**Jungle Travel (Level 3)**

Jungle Areas - Camp Righteous, Yellyark, Vorn, Camp Vengeance, Firefinger??

River Soshenstar is relatively tame, with still a few waterfalls every 20 miles or so. Flows into the Bay of Chult.

River Tiryk is considered the most dangerous river in Chult, originating from deep within undead territory, and prowled by pterrafolk. Waterfalls are also much more common.

Weather - Some Rain = no change, Heavy Rain = 100ft visibility, missile weapon ranges halved. Tropical Storm = impossible to travel by rain, traveling by foot is insta exhaustion, plus DC 10 CON or get another level of exhaustion. Survival check for navigation is made at disadvantage. Guide suggests hunkering down that day.

**General Night time Watch:**

(D4 for night encounters):

1: Khaless, River, Flask

2: Mannix, Azaka

3: Gillian, Inete

4: Therin, George, Undril

**River Soshenstar**

**Day 1 - Some Rain (Plesiosaurus)**

Mouth of the river

The journey along the beach is uneventful as the jungle itself recedes quite a few miles beyond the city walls.

You turn a corner on the beach and reach the mouth of the river. About 100 feet beyond you see two large shapes seemingly snapping at each other over a floating thing in between them, which they’re currently ripping into. They have long necks with sharp teeth.

It takes only a few seconds for them to notice you. They roar defiantly and dip under the water. Even from this distance you can see the water rippling as they head in your direction.

DC 13 Athletics check from one person in a canoe. At least half the people in the canoe must do the Help action to grant advantage, in order to paddle it to a riverbank (which guide will suggest)

Water combat notes: Melee weapon attacks have disadvantage UNLESS Dagger, shortsword, javelin, spear, trident.

Ranged weapons miss beyond range. Within normal range, the attack roll has disadvantage UNLESS crossbow, net or thrown weapon.

Creatures in water have resistance to fire damage.

**Session 10**

**Day 2 - River Travel**

The rain backs off for a few hours, letting the sun shine through the canopy of trees. You catch glimpses of rainbows and sparkling water. On one side of the riverbank, brightly colored birds flit amongst each other.

That night River pulls out a small hand-held drum wrapped in leather and begins to play, while her brother bobs his head silently.

Undril comes up to you all and thanks you for agreeing to go to Camp Righteous. “Chult is a big place but I think this is the right call. Ultimately we need to find this Soulmonger and stop the Death Curse, if we can. I’m hoping that the Order will help put us on the right path.”

**Day 3 - River Travel (Crocs)**

The morning is filled with steady rain. That afternoon a misty fog settles in around you as you turn the corner on a riverbank, and you think you may hear the water sloshing a bit more than usual. [Passive perception check]

[those of you not surprised PP>12] see several shapes emerging from the water right next to your canoes!

The crocs can use their action to make a DC 15 Athletics check to try and capsize everyone in a canoe into the water.

**Day 4 - River Travel (Waterfall, deinonychus)**

The morning jaunt is pleasant but around noon you begin to hear the teltalle sound of rushing water. You soon come upon the bottom end of a waterfall. It’s about 30 feet but nearly vertical. There’s no way you could paddle the canoes up there.

Azaka mentions that there are frequent waterfalls all long the jungle, and the only thing to do is to grab the canoes and huff it around until it’s safe to get back on the river.

With canoes in hand you being to trudge a bit into the jungle to avoid the steep drop off caused by the waterfall, but still keeping the river in sight. You make it about a 100 yards before you hear a harsh squealing and grunting sound, as a small furry beast runs directly in front of you all. You notice it’s a boar before it disappears into some nearby foliage.

Within the span of a few heartbeats the plants to your left suddenly explode as several larger creatures chase after it. However they immediately stop upon noticing you. [roll initiative!]

Night

[Passive Perception?] You hear a soft crying sound. Inete has her arms wrapped around herself as she stares into the fire.

“I-I’m sorry. I’m trying to be strong. I-I’ve never really been outside the city. I knew Chult was dangerous, but it seems like every day something tries to kill us. “

**Day - 5 River Travel (Night flying snakes/almiraj, Azaka tiger)**

On this day The sky opens up and you are all treated to a torrential downpour for the entire day. It’s more difficult to see in front of you, but not enough to hinder your travel progress, though you are all perpetually soaking wet.

**Session 11 (don’t forget about Yellow Banner investigation rolls! DC 15)**

Night

You set up camp for the night as usual, but you notice Azaka acting agitated. When Undril asks to see her wounds to see if she needs healing she’s brisk and dismissive, and stalks off.

Mannix when it’s your turn for watch duty at night, you awaken and approach the fire pit. You share guard duty with Azaka who usually sits in contemplative silence. But tonight she’s missing. You search around her bedroll and find it empty.

You hear a voice that sounds like hers cry out from a nearby distance in the darkness, “No...no….” and then a whimpering sound, then nothing.

Moments later a pair of small furry beasts race through the jungle floor. They appear to be rabbits. One is a bit slower than the other as they sprint toward your campsite. A much larger beast silently pounces on the slower one, crushing it instantly. The tiger looks up with a hungry look in its eyes.

Azaka is immune to any normal attacks - but not spells. She won’t stick around once everyone is riled up and attacking.

Speak with Animals will not work as she’s not a true beast.

The PCs can attempt to protect and woo the other almiraj. Its slain friend’s horn can be harvested by George.

Sleeping in light armor is perfectly fine…..doesn’t everyone wear light armor?? Or the tortle has no armor…..

At some point that morning Azaka will come walking back into camp, or the PCs can find her.

“I’m...I’m sorry. I thought I could hold out. I carry a dark curse. That heirloom I hope to get back, it helped suppress it. When my group was attacked and it was stolen, I changed that night and…..”

“No one survived. I blamed it on the pterfolk. In a way they are to blame but, I am a danger. I can’t get it back alone and when I saw how strong you all were….”

If they ask how she became afflicted, she’ll mention a previous expedition into the eastern half of the jungle, she’ll mention a ship inexplicably shipwrecked dozens of miles inland. A bestial man stalks it as his territory. She was captivated by him, fell in love with him, but ultimately he ‘shared’ his curse without her consent. (Side Quest to deal with him??)

**Day 6 - River Travel (Monkeys, goblins chasing group, dead explorer in cave)**

Morning - Flying Monkeys

The morning provides a beautiful sunrise filled with rainbows reflecting off the river. The beauty is interrupted by a rush of wings and loud series of chittering sounds as several shadows bound from the treeline. You look up and see what look like small monkeys with feathery wings.

Nearly a dozen of them form a hovering swarm around the canoe, chittering and shrieking, as they flitter about.

Any hostile action will bring the swarm down to attack, or drive them off if sufficiently powerful. Non hostile will have them swoop down to start jacking with the party.

Monkeys begin divebombing, DC 12 DEX Saving throw or lose stuff

Azaka: “Damn monkeys are a nuisance. Mostly harmless but keep your eyes open and your grips tight, they are quick thieves and stupidly curious.”

Afternoon - party chased by goblins

The sun reaches its zenith as a light rain begins to fall. You hear the sounds of running and shouting on a nearby shore. The sound of strangled cries and thuds, and the unmistakable war cry of goblins.

Exploding from the tree line are three humanoid figures. They appear to be running for their lives. One of them is lagging behind, an obvious limp. Several arrows come shooting out of the treeline, and the limping figure shudders and drops to the ground.

If the PCs yell or get their attention, the NPC humans will notice and go for the river. If the PCs do not interfere with the goblins, another will die. The survivor is suffering from Shivering Sickness.

The Party:

Hired by a merchant from Baldur’s Gate to collect Dancing Monkey Fruit to add to his stock of exotic goods. The merchant didn’t pay very well and the group neglected to hire a guide when reaching the city (they were also waylaid by pirates and Aremag). They journeyed down the river soshenstar, and were attacked by various ‘river monsters.’ They headed into the western jungle but were attacked by cannibal goblins during the night. They woke up tied up, and their poor friend was being spit-roasted by goblins. The smell attracted some dinosaurs and during the chaotic fight, some of them were able to escape, but the goblins caught up to them.

Scout: Laena (F elf)

Tribal warrior: Tanden (M Human)

They don’t want to join the party and just want to get out of the jungle ASAP. They will accept any provisions the party will give them, otherwise they will party ways and continue a path near the river.

Evening - Find dead explorer (of the party’s).

That evening the players can either stumble upon or follow the directions to a grizzly scene. A campsite with a gnome spit-roasted over a fire, charred and blackened but not eaten. Instead they will find the scattered remains of some goblins who seem to have hastily left hte area.

Treasure - A Batiri goblin mask of painted wood, set with 9 gemstones (10 gp each)

Minus loyalty on tabaxi

**Day 7 - River, Mad Monkey Mist**

In the middle of the day you begin to reach what should be the outskirts of the campsight, but your visibility is blocked by a strange blue mist that wafts over the water. The mist doesn’t appear alarming but Azaka suddenly sucks in a breath of air and both Tabaxi call out in unison “Mad Monkey Mist, Mad Monkey Mist!”

If you spot the mist early you may be able to avoid it. But there on the river there’s no avoiding it, as the guides quickly explain. Brace yourselves! DC 13 CON saving throw or roll 1d100 on the Madness Table (also roll 1d10 for how many hours x10 it lasts). DMG 258

They should reach Camp Righteous before the end of Day 7.

Mad Monkey Madness Updates:

River Mist: attached to a lucky charm, disadvantage, 1oo hours

Flask of Wine: attached to a lucky charm,, 90 hours

Mannix:

Khaless: falls unconscious, 60 hours

Camp Righteous Day 7

Spent 3 days in Camp Righteous (2 of them waiting for Khaless unconcious to pass)

**Day 8 (11) - Goblins or Grungs Day**

14 and higher Perception not surprised.

As you reach the shore you note the jungle is eerily quiet. Those of you with a passive perception of 14 or higher see just the slightest hints of movement in the trees near the shore, frog-like humanoids wielding weapons.

**Session 14**

**Day 9 (14) - Yellow Musk Creeper and Zombies**

You camp for the evening after the encounter with the grung. River explains that their skin secretes a natural poison, which they use to coat their weapons. Grungs come in different colors, with the green ones being the simple grunts, the yellow ones being the stronger warriors, and the red ones capable of casting spells.

Yourgoblin guide Yokka tells you that Vorn is another day’s travel away from the river.

That night each of you receives a nightmarish vision. [Play This House song] You’re walking through the jungle at night, alone. A heavy fog obscures everything around, including the ground. You begin to hear sounds. The chattering of teeth. The thumping of a heavy foot. The hissing of a snake. Voices suddenly begin to speak, though you see nothing but fog all around you.

PD: “Can you see them, now, sisters?”

WG: “There they are. So fresh and full of life. How we loathe them.”

BN: “Do they come for the child?”

WG: “Quiet Nanna! They know nothing.”

PD: “They know of Acerak. Of the Soulmonger.”

WG: “Thus they have our attention, dear sisters. Watch them closely. If the jungle doesn’t end them, we will.”

Everyone roll a WIS saving throw (DC 10) or take 5 psychic damage.

Widow Groat = old woman, scratchy voice

Peggy Deadbells = witch voice

Baggy Nanna = creepy animal voices

If they ask the NPCs:

Everyone is visibly shaken, and confirm they all heard the same exchange. Undril strongly suggests that you stick to the river and follow it, hoping to find the survivors of Camp Righteous. She’s convinced they’re still out there, and clearly there’s a strong evil presences surrounding the Soulmonger.

In the late afternoon you notice that you’re heading into a clearing in the jungle. Crumbling stone foundations suggest this was once a town or at least a collection of houses, now long gone. The tabaxi suddenly pull you all backwards and out of the way, just as you see some humanoids shuffling around the ruins.

Flask lifts up the goblin as he squirms and River pokes an accusatory finger at him. “He’s leading us right into a trap!”

“No, no, no trap!” says Yokka. “This is quickest way to Iron God. Batiri very small, very quiet, can sneak in and out.” He looks a bit guilty at some of you who are not so stealthy-looking, like George. “Creepers very dumb, poor eyes. We sneak through yes?”

If the party opts to go around, Yokka will lead them around to Yellyark.

**Vorn**

See Vorn

**Session 17**

**Day 10 (16) - Tropical Storm!**

Next time the players leave a location, a tropical storm will set in that morning, forcing them to hunker down.But after that no encounters for the next two days.

As you all pack up the camp and get ready to set off for the day the winds pick up and thunder rolls overhead as the skies darken. The constant drizzling rain suddenly grows intense as great sheets of water rain down. The high winds, rain and thunder make it impossible to hear unless you’re shouting right next to each other. You quickly realize you won’t be able to travel today at all, as the tabaxi yell to hunker down and wait it out.

DC 10 CON save or gain a level of exhaustion. (Disadvantage on ability checks). Requires a long rest to heal!

**Day 11 (17)**

After the storm the birds and insects really come to life around you, clearly enjoying the now calm and very damp jungle. The buzzing is more obnoxious than ever as you constantly swap bugs out of your face and hair.

**Day 12 (18) - Nightmare Haunting**

At the end of each ‘story,’ each PC has to roll a DC 15 WIS saving throw. Failure = Long-term Madness

Roll 1d100, then 1d10, then 1d10 (1-100 hours)

That night once again you find yourself walking through the jungle alone surrounded by a spectral fog as you hear the unsettling sounds of old women whispering and cackling. This time you each are subject to a unique vision.

Mannix - The mists of the jungle part way into an ancient tomb, frost-flecked footprints leading inside. They must be Cimbers! You delve inside, shouting for the others to follow. Your mind is a steel trap as you decipher deadly traps, push the proper levers, and duck under gouts of flame. Behind you you think you faintly hear screams and cries but you can’t stop, he must be so close. A figure turns a corner in front of you. You jump out and tackle them to the ground. Rolling them over you you stare into a humanoid of pure ice, carved in your own likeness. It suddenly bursts apart as an old women cackles. “A tracker, quite clever. We can use this.” A cold washes over you, causing you to shiver uncontrollably until you awake.

Khaless - Through the mists of the jungle you see a procession of red-robed wizards. You wait in stealthy ambush, a silent killing machine. As one nears you grab them from behind and without hesitation slice your blade across their throat. Warm blood gushes out as their cries end in a bubbling gurgle. One by one you kill them, until finally you reach her. It must be her, your former master, Zagmira. As you bring your blade up the robe falls away to reveal a hideous old crone who cackles through rotting teeth. Your arm is no longer your own as you calmly sheathe your blade. You look back and find the remains of your murdered teammates along the jungle floor, their eyes transfixed in horror. You feel nothing as the old woman caresses your face with a gnarled hand. “A focused killer, trained to obey. Excellent.” You feel a cold rise up from the pit of your stomach, then awaken.

Gillian - The jungle suddenly opens up to a sandy beach, a beautiful, opulent mansion sprawled upon the shore. A pair of handsome, finely dressed servants offer you their hands while a third rolls out a richly embroidered carpet and hands you a goblet filled with a colorful liquid. As you approach the doors are thrown open and you enter a palatial foyer filled with a fancy dinner party. Tritons and humans alike stop and turn as you enter, followed by claps of adoration. In the center of the buffet table your stomach suddenly twists as you see that the food are artfully arranged body parts, limbs and organs, your goblet full of blood. The cheering turns to mocking laughter as you see the centerpiece, the head of your brother. The mansion begins to fill with seawater as a thunderstorm rages outside. The dinner guests begin to mutate and bulge into horrible monsters. One of the guests, an old woman looks you up and down with disdain. “Haughty. Privileged. Confident. Easily exploited.” You scream yourself awake.

George - You stumble into a large clearing and find a number of grung kneeling in front of a massive, monstrous frog-like creature. They turn toward you and shriek angrily. You raise your swords and cut through them, the blood fury overtaking you as you hack and slash, oblivious of any retaliation. When the ground lay thick with blood you blink a few times and calm you ragged breath. You hear the sound of an old woman whisper eagerly. “Such anger, such fury, such hatred. Very useful ingredients.” On the ground before you, you see the slaughtered remains of a bunch of townsfolk, and the frog-monster nothing more than a statue of a calm human woman looking sad. You bolt awake.

Therin - A smell wafts through the jungle. You get down on all fours and sniff the ground. You take off on a full run, your body shifting and contorting. Running feels good. You tackle a small beast to the ground, rip into it with sharp teeth and the natural strength of a four-legged killing machine. You hear the sound of hunters in the distance. You take off on a run. Filthy humans, no respect for the wild. You burst out of some trees and roar as smaller creatures flit past you, and watch in satisfaction as the humans drop their meager tools and run screaming. This is your jungle,you were born into it, and you will protect it and all who dwell here. You shiver as you feel a gnarled hand pat you lovingly on the flank. “More beast than man, yes. A true predator at heart. Very interesting indeed.” You awaken with your heart beating rapidly.

NPC reactions - Undril will stave off any madness effects, but she’s definitely shaken by the vision. Hers is was of finding the Order but everyone there was undead.

Inete will continuously pray to her god, and won’t do anything else.

Tabaxi??

Khaless obssessively cleaning her blades for 30 hours

Gillian is blinded for 90 hours!