

ROAR OF THE TERRORGHORGER

BY J.C. CONNORS

ABOUT THE ADVENTURE

Roar of the Terrorghorger is a Old School Roleplay (OSR) adventure, although it can be easily translated to other game systems (a *GURPS* version is also available on www.1shotadventures.com). The adventure is set on the haunted Vampire Coast, and challenges a group of foolhardy merchants to survive a trade in a cursed port. Soon, they find themselves on the run from dark entities, and have to survive a night in the primordial jungle surrounding the town before they return to their ship and make their escape.

The adventure is best for four-to-six level 1-3 characters – pregenerated characters are available at the end. NPCs introduced for the first time in the adventure are noted in ALL-CAPS. Suggested ability rolls are in SMALL-CAPS. Sections marked with a map icon are side-quests and hooks, not critical to the overall plot of the adventure. Sections marked with a person icon are opportunities for specific types of PCs.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The adventure is set on the southeastern shore of the faraway continent of Lustria, a land teeming with sweltering mangrove swamps, unknowable magic, and secrets older than the world itself. Few human settlements survive for very long on

the primeval coast of Lustria, but one is the haunted port of New Bechafen – a town founded a thousand years ago by the mad vampire lord Luthor Harkon. Even today, New Bechafen is ruled by Harkon and his vampire kin, served by a vast number of undead minions and human slaves, with only a few living souls who call port home.

The ramshackle town is overlooked by its Temple of Undeath, a contemptuous building made from basalt and black marble. A thousand candles burn from its windows at all times. Anyone sailing near these shores knows this town's reputation – it is a place where no one lives voluntarily, and undead princes and their minions roam freely. Some folk even call the town “the larder” as a nickname, for it has enough mortal populace to feed the vampires here for years, should the coast ever come under siege by a powerful navy.

Every week, a few brave merchants land in the port to sell the rarest of wares to the vampire lords – artifacts, exotic slaves, and other peculiar trade goods. On just a few visits, a merchant captain can make a fortune here. However, it is unusual for a ship's entire crew to fully survive a night berthed at New Bechafen.

The PCs are among these brave merchants. They have just landed in New Bechafen aboard the *Grimmest Gale*, a merchant ship that intends to sell over a hundred crates of fine

Bell Wine there. The wine became a popular commodity among the residents of New Bechafen, for it seems the men who drink this wine every day become immune to the diseases of the marshes; even the ravenous, chicken-sized bloodwasps seem to leave them alone. Here, the PCs must meet with their buyer, the vampire lord Baron Charybdis, who wishes to purchase the crates so that he can better protect the living servants of his plantation estate.

What the PCs do not realize is that Baron Charybdis is using the wine to secretly build an army to lead an insurrection against the long-time lord of the town, Luthor Harkon. However, Harkon's spies are formidable, and just as the PCs finish their deal, the tavern is overrun by Harkon's minions, determined to murder the would-be rebels. The PCs escape into the ancient catacombs beneath the town. Surviving the dark tunnels is not an easy feat, for they are inhabited by curses, old traps, and formidable creatures that have made them their home.

Emerging from the tunnels, the PCs find themselves deep in the wild jungles of Lustria, over two miles from the port city. Surrounded by primordial horrors, vampire renegades, and inscrutable lizardmen, the PCs must find a trail that will lead them safely back to the shore. There, they can avoid Harkon's lieutenants, sneak back to the *Grimmest Gale*, and escape the Vampire Coast with their lives.

The Adventure's Flow

The adventure is arranged in three parts. The first challenges the PCs to escape New Bechafen via old catacombs – this section plays out like a small, contained *dungeon crawl*.

The second part of the adventure is a *sandbox*, where the PCs must make their way back to the coast via several jungle trails, along with a mighty river. Wandering the jungle is a legendary Saurus oldblood riding a mighty carnosaur, who can stalk the PCs and block them off from the most direct routes back to town. GMs looking for a longer adventure can use the saurus to force the PCs to consider longer, alternate routes; GMs wanting a shorter adventure can just use the Saurus as pressure to move the PCs as fast as possible along a more direct route.

The final part of the adventure requires the PCs to make their way back to their ship, the *Grimmest Gale*, or another merchant vessels in port. They can either sneak back through town, or hug the coast to get back into the port. There, a final battle against Harkon's lieutenants awaits them, although the exact escape route that the PC chose may make this final encounter easier or harder for them.

A Gothic Gem in a Goblet

The exact winery that makes Bell Wine – the “gothic gem in a goblet” – is a closely guarded secret, but most connoisseurs agree it is likely made somewhere in the south of Bretonnia. Its label claims that the wine is made from grapes crushed in a thousand year old bell. A bottle of Bell Wine costs a pricey 5 gp.

On visual inspection, this dark wine has an intense, almost hypnotic obsidian hue. Its bouquet is brooding, complex, and earthy with notes of blackcurrant, aged leather, and a tantalizing hint of blood orange. In addition to its delicious properties, the wine has the curious effect of protecting its drinkers from the various maladies of the Lustrian continent. After drinking a goblet, the imbiber gains +2 bonus to all Saves to resist most diseases and venoms native to the continent, an effect that lasts about a week.

To vampires and other undead, however, the wine is poisonous. Even one sip forces a **save vs. Poison**. Failure inflicts 3d12 damage and causes unconsciousness for 1d10 hours.

ARRIVAL IN NEW BECHAFEN

The adventure begins with the PCs disembarking from their merchant ship – the *Grimmest Gale* – into the port of New Bechafen, the only real “civilized” town on the dread Vampire Coast. It is the early afternoon when they arrive.

To kick off the adventure, the GM should read or paraphrase the following:

As the blood-red sun slowly descends, your old galleon, the Grimmest Gale, makes its approach towards the accursed port of New Bechafen. The crumbling fortifications of the port loom ominously. The town's great temple at its center is a leviathan silhouette of black marble consumed by creeping shadows and fraught with foreboding. A pervasive miasma of decay lay heavy on the air, as if the very stones of the port were imbued with the malignant curse of the fallen mariners. The echoes of forgotten cries of despair seemed to mingle with the lonesome call of the evening gulls, while the waves lap ominously against your creaking ship.


Doubt, as chilling as the northern winds, begins to gnaw at your resolve and that of your crew. The shimmering promise of wealth, enough to eclipse even the opulence of a Bretonnian prince, flickers

like a treacherous beacon amidst the whirlpool of uncertainty. The urgency of your task brooks no delay, compelling you to disembark, to tread the eerie silence and meet the enigmatic Baron Charybdis at the ghostly hearth of the Gravesend Inn. A clandestine tryst is to be arranged, a moon-lit unloading of the coveted Bell Wine from the belly of your ship's hold. The promise of payment looms, a glimmer of cold hope, but once the gilded touch of the baron's coins fill your coffers, you must turn your back on this cursed port. Swift must be your departure, lest the suffocating shadow of a dark curse ensnares your galleon, dragging it to oblivion.

A letter from Baron Charybdis describes the procedure after docking (see **Handout A**); once the PCs' ship docks, the PCs must make their way to the Gravesend Inn to arrange for the delivery of the rare Bell Wine from their hold. Once the deal is struck, payment will be received, and the Baron's stevedores will unload the wine and take it to the Baron's estate.

As the PCs disembark from their ship, they are disturbed by the town's populace. Starved humans and elves, no hope left to glimmer in their eyes, work to unload the few ships in the port. Shambling zombies assist with the heaviest loads. Watching over the tasks are ghoulish overlords, neither dead nor alive, who are quick to whip their living slaves cruelly for any infraction. Even walking through the streets calls is a scary endeavour!

Fortunately, the Gravesend Inn is only a few blocks away from the port, and the path to it is clearly marked by wood signs, which also warn travelers not to stray far from the main avenues after sunset.

 **GM's Note:** *If the PCs include any unusual characters among them who might not be merchant, these PCs do not begin with the others. Instead, they are at the Gravesend Inn already, skulking in the corner, or even hiding in the larder, near where the PCs are to meet the Baron. As the action picks up and Harkon's lieutenants accuse the group of treason, these exotic PCs are accidentally included in the merchants' lot.*

Dypolt Stanislaw's Dilemma

As the PCs head towards the inn, they are approached by a middle-aged man with a thin face, bushy moustache, and fearful, bloodshot eyes. DYPOLT STANISLAV inquires whether they just arrived and the name of their ship, then nervously makes small talk, telling them that they should try the roast gull at the inn, or perhaps salamander tail if they have it. He insists on writing down his suggestions, and then hands one PCs a note.

The note (see **Handout B**) begs the PCs to find Dypolt's teenage son, GRESMAR, at the inn and smuggle him away from New Bechafen. Gresmar recently announced his love to a



Gresmar Stanislaw

Young Fugitive

AC 6 [13] (leather)

HD 1 (hp 3)

Move 90' (30')

Attacks

1 x dagger (1d4)

THAC0 19 [+0]

Saves

D13 W14 P13 B16 S15

Alignment: Neutral

ML: 9

Notes: Gresmar grew up in New Bechafen, and earned his place as an apprentice shipbuilder for Lord Harkon's navy. While reluctant to leave New Bechafen and his lover Olisava behind, Gresmar realized that to stay means certain death (or worse). Given the opportunity to escape, he will try to be as helpful as possible, using his knowledge of the area to help guide the PCs. GMs can use Gresmar as either a helpful ally, a victim that will soon be killed or eaten by the local terrors, or as a replacement PC should one of the PCs die along the way!

young woman, Olisava, not realizing that a vampire captain, Tharkul, had designs on that woman. Dypolt knows that when Captain Tharkul returns from sea in a few days, news of this event will spread to his ears, and Gresmar will no doubt be captured and horribly killed by the vampire. Dypolt will be reluctant to share this story in any but the most secure setting, and if asked for more information, will just beg the PCs to please listen to his plea.

A Deal at the Gravesend

The Gravesend Inn is a sagging structure built in the style of an Old World alehouse. Its owner, DIOGO, has an old deal with Lord Harkon that no mortal should be harmed in the inn. This is the place where deals are struck, gold is exchanged, and rare trinkets are traded safely... for the most part.

Only a handful of travelers are present at the inn today. Most are fellow merchants or envoys, each waiting to meet with a local captain or lord to conclude business. The tavern's owner is not present today, but his serious-faced daughter MARGA, serves local ale and food for those willing to pay. She'll ask

who the PCs are meeting this afternoon; if the PCs respond truthfully, she'll say that the Baron already knows that they are here, and will arrive shortly. "His spies are everywhere, he knows the name of every ship that enters the port."

If the PCs look for young Gresmar, they won't see him. If they ask Marga about the boy's whereabouts, she'll say that he's hiding in the kitchen. Apparently, he's asked other merchants to take him away from this place, but they've all refused, too terrified of the wrath of the vampire lords to risk smuggling a fugitive out of the town.

Soon, BARON CHARYBDIS arrives. He is a tall and gaunt vampire lord dressed in black leather and a gray shark-leather cloak. He carries himself with the confidence of a warrior who has never known defeat. The baron is joined by a servant bearing a heavy coffer, a short man servant PONTIUS, who wears a shabby black hooded cloak. No matter how carefully the PCs try to peer into the man's hood, they only see the barest glimpse of a brutally scarred face.

The baron is polite, introducing himself to each of the PCs in turn, and then thanking them for making such an arduous journey to the town. He asks for them to confirm the contents of their hold – one hundred crates of Bell Wine – and then confirms the generous payment amount of 2500 gp.

The baron asks if they've brought a bottle for him to inspect. If they have not, he sighs with disappointment but still agrees to the payment. If they did bring one, he'll admire it, uncork it, and smell it with appreciation – but will not taste it. Instead, he pours a little out for Pontius, who sips it and announces that it is the best vintage he's ever tasted.

The baron will continue to make small talk, but at a dramatic moment, the door of the inn splinters inward and **five skeletal grave guard** shamble into the place, led by NICOLE MORVANT, a stunning vampire dressed in an ornate leather jerkin, a blood-red coral helmet, and wielding a wicked sharp saber. Soon, the PCs see a complement of grave soldiers surrounding the inn.

"Baron Charybdis, your treacherous plot to overthrow Lord Harkon ends tonight," she announces. "He *knows* about your hidden army, and he *knows* about your plot to import and modify Bell Wine to unleash them upon this town and declare yourself its governor. You – and your fellow conspirators – are guilty of treason.

"But fear not," she continues, smiling at the PCs. "It is forbidden to kill mortals inside this house."



Grave Levy

Skeletal Warriors

AC 7 [12]
HD 1 (hp 5)
Move 60' (20')

Attacks
1 x cutlass (1d6)
THACO 19 [+0]

Saves
D13 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1)

Alignment: Chaotic ML: 12
XP: 10 (leader 25)

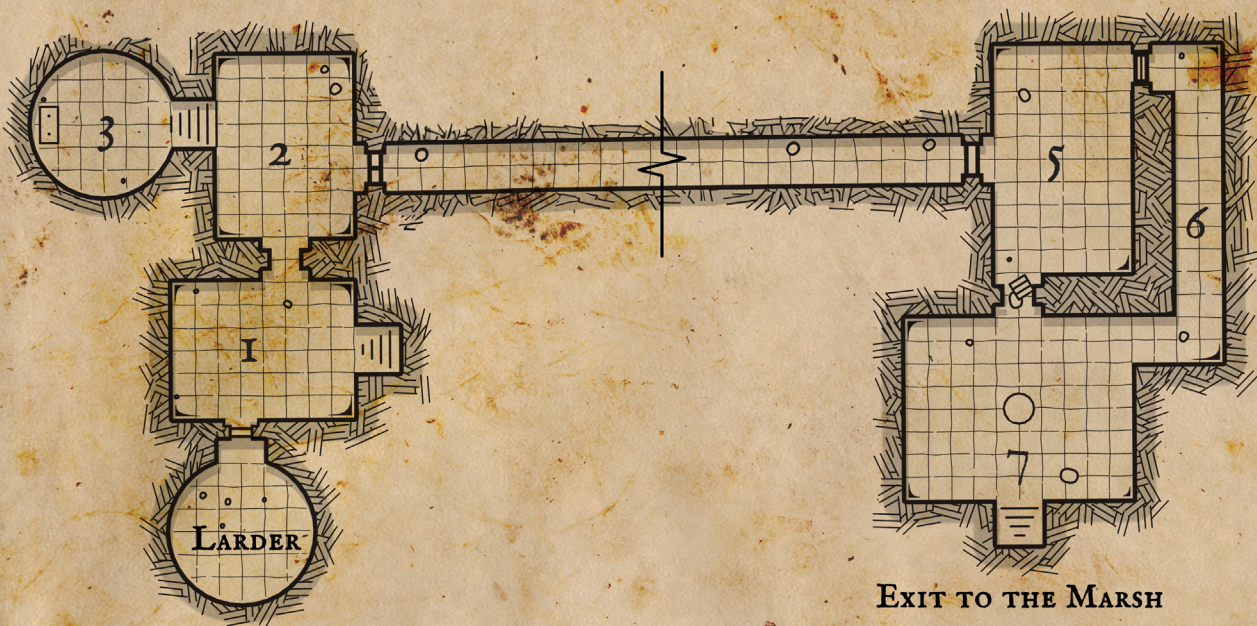
Notes: Grave levy are immune to effects that affect living creatures (e.g. poison) and to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells (e.g. charm, hold, sleep). One of the skeletons is "The Sharkheart" an elite grave guard, an elite undead corsair that was once famous for his skill with a cutlass. He wields a cursed cutlass (1d8) damage and has 2 HD (11 hp).

After a pregnant pause, she orders her minions, "Maim them, drag them outside to be cut open and deboned for the ghouls."

With no time for talk, the undead soldiers lunge at the PCs. After the PCs have defeated a few of the undead soldiers, Nicole orders a retreat, vowing to unleash all of Harkon's fury upon them. She shouts a command and the windows are immediately attacked by giant, sucking maws – writhing, Tentacled Things that are trying to squeeze their large bodies through the inn's portals.

GM's Note: The tentacled monstrosities exist to discourage the PCs from escaping out the front door. To dissuade them even more, announce at some point during the battle that Baron Charybdis has decided to flee. The vampire tries to climb out of a seemingly empty window. Suddenly, a Tentacled Thing wraps around him and squeezes his body grotesquely. As his limbs turn purple, and organs squeeze from his orifices, the PCs should think twice about escaping through these terrors. If they still attempt to escape, attack them with a "weaker" tentacle (THACO 18 [+1], 1d4+1 damage) before announcing that more massive ones are breaking in!

THE BASALT CATACOMBS



The human inhabitants of the inn race to position tables in front of the windows, delaying the creatures from entering. The innkeeper Marga shouts to everyone – “quickly, into the kitchen, there’s an escape there from the larder!”

Once inside the kitchen, Marga tosses a strong PC an iron crowbar to pry up a stone in the floor. She urges the PCs – and the baron – to jump down, explaining that a locked door in the larder below leads to the catacombs... and escape. “They cannot harm me, my father has a blood oath with Harkon himself... go!” she says, as she shuts the stone behind them.

THE BASALT CATACOMBS

The larder is a small stone room containing crates of food-stuffs, kegs of ale, and some working lanterns. If the PCs take a moment to search the larder, they won’t anything especially unusual – just some dried sausages, a stained keg mysteriously labeled “Scion Blood,” and a fine, centuries old large knife used for butchery.

A door in the northern wall is boarded up with heavy planks. Removing the boards takes a few minutes of effort, during which the PCs will hear screaming and shouting from above.

Once through the blocked door, the PCs find themselves in basalt, underground chambers. The first few chambers were excavated as gothic-style catacombs, complete with alcoves along

the walls for the wealthy dead to be interred. However, there are no actual remains to be found. The great men that were meant to spend eternity in these halls here never actually died!

1. The Ashen Chamber

This room was once layered with a thick blanket of ash. The addition of dampness however, has turned the floor into uneven, hard cement. Stairs to the east once went up to a nearby building, but they are blocked with stone and debris. Any investigation near the stairs hears the squelching sound of one of the tentacle monsters not too far away... almost as if it is burrowing into the earth to find prey.

Scattered in the corners of the room are the blackened bones of at least two men, but there is no sign of any skulls. A shattered rib cage still contains what looks like a charred wooden stake in its ribs.

2. Chamber of the Failed Dead

The chamber is filled with more empty alcoves, each decorated with primitive carvings of skulls, occult runes, and demon heads. Each alcove has a name carved above it, and PCs hailing from the Empire will recognize some of the surnames – mostly ones of Imperial nobles from centuries ago.

3. The Petrified Prisoner

This round chamber holds a blood altar – an obscene table made from polished black marble, stained with dried blood streaked with handprints. A morbid chill permeates the air,

the whispering echoes of unspeakable acts still clinging to the cold stone.

Around the room are rusty manacles, meant to hold prisoners that were to be sacrificed on the altar. Twisted into one of the sets of manacles is a tangle of thorns and branches. Only PCs who investigate this tangle and make a **Wis check** will identify this tangle as a once-living creature (elven PCs roll at +4) – a dryad! The dryad, DRYD, was once imbued with an otherworldly grace but has been lifeless for centuries, bound within this tomb of horrors. She's now composed entirely of petrified saplings.

If the PCs drench the dryad in the essential water located along the wall in room 4, she will groan to life. Dryads are spiteful, angry creatures, and this one will pause only for a few moments before her face transforms into pure hate as she tried to tear her rescuers apart. However, quick words or gestures that reassure her that the PCs intend to return her to her homeland will stay her hand.

4. The Long Hall

This rough-hewn hall extends over a thousand yards underneath the city. The hall is covered in massive black scorch marks – the ancient lizardmen escorted fire-breathing salamanders through this hall, into the Lustrian temple at its other end.

Now, the tunnel connects these catacombs of New Bechafen to the lower levels of the temple that was originally on this site, and after being conquered by Imperial soldiers, was turned into a fortification. Over the centuries, however, the temple has been forgotten and worn away with time destroyed, but some of its lower levels remain open.

A few dozen yards down the hall, the PCs will see a carved frog-head on the northern wall, made from an unusual stone that is flecked with gold and silver. Spewing out of the frog's mouth is a stream of perfectly pure water – *essential water*. The water can be detected as magical by magic-users and elves, and identified as essential water with magical ability. Anyone drinking the water stays quenched for a full day. It can also extinguish any magical fire with ease.

The hall eventually ends in a stone door that is carved with primitive glyphs showing lizard warriors, frog kings, and massive fire-breathing salamanders.

5. The Chamber of Beasts

This room was once used to hold various beasts – massive ropes are wound around giant cylinders attached to the room's stone walls. Pictograms of salamanders, ripperdactyls, swamp pythons, and other jungle monstrosities adorn the walls. Several obsidian-tipped spears of varying lengths can be found tipped



Drys

Petrified Dryad

AC 5 [14]
HD 3 (hp 13)
Move 90' (30')

Attacks
2 x claws (1d6)
THAC0 18 [+1]

Saves
D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (4)

Alignment: Chaotic
XP: 50

ML: 9

Notes: Normally, dryads can shapeshift into beautiful elven women, but Drys has zero desire to do that while she is so far away from the old forests of her homeland. While she can speak and understand Eltharin, she rarely communicates with spoken language.

up against the wall (treat them as easily-broken spears that do +1 damage due to the razor-sharp obsidian points).

The portal to the south is blocked by debris and rubble caused by a collapse in the tunnel ages ago. It's possible to squeeze through the rubble, but requires small size or a **DEX check** to do so. Also, anyone attempting this feat will take 1 hp of damage as they make their escape. It's also possible clear the debris with a few hours of work, although venomous ants have made their home here. After a few minutes of digging (or after one person has already squeezed through, two 1-yard swarms of ants will emerge to envelop anything in their path!

The ant swarm hits automatically and does 1 hp damage per turn (with typical medieval armor protecting for 1d6 turns before they burrow inside). The swarm is dispersed after taking 6 hp of damage, though swarms are *diffuse* and typically take no more than 1 point of damage from an attack.

Anyone approaching the door in this chamber will hear bellow-like breathing on the other side of the door.

6. The Sleeping Salamander

A fresh breeze carries the damp, musky scent of the jungle to the PCs' noses. However, a massive, red-skinned salamander is asleep in this corridor, sleeping on a pile of charred bones, and nearly blocking the path with its large body. The predator is the size of a hippopotamus, with a large fan-like frill on its back, which occasionally pulses with a dim, but fiery light.

Any character vaguely familiar with Lustria will identify this creature as a red salamander. Red salamanders are fast, ill-tempered, and spit corrosive fuel from their bellies to ignite their prey and cook them alive.

Sneaking past the reptile requires a **Move Silently** roll or a **DEX-4** check. If the PCs take note of the tunnel's breezes and time their escape when the breezes have died down a bit, the GM may give a bonus.

If the salamander awakens, it is delighted to find dinner so near to its lair. It will fill the corridor with fire and charge forward to devour the PCs!

If the salamander is killed, the PCs will spot a primitive copper charm in the pile of bones (GM's may let PCs spot it underneath the creature as they sneak past.) Crafted and blessed long ago by skink priests, this amulet, the **Blood Charm of Xahutec**, protects its wearer from harm. It is enchanted so that anyone wearing it may cast Protection from Normal missiles on themselves (and only themselves) once per day.

7. The Tablet of Sotek

A stone pedestal is the centerpiece of this chamber. Suspended with a sorcery unseen, a tablet of stone, carved into the semblance of a serpent, hovers above it. A beam of sunlight hits the tablet's rough surface, and from some angles looks like it is made from molten gold. This is the magical **Tablet of Sotek**, the heart of the temple that now lies in ruin.

Anyone who knows Arcane Magic recalls that such tablets were sometimes used by the great Slaan, the rulers of the lizard-men, to infuse magic into newborn skink shamans. While the spells on the tablet are written in an ancient, dead language of glyphs, the tablet will infuse those spells into anyone with magical capability... at some risk to the subject's sanity, as this magic was clearly designed for the lizard folk of this region, not for man or elf.

Blocking the sunlight that surrounds the sacred tablet, however, incurs the wrath of the serpent god, Sotek. The ceiling shakes, and the room is enveloped by the sound of angry hissing. Within a few seconds, venomous serpents with enormous, unnatural heads begin dropping down from ceiling. Three snakes drop every turn, up to the three snakes per PC. Chant-hissing



Red Salamander

Revered Predator

AC 2 [17]
HD 6* (hp 28)
Move 90' (30')

Attacks
2 x claw (1d4)
THAC0 14 [+5]

Saves
D10 W11 P12 B12 S4 (6)

Alignment: Neutral ML: 8
XP: 500

Notes: Salamanders spit napalm-like, corrosive saliva at its prey, cooking its victims (2d8 damage, save vs. breath weapon). Note that if the PCs somehow spray the salamander with essential water, it will be unable to produce its fire for 2d4 rounds.



Temple Serpent

Sotek's Servants

AC 6 [13]
HD 2* (9 hp)
Move 90' (30')

Attacks
1 x bite (1d4+poison)
THAC0 18 [+1]

Saves
D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1)

Alignment: Neutral ML: 11
XP: 25

Notes: These serpents have infravision and venom, which inflicts 2d4 damage on a wound (save vs. poison).

in a long dead language, the snakes angrily attack whoever dared to incur Sotek's wrath! Note that this noise will wake the salamander in the previous hallway, who will charge into this chamber looking to make a meal of snake or man!

If the tablet is touched, the subject must make a **Save vs. Magic** as the serpent god's secrets overwhelm his mind with visions of the god coiling around him in fury, and then the god's fanged jaws descending upon him, spewing rivers of burning blood; failure inflicts 1d12 damage. Then, if the subject is a magic-wielding class, two new spells are burned into his mind for the remainder of the adventure. GM's should choose these spells based on the PCs personality and desires. If the PC does not have magic, they instead gain newfound knowledge, and a mundane understanding of Lustrian occult lore, and +2 to appropriate knowledge and lore checks for the remainder of the adventure.

In the south wall of this room, slippery stone stairs climb upwards to the jungle above.

THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE

Unless the PCs have dallied over ten hours in the catacombs, they will likely emerge into the jungle during the night. The dark jungle is cacophonous, and the nightmarish sounds of predators eating screaming prey are everywhere.



Sa'Ludge

Ancient Labourer

AC 5 [14]

HD 3+1 (15 hp)

Move 60' (20')

Attacks

2 x claw (1d4+1)

THAC0 17 [+2]

Saves

D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3)

Alignment: Neutral

ML: 12

XP: 50

Sa'Ludge is a docile, dutiful creature who loves pleasing his skink taskmasters. He has an eye for the perfection of angles, and always corrects things that look askew. Although curious, if threatened, he enters an enraged, bloodthirsty state, snapping foes in half with his jaws.





GM's Note: Some of the encounters below will change depending on whether the PCs are traveling during the day or night. PCs will recall that nights are generally more dangerous in Lustria. But they will also realize that if they do not get back to their ship soon, there's a risk that Captain Drossel will assume they are dead and will leave without them. Captain Drossel, however, has a sense of duty to his crew and won't depart until the following evening, giving the PCs plenty of time to get back to port.

1 The Jungle

The PCs emerge into a clearing that is littered with crumbling stone plinths of ancient design. It is obvious to anyone that this used to be a sacred site, but there is now little left. Primitive carvings of lizardmen fighting elves with elongated helms can be seen on many of the stones. PCs may remember wars over magical sites between the lizardmen and the dark elves of old.

Once the PCs get their bearings, the PCs will realize that they are about two miles west of New Bechafen and its port. To get back to their ship, they must trek through the jungle, sneak into the walled town, and make their way to the docks no doubt

guarded by undead soldiers. Even with the trails, journeying through this savage jungle will take a few hours.

The Labor of Lizards

Moments after the PCs emerge into the moonlight, they find themselves staring at a massive, 9-foot tall hulking lizardman – Sa'Ludge, a kroxigor. The creature is in the middle of righting a massive stone plinth – easily weight a ton or more. When he catches sight of the PCs, he freezes, holding the weight awkwardly, his muscles bulging. A gleaming and ornate brass chain rattles around his neck, valuable stones glittering in the moonlight.

Unless interfered with, the kroxigor will heave the heavy stone in place, spend a minute or two adjusting it to catch the moonlight in just the right way, and then trudge into the jungle. Kroxigors are primarily labourers, unless they are interfered with... in which case they will become unstoppable, alpha predators.

Sa'Ludge's heavy necklace is valuable, worth at least 20 gp, with a diamond in its center which provides a 5% chance that any level 1 magic-user spell is not lost when cast; but the enchantment only works in hot, humid climates. While Sa'Ludge is unlikely to part with it without violence, PCs might try to barter for it. Sa'Ludge likes shiny things, and also warm-blooded, live food.

2 Crossroads

On the ground in this clearing are dozens of seemingly splattered brains covered in fine, white hair. These grotesque globules are actually *tlaxfruit*, melons that grow high in the trees and fall to the ground in a messy clump. A **Wis check** identifies them as edible (and delicious). Three trails wind outwards from this clearing.

- To the south, the PCs hear the rushing of water, which they recall is the river that leads straight to New Bechafen and the sea.
- To the north, they see an old game trail. As they stare up this path, the PCs hear faint whispers echoing on the humid jungle breeze. The whispers are in a long, dead language. At night, the PCs also see a faint red-orange emanating from that direction, pulsing as if in some sort of message.
- Finally, there is a path to the east, which also likely heads to New Bechafen, although through the wild dangers of the Lustrian jungle.

The PCs may also smell something rotting nearby, contrasting with the sweet smell of the *tlaxfruit*. A search of the area finds the freshly severed tail of some kind of great lizard, buzzing with flies. Any investigation of this carcass discovers it was cleanly bitten off by something large and carnivorous. Also, the PCs find the fresh prints of a carnosaur – a massive two-legged alpha predator. Near the footprints is a primitive short spear, its bronze tip coated in blood and loose scales.

3 Statue of Adohi-Kumquata

A twenty-foot tall statue of a long-dead frog god sits in this clearing. The vine-covered and pitted statue has enormous black, glassy eyes, which still stares downwards from its great height with alien judgement. In its hand, it holds the **copper-coated skull of an ancient kroxigor**. At nighttime, this skull flickers with a dim golden light, the result of the magic used in its creation.

The monument is surrounded by piles of countless fist-sized skulls, remnants of some long-lost lizard species, arranged meticulously in spiral patterns.



Using Rotl Grotl

The jungle near New Bechafen is roamed this night by the famed Saurus warrior, Rotl Grotl, and his mount, a monstrous carnosaur. Rotl Grotl is searching the jungle for the skink priest Itzi-Itl-Gy, who was supposed to bless the lizardman army that is soon to attack New Bechedel. Unknown to Rotl Grotl, poor Itzi-Itl-Gy was eaten by a swooping teradon a few days ago (see *Extending the Adventure* for ways for the PCs to find his corpse).

Rotl Grotl enjoys toying with his prey before eventually deciding that his carnosaur is hungry and needs a fresh meal. The GM should use Rotl Grotl and the carnosaur at key moments to scare the PCs and chase them in different directions. At first, the PCs may only hear the carnosaur roaring in the distance. But soon, the pair develops a knack for emerging at inopportune times. For example:

- The PCs are crossing a bridge.
- If the PCs are making too direct of a line towards New Bechedel, he appears to chase them down a different path.
- He appears alongside the PCs as they travel on the river, biting at them from overhangs.

Scholars in the party will identify the idol as Adohi-Kumquata, a Slann mage-priest who lived thousands of years ago, but was slain by a kroxigor who had been mind-controlled by the dark elves.

Prying the kroxigor skull from the hand of the statue requires Opening a Stuck Door. Or, the statue can be chipped away, but with a 1 in 4 chance of ruining a non-magical weapon. However, if the skull is tampered with in any way, the ground rumbles and several tiny skulls scream towards anyone touching the statue with horrifying speed. Treat this as a blunderbuss-like ranged attack (THACO 17 [+2], 1d12 damage, misfires on a natural 1 which, at a minimum, disables the gun until fixed, 1 round to reload).

The copper skull is heavy and weighs 50 lbs, but is highly valuable to artifact hunters and worth 100 gp. Furthermore, the skull is feared by the skinks in the area, who believe that it still contains the dark elves' original curse, which enabled

the betrayal of Adohi-Kumquata. No skink will willingly go within a few yards of the skull.

4 The Dreadwake

The turbulent river in this area is surrounded by steep, thirty-foot, basalt cliffs. A narrow rope bridge crosses the river here, but it is seldom used and looks to be in disrepair. A worn **pot-helm**, made in the slavic style of Kislev, is visible in the middle of the bridge, not too far from a section where several boards are broken and rotting.

Climbing down the rocky cliff requires rope or a **STR** or **DEX** **check**. Anyone failing the roll slips and falls down the wall, although they can make a **SAVE vs. DEATH** to kick off from the wall and try to land in the water. Falling on the rocks below does 1d6 damage; falling into the water does only 1d3 damage.

Crossing the bridge is easy enough, but requires an **DEX** **check** to avoid stepping on clearly-rotten boards. Anyone who fails can make a second roll to grab on before falling to the river below (for 1d3 damage).

A second person on the bridge, however, causes it to sway, and a -2 to all rolls. A third person on the bridge seriously weakens it. Roll d100. On a 75+, a section of the bridge collapses, forcing at least one PC to make a **DEX** check to cling on for life. On a 95+, the entire bridge snaps and collapses!

The Dead Kislevite

From the bridge, the PCs will spot the corpse of a Kislevite lying on a boulder in the middle of the river below, its location somehow protecting it from the carnivores of the jungle.

From below, the PCs can navigate to the Kislevite corpse by either swimming the rapids, or leaping from rock to rock to get there, which might require an appropriate ability check. The corpse looks to be several days old, and one of his arms has recently been eaten away by carnivorous fish.

The dead Kislevite still bears a fine scimitar in its sheath, a fine large knife, and a pack containing rotten jerky, a letter to his wife (see [Handout C](#)), a small pouch with 35 gp, and a strange totem made with bronze rings, colorful feathers, and exotic bird bones – which unfortunately carries a curse which infects all who touch it (-2 to all rolls until the subject scores a *notable* success, as judged by the GM!)

River Rafting

Rafting is the quickest way to get to New Bechafen, as it's only about a thirty minute trip. With some exploration of the banks, the PCs will spot a small, well-crafted raft hidden in some thorny bushes not too far from the bridge. The boat,



Okř & Ikr

Chameleon Skinks

AC 6 [13]

HD 1+1 (6 hp)

Move 90' (30')

Attacks

1 x blowpipe (1d4)

THAC0 17 [+2]

Saves

D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2)

Alignment: Neutral

ML: 10

XP: 19

The chameleon skinks' chameleon ability gives them a 4 in 6 chance to surprise opponents.

however, it is guarded by two diligent chameleon skink scouts, Okř and Ikr.

If the PCs don't find the skinks' raft, they may get the idea to build one of their own. Constructing a raft takes about an hour and requires material from the surrounding area. Rafts have 40 hp and Movement 10', and can safely hold about four people. However, combat on a raft is at -2 to hit.

Navigating the river is no easy feat. GMs may force the PCs to make **Wis** **check** to launch their boat and avoid the sharp rocks. As they near locations 6 and 7, they may also have to face the winged ripperdactyls as well as a dreaded Terrorghorger.

5 Eldritch Archaeology

There are more ancient ruins in this clearing, long devoured by the hungry jungle. A few standing obelisks, dedicated to great Sotek remain here, jutting out amidst collapsed stone mounds and outlines of old building foundations. The rubble is strewn around in a such a way that navigating it is tricky – it is a virtual labyrinth of twists and turns.

Anyone venturing in the ruins at night hear the shrieks of jungle bats coming and going from the area; the place is

swarming with them. Also visible at night, in the center of the ruins, is a small, glowing campfire which smokes with the smell of oily wood.

Camped in the middle of the ruins is the “young,” two-hundred year old vampire, LOCHLAN HARKON, a distant relative of the lord of this coast.

Decades ago, Lochlan traveled from the northern lands of the Empire to Lustria to study the ruins and temples in this area. While these ruins are nothing new to him, he believes that a scroll he recently found points to a hidden chamber – the **Celestial Socket** – somewhere in the area.

Recently, however, Lochlan trusted servant, Flewdum, was eaten by a carnosaur when he went to go fetch firewood. While Lochlan is not one to normally grieve a mere mortal, Flewdum had been a loyal servant since his arrival in Lustria, and one that he had hoped to turn into a vampire after years of proving his worth. Lochlan sadly handles a small chest with the leftovers of Flewdum’s supplies – some alchemical elixirs, and a fine, enchanted hatchet, still gripped by a severed and bloody hand.

Lochlan has warded the ruins with a spell that allows him to detect people entering the area, so it is nearly impossible to sneak up on him. He will summon the PCs to explain their presence. He is an intensely curious fellow, but only has interest in talking about subjects he cares about – ancient history, Lustrian and Elven artifacts, and the fauna and flora of the region. Tonight, he is morose and debating giving up his quest to find the lost chamber that brought him to this area.

- Lochlan barely keeps up with local Vampire Coast politics. He sours when the topic turns to New Bechafen and its residents.
- If asked about the carnosaur in the region, he’ll say that he has seen a saurus warrior riding atop one. He recognized the saurus warrior as the famous Rotl Grotl, and suspects a larger attack is being organized on the vampires nearby (which he sees as no concern of his own).
- If asked for advice navigating back to New Bechafen, he advises the PCs to stay north of the river, as terradon mating season has made them especially bold to its south. He’ll describe how he saw an especially large terradon grab a skink shaman, snip off its head, and fly off with it. If asked, he can direct the PCs to the corpse of the shaman (see *Extending the Adventure*).
- He’ll also warn the PCs that there are vampire patrols who use magic to detect and detain people trying to sneak into the city who don’t have a Letter of Passing from a known vampire. He’s willing to write one... for a price, such as helping him find the Celestial Socket, or perhaps trading a precious artifact, such as the Bronze Kroxigor Skull from



Lochlan Harkon
Curious Vampire Archaeologist

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| AC 2 [17] | Attacks |
| HD 7 (31hp) | 1 x bite (1d8)* |
| Move 120' (40') | THAC0 13 [+6] |

Saves
D8 W9 P10 B10 S12

Alignment: Neutral **ML:** 11
XP: 850

Old world vampires do not have typical vampiric weaknesses or abilities. He does however have a frightful gaze (Save versus spell or be frozen in terror for one turn), and carries a longsword. In a small box he carries his deceased companion’s supplies – four doses of magical healing ointment (treat as Potion of Healing) and a fine hatchet etched with silver.

area 3, or the Blood Charm of Xahutec, the Tablet of Sotek, from the catacomb ruins.

- Lochlan doesn’t hide why he’s here at these ruins – he loves talking about his various quests to find old Lustrian artifacts. If he senses anyone is interested in helping him, he’ll escort the PCs to a nearby structure, where a bronze and decorated door – the Door of Ximeztli – hides long-lost secrets. Lochlan will also show the PCs his scroll (see [Handout D](#)), saying that he has been unable to open the door, despite trying many rituals and spells suggested by the scroll.

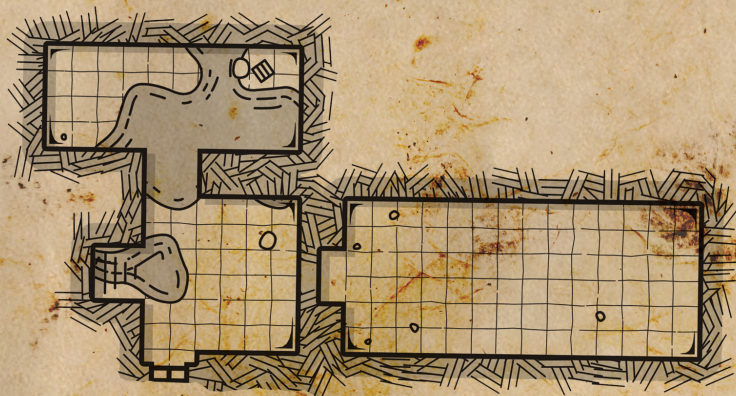
If Lochlan is ever threatened during the conversation, his mood changes, and he becomes fierce and angry. He does not tolerate getting insulted by mortals who do not know their place. He will use his power and magic to chase them away from the ruins, summoning swarms of jungle bats to devour them if they are stupid enough to stay.

The Door of Ximeztli

The Door of Ximeztli (see [Handout E](#)) is a heavy limestone door located down a shallow staircase in the center of the ruins. It is carved with hundreds of spirals, each of which touches six glyphs of unknown origin. The glyphs are mentioned in Lochlan’s scroll, and must be read out in the right order. How-



THE CELESTIAL SOCKET



ever, one of the glyphs – “Tek-Alon-Patl” – is a forbidden word, never to be said out loud, else the speaker receives a curse (-1 to all rolls, until some notable success is made). Realizing this requires reading the ancient Nehekharan on its border (which Lachlan does not know) or finding the clue hidden in the dead Kislevite’s note at the river (area 4). Clerics have a 5% chance of knowing this as well. Once the *five* glyphs are spoken in order, the door vibrates and slides open with old magic.

The Celestial Socket

There are seemingly two rooms in this lost chamber. The first chamber is soaked in water and mud, the result of an underground spring bursting through the stone floor. This room is covered in glyphs that tell an ancient story of the earliest generations of Slann and their battle against chaos. A pedestal in the northeast corner holds a golden eye, weighing 5 lbs and worth 100 gp. Since the eye is non-magical, Lochlan cares little for it and gives it to the PCs to keep.

The east wall of the first chamber holds a circular portal. The nighttime sky is visible in the portal, but the stars swirl in beautiful patterns. This is the doorway to the celestial socket. Stepping through the portal places the PCs in the next chamber. Here, the floor is an intricate mosaic, decorated with tiles of jade and obsidian, forming an elaborate pattern of a celestial map. This map is the real treasure of this chamber – for hidden in the designs of the ancient stars are the secrets to powerful magic.

However, moments after entering this room, the weight of the PCs causes the floor to depress slightly. Suddenly, the room plunges into darkness, and the air is filled with the hiss of escaping gas. This isn’t a deadly poison, but a magical, hallucinogenic gas.

As the gas fills the room, the celestial map on the floor comes alive, the jade and obsidian tiles starting to shift and rearrange themselves, forming confusing, ever-changing patterns. This creates a labyrinth of illusions designed to disorient and terrify intruders. PCs must make a **Save vs. Spells** to avoid the effects of the gas. If affected, the PCs see shadowy, lizard-like figures emerge from the walls. Born from the hallucinogenic mist, they hold out their hands and bolts of light strike at the PCs.

There is one figure per PC in the room. Treat each figure’s attack as THAC0 18 [+1], 1d6+1 damage. Each illusionary figure has only a single hit point.

However, the real danger lies beneath the floor. With each move the PCs make across the room, they risk stepping on actual pressure plates which activate poison dart traps in the room. With each move, there is a 50% chance, the PC steps on a pressure plate and a dart fires, doing 1 hp of damage, but with a poison that forces a **Save vs. Poison**, else the PC takes another 1d4 damage and falls unconscious for an hour. When they awaken, they find themselves with a random mental condition, such as paranoia, bloodlust, or a delusion, that lasts until they leave Lustria.

If the PCs are conscious a full minute in the chamber, the stars unfold themselves all around. Celestial magic pours into those willing to absorb it, allowing PCs to cast a random first and second level cleric spell each day, for 2d20 days.

6 Duel of Winged Terrors

As the PCs approach this part of the jungle, they notice that the trees here are exceptionally tall. Far atop the towering trees are giant nests made from an orange, coral-like material. A **Wis check** identifies them as ripperdactyl roosts, the homes of large, winged lizards that are an angry orange combination of a velociraptor and a pterosaur. Anyone with a mercantile background will recall that the eggs of these creatures are especially prized, and often eaten by the very wealthy, or used in alchemical experiments.

During the day, the ripperdactyls can be seen far above, swooping back and forth from the river, where they grab heavy, spiked fish and take them back to their nests to feed the young. Avoiding the ripperdactyls takes some effort – they are keen eyed and especially enjoy warm mammal blood! Smart PCs will use stealth, camouflage, or some other trickery to advance through this area without catching the eyes of a curious flying carnivore. If they ever catch the attention of the ripperdactyls, one will fly down to investigate. If the PCs do not quickly dispatch the lone ripperdactyl, it will let out a long harsh screech and five more hungry predators will arrive.

At nighttime, large, undead gaunt-bats intrude on the ripperdactyl's territory. Created and trained by a vampiric sorcerer in New Bechafen, the bats steal the ripperdactyls' valuable eggs. This causes the ripperdactyls to swarm and fight the bats, causing a horrendous commotion in the area. While this skirmish makes it easier for the PCs to sneak through ripperdactyl territory, the noise may attract other predators, especially Rotl Grotl and his carnosaur, or a even a curious, fire breathing salamander.

The Fallen Ironbreaker

As the PCs make their way through this area, they will spot the glint of gold metal in the middle of a grassy clearing. Getting to the clearing risks getting spotted by a particularly big ripperdactyl, who is hungrily devouring the intestines of a large fish on a branch above the clearing.

If the PCs are bold enough to get to the site, they'll find the bleached bones of a dead dwarf, his golden pothelm still gleaming under the soft soil here. Nearby is a dwarven black powder pistol, with a dry supply of powder in a silver powder horn.

7 Terrorghorger Rapids

During the day, young ripperdactyls fly overhead in this area, diving in and out of the whitewater river to retrieve fat, slow-moving fish, then fly them back to their nests. Due to the abundance of fish, the carnivores will ignore most other prey (unless they are lured or taunted in some way).

The black volcanic rocks in the river here are especially sharp and dangerous. Anyone boating through this area must make



Ripperdactyl

Flying Predators

AC 7 [12]
HD 4 (hp 18)
Move 240' (80') flying

Attacks
1 x bite (1d10)
THAC0 16 [+3]

Saves
D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3)

Alignment: Neutral
XP: 75

ML: 9



Terrorghorger

Monstrosity

AC 5 [14]
HD 6 (48 hp)
Move 90' (30')

Attacks
5 x tentacle (1d4+1)
THAC0 15 [+4]

Saves
D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3)

Alignment: Neutral
XP: 175

ML: 8

Once per combat, the terrorghorger can project a torrent of toxic ink at its foes, which burns and dissolves flesh. Victims must Save vs. Breath Weapon or take 1d12 damage and be stunned in fear for a turn.

a **Wis check** to avoid the rocks, otherwise the raft takes 1d10 damage and risks getting flipped or trapped. Anyone dumped from a boat must make a **STR check** to swim back ashore, or else they'll crack their bodies against the rocks or be washed down the river and mistaken for a fat fish by a ripperdactyl.

During dusk and the nighttime, this deep section of the river becomes exceptionally dangerous. Here, a grotesque abomination dwells under the river – a *terrorghorger* – a creature reminiscent of a squid, but far more sinister. Its tentacles, like the serpentine coils of malevolent constrictors, writhe with dark intent. Its gaping maw pulsates with an eerie crimson luminescence, echoing the burning of necromancy-fueled. Legend tells that this beast feasted upon the vitae of trapped vampires that dared traverse its watery home. It rarely awakens, but tonight it yearns, with a maddening thirst, to feast on blood.

As it emerges from the water to find prey, anyone seeing the creature must make a **Save vs. Paralysis** or be stunned for a turn! While the terrorghorger prefers meals of undead, it is happy to slake its thirst on mortals. The creature, however, is not stupid -- if it is heavily wounded, it will let out a terrifying scream that mentally stuns everyone within sight, and then within a few turns attempt to move away and disappear underwater. Once out of sight, its rage will grow, and it will plan a return to kill the PCs yet again if it has the chance (e.g., at a bridge crossing).

The Unnatural Death Rattle of the Terrorghorger

The death of the terrorghorger causes it to let out an earth-shattering death rattle – one so powerful and tempestuous that it shreds the body of the creature into thousands of leathery wet patches, and shakes the very foundations of the land, including New Bechefen.

The burst of necromantic energy released by the terrorghorger's death rattle forces all within a hundred yards of the creature to make a **Save vs. Death** or else take 1d6 damage. Furthermore, magic-users, elves, or vampires, are forced to roll a second **Save vs. Paralysis** or else suffer from a bad migraine for several hours (-1 to all to hit and ability rolls). Lesser undead in the region, including the many guards of New Bechefen, are effectively dazed for the remainder of the day, making it easy for the PCs to sneak through the town.

8 The Fruit of Xtli

Along this shallow river bank are hundreds of tall reeds jutting from the water. From the top of their stems grow purple fruit which leak bright green goo. A dozen docile skinks, much smaller than normal, gently pick the fruit from the stems, placing them carefully in baskets made from the same green reeds. The fruit is a favorite of Lord Xtli, a Slaan mage-priest who sleeps hundreds of miles from here. His skink servants pick fresh ones for him, hoping that when he awakens, he will



Skink Obsidians

Skirmishers

AC 6 [13]

HD 1 (4 hp)

Move 90' (30')

Attacks

1 x javelin (1d6+1)

THAC0 17 [+2]

Saves

D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2)

Alignment: Neutral

ML: 10

XP: 15

The skinks' javelins are tipped with razor-sharp obsidian. This gives them +1 damage (included above), but also makes them more prone to breakage.

be delighted by their diligence. He has yet to awaken in over three centuries.

Elves and halflings will identify the fruit as a rare treat. Furthermore, treating a wound with the sap of these branches makes for an effective salve. The sap functions as weak potions of healing, restoring 1d4+1 hp per application. If carefully collected, there is enough sap here to make 1d6 doses of ointment.

9 A Sweet Smell of Skinks

The dense foliage here is home to an unusual orange flower, *aetherisus dulcisillus*. Its delicate, velvety petals spiral gracefully around a luminescent core. However, those who spend several minutes within range of this flora must make a **Save vs. Breath Weapon** or begin to mildly hallucinate, seeing the flowers sway and wave in a beautiful, hypnotic dance. This is distracting, and causes a -2 to all rolls while in this area! The effect also causes the victims to desire to cover themselves in the flowers' pollen, which effectively ruins stealth attempts against creatures that sense prey with their olfactory senses. Once someone is covered in the sweet smell of these flowers, the scent lingers for twelve hours. A quick bath in the river will reduce this down to about one hour.

Those with herbal talents recall that perfume can be made from these flowers. A successful **Wis** check will let someone successfully harvest the flowers, which can later be turned into perfume and sold for 75 gp

Hidden in this seemingly peaceful grove is a war party of a dozen skink skirmishers (assume 2-3 per PC). Assigned to scout the area around New Bechafen ahead of a larger invasion, they will be well-camouflaged when the PCs arrive, night or day. The skinks are cautious, and will only attempt an outright attack if they believe that the PCs are either incapacitated due to the flowers' pollen, or can otherwise get the jump on them. Otherwise, they will pelt the PCs with a volley of javelins and then withdraw into the brush.

10 The Bridge to New Bechafen

An old Gothic stone bridge spans the rushing river here. Its dark, weathered stones are adorned with intricate carvings of winged creatures and dark magic, bearing the marks of old vampiric craftsmanship. Massive man-sized bats roost under the bridge, and at nightfall come rushing with shrieks that can pierce eardrums (any living creature nearby when this happens must make a **Save vs. Paralysis** or take 1d4 damage from the effect).

A handful of Grave Levy (p. 19) guard this bridge night and day. What's more, a small patrol of seasoned Sylvanian crossbowmen – paid well by Harkon to shoot down any Terrordactyls that attempt to prey off travelers – assist in keeping watch. GM's should assume that there are roughly two guards per PC.

The commander of the crossbowmen, JAMRYCH VON NILCH, is in tight charge of his men, and will interrogate any who wish to pass the bridge who do not look familiar to him. If the PCs have obtained a Letter of Passing from Lochlan Harkon, Jamrych will begrudgingly let them pass into the city without incident.

Otherwise, if the PC did not dally much and arrived at the bridge before the sun has risen, Jamrych will not yet have been alerted to their escape from the



Sylvanians

Veteran Crossbowmen

AC 6 [13]

HD 2 (9 hp)

Move 90' (30')

Attacks

1 x sword or xbow (1d8)

THAC0 18 [+1]

Saves

D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2)

Alignment: Chaotic

ML: 10

XP: 20 (leader: 35)

The silver-haired captain of the crossbowmen, Jamrych von Nilch, is clever and loyal to his men. He has 3 HD (16 hp).



tavern. He will let them pass into the city as long as they have a convincing story that well-explains their presence. Otherwise, Jamrych will likely recognize the fugitives, and use trickery to lure them close to the bridge, for example, calling out to them and saying that he has a message from their ship. But then, when the PCs least expect it, he will try to cut them down as they attempt to cross the bridge!

Once the bridge is crossed, a ten-minute walk along a worn cobblestone road leads to the open gates of New Bechafen.

GM's Note: If the PCs approach this bridge from below – for example, if they took a boat along the river – they'll have to climb up the embankment to get to the bridge, which is a tough, ten yard climb. If the PCs can't make the climb, they can travel further down the river to level ground and approach the city from the beaches.

ESCAPE FROM NEW BECHAFEN

Now that the PCs have returned to New Bechafen, they must make their way to the port so that they can escape on a ship. New Bechafen has three entry points: the South Gate, near the stone bridge, the West Gate, and the port itself, which is largely contained within its walls (a smaller, older North Port is outside the city walls, but mostly contains empty warehouses and has no ships docked here).

- If the PCs approach from the bridge to the south – and successfully outwit or overcome Jamrych and the guards – they can simply walk into the city through the open, unguarded South Gate. They will be able to make their way to the port within a few minutes without much ado.
- If the PCs approach from the North Port, they'll have to dodge some patrols of Grave Levy who search for escaped slaves or stragglers who might make good food for their vampire lords. From here, they'll have to approach the central port either from the beaches (risking being seen from the walls, see below), or climbing from a warehouse to the walls and then down abilities, which requires some good athletic prowess.
- If the PCs approach from the West Gate, they will find it heavily guarded. A dozen Grave Levy are stationed outside, keeping watch for any lizardmen attackers that are rumored to be on the loose. Crossbowmen man the walls here as well.
- If the PCs approach from any other loca-

tion, such as the beaches, they will likely be seen approaching by several of the guards who man the walls of the town. The guards will immediately deploy a Grave Levy (2 per PC) to intercept and apprehend them, while being observed by a few Sylvanian novice crossbowmen, who can target them from the walls. These crossbowmen have good perception and skill, but the long range from the walls to the beaches gives them an effective THAC0 20 (+0) to hit, 1d6 damage. If Grave Levy is defeated, the PCs can race along the beaches into the port.

No matter their approach, as the PCs enter the area around the city, they spot a monstrous winged creature searching the skies. The creature is twice the mass of a man, and has both wolf and bat features. PCs will quickly identify it as a devolved Vampire Lord, STURSUL THE VARGHULF, a creature who has succumbed willingly to its most primal urges, set loose on the world only when more powerful masters need it to perform special missions.

The Port

As long as the PCs are cautious, they can make their way through the town's streets to the port without event. Once they reach the port, they have a final decision to make. They can



make their way back to their ship, the *Grimmest Gale*, or stow aboard another one of the two merchant ships in the port, the fine three-master the *Raven's Wrath* or the creaky old *Duskbane*.

Spying on the *Grimmest Gale*, the PCs will see nothing out of the ordinary – just the familiar crew waiting nervously for the PCs. The captain of the ship, Captain Drossel, will not be seen. Unbeknownst to the PCs, Nicole Morvant, the vampire who originally tried capturing them, has killed the captain, commandeered the ship, and is awaiting their return inside!

The two other ships in port do not have such ambushes awaiting the PCs. They have, however, been alerted that the PCs are wanted fugitives, so no sailors will willingly let them aboard those ships unless bribed handsomely (at least 50 gp). Even then, there is always a traitor that will report the PCs' presence to the town's authorities, who will unleash the Varghulf upon them as any ship leaves the coast!

The Battle on the *Grimmest Gale*

If the PCs return to their galleon, the ship will immediately make preparations to leave. However, just as the PCs believe that they have escaped – or begin to suspect a ruse – the door to the captain's cabin crashes open and Nicole Morvant emerges to challenge them. She casts *Agonize* on the nearest foe to intimidate them into submission, and then blows a small shell whistle, which has the effect of summoning a large Grave Levy (at least three per PC) shambling up the gangplanks to the boat, as well as the dreaded Varghulf to swoop down upon the deck of the ship in seconds.

The crew of the *Grimmest Gale* will join in the fight. GMs can ask for a **CHA** check (or great roleplaying) to inspire more of them to fight. On a success, the crew will engage the skeletons and keep them out of combat as the PCs deal with Nicole Morvant and the Varghulf.

Escaping on the *Raven's Wrath* or *Duskbane*

If the PCs stowed away on one of the two other ships, they will have successfully avoided Nicole Morvant... who is still hiding in the captain's quarters of the *Grimmest Gale*. However, unless perfect precautions are made, a spy has seen the PCs enter the new ship to make their getaway. This spy reports to Nicole Morvant that the PCs are making their escape... and she uses her conch to call the Varghulf upon them as they escape the harbor.

The battle should play out similar as it does above, but with fewer combatants since Nicole Morvant and her skeletons will be unable to enter the fray. However, the PCs must make a **CHA** check or inspiring speech to get any of these crews to fight on their behalf. If the PCs successfully inspire sailors to their aide, the *Raven's Wrath* will supply better equipped trained troops over the *Duskbane*.



Attack on the Town

As the PCs are making their way back to New Bechefen to escape the Vampire Coast, hundreds of lizardmen in the region have stealthy gathered on the outskirts of New Bechefen. Rotl Grotl, along with a couple hundred skink skirmishers are hiding in the jungle, waiting for the right time to test the defenses. Their plan is to provoke the vampires into marching a force to the north, and then having a larger army of Saurus and Kroxigor attack the valuable plantations to the south.

Most of this war is out of the scope of this adventure, but the PCs will see signs of it. If the PCs have noticed that the lizardmen seem to be up to something, the attack on the town begins just as the PCs are nearing it. Dozens of skirmishers erupt from the jungle firing blowpipes and throwing javelins at the guards on the walls, trying to lure the vampire lords themselves into mounting a counterattack. This will provide a good distraction for the PCs to get into the town. Furthermore, if the PCs somehow lure Rotl Grotl into the town, he'll explode through the gates, causing chaos and confusion everywhere in New Bechefen. His assault will distract the Varghulf, who will swoop down to confront him!

CONCLUSION

With a bold plan, the PCs leave port having escaped a horrific fate. Despite their victory, they're left with a grim realization: in this world, they must prepare for danger lurking in every deal, for there may be more than meets the eye in every transaction on the grim, Vampire Coast. The journey has transformed them from mere merchants to grizzled survivors. In addition to XP gained from treasures and defeating foes, GMs may award additional, bonus XP:

- 50 XP each for discovering the Celestial Socket
- 50 XP each for befriending Lachlan Harkon
- 25 XP each for not attacking any of the native Lizardmen
- 50 XP each for saving Gresmar
- 25 XP each for not offending any Lustrian gods along the way
- 50 XP each for escaping the Vampire Coast

EXTENDING THE ADVENTURE

One unresolved plot point in *Roar of the Terrorghorger* is the fate of Itzi-Itl-Gy the skink shaman that was supposed to bless the lizardman army as they test the walls of New Bechafen. However, as the skink was making his through the jungle, he was picked up by a lone terradon. Beheaded in the attack, his body fell to the jungle floor below. Now, Rotl Grotl and others are looking for him, for he carried a special magic item with him.

The PCs can find Itzi-Itl-Gy in two ways. First, Lachlan Harkon saw the attack, and vaguely recalls where the body landed. He was curious to examine the corpse -- he knows skink shamans often carry magical items -- but was too upset over the loss of his manservant to make the trip. He can give PCs directions, which will lead them to the area about three-quarters of a mile south of the terrorghorger rapids (south of area 7).

Or, the GM can drop Itzi-Itl-Gy's body at a different location, or let PCs with tracking find a trail of blood and terradon spoor lead them to its location.

When the PCs find the body it is buzzing with jungle flies. Approaching these are dangerous -- they'll form a swarm and attack anyone nearby, though will quickly return to the corpse after giving chase for about 10 yards. The fly swarm has Move 90' (30'), does 1 hp damage per round unless the victim is completely protected, and disperses after losing 6 hp. However, most weapons will only do a point damage to the diffuse swarm.

Still gripped in the dead, clawed hand of Itzi-Itl-Gy is a short staff made from an alien, two-tone metal. Copper and a strange blue metal intertwine elaborately on the staff. At its end is an icon of the sun, with an amber gemstone at its center. Detect Magic will detect that the staff is magical. This is the **Staff of the Lost Sun**, a very fine short staff enchanted with a rare sunbolt spell. This staff discharges magic missiles similar to those of the 1st-level wizard spell of the same name, and can cast the Light spell at will. The missile causes 1d4+1 points of damage, but costs 1 charge. The staff is found with 2d10+5 charges.

ADVENTURE NOTES

For more free one shot adventures, please visit 1shotadventures.com. If you enjoyed this adventure, or ran it for a group, all the author asks is that you give a shout out and let me know how it went. Post a note on 1shotadventures.com or give a shout-out to thalcos on Threads.

Special Thanks

Special thanks to StygianVoltron who graciously edited the adventure. The map art was created by Inkarnate and One Page Dungeon. Character illustrations were created by Midjourney.

Change Log

v1.0 - Original release.

v1.1 - Editing by StygianVoltron

v1.2 - Fixed spelling mistakes, added pregens



Merchant Sailors

Potential Allies

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| AC 8 [11] | Attacks |
| HD 5 (hp 22) | 1 x cutlass (1d6) |
| Move 90' (30') | THAC0 19 [+0] |

Saves
D14 W15 P16 B16 S17 (1)

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| Alignment: Neutral | ML: 7 |
| XP: 5 | |

Sailors that hail from the well-equipped Raven's Wrath are better armed than most. They have ML 8, and about half the men carry black powder pistols (1d10 damage, requires 1 round to load).



Nicole Morvant

Vampire Loyalist

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| AC 2 [17] | Attacks |
| HD 7 (31hp) | 1 x bite (1d8)* |
| Move 120' (40') | THAC0 13 [+6] |

Saves
D8 W9 P10 B10 S12

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Alignment: Chaotic | ML: 11 |
| XP: 850 | |

Old world vampires do not have typical vampiric weaknesses or abilities. She can cast a spell of *agony*, which forces one target to Save vs. Death or take 3d6 damage (a successful save halves damage).



Grave Levy

Skeletal Warriors

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| AC 7 [12] | Attacks |
| HD 1 (hp 5) | 1 x cutlass (1d6) |
| Move 60' (20') | THAC0 19 [+0] |

Saves
D13 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1)

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Alignment: Chaotic | ML: 12 |
| XP: 10 | |

Grave levy are immune to effects that affect living creatures (e.g. poison) and to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells (e.g. charm, hold, sleep). One of the skeletons is "The Sharkheart" an elite grave guard, an elite undead corsair that was once famous for his skill with a cutlass. He wields a heavy, bloody cutlass (1d8) damage and has 2 HD (hp 11).



Stursul

Savage Varghulf

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| AC 6 [13] | Attacks |
| HD 5 (hp 22) | 1 x bite (1d12) |
| Move 240' (80') flying | THAC0 16 [+3] |

Saves
D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3)

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Alignment: Neutral | ML: 10 |
| XP: 175 | |

Stursul is immune to effects that affect living creatures (e.g. poison) and to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells (e.g. charm, hold, sleep). His frightful appearance means upon attacking, everyone must Save vs. Spell or be frozen in terror for a turn.



Rotl Grotl

Saurus Oldblood

AC 5 [14]

HD 3+1 (hp 14)

Move 90' (30')

Attacks

1 x bite (1d4) + sword (1d6)

THAC0 16 [+3]

Saves

D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3)

Alignment: Neutral

ML: 12

XP: 75

In addition to his obsidian-bladed sword, he carries a spear so that he can target ranged combatants who threaten his beloved mount.



S'anarl S'log

Rotl Grotl's Young Carnosaur

AC 5 [14]

HD 9 (hp 40)

Move 120' (40')

Attacks

1 x bite (3d8)

THAC0 12 [+7]

Saves

D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (5)

Alignment: Neutral

ML: 9

XP: 900

The terrifying, red-scaled S'anarl is so horrible and fierce, anyone who finds it charging towards them must Save vs. Paralysis or run in terror for 1d6 turns.



Handouts

Dearest Capt. Drossel,

It is I, Baron Charybdis. I trust this letter finds you in good health. I have a proposition that will prove mutually beneficial.

I request you bring forth one hundred crates of the finest Bell Wine into the port of New Bechafen by the forthcoming full moon. Once your task is complete, disembark and make your way to the Gravesend Inn. There, we shall meet in the confines of its ancient walls to finalize our negotiation.

I must, however, issue a word of caution. Lord Harkon has been ill of late, and New Bechafen has been plagued by terrible creatures of the night, not all of whom share my... diplomacy. The new vampires harbor malevolent intent and mean to do you harm, although you will be safe at the inn by Harkon's law. I urge you to be vigilant, and not to linger after sundown. Trust not the shadows nor the locals who shy away from the light.

I eagerly await our rendezvous. Until then, keep your wits about you and your vessel well-guarded.

Yours in the eternal night,

Baron Charybdis



Handout A - Letter from Baron Charybdis to kickoff the adventure

Handouts

PLEASE I beg you-
find my son Gresmar
at the Gravesend Inn
wher he is hiding.
Take him away from
heere on your ship.
His life and my
happyness depends on
this. He is a good boy
and yuseful at boat
work.

I will be forver in
your det.

Handout B - Note slipped to the PCs in New Bechafen begging them to rescue Gresmar.

My wife Aelis,

Alas, on my one-hundredth day in Lustria, I have been cursed. I had spent a week with the skinks of Chagua, learning their old language and studying their artifacts. It was on a strange metal orb that I saw the sacred word written - Tek-Alon-Patl, which I said aloud.

Little did I know that it is forbidden to utter that word. No one speaks it for fear of the gods. The skinks grew angry and exiled me, but ill luck followed me everywhere, and still follows me today. Now, I must head back to New Bechafen to find aeons-old sorcerer who can remove my curse. Then, I swear to you, I will finish my explorations, return to you, and we will make our home in Kislev as I have promised.

-Your beloved Bishenko

At the **Door of Ximeztli**, on the footstep of the Celestial Socket, the entrance is guarded by six glyphs, carved there long before Starkon's arrival. To open the door, the glyphs must be spoken aloud in the correct order on the door: first the right column, from top to bottom. Then the left column, from bottom to top.



Chamco



Quex



Tek-Alon-Patl



Zhul



Huah-Huah



Zultep

It is forbidden in Lustria to speak the name of Tek-Alon-Patl aloud

Once inside the Socket, the Celestial Gift of the Old Ones shall be granted to all.

Handout D - Lachlan Harkon's Scroll

Note that the ancient Nehekharan written on the side says "It is forbidden in Lustria to speak the name of Tek-Alon-Patl aloud" - this requires a **Comprehend Languages** spell or actually knowing the language!


Handouts



Handout E - The Door of Ximetzli

Player Safe Map





NAME

Thystrassal

DESCRIPTION

Loyal loner

CLASS

ELF

ALIGNMENT

NEUTRAL

TITLE

SCOUT

LEVEL

2

XP

6001

ABILITY SCORES

MODS

HIT POINTS

CURRENT HP

SAVING THROWS

STR

11

+0

INT

12

+0

WIS

12

+0

DEX

17

+2

CON

13

+1

CHA

10

+0

AC

14

HD

3D6

SKILLS + ABILITIES

Open Doors (2 in 6); Listen (2 in 6)
Detect Secret Doors (2 in 6)
Infravision 60'
Immune to Ghoul paralysis

DEATH, POISON

12

WANDS

13

PARALYSIS, PETRIFY

13

BREATH ATTACKS

15

PELLS, RODS, STAVES

15

EQUIPMENT

12 arrows
Leather armor (AC 12)
Alfunas Leaf (x3) - Heals 1d4 when boiled in tea

WEALTH

GP: 3

SP:

CP:

EP:

PP:

WEAPONS, ARMOR, MAGIC ITEMS

Shortsword (1d6 damage)
Longbow (1d6 damage)
Dragoon Pistol (1d8 dmg, Loud, Reload)
SPELLS KNOWN: Light, Hold Portal,

OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS

RETRO ADVENTURE GAME

MOVE

30'

ATTACK BONUS

+0


MELEE TO-HIT + DMG MOD


+0


RANGED TO-HIT MOD


+2


You were captured by an ignoble Bretonian prince and sold as a slave to one of Norsca's black galleons. That ship, however, was destroyed by an orc frigate and for many days you survived only by clinging on to a piece of wood. On the fourth day, however, you were picked up by the merchant ship, the Grimmet Gale. In exchange for your rescue, you swore to the captain that you would serve him dutifully for three moons. With only days left of your service, you have but one final task - help deliver the ship's rare cargo, Bell Wine, to the vampire-infested town of new Bechafen.



NAME



CLASS



TITLE



ABILITY SCORES



STR



INT



WIS



DEX



CON



CHA



WEALTH



MOVE



ATTACK BONUS



MELEE TO-HIT + DMG MOD



RANGED TO-HIT MOD



DESCRIPTION



AL



NEUTRAL ALIGNMENT



LEVEL



XP



HIT POINTS



CURRENT HP



SAVING THROWS



DEATH, POISON



WANDS



PARALYSIS, PETRIFY



BREATH ATTACKS



SPELLS, RODS, STAVES



EQUIPMENT



WEAPONS, ARMOR, MAGIC ITEMS



RECIPES KNOWN:



PORTRAIT OR SYMBOL



SYMBOL



AC



HD



SKILLS + ABILITIES



2D4



12



14



13



16

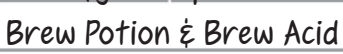

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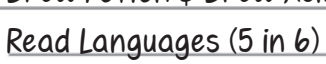

Open Doors (1 in 6)

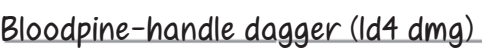

Detect Potion (2 in 6)



Neutralize Poison (1 in 6)

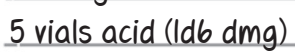

Identify or Replicate Potion (1 in 6)



Brew Potion & Brew Acid

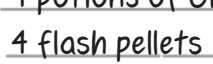

Read Languages (5 in 6)

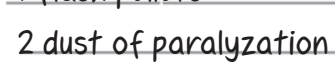

Bloodpine-handle dagger (1d4 dmg)

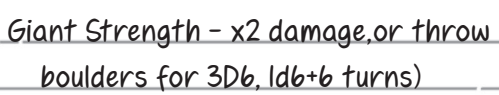

Walking stick

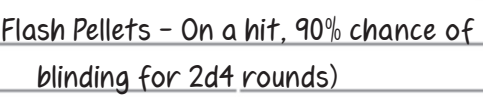

5 vials acid (1d6 dmg)

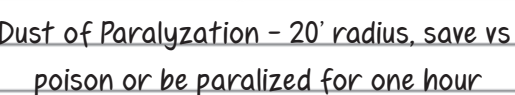

4 potions of Giant Strength


4 flash pellets



2 dust of paralyzation

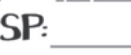

Giant Strength - x2 damage, or throw boulders for 3D6, 1d6+6 turns)



Flash Pellets - On a hit, 90% chance of blinding for 2d4 rounds)



Dust of Paralyzation - 20' radius, save vs poison or be paralyzed for one hour


When the elderly captain of the Grim-mest Gale announced that he planned to take crates of rare Bell Wine to the Vampire Coast, he knew he could not leave port without a Sigmarite aboard his ship. In the days since you left the Empire behind you, you have earned Captain Drossel's trust. Now, he's asked you to personally strike the final bargain for the wine with Baron Charybdis - a supposedly "trustworthy" vampire lord. You are to meet him at the Gravesend Inn, the only "safe" tavern in the vampire-infested town of New Bechafen. May Sigmar watch you closely this day, for the light of Sigmar shines through you and before you no darkness can prevail.



GP:



SP:


CP:



EP:


PP:


OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS


RETRO ADVENTURE GAME





NAME

LONG PEG GOLDLEG

CLASS

DWARF

ALIGNMENT

NEUTRAL

DESCRIPTION

Shamed slayer pirate


LEVEL

3

XP

6001

PORTRAIT OR SYMBOL



| ABILITY SCORES | MODS |
|----------------|-------|
| STR | 16 +2 |
| INT | 9 +0 |
| WIS | 13 +1 |
| DEX | 10 +0 |
| CON | 14 +1 |
| CHA | 12 +0 |

AC

12

HIT POINTS

17

HD

3D8

SKILLS + ABILITIES

Open Doors (4 in 6); Listen (2 in 6)

Detect Construction Tricks (2 in 6)

Detect Room Traps (2 in 6)

Infravision 60'

+1 to magic saves

| SAVING THROWS |
|-------------------------|
| 8 DEATH, POISON |
| 9 WANDS |
| 10 PARALYSIS, PETRIFY |
| 13 BREATH ATTACKS |
| 12 SPELLS, RODS, STAVES |

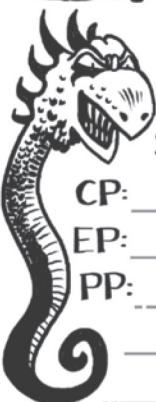
WEAPONS, ARMOR, MAGIC ITEMS

Runed Great Axe (1d8+2 damage, slow)

Hatchets x2 (1d6+2 damage)

Dragoon Pistol (1d8 dmg, Loud, Reload)

Leather armor (AC 12)



WEALTH

GP: 3

SP:

CP:

EP:

PP:

OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS

RETRO ADVENTURE GAME



MOVE

30'

ATTACK BONUS

+0

MELEE TO-HIT + DMG MOD

+2

RANGED TO-HIT MOD

+0

Your beloved captain, the famed pirate Long Drong Slayer was drinking one night with the captain of the merchant vessel, the Grimmest Gale. Captain Vayne told him about his next adventure - delivering the rare Bell Wine to the vampire infested port of New Bechafen. Long Drong and Vayne struck a deal that night. In exchange for a crate of the rare wine, Drong would send you, one of his trusted slayers, along with the Grimmest Gale to help safely deliver the goods to the vampire stronghold. With your glare and your axe, no vampire would dare interfere with this mission. Once done, you've been ordered to return to Long Drong's crew.

NAME ALDA BRANDLER

CLASS FIGHTER

ALIGNMENT NEUTRAL

LEVEL 3

XP 6001

PORTRAIT OR SYMBOL

DESCRIPTION

First officer of the Grim-mest Gale

| ABILITY SCORES | MODS |
|----------------|------|
| STR 13 | +1 |
| INT 11 | +0 |
| WIS 12 | +0 |
| DEX 13 | +1 |
| CON 12 | +0 |
| CHA 15 | +1 |

AC 13

HIT POINTS 12

HD 3D8

SKILLS + ABILITIES

| SAVING THROWS |
|-------------------------|
| 12 DEATH, POISON |
| 13 WANDS |
| 14 PARALYSIS, PETRIFY |
| 15 BREATH ATTACKS |
| 16 SPELLS, RODS, STAVES |

Open Doors (3 in 6)

WEAPONS, ARMOR, MAGIC ITEMS

Leather armor (AC 12)
Bullseye Lantern

Cutlass (1d6+1 damage)
Dragoon Pistol (1d8 dmg, Loud, Reload)
Dagger (1d4+1 damage)

WEALTH

GP: 5

SP:

CP:

EP:

PP:

OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS

RETRO ADVENTURE GAME




MOVE 30'


ATTACK BONUS +0


MELEE TO-HIT + DMG MOD +1


RANGED TO-HIT MOD +1


For the last year, you've earned Captain Drossel's trust as his first officer. However, you've noticed that the man has gotten more frail of mind as he has aged, and his latest venture is proof of that. He picked up a cargo of rare Bell Wine and wishes to bring it to New Bechafen, the undead-infested town on the Vampire Coast. There, he wishes to trade it to Baron Charybdis, a vampire that you've heard through your contacts wishes to overthrow the rulers of that town and install himself as its lord. Captain Drossel has asked you to personally lead the expedition into the town to strike the final bargain with this Baron, after which you're to return quickly to the ship and escape with your



NAME REINGARD GUNTHER GOTZ



CLASS CLERIC



ALIGNMENT LAWFUL



LEVEL 3


XP 6001


PORTRAIT


OR SYMBOL


DESCRIPTION Stern and stoic warrior priest of Sigmar



| ABILITY SCORES | MODS |
|----------------|------|
| STR 12 | +0 |
| INT 10 | +0 |
| WIS 14 | +1 |
| DEX 10 | +0 |
| CON 16 | +2 |
| CHA 12 | +0 |



AC 12


HIT POINTS 17



HD 3D6



SKILLS + ABILITIES


- Open Doors (2 in 6)
- +1 to magic saves
- Turn undead (roll 2d6)
- Two 1st level spells



SAVING THROWS


DEATH, POISON 11


WANDS 12



PARALYSIS, PETRIFY 14



BREATH ATTACKS 16



SPELLS, RODS, STAVES 15


WEAPONS, ARMOR, MAGIC ITEMS


- Leather armor (AC 12)
- Scroll of Morr (heals 1d12 damage)
- Blessed hammer (1d8 damage, slow, 2H)
- Bottle of Bell Wine



WEALTH


GP: 5


SP:


CP:



EP:

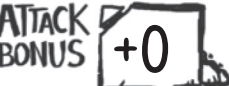

PP:


OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS


RETRO ADVENTURE GAME





MOVE 30'


ATTACK BONUS +0


MELEE TO-HIT + DMG MOD +0


RANGED TO-HIT MOD +0

When the elderly captain of the Grim-mest Gale announced that he planned to take crates of rare Bell Wine to the Vampire Coast, he knew he could not leave port without a Sigmarite aboard his ship. In the days since you left the Empire behind you, you have earned Captain Drossel's trust. Now, he's asked you to personally strike the final bargain for the wine with Baron Charybdis - a supposedly "trustworthy" vampire lord. You are to meet him at the Gravesend Inn, the only "safe" tavern in the vampire-infested town of New Bechafen. May Sigmar watch you closely this day, for the light of Sigmar shines through you and before you no darkness can prevail.



NAME

OSTARA KRIST

CLASS

MAGIC-USER


ALIGNMENT

LAWFUL

DESCRIPTION

Loyal wizard of the Bright Order

PORTRAIT



TITLE

WIZARD

LEVEL

2

XP

6001

ABILITY SCORES

| | | |
|-----|----|----|
| STR | 11 | +0 |
| INT | 17 | +2 |
| WIS | 8 | -1 |
| DEX | 10 | +0 |
| CON | 13 | +1 |
| CHA | 12 | +0 |

MODS

AC

12

HIT POINTS

7

CURRENT HP

SAVING THROWS

| | |
|----|---------------------|
| 13 | DEATH, POISON |
| 14 | WANDS |
| 13 | PARALYSIS, PETRIFY |
| 16 | BREATH ATTACKS |
| 15 | PELLS, RODS, STAVES |

SKILLS + ABILITIES

2D4

Open Doors (2 in 6)

Can cast 2 1st level spells

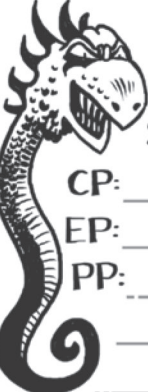
WEAPONS, ARMOR, MAGIC ITEMS

Oak Shortstaff (1d6 damage)

Ruby ring (can cast magic missile 2/day)

Healing ointment (heals 2d4 damage)

Tinderbox



WEALTH

GP: 3

SP:

CP:


EP:

PP:

Spells Known: Magic Missile, Shield, Protection from Evil

OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS

RETRO ADVENTURE GAME



ATTACK BONUS

+0

MELEE TO-HIT + DMG MOD

+0

RANGED TO-HIT MOD

+0

MOVE

30'

Three years ago the Empire forced your college of magic to go to war in Lustria. For six months you fought on the front lines, barraging ranks of lizardmen with fireballs and fire clouds. But the war was lost, and you retreated back to the empire, scarred by your experiences, and angry that your own promotion was passed over in favor of less accomplished wizards. Several weeks ago, an old captain of a merchant vessel agreed to pay you well to return to the continent... in exchange for protecting a group of his merchants while they made a deal in New Bechafen, a town infamous for being under the sway of vampire lords. Needing the money... you agreed.

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LONG PEG GOLDLEG

Dwarven Trollslayer & Pirate



ALDA BRANDLER

First Mate and Smuggler



REINGARD GÖTZ

Warrior Priest of Sigmar



OSTARA KRIST

Wizard of the Bright Order



THYSTRASSAL

Wood Elf Refugee



BASIL OF BRETONNIA

Traveling Sage

