**Jungle Travel (Level 4)**

Mbala, Orolunga, Aldani Basin

**General Night time Watch:**

(D4 for night encounters):

1: Mannix

2: Therin

3: Khaless, Azaka

4: Gillian, George

Vorn is always watching

Heading Southwest (toward Mbala)

**Day 12 (20)**

Heading out of Camp Vengeance it’s easy to see the devastation the undead horde made on the land. Crushed plants, broken trees, and hardly any creatures in sight. At several points you see a zombie crawling along the ground, or stuck in a tree branch, or half-crushed by a dinosaur, and easily give it a coup de grace.

**Day 13 (21)**

The day is uneventful, though the sticky, humid weather and constantly buzzing insects makes you yearn for at least the moderate comforts of Camp Vengeance. You stop for the evening in a clearing by a large tree. As you begin to set up camp you hear low-pitched hooting and growls. You all freeze and look up into the eyes of a pair of white-furred apes. They look like gorillas expect for a rather frightening second set of arms. The four-armed apes beat their chests protectively. Dangling on a nearby branch about 15 feet up you see the long dead body of an elf in leather armor.

River whispers through clenched teeth “no sudden movements! Girallons very territorial. Back up quietly, maybe the leave us alone.”

The PCs can choose to back off, but they’ll need to succeed on a DC 13 group Stealth check. Everyone in the group rolls stealth. If at least half the group succeeds, it succeeds.

Success - you withdraw quietly and respectfully until you hear the hooting quiet down.

17 Failure - the four-armed apes scream and leap down from the tree.

Someone can also stealth to loot the elf but that will be another stealth check.

Looting the elf:

The elf has a crumpled up sheet of paper tucked into a pocket. The heading reads A.C. sightings with a list of locations all over the world, each crossed out except the last one, which just reads, “Chult.”

You find a small pouch containing 10 gold pieces. On their belt are several broken bottles, but you do find two intact Potions of Healing. You also feel a magical energy coming off a silver ring on their hand. [can ID the Ring of Jumping on next Rest - requires attunement]. The elf also has a quiver with 1d10 arrows still inside.

**Day 14 (22)**

The tabaxi tell you to stop when you pass by a tree. They recognize it as a wukka tree, and you see a number of flying monkeys flitting about it. As they leap and play a number of wukka nuts fall from the tree, which you can gather.

5 wukka nuts

Arrive in Mbala

## **Session 22**

## Leaving Mbala

Get sleeping arrangements/guard shifts!

**Day 15 (24)**

That night on the first watch, both tabaxi approach you Khaless. River appears a bit nervous and sheepish as she says, “I want to thank you again for giving us a share of the loot. I feel we can be honest with you. Given everything that’s happened, Flask and I were thinking of ditching you guys when you all disappeared into the pterafolk nest. It’s been over 3 weeks since we left the city, We’ve more than paid our debt to the Zhentarim by now! And we know how the others look at us.

But you, you have always shown us kindness and respect. There are many who would not travel, or even speak to anyone with drow blood. But to us you are friend.”

Khaless behind her you see her mostly silent brother Flask sign a complicated series of hand gestures which you immediately recognize as thieves cant. You decipher the signs for trust, ally, and partner as he nods to you.

“We know your mission is to find the source of the evil that plagues this land. We’re not sure if it even exists. But you, you are searching for someone, yes?”

“I’m not sure if my brother and I would follow you all into the gates of the Abyss or wherever our road may lead, but we will help you.” [Khaless inspiration]

**Day 16 (25)**

Winterscape: After several miles travel the next day you see a wonderous sight in front of you - the immediate area is covered in ice, as though it were the middle of winter in an entirely different region. Every plant and creature is frozen solid. And stepping into the area is like walking into a freezer as the temperature sharply plummets, which you are very much not dressed for.

You can see the total area covers a 120-ft sphere, with the middle featuring a pair of frozen tigers in mid-leap. Outside of this radius, the jungle resumes its normal hot, humid status.

If they search the area, they can find tracks, leading west. Survival check (DC 15) to determine that there are two sets of footprints, one of them human the other reptilian. The tracks are lost when the winterscape ends.

**Day 17 (26)**

Flying Snakes:

By mid-morning you have officially entered the swampy region of the Aldani Basin, stretching for miles ahead of you. The buzzing of insects has noticeably intensified, and have settled over all of you like a persistent cloud. Sounds of croaking, grunting, and squelching are your constant companions. Most of the time you find path to walk along, but occasionally you have to sink down into knee-height or even waist-high swamp water.

In the early afternoon you hear what sounds like the rapid flapping of wings. You instinctively take cover and look up to find a swarm of tiny winged snakes sailing over head, gobbling insects as they pass by. They either don’t see you, or don’t care.

The snakes are flying about 15 feet above the ground. If the PCs attack they will retaliate.

**Day 18 (27)**

Swarms of Insects:Despite the harsh and foreboding sounds around you, your path ahead lies clear as you trudge through the muck of the swamp. That evening you find a suitable campsite in a mostly dry, elevated piece of land above the marsh.

I need everyone who’s not on guard duty currently to roll a 1d20.

[three people] you are jolted awake by a sharp stinging and biting sensation as you realize your entire bedding, and your sleeping body is covered in swarms of centipedes.

Since you were dead ass asleep, the surprise round swarms get advantage, and if they hit, they auto-crit. You’ll wake up regardless, but you’ll still be prone until your turn.

Anyone hit by an insect must make a DC 11 CON saving throw or get shivering sickness (toA 40) though it doesn’t manifest until the next morning.

**Day 19 (28)**

Shambling Mound: You find a relatively dry path and consider yourselves lucky, until it veers directly into a deep swamp. You trudge through as gets gradually deeper and deeper until its at least waist-high.

Mannix, with your passive perception you notice the sudden complete lack of sound around you, normally the swamp is filled with insects, creatures, and gurgling, but it suddenly stops, and a moment later the swamp itself erupts as a large plant-like mass thrashes around you.

**Day 20 (29)**

Arrive in Dungrunglung

## Session 25 - Dungrunlung to Wreck of the Star Goddess

**Day 20 (29)**

You manage to travel for about a mile to the west and make it to the shore of the river before the sun sets. Oloma looks about ready to collapse and Azaka is still out cold.

Short rest. Roll d4 for ambush. Guard on duty needs a Perception check (DC 14) to spot the grung approaching. Otherwise, surprise round for the grung. The grung go after the one wearing the crown but not to attack but to take it back. If no one makes the check, the PC wearing the crown wakes up as they lift it off.

The grung will flee once the tide turns.

[Therin multi-sided token!]

**Day 21 (30)**

The next morning you cross the river. It’s very slow and you think you can all slowly and carefully swim across. On the other side of the river you can see a small herd of hadrosaurus grazing peacefully.

There’s 9 adult Hadrosaurus and about half a dozen young.

The lizardfolk:

Whispers in Wind - F, family matriarch. The smart one.

Lost-in-Swamp - M, the strong one.

Spits-at-death - M, eldest son, the brave one.

As you near the shore you spot spot a humanoid lizard riding atop a blue-gray triceratops with its horns blunted. The lizardfok is wearing leather armor and a feathered headdress, and carrying a long pole that they begin to wave at the dinosaurs. At the end of the pole are several dangling objects that make noise as it shakes. The herd begins to move away from the water.

At the same time two more dinosaur-riding lizardfolk appear on either side of the herd, each riding a hadrosaurus as they steer the herd. One of them sports a nasty scar over their eye and points in your direction and begins to shout. “Well hey there, Look what the river washed up!”

The lizardfolk turn and let out a series of whistles and grunts. Within moments the herd shuffles to a stop.

The one in the headdress slowly turns and stares at you all, and you notice she’s covered in decorative paints, beads, and feathers. “Careful Spits. We don’t know nothin’ about these folk. They don’t look dead, that’s good. But they may be snake-folk.”

She cautiously lumbers her triceratops closer to you and waves her staff, “Y’all aren’t snake folk are ya?”

**Are you all friendly? How can you talk?**

W: “Names Whispers-in-Wind, these are mah sons Spits at Death and Lost in Swamp.” She waves her hand at the other two, who nod. “We’s simple ranchin’ folk, don’t cause no trouble and don’t look for no trouble, you understand?

W: “We as friendly as those we meet. As for talking, well, how do you do you it? You learnt it from your biggers I expect.”

S: “Mama says some of our folk eat other folk but we don’t be doin that cause it’s undini-undiggy…”

W: “Undignified that’s right.

**Headed to Orolunga**

Spits-at-deaths eyes grow wide. “The snake-folk ruins! I always wanted to go there but mama says it’s too dangerous.”

W: “That’s right. We don’t cross the river.”

**Headed to Aldani Basin**

W: “We stay outta there. Lots of critters and bugs. Lobster folks aren’t vicious but they ain’t too friendly neither. Frog folks’ll kill you soon as look at you though, real nasty. Event the plants’ll kill you in the swamp.

**Shipwreck?**

W: We heard a big crash about a week back, but I forbade my sons for goin’ anywhere near it. Nothin good comes from sounds that big.”

**Winter? Artus?**

“This is the jungle, ain’t now snowing or winter here. But now there was a nice young man I think went by that name. He was travelin with a real curious lookin’ feller. Not quite one of the folk, looked more like one of Ubtao’s children if we’re bein’ honest. Didn’t speak at all but gave off different smells. Anyways they was travelin South and helped Spits out when the herd was attacked by some dead. We offered them a home cooked supper and they were gone early the next morning. Friendly folk. He seemed nice but kind of sad. Wouldn’t say what they was up to and twern’t none of our business anyway.

**Any News?**

S: I was out hunting on my own and I saw a big group of folks moving through the jungle. Mama says when i’m by myself I should -” he thinks “hide and watch first. So I did. Saw lots of human-folks but then some had the snake heads. Snake folks! They was headed west. I stay hidden and they never saw me.

W: That was maybe a week ago. Since then we don’t let Spits-at-death out by hisself any more.

**What are snake-folk?**

“Ah well, snake-folk would know about snake-folk so I guess ye aren’t them. Nasty buggers, some of ‘em are hard to tell apart from you all, though we always be welcoming folks no matter what theys look like or who they worshippin’, aint that right Spits?

“Yes, mama.”

**Do you have a ranch or home somewhere?**

She stares at you all in turn for several moments and then seems to come to a decision. W: “We surely do, we’re headed there now, just a few miles west, on the edge of the swamp. You folks are welcome to join us for supper if you like. We can even offer y’all the barn if you need a rest.

You travel for a few hours along with the herd. The lizardfolk seem very experienced at keeping the dinosaurs together and moving steadily. Before dusk you reach the edge of swampland and find several wooden buildings and fencing. The sons take over getting the herd moved into the fenced area, while she directs you all over to the ranchhouse. Numerous paintings hang all around the house, depicitng various wildlife of the jungle.

“My youngest, Lost-in-Swamp, fancies hisself an artist. Not exactly many art shows ‘round these parts but it keeps him out of trouble.

You all sit around and enjoy the best meal you’ve had since leaving the city. The Oldest son proudly goes on and on about how to cook the perfect hadrosaur steaks and has perfected his own seasonings out of local herbs.

You are all given blankets and pillows and told you can make yourselves comfortable in a small guesthouse. It’s very cramped for all of you but clean.

Long Rest!

The next morning you’re woken up by the family who says there’s workins to be done and you spend a solid two hours doing chors around the ranch before settling in for a world class breakfast.

**Day 22 (31)**

Arrive at the Wreck of the Star Godess

## Session 27 - Wreck to Orolunga (5 days)

**Day 24 (34)**

The day’s travel is uneventful, and far quieter as your group has dwindled down. Azaka does seem to have fully recuperated by now, and is back to being abrasive and standoffish, though she treats you all respectfully.

As evening approaches, Mannix you receive a message on the sending stone that Xandala gave you.

You recognize Xandala’s voice as it emanates from the stone. “Mr. Mannix, if you are still alive, have you any news of my father? Remember - you will be greatly rewarded if you find him.”

The Sending Stone can only be used once each per day, but Xandala could respond the next day. If Mannix asks about her:

“I fear my father is in danger. He possesses an artifact of great importance. I’ve heard rumors there are powerful forces searching for him. We need to find him first. I know you won’t let me down, Mr. Mannix.”

Yeah I’m still alive I gotta lead on the old man. Heading into Orolunga a lead on him, he’s definitely here. Meet me there and we’ll discuss my payment.

**Day 25 (35)**

You hear the sounds of soft growling and moaning. Up ahead you see what looks like a zombie lashed to a tree. It’s naked and decayed, with various body parts missing or disemboweled. It reaches out feebly with one arm.

“Batiri did this,” says Azaka. “They tie their victims to a tree and let the jungle have its way.

As dusk approaches you reach a muddy, swampy area where where the rivers intertwine. Above the gurgling of the river you hear a bestial shrieking. Flailing around in the mud is a large dinosaur with plates all around its back. At first you think the mud itself has sprung to life around it, but realize there are corpses, bodies, and bones, many of which have risen up to surround and attack the beast.

As you enter the mud you feel bony hands reaching all around you, trying to grab at you and pull you under.

DC 13 STR saving throw or be RESTRAINED

No rewards but Therin will be able to roll to acquire the Stego wildshape.

The Mud pit is difficult terrain

**Day 26 (36)**

The morning offers a rare break in the constant drizzling rain as the sun comes out in full force. While still following the river a bit you spot a massive turtle on the beach. It appears to be sunny itself and not paying any attention to you all.

Therin can snag another beast form. If the PCs jack with it, it’ll attack, but retreat if things get heated.

In the river several monstrous forms emerge, though they take great care to give a wide berth to the turtle. The make their way to the beach, but only one continues on, cautiously toward you. It looks like a frighteningly grotesque cross between a man and a lobster.

“Aldani,” Azaka whispers, and you can hear the awe and surprise in her voice. “I have heard the legends but did not know they were real.”

The lobsterfolk stops about a dozen feet away and rubs its claws nervously as its eye stalks dart back and forth between you all. “We have been watching you. Ever since you entered the basin. You are strong but….not bad. We would please like to know, why are you in the jungle?”

“If you can end the curse, stop the dead from threatening our rivers, we would be grateful. We know our gratitude means nothing. We have a gift for you. A token for our champions. Please.”

He opens up one of his claws, inside you see a small ring. You can sense magical energy coming off of it. [Ring of Swimming]

“Ubtao be with you all on your journey.” The aldani bobs its head and turns and ponderously scuttles back into the river.

**Day 27(38)**

You find the hastily packed up, partially destroyed remains of a campsite. A pair of zombies wander aimlessly nearby, and look like they have deep claw and teeth wounds that may have caused their deaths. (It’s a simple matter to kill them)

Investigation:

>15: At least half a dozen tracks lead toward Orolunga, but it looks like this campsite was attacked.

15+:: The campsite looks like it was attacked by a large beast, as several destroyed tents look flattened, and cooking supplies have been swept aside. You spot at least half a dozen humanoid tracks leading towards Orolunga, however.

Either way the investigator should find the [Journal Entry #1].

**Day 28 (39)**

Arrive at Orolunga

+~10 Days

Sewn Sisters, after Orolunga

In the middle of the day you’re walking through the jungle when a steady fog rolls in. Flashes of light blink around you and you feel nauseated, as though the ground beneath you is roiling like a ship at sea. A cold sweat shivers through your body as you hear the voices of a trio of old women. You stumble forward and brush past a leefy fern, finding a window into an eerie laboratory. A vast cauldron dominates the room, billowing with green smoke.

Three shriveled old women stand around an iron cage, though you can’t see what’s inside. You can’t see their faces and your heart feels with dread and fear any time you look at them.

Widow Groat = old woman, scratchy voice

Peggy Deadbells = witch voice

Baggy Nanna = creepy animal voices

One turns to the others, gold coins glittering where her eyes should be: “It’s almost ready sisters. The most important ingredients await.”

Another clumps over to the pot and a pegleg, yellow smoke billowing out of her mouth as she incants. With each ingredient she pulls something from her robes and drops it gingerly into the cauldron:

“The unceasing hunting of a private investigator.”

“The hardened discipline of an enslaved killer.”

“The unshakable confidence of a privileged noble.”

“The righteous fury of a young warrior.”

“The inner predator of a bestial man.”

With the last ingredient the cauldron bubbles furiously as the three hags chant in an otherworldly voice. The third one, with a squirming bag sewn over hear head, dips a bucket into the cauldron and carries is over to the cage. The contents are upended, and you strain to try and see what’s inside, but the green fog and the hags themselves obscure the view.

You hear a metallic growling, however, and a new fear settles in your chest.

All at once the chatting stops. “It is done!” says the first hag. “The ultimate predator. It will not sleep. It will not eat. It will not stop. It will only hunt those who aim to stop our work. Powered by their very essence.” She turns to the cage as you instinctively begin to back away. “Quickly now, my pet.” She opens the cage as you instinctively jerk backwards from the window. You fall on the jungle floor and look up at the night sky, though you’re pretty sure it was mid-day just a few moments ago.

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

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

Potential travel encounters -

Unused Travel Encounters

**Day ?? Around Orolunga**

**Day 13 (21)**

The day is uneventful. That evening you set up camp near a small cave. As you light your campfire a swarm of bats comes screaming out of the cave and startles everyone, but they quickly disappear into the night sky.

**Day 14 (22)**

The morning you hear the sounds of bones crunching as you walk. You look down just in time to see skeletons rising up from all around you, their rusty swords swining as they rise.

Skeletons: 8

**Day 15 (23)**

**Day 16 (24)**

Greater Undead: In the middle of the day you both hear and smell the distinctive markers of aggressive undead, and they appear close by and closing in.

The ghouls aren’t stealthy. The party can ambush them by stealthing. Anyone with a Stealth of 11 or higher can surprise them.

Ghouls: 6, Ghast: 1

Skirt around the greater undead: You find a person-sized statue made of stone in the middle of the jungle, depicting a regal human figure. [chultan] immediately identifies it as a depiction of Ubtao, the god of Chult. In the middle of its stomach, you find a maze you can trace with your finger.

DC 10 Investigation check to trace the maze.

Failure results in a sonic boom emitting from the statue. DC 14 DEX saving throw, 5d8 thunder damage (save for half). The boom makes lots of birds take off and sqwak loudly.

Success: You feel a magical guidance settle over you, like a ghostly compass in the air pointing you toward your destination.

**Day 17 (25)**

Winterscape: As you move through the jungle today you spot just ahead of you a wonderous sight - an area of the jungle covered in frost, snow, and ice. Every plant and creature is frozen solid. You can see the total area covers a 120-ft sphere, with the middle featuring a small horde of frozen undead. Outside of this radius, the jungle resumes its normal hot, humid status. The temperature within the wintery sphere is bitingly cold, given your jungle equipment you cannot remain in here for any amount of time.

If they search the area, they can find tracks, leading south. Survival check (DC 15) to determine that there are two sets of footprints, one of them human the other reptilian. The tracks are lost when the winterscape ends, however.

**Day 18 (26)**

After witnessing the remarkable winter wonderland, the areas nearby seem clear of any dangerous creatures, and you journey through the jungle unimpeded.

**Day 19 (27)**

Another day of relatively easy travel, though the familiar sights and sounds of the jungle have returned, with constant insect buzzing and bird squaking, and the occasional growl or shriek of a far off beast.

That evening the tabaxi offer to hunt for small game fill up your supplies, and they return within the hour triumphantly carrying a fat boar, noting there’s a whole pack of boars not far from there.

[determine whose guard shift]. [Hear the squealing of pigs in the distance, and see a trio of boars stepping into the light of the campfire, charging toward you. Behind them a larger squealing sound steps into the light, a humanoid figure with the head of a boar, brandishing a large maul. It steps toward you, the campfire making its eyes dance. “These [snort] are my lands. My [friends]!” The creature charges.

Surprise round for the boars, wereboar, and whomever is on guard duty.

Wereboar: 1: Boars, 3