Priests words begin to ring true in his description of his visions. "In the temple of gold, three holy symbols lay next to each other along the altar. That of Illmater (The woman who died during the pains of labor), Torm (The soldier who died from a mortal wound following orders) and Tyr (The Blind Priest whose wisdom saved the child's life).

MY LORD, MY GOD

As the players investigate the altar and the new born child, there is a chilling presence at the entrance of the temple. The realization that all the clocks in the church have stopped ticking is quickly evident to the PCs, who stand and turn to see two figures at the closed temple doors.

Read the following aloud.

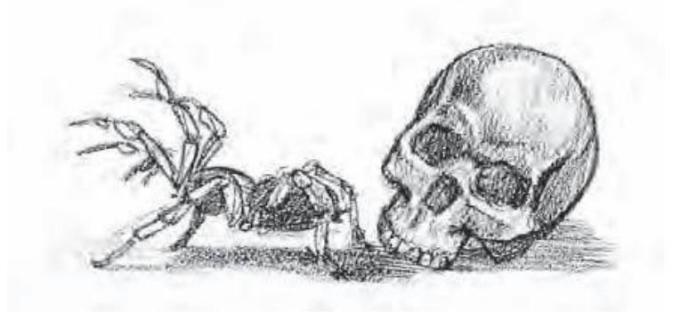
Two figures stand at the temple doors. One, a sickly pale man clothed in tattered garments covered in open wounds and bite marks. He hangs on the arm of a fierce, shrouded man as though he were an unfed slave. "You see Tamerith, I told you the bastard would send someone to save you didn't I?" The sickly man looks up with weary eyes to his captor, then back to your group with a slow nod. "Well, go on then. Run to your heroes, if you can." The dark figure pushed Tamerith away, who stumbled and slumped in a gaunt and pathetic walk towards you. He manages a few feet, before his knees give out and he falls crawling on his belly. "Well, there is your usurping Lord heroes. Is he everything you imagined? No? I thought not. Well, you've come all this way to vindicate yourselves. What are you waiting for?"

The dark figure taunting the players is a vampire known as Datorian Aramvail. By description Datorian is a pale elf with blood red eyes. He often dresses in flowing black robes and carries a single longsword he calls Ravager. Though once he was a prince much like Ceradin Myel, Datorian has long since passed into the realms of darkness. He spent several decades in the world of Ravenloft before coming to Toril. Indeed the reason Daggerdale is called such is because of Datorian. In 857DR



Datorian sought to take control of the region by infecting the people of the area with his vampirism. However his plans were stopped short due to unseen circumstances. For the past few hundred years Datorian has moved in the shadows, taking power where he could, and pursuing a prophecy he uncovered after his dealings with Gothl the demi shade. After her defeat, Datorian began to acquire large sums of money and poisoning the nobility of both the Dalelands and Cormyr. He even had a small hand in the attempted murder of King Azoun, until the King's 'timely' death this past year. With the realm in chaos, Datorian has pressed orcs of the west and tribes of the east into war, all in the hopes of completing the reincarnation of the prophesied child on the altar of Gond. Furthermore, Datorian has beset the region with his varied contacts in the underworld as well as manipulating Sembia into trade war with the Dalelands. This he proposed would conjure enough heroes in the area to accomplish the tasks set out by Helm in order to bring the child into this world. Though initially Tamerith Cormaeril was approached by Datorian, and convinced him with the vampire's help he could take control of Daggerdale. However the vampire quickly betrayed Tamerith and has kept him as a pet to torture these many weeks. It was Datorian, not Tamerith who is responsible for the death of Randle Morn and Silver, as well as the atrocities committed by mercenaries and the priests of Gond alike. He as well is the 'Witch' that Camden spoke of and the reason the priests of Gond betrayed their religion. Datorian's true goal has been to open the temple of Helm in Ashabenford so that Holly Huldane's son can be reborn. He intends on feeding from the child and obtaining divinity from his blood, as the babe is part human, part godling. If the Datorian succeeds in feeding even for a moment from the child he will ascend to a demi power status. This will spell disaster for the region and the players.

Should Datorian succeed in his goal, he will attempt to use the basement tunnels beneath the temple, and further more throughout the city of Tilverton to escape. Once he is clear of enemies he will attempt to travel to the charred remains of Spiderhaunt wood. Located in the aged tower of Gothl resides an archaic gateway and casting chamber that he intends to use in order to leave the prime material plane. With Gods blood coursing through his veins, Datorian will be able to complete Gothl's spellcasting and access the gateway into the higher planes. However before he does this, the vampire will unleash an open doorway for the many denizens of the shadow realm to enter the Prime material. These creatures are relentless in their pursuit of death and decay, viscerally hating creatures of light and good. Once open, the gateway will spawn countless enemies that will seek nothing less than shadow consuming the all the lands.



The following is a distribution of currency and goods in regards to sacking Tilverton.

65,750 Gold

3,000 artistic pieces(baubles and jewels, paintings, figurines ect.,) worth 10,448 Gold

514 gold pieces worth of weapons from the PHB

514 Gold Pieces worth of Armor from the PHB

60 head of cattle (cows) worth is variable

8,400 farm animals worth 2,400 gold (chickens, pigs, goats, ect.)

248 horses worth 18,630 gold (at riding horse prices of 75 gold).

168 commoners who have sworn fealty to Tethymar.

3 potions of superior healing

2 potions of fly, a potion of fire breath, 8 potions of haste, and potion of hill giant strength.

Datorian Aramvail: (M) vampire (elf), Align CE, AC 23 (Dex, Ring of protection +2), HP 116, Sp 30 ft., climb 15 ft., fly 15 ft., STR 20 (+5), DEX 17 (+3), CON 18 (+4), INT 17(+3), WIS 15 (+2), CHA 18 (+4), **Saving Throws**** Str +5, Dex +9, Con +4, Wis +7, Int +3, Cha +9, **Skills**** Acrobatics +7, Arcana +7, Intimidation +9. **Multiattack** (Vampire Form Only): The vampire makes two attacks, only one of which can be a bite Attack. **Damage Immunities**** cold, **Condition Immunities**** Immune to charm, Immune to cold. **Senses**** passive Perception 17, Stealth +9 **Languages**** Draconic, Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Sylvan **Challenge**** 13 (5300 XP)

Spellcasting - Cantrips (at will): *- **1st level** (3 slots): * Witch Bolt, Hex, Armor of Agathys (In use as 3rd level slot)- **2nd level** (3 slots): * Crown of Madness, Hold Person, Misty Step- **3rd level** (2 slots): * Hungar of Hadar

Ravager** Melee Weapon **Attack:** 2 attacks per round with an additional attack via his bite* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.

Damage* 1d8+5 slashing. **Vampiric blade** does an additional 5hp damage and syphons it to Datorian.

Legendary Resistance (3/Day): If the vampire fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Misty Escape: When it drops to 0 hit points outside its Resting place, the vampire transforms into a cloud of mist (as in the **Shapechanger trait**: instead of Falling Unconscious, provided that it isn't in sunlight or running water. If it can't transform, it is destroyed. While it has 0 hit points in mist form, it can't revert to its vampire form, and it must reach its Resting place within 2 hours or be destroyed. Once in its Resting place, it reverts to its vampire form. It is then Paralyzed until it regains at least 1 hit point. After spending 1 hour in its Resting place with 0 hit points, it regains 1 hit point.

Regeneration: The vampire regains 20 hit points at the start of its turn if it has at least 1 hit point and isn't in sunlight or running water. If the vampire takes radiant damage or damage from Holy Water, this trait doesn't function at the start of the vampire's next turn.

Spider Climb: The vampire can climb difficult surfaces, including upside down on ceilings, without needing to make an ability check.

Unarmed Strike (Vampire Form Only): Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 8 (1d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target (escape DC 18).

Bite (Bat or Vampire Form Only): Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one willing creature, or a creature that is Grappled by the vampire, Incapacitated, or Restrained. Hit: 7 (1d6 + 4) piercing damage plus 10 (3d6) necrotic damage. The target's hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken, and the vampire regains hit points equal to that amount. The reduction lasts until the target finishes a Long Rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0. A humanoid slain in this way and then buried in the ground rises the following night as a Vampire Spawn under the vampire's control.

Charm: The vampire Targets one humanoid it can see within 30 ft. of it. If the target can see the vampire, the target must succeed on a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw against this magic or be Charmed by the vampire. The Charmed target regards the vampire as a trusted friend to be heeded and protected. Although the target isn't under the vampire's control, it takes the vampire's requests or actions in the most favorable way it can, and it is a willing target for the vampire's bite Attack. Each time the vampire or the vampire's companions do anything harmful to the target, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. Otherwise, the effect lasts 24 hours or until the vampire is destroyed, is on a different plane of existence than the target, or takes a Bonus Action to end the effect. **Children of the Night** (1/Day): The vampire magically calls 2d4 swarms of bats or rats, provided that the sun isn't up. While outdoors, the vampire can call 3d6 wolves instead. The called creatures arrive in 1d4 rounds, acting as allies of the vampire and obeying its spoken commands. The Beasts remain for 1 hour, until the vampire dies, or until the vampire dismisses them as a Bonus Action.

Legendary Actions Can take 3 Legendary Actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. Spent legendary actions are regained at the start of each turn. Move: The vampire moves up to its speed without provoking Opportunity Attacks.

Bite (Costs 2 Actions): The vampire makes one bite Attack.

Vampire Weaknesses: The vampire has the following flaws:

Forbiddance. The vampire can't enter a residence without an invitation from one of the occupants. (This does not include the Temple of Gond as it is sanctified by Datorian allowing him to enter at will.

Harmed by Running Water. The vampire takes 20 acid damage if it ends its turn in running water.

Stake to the Heart. If a piercing weapon made of wood is driven into the vampire's heart while the vampire is Incapacitated in its Resting place, the vampire is Paralyzed until the stake is removed.

Sunlight Hypersensitivity. The vampire takes 20 radiant damage when it starts its turn in sunlight. While in sunlight, it has disadvantage on Attack rolls and Ability Checks.

CHARACTER SHEET D&D 5E

Player: Father Dominic Quintus

Campaign: Dalelands Character Creation Date: 2010

Current XP: 221,164 Next Level Goal: 225,000 XP

CHARACTER

Name	Race	Human	Sex	male						
Alignment	CG	Class	Cleric	Level	16					
Size	Age	44	Height	5'11	Weight	175	Speed	30	Initiative	+1

	Ability Score	Ability Modifier	Saving Throws
STR	16	+3	+3
DEX	12	+1	+1
CON	14	+2	+2
INT	15	+2	+2
WIS	20	+5	+10
CHA	20	+5	+10

ARMOR CLASS

23
Armored

12
Without Armor

HIT POINTS

114

16D8
Hit Dice

Current Hit Points

Temporary Hit Points

Death Saves

Pass Fail

Exhaustion

Level	Effect
1	DA on ability checks
2	Speed halved
3	DA on attacks and saves
4	HP maximum halved
5	Speed reduced to 0
6	Death

INSPIRATION

PROFICIENCY BONUS

+5

+15 Passive Wisdom (Perception)

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
Mace of Disruption+1		8	STR
PROFICIENCY	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
5	3	1	
DAMAGE DICE	3	1	
d8	3	1	
ATTACK BONUS			
DAMAGE BONUS			

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
PROFICIENCY	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE			
ATTACK BONUS			
DAMAGE BONUS			

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
PROFICIENCY	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE			
ATTACK BONUS			
DAMAGE BONUS			

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
PROFICIENCY	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE			
ATTACK BONUS			
DAMAGE BONUS			

AMMO

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
PROFICIENCY	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE			
ATTACK BONUS			
DAMAGE BONUS			

AMMO

PROFICIENCIES

SKILLS:

- +1 Acrobatics Dex
- +5 Animal Handling Wis
- +2 Arcana Int
- +8 Athletics Str
- +5 Deception Cha
- +2 History Int
- +5 Insight Wis
- +10 Intimidation Cha
- +2 Investigation Int
- +10 Medicine Wis
- +2 Nature Int
- +5 Perception Wis
- +5 Performance Cha
- +5 Persuasion Cha
- +7 Religion Int
- +1 Sleight of Hand Dex
- +1 Stealth Dex
- +5 Survival Wis

SAVES:

Wisdom, Charisma

TOOLS:

Chess Set +5, Healers kit+5

WEAPONS:

Simple

ARMOR:

Light, Medium, shields

OTHER:

4th, 8th improved wis, chr
War Caster feat
Heavily Armored feat

Notes:

Channel Divinity: Turn Undead, Destroy Undead

Divine Domain: Trickery, Tymora

Blessing of the Trickster: Touch gives advantage on dex (stealth check). Invoke Duplicate: illusion of self
Cloak of Shadows: Become invisible until end of turn. Divine Strike: once per turn deal extra 2d8 poison dmg.

Improved duplicate- make up to 4 duplicates of self.

CHARACTER SHEET D&D 5E

CHARACTER

Player: _____
 Campaign: **FR** Character Creation Date: **2002**
 Current XP: _____ Next Level Goal: **195,000 XP**

Name: **Ceridan My'el** Race: **High Elf** Sex: **m**
 Alignment: **NG** Class: **Fighter** Level: **15**
 Size: **m** Age: **402** Height: **5'11** Weight: **145** Speed: **30** Initiative: **5**

	Ability Score	Ability Modifier	Saving Throws
STR	17	+3	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> +8
DEX	20	+5	<input type="checkbox"/> +5
CON	14	+2	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> +7
INT	16	+3	<input type="checkbox"/> +3
WIS	12	+1	<input type="checkbox"/> +1
CHA	13	+1	<input type="checkbox"/> +1

ARMOR CLASS

19/21
Armored

17/12
Without Armor

HIT POINTS

167

15d10
Hit Dice

Current Hit Points: _____
 Temporary Hit Points: _____

Death Saves

Pass: **000**
 Fail: _____

Exhaustion

Level	Effect
1	DA on ability checks
2	Speed halved
3	DA on attacks and saves
4	HP maximum halved
5	Speed reduced to 0
6	Death

INSPIRATION

☐

PROFICIENCY BONUS

+5

+16 Passive Wisdom (Perception)

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
PROFICIENCY	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE	STR	MAGIC	MISC.
	STR	MAGIC	MISC.

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
Elvin Court Bow +3	250/500	r	STR
PROFICIENCY	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.
	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
Short sword of wounding +1		LF	DEX
PROFICIENCY	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.
	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
My'el Honor Blade +1 (short sword)		LF	STR
PROFICIENCY	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.
DAMAGE DICE	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.
	DEX	MAGIC	MISC.

WEAPON	REACH or RANGE	TYPE	ABILITY
PROFICIENCY	MAGIC	MISC.	ATTACK BONUS
DAMAGE DICE	MAGIC	MISC.	DAMAGE BONUS
	MAGIC	MISC.	

PROFICIENCIES

SKILLS:

- ☒ +10 Acrobatics **DEX**
- ☐ +1 Animal Handling **WIS**
- ☐ +3 Arcana **INT**
- ☐ +3 Athletics **STR**
- ☐ +1 Deception **CHA**
- ☒ +8 History **INT**
- ☐ +1 Insight **WIS**
- ☐ +1 Intimidation **CHA**
- ☐ +3 Investigation **INT**
- ☐ +1 Medicine **WIS**
- ☐ +3 Nature **INT**
- ☒ +6 Perception **WIS**
- ☐ +1 Performance **CHA**
- ☒ +6 Persuasion **CHA**
- ☐ +3 Religion **INT**
- ☐ +5 Sleight of Hand **DEX**
- ☐ +5 Stealth **DEX**
- ☒ +6 Survival **WIS**

SAVES:

Str, Con

TOOLS:

Bowyer/Fletcher

WEAPONS:

Simple, Martial

ARMOR:

All armor, Shields

OTHER:

Improved Dex+2
 Sharpshooter
 Alert

Notes:

Fighting Style: Archery +2 to long bow attacks

Second wind: 1D10+ 15 hp/rest.

Action surge: 1/rest, Sharpshooter: no negs for long range, take -5 to attack get +10 to damage. Ignore 1/283/4 cover., 5th&11th extra attacks(3),

Indomitable: reroll failed save 2/rest

Champion: Improved Crit, Superior Crit 18-20,

Remarkable athlete: +2 any str,dex, cn check or

save. Two -weapon fighting-add damage from second attack.