**Encounters**

A young girl approaches you on the street, tears welling in her eyes. “My brother and I were playing near the spider caves and he fell down a hole! Now he’s trapped down there and I can’t get him out! Please, you have to help him!” The very sight is enough to make you tear up yourself.

Help the girl rescue her brother.

She takes you to the hole and you begin down its dank, narrow cavern, following the unmistakable sound of a child’s weeping. You follow it to its source and find a small, teary-eyed boy covered in thick spider webs. You easily remove him from the webbing and make your way out of the cave. As soon as you exit the hole, the sister runs and embraces her brother. “Thank you so much!” she says, beaming. They wave goodbye and immediately return to playing amongst the dangerous spider caves. Kids. (small coin reward)

After painstakingly making your way through the tight crevices, you find a small boy covered in cobwebs and crying. You pick him up and make your way out of the cave. Just as you exit, you hear a worrisome amount of scuttling behind you and a pack of spiders rush at you from the darkness! The boy screams and leaps out of your arms and runs to the hills, his sister not far behind. Now the spiders are YOUR problem. (Battle: spiders)

Refuse to help.

“Please, won’t anyone save him?” she cries, breaking down into tears. You quietly slink away and continue onwards. I’m sure some other adventurers will help her out eventually.

Far in the distance, in a lush, green field, a dark spot catches your attention. It’s a crater, roughly the size of a large home. As your eyes scan down the pit, you see a dim glint at the bottom of the crater. You descend down and, after digging through dirt, you find a piece of shimmering ore, its surface changing colors in the sunlight. Someone might find a use for this. (add starmetal ore to inventory)

Continue on your way.

A lone tower dots the otherwise unremarkable landscape. The spire is obviously old and worn-down, the parapets already crumbling. You enter and find a room almost completely barren, save for a table in the center. And skeletons. Three piles of bones, lying in crumpled heaps, surround the table, upon which rests a vial of golden liquid. Attached to the vial is a slip of parchment, simply reading, “Drink me.”

Drink the liquid.

You press the vial to your lips, tilt your head back, and in one gulp, swallow the liquid. The fluid barely passes through your lips before you start to feel your own flesh sloughing off your bones. As your corpse falls to the ground, you have just enough time to think, “Well, what did you think was going to happen?” (remove one party member)

Leave the tower.

Returning to the local forge, the ashen-faced and ginger-bearded blacksmith greets you from next to his anvil. You reach into your pack and remove the gleaming startmetal ore, showing it to the smith. He stares at it in awe for a moment, before grinning, snatching the ore from your hands, and running to the blazing forge. “Now, what would ye like?”

A mixing kit (Alchemist only)

A hammer (Paladin only)

A wand (Wizard only)

A dagger (Thief only)

A bow (Ranger only)

An axe (Barbarian only)

Fist weapons (Monk only) (Monk can use, despite passive)

A staff (Druid only)

A scythe (Necromancer only)

A flute (Bard only)

“Comin’ right up,” he replies, and almost before you know it, he returns from his workstation, newly forged weapon in hand. “Starmetal is very tough and makes for a good weapon. Use it well.”

(Add starmetal weapon to inventory)

In the distance, you can see a huddled mass lying next to the road. After closer investigation, you realize it is, in fact, a man. He is unconscious and reeks of alcohol and urine. Obviously, tonight was not his night. You lean down next to the vagrant, attempting not to retch from the odor. “Excuse me, sir?” you whisper. He does not respond.

Poke the man.

Throwing caution to the wind, you prod the man firmly in his chest, and with a burp and a jump, the drunkard has awoken. He stares at you with one drooping eye, muttering, “Whuzzat?”

You reach into your coin bag and produce several silver coins. You place them into the hands of the man, who, although he is missing most of his teeth, smiles at you. Before you have a chance to react, he grabs something from his grimy coat, slaps it into your hands and merrily skips away. You’re perturbed, but grateful for your good karma. (add random minor item to inventory)

You reach into your bag and produce a large, nearly-full bottle of dwarven brandy, handing it to the awe-struck man. In one swift movement, he uncorks the bottle and downs half of the liquid inside. Following a healthy burp, the man looks at you and says, “You’re my new best friend. I like you…” before trailing off and drifting back to sleep. You make sure he is okay before grabbing a small hat filled with coins by him. After all, that’s what friends are for, right? (small coin reward)

Disgruntled, the man hurls something at you before sprinting away into a field. You don’t know what he hit you with, but it was wet, viscous, and altogether unpleasant. (add random status ailment)

Leave the man be.

A lavishly-dressed man standing next to a broken carriage waves at you. His clothes, much like the armor of the armed guard accompanying him, are foreign to you, likely of some distant culture you’ve heard of somewhere before. He greets you warmly, “Although it is improper of me to ask, I must request your help. We were on our way to deliver the new wife of Vizier Al-Hazred when the wheel of our carriage broke. If you would repair it for me, you would be greatly rewarded.”

Accept his offer.

“Your assistance is appreciated.” Without another word, he strides away from you and tends to the carriage’s horses. As you kneel down and begin to repair the wheel, you hear light tapping and the clinking of chains from inside the carriage. As you lean up to investigate, a voice whispers to you, “Please, you have to help me! Vizier Al-Hazred is a wicked man who would have me in chains for the rest of my life. Please save me!”. The voice of the well-dressed man suddenly calls out from around the carriage, “What is taking so long?’

Finish fixing the wheel.

You tighten the final bolt and stand up, presenting your work to the man. He offers a practiced smile before saying, “Many thanks from the Vizier.” He drops a sack into your hands and enter the carriage, which drives away. You can still hear the sound of screaming emanating from inside the carriage. You’re sure she’ll be okay. (add medium coin reward and a random armor to inventory)

Attack the man.

You grab the broken wheel and wait for the man to come around the carriage to investigate. As soon as his face appears, you smash it with the large wheel, instantly knocking him unconscious. However, the crashing sound of wood impacting flesh has roused the guards. They draw their weapons. This isn’t going to be as easy as you initially thought. (battle)

Upon defeating the last of the guard, you reach into the pockets of the richly-dressed man and find a key, which you then use to unlock the chains of the bound woman in the carriage. She thanks you for saving her from such a cruel marriage and she leaps onto one of the horses. “My father will hear of your kindness,” she says with a smile before riding off into the horizon.

You grab the broken wheel and wait for the man to come around the carriage to investigate. As soon as his face appears, you smash it with the large wheel, instantly knocking him unconscious. The guards, hearing the large impact, sprint into the distance and disappear beyond the horizon. Good help is so hard to find nowadays. You reach into his pockets and find a key, which you then use to unlock the chains of the bound woman in the carriage. She thanks you for saving her from such a cruel marriage and she leaps onto one of the horses. “My father will hear of your kindness,” she says with a smile before riding off into the horizon.

Refuse.

**CONDITIONAL ON RESCUING PRINCESS:**

A man in gleaming blue armor marches up to you, followed by servants carrying a palanquin. “You are the heroes who rescued Princess Casima, are you not?” Before you can reply, he bows and gestures for the servants to relinquish their load. “The Land of the Green Isles is indebted to you.” This must be the royal guard of the girl you rescued from arranged marriage. Sometimes getting your nose into other’s business pays off. (large coin reward)

You arrive near a smoldering village. Many of the buildings have been torn down and there is no visible sign of life, although you do hear faint skittering from inside one of the few remaining homes.

Investigate the noise.

You slowly open the door, to find that the room is barren and empty. You could’ve sworn that you had heard something. (small coin reward)

You slowly open the door, and an adolescent scorpolisk bursts out, stinging one of your party members. Dragging them outside of the building, it’s evident that the scorpolisk’s poison is already seeping through their veins.

Continue.

“Scorpolisks…why’d it have to be scorpolisks…” they struggle to say before letting out one last breath. (remove one random party member)

Administer Antidote (if in inventory)

Luckily, they drank the draught before the venom had completely taken over them. That was a close one.

Grab some loot.

Deciding not to chance it, you run to the nearest ruined building and hastily grab some coins. (small coin reward)

A couple of famers on a nearby stead, seeing you and your well-armed companions, bow to the ground and plead for mercy. “We surrender!” one says, while another cries, “Just take our money and let us live!” They must think you are mercenaries or bandits.

Explain that you’re friendly.

Upon hearing this, the farmer relaxes and smiles at you, realizing he was mistaken. “If that’s the case, sorry for the confusion, traveler. Here, have some of our goods anyways.” They hand you a few wares and some coins. You feel all the better for it. (small coin reward and minor potion, antidote, or trap spring)

Accept their surrender.

The farmers empty their pockets and retreat back into the stead. That was easy. (small coin reward)

A number of villagers wave to you as you pass by and you decide to see what the hubbub is. One of them, a portly man who must be the mayor, says, “We know you’re on your way to rescue Princess Carina. Take this, it’s the least we can do to help.” They present you with a weapon. (small coin reward and add random weapon to inventory)

In the distance, you see the road ahead is blocked by a large cart. Several men with red bands around their arms surround the cart. Two are harassing an elderly man, throwing his bag back and forth while he attempts to reclaim it. The other men watch the scene and laugh. One red-banded man comes up to you and says, “Greetings, traveler, and welcome to our post. For a small fee, we’ll let you go on your way.”

Pay their toll.

“Many thanks, and safe travels,” he says, before signaling one man to move the cart out of the road. You’re able to continue on your journey. (remove small amount of coins)

Inquire about the old man.

“Well, some people don’t have enough gold to pay the toll, so we uh…pursue other manners of payment, if you get my meaning.” He looks back to the bullying and chuckles to himself.

Pay their toll.

“Many thanks, and safe travels,” he says, before signaling one man to move the cart out of the road. You continue on your journey. (remove small amount of coins)

Offer to pay the man’s toll.

“Hey, as long as I get paid.” He signals for the cart to be moved and strides over to the old man. “You’re good to go, pops.” He shoves the elder toward you and leaves. The old man smiles and thanks you for your generosity. “Here, it’s not much, but you’ll find it more valuable than they did,” the old man wheezes, placing some trap springs into your hand. (add trap springs to inventory)

Reject their offer.

The man smiles wickedly. “Too bad for you, friend. Boys!” The other men turn their attention away from the old man and begin advancing on you, weapons drawn. The old man takes the opportunity to flee. (battle: bandits)

Reject their offer.

“Too bad for you, friend. Boys!” The red-banded men pull out their weapons while, in the confusion, the bard manages to flee. (battle: bandits)

A traveling vendor hails the players and offers to sell them powerful magical items. He gestures over his table, presenting the various objects: boots of levitation, the rock of undead destruction, a vampire-repellant amulet, and many more magical trinkets. “They aren’t just some boots with large heels, or a large rock, or a string with garlic on it. No way,” he says with a grin. “Powerful magic in each one!” He waves one hand over a roulette wheel. “Just a few coins and a spin of the wheel, and you could be the owner of a powerful artifact!”

Take a chance at the wheel.

You deposit a small handful of coins into the vendor’s hand. Swiftly, he pockets the money, withdraws a small bead, and spins the wheel and pellet. The ball bounces around and eventually settles in a pocket. The shopkeep’s mouth curls into a smile. “Ooh, a marvelous ornament, if I may say so sir!” He picks up an object from the table and shoves it into your hands before you have a chance to see what it is. (add DoMT item)

DoMT Table

Continue on your way.

Two brawny, bearded men approach you. “We’re fighters in at the local arena, and we’re looking to train with some new people. You look pretty tough. Wanna get in on this?” One of them gives you a friendly jab in the chest with his large hand. That hurt you more than you expected.

Agree to fight.

“Excellent! Let us know if we’re going too hard on you.” (battle)

(on winning) “My, that was a tough fight! I even started to sweat a little,” one of the burly men roars. “Come by again and let’s do this again sometime!” He tosses some armor your way, and you manage to catch it. It’s always nice to impress the big boys. (add random armor to inventory)

Decline to fight.

“It’s you!” you hear a squeaking voice cry out. Suddenly, before you realize what’s happening a crowd of children begin rushing toward you. Many of them hold pieces of paper, asking for autographs. You’ve always wanted to be famous, now’s your chance! You reach into your bag for some ink and a quill, and as you gaze back up, the herd of children run to the gorgeous man in shining silver armor, astride a white horse, traveling behind you. How long has he been there?

(druid acquire quest) You find yourself in a forest. The dense thicket of trees surround you, obscuring the horizon. Below you, the well-trodden path disappears into grass. Now how will you get out? As you continue forward into the woodland, you feel a weight lifting from your shoulders and your soul. You are at peace. Your eyes follow a soft green glow, which surrounds a (man or woman?) dressed in mossy and earthy robes. He/she kneels before a stone altar, an offering of berries and leaves upon it. This druid is no doubt performing a cleansing ceremony. “It is fortuitous that you’ve arrived,” he/she says, “Aid me in cleansing this grove of corruption.” You ask what it is that warps the forest. He/she points behind you. “That, for starters.” Good going, you were careless and let a demon sneak up on you! (minboss: demon)

As the demon’s remains crumble into ash, the druid approaches your group. “Many thanks in aiding me purify this place. These lands are filled with malfeasance and I would be honored if I could assist you in the riding of it.” (unlock druid) (potentially add more but not sure what)

Bedrest is a fine way to end a long day, and your search for lodging is at an end. In this small hamlet, you find a raucous inn, filled to the brim with wild, imbibed patrons. As you approach the door, a short man in gaudy clothing flies from the entryway and lands in the street, shortly followed by a beat-up guitar. The bard stands up, inspecting his instrument for any new damages, and then notices you. “Noble heroes, I beg your pardon. Some brash thugs have taken over the tavern and made off with my lover! We have to stop them!” You enter through the door, and in front of you, men with red bands around their arms batter the patrons and grope at spurning barmaidens. The largest such of these men, gripping a young woman in a pink dress by her arm, stands up from his booth. “This here’s a private party. Boys, get the raff out!”

The few hooligans left flee out of the inn door. The innkeeper rises from behind the bar, brandishing a broom and waving at the remaining customers within the inn, shouting, “That’s it! I’ve had enough! Get out, everyone! We’re closed!” Along with the dozy and drunk patrons, you find yourself back in the street. The bard strides over to the pink-dressed girl. “My love, I’m so glad you’re safe,” he croons. “Love? We just met!” she yells back at him. “Yes, but give me until the morning and you’ll love me.” Rather than respond with words, the woman slaps the bard across the face and stomps away. “That’s rather unfortunate,” he says as he massages his cheek. “So, where are we off to, lads?” It’s obvious that you won’t be able to shake him. (unlock bard)