**Journey to Chult (level 1)**

Replace teleporting to Chult with mini-Odyssey adventure, designed to get Pcs from lvl 1 to 2. They should reach lvl 2 upon arriving to Port Nyanzaru.

Brazen Pegasus has top speed of 10 mph. Let’s say ⅓ of the time is top speed, ⅓ is half speed, and ⅓ is 0 speed to average out each day. That’s 120 miles per day (or 12 hexes on the map).

~1000 miles from Baldur’s Gate. 8 day journey. 100gp per person (+240gp total, divided by 6 = +40 per person).

# SESSION 1

**[PC prologues?]**

Our story begins in the middle of the night, in an old monastery nestled in the Sumber Hills. Down a dimly lit hallway, beyond an unmarked door, lies an arcane laboratory. A figure shuffles tirelessly between bottles and tomes, barely making a sound.

A sudden flash of blinding light fills the room. The startled figure turns, its empty eye sockets growing wide with alarm.

“You!”

The room returns to darkness, but another figure has emerged. It is skeletal like the first, but stronger, deadlier, and far more ancient, with long flowing robes and a gnarled, horned helmet. Clutched in its bony hand is a long staff, adorned with a skull.

Both figures react at once. The room fills with explosions of color, heat, and light. The smaller figure screams a single word.

“Kalinaar!”

Moments later the door explodes. Stepping into the room is a gold dragonborn wearing gleaming plate mail adorned with the symbol of Tyr and brandishing a pulsing warhammer.

The paladin doesn’t hesitate. He charges forward with a singular purpose, raising his warhammer, and is frozen in place. The intruder swirls its bony fingers in the shape of an hourglass, and the chaos within the laboratory slows to a standstill.

The horned figure reaches out its other hand and a corner of the room explodes with littered books. An ornate chest emerges, glowing with angry runes. A snap of the fingers and the chest opens, revealing a large amulet with a black jewel. It flies into the hands of the intruder, who clutches it greedily. Another flash of light and the room explodes once again, hurling the other figures around the room. They scramble to their feet to find the intruder has disappeared, and all is still.

**[Read ToA pg8]**

You all have your reasons for wanting to travel to Chult. There aren’t many ships that travel that far, in fact you’ve found only one - the Brazen Pegasus, launching out of Baldur’s Gate.

You all witness the effects of this death curse as you make your way through the city streets of Baldur’s Gate toward the docks. Throngs of people crowd outside of temples crying out for answers. Many people wear bandages and bear rotting flesh, and the crowd gives them a wide berth. You have noted that the curse effects everyone regardless of race, gender, or wealth, and there appears to be no cure.

You all arrive at the docks. Some of you have already met, and even travel together.

Khaless, you tried to mug Mannix in an alleyway at knifepoint a few days ago. He surprised you by offering you a job, to accompany him to Chult and use your skills as a sort of bodyguard. He’s the first person that hasn’t treated you like a dark elf criminal. You’ve also heard rumors of Red Wizards operating in Chult and could use his skills to help track them, so you accept.

Therin you found yourself in a scrape last week. While seeking shelter from a storm you stumbled into a giant spider’s nest. A wandering tortle came to your rescue, but you stayed his sword, and calmed the beast, reassuring it of your mistake. George was impressed by your fearlessness (and your stubbornness fondly reminded him of his mentor). When you both revealed you were heading to Chult, you joined forces.

The four of you arrive at the docks and find each other staring at a ship with a flying horse as its figurehead. Half a dozen crew are crawling around the ship like a busy bee hive.

Before you can speak, a loud procession of locals walks into your vision. Striding ahead of them is a beautiful blue-skinned women with prominent aquatic features. She’s laughing and smiling while her entourage fawns over her, and you see a pair of handsome young men carrying what look like her bags. As she walks closer she turns and dramatically bids them farewell, much to their disappointment. When she turns to you all her eyes are fierce and determined. Gillian you recently learned that an unmistakable temple ship of Umberlee’s is rumored to have wrecked off the coast of Chult.

[introductions?]

A middle-aged female gnome dressed in full swashbuckling regalia, covered head to toe in dangling jewelry and sporting a few old scars across her face emerges from the cabin and barks out orders.

She notices you all near the ship and swings down the ropes to the docks with practiced ease. A large, middle-aged bearded man shadows her every step, eyes sweeping for threats.

The gnome’s grin is wide and mirthful.

Captain Ortimay: “See you eyein’ the Pegasus. Fastest ship on the Sword Coast, and unlike the rest of these idiots, I ain’t lying about it.”

“Captain Ortimay Swift and Dark, and if you’re lookin’ to get to Chlut you’ve come to the right ship.”

She gestures to the keen-eyed man behind her. “My first mate Grig, man a few words but loyal as a shadow. Any o you outta line, it’s his fist you’ll become acquainted with.”

“Now, you don’t look like the Knightly or priestly types I’m supposed to be pickin’ up though. You lot with that Order o’ the Fist or what not?”

She looks at you all expectantly.

Captain Orimay Swift and Dark: “Not long after we made port here I was contacted by one o’ them holy orders. Offered a tidy lump sum to ferry a dozen or so paladins and clerics to Chult. Reinforcin’ some camp they have in the jungle.

“Only one o’ them has showed up so far. A half-orc priest o’ Torm, if you can believe that. She’s kind of a sweetheart, which is even harder to believe. She’s already on board. We thought more were comin’ but the order paid in advance and I aim to ship out today. So you with them or not?”

[PCs could pretend to be part of the order, or come clean, either way Ortimay has been paid to secure passage, so she has room.]

“Well yer not what I was expectin’ but then I guess neither was she.”

“Ferryin’ folks to Chult isn’t somethin’ I normally do, but the pay was solid. Unless any of you have some sea legs best to just stay out of our way. Gonna be about 10 days, and most of it nothin’ but sea in every direction. Might wanna kiss the ground before’n you hop aboard.”

Not long after you are on board you’re shown where some makesfift beds, more like cots, have been set up below deck. You quickly note that this ship is definitely not used to having this many bodies on board, but holds plenty of crates and barrels.

You hear Captain Swift and Dark shouting out orders and see First mate Grig striding purposefully throughout the ship making rigorous inspections. Every so often you catch him eyeing you suspiciously. Within the hour of setting foot on the ship the Brazen Pegasus gives a last call and casts off from port, and your journey has begun.

The half-orc appears startled to see you but she introduces herself as Undril Silvertusk, cleric of Torm and low-ranking member of the Order of the Gauntlet. Her orcish heritage is minimal but still obvious, with greenish skin and small tusks protruding from her lower jaw. She has kind eyes and soft-spoken manner. She appears to instantly assume you are members and doesn’t at all judge you based on appearances, though it’s clear she’s never seen a triton nor a tortle before

“I’m glad to see others heeded the call for reinforcements. I was worried I would be the only one. Everyone said I was crazy, that Chult is too dangerous. But who are we to refuse aid, especially to our own?”

* If the PCs ask about Chult, Undril doesn’t know much. She does know a little about the camp, It’s called Camp Righteous and was established on the River Soshentar deep in the jungle.
* It’s been several weeks since the call for reinforcements was actually issued. No one has heard from the camp since. The river flows into the bay right near Port Nyanzaru.
* The Order’s purpose was to fight back against the horde of undead that prowl the jungle.
* Undril has been doing some research on the undead in Chult.

“Do you know the legend of Ras Nsi? He was once a great paladin of Chult, one of seven holy champions ordained by Ubtao, the old god of Chult. He was sworn protector of the city of Mezro, which endured for thousands of years.

“But when civil war broke out across Chult, Ras Nsi committed genocide to an entire tribe of people. As punishment he was branded with a blue triangle on his forehead and banished by the other divine champions.

“Ras Nsi became a warlord and swore revenge. He used his powers to raise an undead army from the people he had slain, and waged war with Mezro.

“He was ultimately defeated, but remnants of his massive army still roam the jungle to this day, leaderless but dangerous.

* (Ironically Mezro was since destroyed in the Spellplague a hundred years ago.)

**Crew mates**

* **Captain Ortimay Swift and Dark**, F Rock Gnome, Pirate Captain. Smuggler, but friendly.
* First Mate **Grig Ruddell** M Human, veteran. Doesn't really speak to anyone but Ortimay.
* **Undril Silvertusk**, F half-orc priest of Torm. Order of the Gauntlet. Friendly, kind, helpful. **Quest:** Escort Undril to Camp Righteous (which is destroyed, have to go to Camp Vengeance).
* 6 generic bandit crew mates

**Scripted Events:**

**Day 1**

On the evening of the first night Undril gathers you all together looking very anxious. She produces a Sending Stone and explains that she’s being contacted by superiors within the order. As the first to sign up for the mission, she was given the stone to provide proper updates.

The stone is small and smooth, fitting into the palm of her hand, and carved with the sword symbol of the Order of the Gauntlet. It glows and hums.

Undril suddenly cries out and drops it, clutching her hand as if it were burning. The stone hits the ground and a projection of light emerges from it.

“It’s not supposed to do that!” she cries. By this point several of the crew mates have begun surrounding the area and watching with equal parts awe and suspicion.

The light opens up into a window and you realize you’re looking through a shimmering portal, about the size of a portrait. You can see what looks like the inside of a temple. Several robed figures have their hands outstretched and are chanting, their hands glowing with magic. Their robes bear the same Order of the Gauntlet symbols.

A strained, whispery voice rings out in excitement. “It’s working!”

An imposing figure enters the frame, a gold dragonborn draped in plate armor. He appears disheveled, like he hasn’t slept in days. He appears to nod and begins to speak, his eyes sweeping over you.

**Kalinaar: “Undril, we have an importa - who the hell are these people?”**

Undril: “The rest of the reinforcements. Um, I think…?”

The dragonborn looks like he’s about to launch into an argument, then sighs and shakes his head as he addresses you all.

**Kalinaar: “I am Kalinaar, protector of the Dessarin Valley, Knight of Tyr, and Vindicator of the Order of the Gauntlet. And... I need your help. You were sent on this mission to reinforce Camp Righteous, but we have new information. It’s about the death curse.”**

He pauses to see if and of you react. Undril’s eyes widen.

**Kalinaar: “Several days ago we were...attacked here in the monastery. My lord’s….something of his was stolen. Something powerful. There are not many who could penetrate our defen-”**

Renwick: “It was Acererak, that arch-lich asshole!” A whispery voice interjects as another figure enters the frame. You all take an involuntary step backward as a skeletal face fills the projection.

”He who travels through dimensions as easily as you walk through a door. He harvests souls from planes of existences we’ve never even heard of. One of the most powerful beings of the multi-verse. He’s practically a god, and he stole my phylactery!”

**Kalinaar: “We’ve been doing some research-”**

R: “I’ve been doing the research! I’ve been pouring over arcane studies and ancient texts and discovered the theories of a powerful necromantic artifact that uses lich phylacteries. The Soulmonger is designed like a super-phylactery, drawing in dead and dying souls from a large radius. If it were big enough, it could encompass the entire world. To what purpose I do not know, but if Acererak’s behind it, it’s bad for us all.”

**K: “I contacted an old friend.** **There was a mercenary group hired by the Harpers that was operating in Chult over the last few months. The Company of the Yellow Banner. They were seeking an ancient artifact, I forget the name. Something that was supposed to help a friend of theirs.**

**“According to the Harpers, they were sending back regular reports as they made their way through the uncharted jungle. They stumbled upon the ruins of a lost city and saw terrible visions of the figure who destroyed it - Acererak [**ah-SAIR-ak**]. It’s thin, but it’s the only lead we have, and you’re the only ones we know heading to Chult.**

**“The Harpers have revealed their contact in Port Nyanzaru: one of the Merchant Princes, Wakanga O’tomu. He was the one communicating with the merc group. Meet with him and hopefully he can tell you more.”**

R: “I can sense my phylactery far to the South, but I cannot pinpoint its location. Even now I feel its energy being manipulated, and I can do nothing. You must find the Soulmonger, shut it down, and recover my phylactery! I fear the Death Curse will only get stronger as the Soul Monger draws in more power. Soon it will have the power to rip the souls from every livin-”

The light projection shimmers and shudders, and you can see on the other end smoke rising up as several of the mages and priests collapse from exhaustion. The stone on the ship floor has partially melted and has begun crackling and sizzling as though being cooked, and several crew members cry out in alarm and call for buckets of water. With a final crackle the light winks out and the melted rock dims and cools. It appears completely inert and functionally destroyed.

Captain Ortimay: What the hell was all that about? What’s a death curse? Who are you people?

Grig: Told you this was a bad idea, we should toss the lot overboard and forget all this.

Undril: But what of Camp Righteous? We should still go there and case they need our help. Maybe they know about the Soulmonger?

**Day 2**

The following day passes by uneventful, though everyone appears anxious and agitated after the incident with the sending stone. Several of the crew eye you all nervously and whisper to themselves. Grig Ruddell never speaks a word to any of you, but you catch him constantly studying you. Captain Swift and Dark stays busy consulting maps and instruments and navigating by the stars at night, and tries to keep the crew in good spirits.

**Day 3**

On the 3rd day the wind runs out. You spend the entire day barely moving at all. It’s miserably hot with little cloud cover, and crew morale plummets. To lighten the mood, the Captain permits the crew to spend most of the day swimming and playing cards and dice games.

You can all describe what your characters are doing, and you’re free to ask questions or socialize with any of the named NPCs on board.

**Ruddell** - Won’t chat with anyone but could play dice/cards with. He’s not overly rude but not friendly either.

**Undril** - Will politely chat with anyone.

She was left on the steps of a temple as a half-orc baby, no memory of her parents at all. It was a Temple of Torm. Despite her nature the priests took her in, emphasizing compassion and empathy. She’s never exhibited any signs of her brutish orcish nature, whether due to her upbringing or her personality.

Undril would’ve been happy to stay at her temple but when a contingent of knights and paladins stopped by for shelter and healing, she became enamored with the order. She decided to join to make a bigger difference in the world. She volunteered for the Chult expedition as she sees it as one of the most dangerous missions, thus her healing skills would be doubly important.

She is not big on fighting and doesn’t like to kill, preferring to stay back and heal and support others.

**Captain Ortimay** - Ortimay’s been smuggling goods into and out of Chult for years, and maintains a good working relationship with the Merchant Princes and Habormaster Zindar. She knows about the other pirates and they tend to bully and harass her when they can - so she avoids or bribes them.

She pretty much sticks to Port Nyanzaru only, and notes that sticking to the coast can be dangerous due to Chult’s many predators.

While she does occasionally ferry people, she usually finds it more trouble than its worth. However, she’s recently decided that if she can get a proper map of certain Chultan ruins, she can make a lot more money by chartering expeditions to Chult from wealthy explorers and patrons.

Finally during dinner the wind picks back up, and the following day you enter Asavir’s Channel.

**Day 4**

**Storm!**

You awaken on the 4th day to an ominous red sky, and see Captain Ortimay and her first mate talking in hushed tones. Black clouds gather in the east, directly ahead of you. The Captain notices you and motions you over.

“Storm’s coming soon. Can feel it in the air. Get ye below deck and secure any belongings. Stay down there, ya hear?”

Hours later the wind picks up, the sky darkens, and rolling thunder is all around you. Waves beat against the ship, causing it to tilt and weave at uncomfortable angles.

STR saving throws?

**Day 6**

**The Shipwreck:**

Two days since passing through Asavir’s Channel, the lookout in the crow’s nest makes an alarming pronouncement: Dragon incoming, port-side!

All the crew members drop what they’re doing and scramble to the left side of the ship, looking eastward. First Mate Ruddell huffs and grunts as he walks over and pulls out a spyglass.

“I’ll be damned,” he mutters.

“Must be a long ways away, it’s still real small,” says one of the crew as he grudgingly passes around the spyglass.

[Perception check] 15+: You watch for a second and notice that while the dragon seems to be getting closer, it’s not actually getting any larger.

Ortimay: “Dragons ain’t exactly common in the middle of the ocean. Though I had heard about a crew of crazies lashing a ship to a dragon and flying over the damn Sea of Swords to rescue the storm giant king!

Ruddel: “Our crossbows won’t do much good…”

Ortimay: “Well let’s hope it’ll pass us by, or none of us makin’ it to Chult.”

Despite the steady speed of the ship, the dragon continues to close in. A few crew mates began getting nervous, and you see Ruddel inspecting and loading his heavy crossbow.

The lookout suddenly laughs and calls down to you all: “I think you need to take a look at this!”

“What the hell, it’s a tiny thing! Someone lose a pet out here?”

When you gauge the dragon about 100 feet away, you begin to feel emotions. You recognize that they are not your own, yet you feel them as though you are experiencing them. Anxiety, terror, desperation, pleading.

A tiny dragon the size of a dog practically crash lands onto the ship, clearly exhausted. It looks around wearily. It doesn’t speak. Instead you feel the same worrisome emotions radiating off of it. You also begin to see images swirling in your minds. Wavy lines emanating from tall towers on small islands, jagged rocks, splintering wood, blood and teeth in the water. At the forefront of its mind, a blonde half-elven woman clinging to a shipwreck. As the images fade you feel its emotions wash over you. Fear, danger, help, rescue.

Ortimay doesn’t take much convincing. It’s dangerous but shipwrecks are a good source of loot, and there’s a code on the seas about rescuing crews of doomed ships. But when she gets close she sees the rocks and can’t take the ship in to the middle. Has to send the rowboats, and the PCs should volunteer. Summerwise sense they are adventurers and pleads to them specifically.

Oritmay barks out some orders and everyone snaps back to work. She spins the wheel and you feel the ship take a sharp turn as you head east. The little dragon perks up, clamoring to the front of the boat with its tail excitedly thumping against the deck. After several hours you see what look like mountains in the distance, jutting right out of the sea, but as the ship gets closer you realize they are towers. The entire area is littered with the remains of ships, interspersed among jagged rocks.

Ortimay yells out some commands and a pair of crewmates begin rolling up the sails, slowing the ship. The anchor is dropped about a hundred yards away, just outside of where the rock outcroppings become perilous for any ship.

“It’s a bloody deathtrap! Can’t be steerin’ the Pegasus into that. You lot can take the rowboats in for a look, see if there’s any valuable loot, and uh, folks to be rescued.”

**[Switch to battle map]**

You head into the water on the rowboats. When you get closer you can clearly see four towers rising about 40 feet above the water, along with a smattering of tiny islands. The towers surround a central area in square-like shape. In the middle the water churns and roils.

About 200 feet away you can spot the front-half of a ship sticking out of the water. It’s titled about 45 degrees against a rock, and the masts have been shorn off. The seas are rough but the air is clear, and you can spot two humunaoid, winged creatures flitting about the wreckage. You feel a wave of worry and fear mixed with longing emanating from the pseudodragon.

[When they pass by the towers]

As you pass by the towers you hear a sound carrying over the crash of the waves. Melodic and beautiful, you feel a tugging at your heart, and your mind.

[Harpy Song]

Xandala has avoided the harpies using her Invisibility and Misty Step spells, but now she’s out/low of spells. Can use her in combat if things are getting dire for the PCs.

# SESSION 2

You all see a woman with blonde, curly hair, and mixed traits of both elf and human, and, something else. On her face what first look like freckles turn out to be patches of golden dragon scales.

She looks exhausted and injured, though she hides it well, walking with a purposeful stride toward your boats, while the larger ship begins to break apart in front of you, gradually seeking further in the churning waves..

Summerwise immediately leaps up and flies toward her, doing several rapid spins around her before settling on her shoulders, his tail whipping about excitedly. The feeling of joy, friendship, and love is so strong you all nearly burst into tears.

On seeing Mannix:

Xandala: Summerwise! Of all the people you find to bring back, it had to be this one.

What happened?

Xandala: Once you [Mannix] told me he was in Chult, it all made sense to me. The perfect place to hide from the frost giants! I managed to….sneak aboard a ship that was headed to Calimport, the closest I could find to Chult.

But a storm blew us slightly off course. When the skies cleared we had drifted close to these towers, and that’s when the songs started. Damn harpies drew us right into the rocks. The ship wrecked, and half the crew was gleefully jumping off into shark infested waters.

“Summerwise actually saved my life. Every time a song took hold, he’d nip my arm, bringing me back to my senses.”

\*you see Summerwise puff out his chest a bit, then look at Mannix and you feel guilt and regret emanating off of him.

“We held out as long as we could but the ship was lost and we were stranded. In a desperate move I distracted the harpies and sent Summerwise for help.

If they ask about looting the ship:

The ship is breaking apart in front of your eyes and Xandala warns that although the harpies were scared off, they are definitely more of them around here. She pulls out a small coin purse and tosses at the nearest one of you, and says that’s all she has left on her.

Pouch contains 50 silver pieces and 20 gold pieces.

If they press her for more (Mannix wants his money!) she will say that she’s good for it if they can get her to Port Nyanzaru, and she can get a line of credit there.

Ortimay is disappointed about the lack of loot, and apprehensive about taking on yet another passenger. She notes how capable the characters are, however, and gives them her quest.

Ortimay: “You all seem far more capable than I was expecting, if I’m being completely honest. I may have a proposition for ye. If ye haven’t guessed yet, I’m a smuggler by trade. Not quite a pirate but not entirely legal. Of course want is or isn’t legal is up to the Merchant Princes, and if you bring them the right goods and grease the right palms well….

Anyway, I’m looking to get into a new business, one that’d free us from the Princes. I want to do what I’m doin now, taking folks to Chult. Folks’ll pay real money to charter expeditions into lost ruins and what nots, but I’ll need the locations to back it up.

That’s where you lot come in. If you can get me the location to Orolunga and Nangalore, two of the most requested sites, I’ll let ye use me and me crew’s services during your stay in Chult, free of charge. As an upfront bonus, I’ll share with ye the map I’ve been piecing together. It’s not exactly complete, mind ye. I’ve seen the coast line but the inside o the jungle is a bit of a mess, but it’s a start.

You can use me map, find me those locations, and get back to me, and I’ll let you use me ship in case you feel like hoppin’ ‘round the coast. Savvy?”

Ask about Orolunga:

Ruins from the days of the Yuan-Ti empire. Once a whole city, but now little is left save for a temple.

Ask about Nangalore:

The garden palace of an ancient queen.

**Day 7**

**Pirates (ToA 67)!**

A full day goes by since the shipwreck. Xandala has spent the entirety of it in one of the few rooms of the ship convalescing, being tended to by Undril.

Ortimay mentions that you’re only a day away from the Bay of Chult, and should be able to spot the mouth of it by the evening.

As sun set approaches you hear a single unmistakable word ring out from the crow’s nest - “Ship!” Within moments Ortimay has a spyglass in her hand, and she begins cursing.

“It’s the bloody Stirge. Damn.”

Even without a spyglass you all can see the unmistakable shape of a ship in the distance, directly in front of you. One of the crew passes you all a spyglass around as a courtesy. The first thing you note is that this ship is much larger than the Brazen Pegasus. The second thing you see is the flag. Black, with a white skull perched atop two crossed tridents.

Grig: “Can we go around Captain?”

Ortimay: “We’re faster but he’s directly in our path, and he bloody well knows it. “

[random crew]: “But if we can make it to the Bay, then Aremag will -”

Ortimay: “Aremag’ll destroy us if we don’t stop and pay the tribute. She won’t bloody care if we’re running from another pirate. Laskilar knows that too.”

Ortimay sighs.

\*turns to the PCs\*

“The only way to Port Nyanzaru is through him. Laskillar’s a local pirate. I did mention that Chult is full of ‘em yeah? He’s neither monster nor reaver, just an ass who lays claim to all the treasure and trinkets that comes through here. If he sees you all he’s like to take and interrogate you, and that's putting it nicely.”

“Best we just let him board and give him a cut. You all need to lay low and stay outta sight. He doesn’t know I’m in the...people business.”

**Avoid the Pirates!**

Xandala can use Invisibility at 5th level to make up to 3 PCs invisible (she’ll do one use on herself, while Summerwise can easily hide). She will offer it. If no one wants to do it, she’ll just use it on herself (and Undril if available).

If Undril isn’t invisible she can either hide with someone or ortimay can pass her off as her ship priest.

Anyone not Invisible can easily find a hidden spot and roll a Stealth check. The DC is 10 as the pirates are not actively looking for them, so use their passive perception.

The PCs can also disguise themselves as the regular crew, but some will have it easier than others. No one will care about Mannix or Therin, while the other three would probably be questioned, and Gillian and George would be in real danger of being taken as curiosities.

Disguised PCs use Deception vs Bandit/Thug’s Insight.(or just DC 10)

Stealth vs Bandit/thug Passive Perception (DC 10)

Within an hour both ships have come up next to each other. The Stirge is a larger vessel, built for power, and stocked with rows of cannons, and over twice as many crew as the Brazen Pegasus.

Grappling hooks fire out and wooden planks slam onto the port side. A rakish man strides across a plank. He’s sporting a feathered hat and a bright red cloak gleaming with gold trim and arcane runes. He’s flanked by a pair of pirates with whom the word goon would be a good place to start, as well as a towering, hideously ugly half-orc, grinning cruelly as his eyes fixate on Ortimay.

Last to join is a haggard man with dirty robes and wild hair. He mutters and twitches as he walks, and the others are careful not to get too close.

Captain Laskilar takes off his hat and bows with a flourish, then spreads his hands out in supplication as he struts forwards. “My dear Swift and Dark, I haven’t seen you in weeks, you’re looking well. You know the offer still stands”.

Ortimay: “I didn’t invite ye on mah ship Laskilar. I didn’t join your little boy’s club and want no part of it. I thought we would be leavin each other alone.”

Laskilar: “I am hurt. You already insulted the Trident by not accepting our invitation. It’s the best thing to ever happen to organized piracy here in Chult. Yet here you are still playing the smuggling game. How many days at sea do you put your poor crew through? We’ve got a nice place here in Chult, you know.” (he seems to shout that to her crew) Can’t tell you about it until you join up.”

Ortimay: “I told ye, we won’t no part of it. Elok is a brutish monster. Zaroum is as trustworthy as a bag of snakes. And you’re-”

Laskilar: “losing my patience. Heel, take some of our forces and search the ship. I’ve heard word there’s something going down in Chult attracting all sorts of newcomers. You wouldn’t be smuggling anything other than the usual fare now would you, Captain?”

As several burly pirates step forward, the wild-haired priest suddenly lurches forward and grabs Captain Laskilar by the arm. The half-orc steps forward to grab him off but the priest shouts shouts in his face. “The ancient one! The forbidden city! The snake-men know! The, the snake-men...know!” The man sputters and nearly collapses as he grips Laskilar, who shoves him back into another pirate, then grins.

Laskilar brushes himself and straightens his cloak: “Found that one wandering along the beach one day. Just kept muttering “Bitch Queen” over and over again. I kinda like him!”

If Gillian is somehow able to talk to Caldos or ask him about the Bitch Queen, he appears completely mad and unhinged.

The mad man’s eyes lock with yours and widen. “Our Queen...punished us for Slarkrethel’s failures. We were cursed, lost at sea. The triton boy….yes….Sahretha’s pet. He guided us through the storms. But the Queen’s wrath followed us here…I...heh...I made it off easy...heh heh heh.”

The burly pirates being methodically looking through the ship’s crates and containers. The pegasus crew glare at them while Laskillar’s people laugh and throw their weight around. A few chairs and tables are overturned, cards strewn, drinks spilled. The Stirge’s crew take coins, jewels, food, weapons, parchment, skimming through everything but not taking too much of any one thing, almost like a set percentage.

He turns to Ortimay. “That smuggling business just doesn’t play like it used to eh? Consider this your payment as a non-member of our organization. Course if Elok catches you instead of me, he probably won’t be quite as charming.”

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As the crew begins to leave, their pockets a bit heavier, a

Laskilar tips his cap and swirls his cape, and he disappears in a puff of smoke. The planks go up and you see him waving from behind the ship’s wheel as The Stirge pulls away.

Ortimay: “Bloody bastard.”

**Day 8**

**Land Ho!**

That evening Ortimay points out the Bay of Chult, though she appears apprehensive. She notes that no pirates will bother them once they enter the Bay, but they still have to pay tribute to the guardian.

(if PCs ask about the guardian, she’ll reply: you’ll see).

The next morning you all bolt out of bed and rush to the deck. [**ToA 43**] [**chapter 2 player handout**]

The dragon turtle opens its maw and speaks, its head alone is about the size of your entire ship. [Draconic?] [“You sail on Aremag’s seas, into Aremag’s domain. Aremag is due tribute for safe passage.”]

The ship isn’t as chaotic or panicked as you might expect. In fact you realize that this may be a normal thing when entering the Bay of Chult. You overhear Grig whispering to Captain Ortimay,

Grig: “Captain, with the coins and jewels Laskillar took, we’ll have to dip into our reserves.”

She glares sullenly, not a common expression for her, and nods. The gigantic dragon turtle slowly circles the ship, and the ship circles along with it. Captain Ortimay calls out an order to ‘throw it over’ and you see several crew members taking handfuls of coins and precious gems and throwing them into the water as the dragon carefully watches.

A blast of steam comes off the dragon as the crew steps back, and Ortimay looks at you all. “Look I hate t’spring this on ye all but we didn’t expect to get waylaid back there, and well, as you can see we’ve a tribute that needs paying. Looks like we’re a bit short. Any o you have some coins you can donate in there, might be a good idea to toss ‘em over.

If none of the PC’s step forward (with either coins or a DC 15 Persuasion check), Aremag will slap the ship. DC 15 STR or DEX saving throws or be thrown overboard.

It’ll take 1 round for everyone on ship to react, while PC(s) see sharks coming.

Round 2, sharks fast approach, Ortimay calls out for rope

Round 3, rope is hauled out as first shark attacks. After that the PC can climb back up.