**Port Nyanzaru (Level 2)**

Things the PCs should do:

Spend an hour gathering information and talking to locals (DC 15 Insight check), success, rolld100: (ToA 36). Can repeat as necessary.

Repel undead invasion at Malar’s Throat

Go to Temple of Savras, get Missing in Old City quest, rescue Inete, get ritual from Zitembe

Dinosaur Race

Meet Rokah and get quest for Fort Beluarian.

Meet with Wakanga, learn about Company of Yellow Banner, Vorn

Meet with Mudgraw for George’s personal quest

Meet with Hew for Therin’s personal quest

Get a Guide?

Get a canoe?

Cost to keep a dino at the Dinosaur Pens - 5sp per day.

Undril will stick with the PCs, but could be doing other stuff in town during certain events.

Day 1 - Session 3 - Learn of guides, visit Temple of Savras, investigate Viplo, save Draza from Executioner’s Run,

Session 4 - Save Inete,

Session 5 - Return to Zitembe, Meet with Guides, Meet with Rokah

Day 2 - Session 6 - Fort Beluarian]

Session 7 - Return to Zitembe for ritual results, Malar’s Throat attack

Day 3 Session 8 - Dinosaur Races, Wakanga Meeting

**Arrival:**

As you approach the city the first thing you see is a lighthouse perched on a rocky quay protruding into the ocean. About 500 feet across the water stretches a great iron chain between the lighthouse and a fort on the other side, acting as a barrier for the city’s harbor.

Ortimay pulls the ship up slowly and gives a series of strange hand gestures to the guards peering down at you all. Several nod and leave, and minutes go by before you see a gold dragon-humanoid approach, decked out in robes and wielding a staff. A pair of wings sprouts out from his back as he leaps off the wall and glides down onto the ship, landing in a dramatic superhero pose.

He straightens up and grimaces, his hand grabbing his back. “Ohh heh. Going to pay for that one in the morning.”

Ortimay grins. “It looked really good Zindar. Very imposing.”

Zindar: “Well yes that’s the idea isn’t it. Most ship captains think twice about what they’re about to say when I come aboard. Not you though, eh Swift and Dark?”

The two shake hands, and even Grig looks relaxed, looking more at you all then Zindar.

Zindar: “First things first. There’s the matter of the...eh...did you bring the….”

Ortimay smiles and snaps her fingers, and suddenly one of the crew is there with a small box. She grabs it and opens in front of him. His eyes light up as he plucks a pastry from the box, clutching it like a precious pearl before slowly eating it, savoring every bite.

Zindar: “Oh my yes. Just as I remember. How do they keep them so fresh for so long? Ah nothing like that anywhere here in Chult you know.”

He sighs wistfully

“ I presume you’ve brought plenty of goods for the Princes, if you want in?”

Ortimay: “Oh aye. Though, we got hit by Laskilar coming in….”

Zindar frowns. “Bloody pirates. It’s gotten much worse since they stopped fighting each other and joined forces. Now there’s always one prowling about. They don’t come into the bay with Aremag of course but they’re crippling our trade routes.”

He seems to notice you all for the first time. “Well know what have you brought us Ortimay?”

[PCs can introduce themselves]

If they ask about Soulmonger

Doesn’t know what that is.

If they ask about Wakanga:

One of our seven Merchant Princes, the rulers here in Port Nyanzaru. Each Prince has a monopoly on certain goods and services. Wakanga’s is all things arcane and magical. Getting an audience with a Prince isn’t easy. They hold court up at Goldenthrone but they don’t exactly hold to any kind of schedule on which one’s there any given day.

If they ask about any people or locations.

Ask around, I’m sure somebody’s heard something.

**Personal Quests Updates**

Mannix:

Xandala will ditch the PCs on the first long rest at the inn, but leave a note for Mannix, and maybe some coin.

“Mannix,

Chult is a large place, and we’ll cover more ground if we split up. If you find my father, contact me via this Sending Stone. My offer of payment still stands.”

If he asks around about Artus (DC 15 Insight), he can learn the following:

A man matching Artus’ description was seen in Port Nyanzaru several weeks ago. He was accompanied by a strange, short humanoid dinosaur. It didn’t speak but gave off several strong scents, like lemons and smoke.

If he asks about Xandala:

Khaless:

If she asks about Red Wizards (DC 15 Insight) she’ll hear several confirmed reports of Red Wizards arriving in Chult, and some even spotted in Port Nyanzaru, though they all went into the jungle and none have been seen for weeks. No one has seen a figure matching Zagmira’s description, however.

Inete will provide an update on the Red Wizards upon their return to the Temple of Savras the next day after rescuing her.

Gillian:

When you mention you’re looking for a ship like that everyone is certain that nothing matching that description has come anywhere close to Port Nyanzaru. However, several men and women who have served on ships and the dock note that many shipwrecks are found in the western and southwestern parts of Chult, thanks to the many tropical storms that surround it.

The Temple of Savras can attempt to locate Sibburath, or the Bitch Queen.

George:

George can find his mentor, Mudgraw at the Public Bathhouses (if he asks about an old tortle, folks will definitely direct him there.

The Bathhouse is a large, beautiful structure with ceramic tile baths and marble floors. Despite the apparent opulence, you notice patrons of all walks of life enjoying the grounds. A giant opened clam shell rests at the entrance along with a statue depicting the goddess Sune. The shell is filled with coins and jewels, offerings from patrons to enjoy the baths.

You see a wrinkled tortle in the corner of one of the larger baths. Other patrons are giving him a wide berth. The elderly is leering at the many scantily clad women nearby. When he sees you his smile drops a little bit as he slowly pulls himself up to amble over to you.

“Georgiano, you’re still alive! Good for you. If you made it this far you must be serious about your training. Chult is the perfect place to hone your skills. Tortles have been making pilgrimages into the mainland for years. They call us foolish, suicidal, senile!” He stares at you blankly for a few moments.

“But if you can survive Chult you can survive anything. And surviving is the first step toward become an Advanced Age Ninja Tortle! The other step is killing things.” He reaches into his shell and pulls out a scroll. The scroll is damp and smells like an unwashed sock. Inside is what looks like a list of grocery items with lots of doodles and notes written all over it. You soon realize that it’s a list of materials from monsters - the kinds you’ve heard as tales from your childhood.

“A warrior’s only as good as his tools, and the best tools come from the fiercest monsters.” As your eyes fixate on some of the images and notes, the words being to swirl in front of you. You being to see crafting recipes using certain monster parts, and the knowledge of how to forge them.

“Go into the jungle. Shed your youth like a snakeskin, embrace the wisdom and experience of ripping apart the most dangerous creatures of Chult. Use that scroll as your guide. Now if you don’t mind, they’re about to start the senior swim hour and I don’t want to disappoint the ladies.”

If George asks about the purple hankerchief:

“Ah you kept it. A true test of your commitment. We were truly a fearsome force, venturing into the depths of Chult, slaying all manner of monsters, helping those in need. I...can’t remember what happened in the end. We all went our separate ways I suppose. That seemed to bring him good luck, and I wanted you to have it.”

Therin:

See Guides

**Dinosaur Race**

Rules: Everyone starts with 0 initiative. The race plays out over 10 rounds that go around the city. Each round each racer must make an Animal Handling check, with the DC depending on their dinosaur. If successful they move the speed amount as listed for their dino, which becomes their initiative score. This score is constantly added to every round

Each round will also add some additional skill checks and challenges. At the end of the 10th stage the person with the highest speed total/initiative score wins.

Entry to the dinosaur races is 10gp and you must supply your own dinosaur and racing gear. Register with Ifan at Goldenthrone the morning of the race.

Dinosaurs can be purchased per ToA 26, and can include racing gear. A PC could persuade Ifan to rent a dinosaur to join in the races (CHA 10+). The check success depends on how much it’ll cost them.

**Goldenthrone**

A grand temple sticks out even among the posh mansions of the area, its golden-hued walls glinting off the sun. People have are lined up in several different lines leading inside. Inside you see a bearded man sitting in a gilded throne, hunched over with a cruel smile on his face. Nearby a woman jots down notes as people come through.

The man is Merchant Prince Ifan. People are meeting him for various reasons, paying off debts, purchasing and renting dinosaurs, trying to stud their dinosaurs, etc.

The line for registering for the race is short. Taban is currently leaving, with Faroul and Gondolo up next to register.

Rentable dinosaurs:

Mountain Thunder (old dimetrodon) 30gp

Big Honker (hadrosaurus) 20gp

Rent prices include registration. Dinosaur can only be used for that race.

1st place receives 50gp

2nd place receives 20gp

3rd place receives 10gp

NPC Racers

Kwilgok (tortle druid)- Deadly Treasure (Ankylosaurus) (AH +4) 180

Faroul/Gondolo (Scout) - Zongo (Triceratops) (AH +1) 100

Tiryk - Bonecruncher (young allosaurus) (AH +5) 250

Taban - Scarback (young T-Rex, close to retirement) (AH +3) 150

PC hadrosaurus - 160?

NOTE: For Wildshaped Druid, instead of jockey making AH checks, the druid would make Athletics checks! The DC depends on the dino.

**Dino Racer Stats**

Ankylosaurus/Dimetrodon DC: 10, speed 30

Hadrosaurus DC: 13, speed 40

Triceratops DC 15, speed 50

T-Rex (young) DC 16, speed 50

Allosaurus (young) DC 16, speed 60

Betting

Betting on dinosaur races is sanctioned and encouraged, provided it’s done for official channels (Ifan takes a small percentage of each winning bet, 10% with a minimum 1gp).

Minimum bet is 1gp, max is 100gp. Bets must be made in gold only.

Types of Bets:

To Win, to Place (1st or 2nd), and to Show (1st, 2nd, 3rd). Place payouts are divided by 2 from the Win, Show divided by 3.

Bonecruncher 1-4 Odds (10gp bet = 2.5gp profit = 12.5 gp payout - 1gp to Ifan)

Scarback 1-2 Odds (10gp bet = 5gp profit = 15gp payout - 1.5gp to Ifan)

Deadly Treasure 1-1 Odds (10gp bet = 10gp profit = 20gp payout - 2gp to Ifan)

Zongo 4-1 Odds (10gp bet = 40gp profit = 50gp payout - 5gp to Ifan)

Khaless princess consuela 2-1 odds

Pinecone 6-1 odds

**BETS**

Mannix bet on Pinecone to Win (40gp), 20gp on Princess Consuela to Place.

Therin bet 50 gp on Pinecone to Win.

Khaless 15gp on Pinecone to Place, 10gp on Princess Consuela to Show.

George bet 50 gp on Pinecone to Win.

PC Odds-

If PC racer looks normal, they’ll get 2-1 odds

If they try to make PC racer look bad, they can get 3-1 all the way to 5-1 odds.

PCs can purchase a booklet that details the upcoming racers for 1gp.

Tiryk is one of the twin sons of the Merchant Prince Ekene-Afa, she was a former champion in the arena and rose through the ranks by investing in different companies. Tiryk is a young, self-absorbed showboat, riding an allosaurus he calls Bonecruncher. He has a big fanbase with several wins under his belt. Definitely the favorite.

Kwilgok is the racing tortle sensation! Slow and steady is his style, on the back of his Ankylosaurus Deadly Treasure. Not the most exciting racer and the dinosaur is far from the fastest but they are both very skilled and competent.

Taban usually fights in the gladiatorial arena. When it comes to racing, he has more power than skill. He insists on using the biggest, scariest dinosaur of the bunch to go with his persona - a young Tyrannosaurus Rex named Scarback.

Faroul and Gondolo, two foppish dandies from the Sword Coast who fancy themselves jungle explorers. No one has been foolish enough to hire these foreigners as guides, and now they have nothing but a dim-witted triceratops to race themselves. Not sure which one’s racing and doesn’t really matter. Should be entertaining to watch, though.

Rules

1. Dinosaurs must remain under control, and carnivores must remain muzzled.
2. Jockies and dinosaurs must not attack other jockies and riders.
3. No outside interference during a race.
4. Minimum 6 racers for Place Bets, 5 for Show Bets.

**Race Time**

You line up in front of a long thick rope stretched across the street. Throngs of people have gathered along the sides behind rope barriers, drinking, laughing and cheering. The city is absolutely alive with celebration and merriment.

On the hill overlooking the starting line sit the upper class members of the city. A thick woman adorned in simple clothing but carrying numerous weapons and trophies stands up from a jeweled chair, and the crowd cheering intensifies, only dying down when she begins to speak with a booming, authoritative voice.

“I, Ekene-Afa, Grand Champion of the Arena and Merchant Prince of Port Nyanzaru, officially welcome you all to another glorious Race Day!”

She pauses to let the cheering die down.

“Racers, introduce yourselves so that we may know for whom we cheer for on this day.”

A good looking, athletic young man stands up in his saddle, his well-trained allosaurus remaining perfectly still. “I am Tiryk, son of Ekane-Afa, four time champion of the races, and I will make you all proud to cheer my name this day!” [CHA check]

The crowd’s cheering is deafening at this point, you can tell he’s a fan-favorite.

The tortle on the ankylosaurus doesn’t stand but he offers a respectful wave at the crowd. He seems at ease despite the chaos around him, and has a long piece of grass poking out of his mouth. “Name’s Kwilgok. I’m here to prove once again that not every tortle’s as slow as you think.”

That gets some laughter and a few cheers out of the crowd. [CHA check]

The next racer is one you recognize as Gondolo, the halfling guide from the tavern. He’s trying hard to stay balanced on a triceratops, despite the beast not moving all that much. He hiccups and slurs his words as he talks “My name is Gondo-hic-olo. And I’m not from around here I’ve never really done anyhic-thing like this but our racer backed out and Faroul said hic-I would have less wind resistance and well I needed a bit of li-hic-quid courage and tej tastes awful hic-good.” The beast shifts slightly and Gondolo nearly topples over. The crowd laughs and jeers. [CHA check]

Atop the most fearsome beast, a muzzled and fidgeting young tyrannosaurus is an older man with numerous scars on his bare chest. “Taban. Arena Fighter. Killer of Men. Tamer of Beasts. I will rule the track like I ruled the fighting pits.” A number of apparent arena fans hoot and holler. [CHA check].

PCs? CHA checks!

Stage 1 - Start line

As the racers line up, but before the race begins, you may each attempt a Charisma check, your choice of skill) to attempt to curry the crowd’s favor.

Top three highest rolls get +15, +10, and +5 speed respectively (added to Animal Handling speed tally).

NOTES: Tiryk gets advantage on his roll, the crowd loves him.

Rolls: CHA check, Animal Handling

Totals:

Tir: 5

Taban: 0

Kwil: 40

Khal: 40

Gondolo: 15

MT: 40

Stage 2 - Bridge to Sune

A large stone bridge reaches over the street, connecting the Merchant’s Ward hill to the Temple of Sune offshore. The bridge is filled to the brim with cheering onlookers, through several mischievous teens are are running back and forth dropping bottles and other random objects as you duck under the bridge.

If you succeed at Animal Handling, choose Acrobatics, Athletics, Perception, or an additional Animal Handling check (DC 10) to avoid the falling debris. Failure = half speed.

Rolls: Animal Handling, Acrobatic/Perception/Animal Handling

Totals:

Tir: 5

Taban: 50

Kwil: 40

Khal: 80

Gondolo: 15

MT: 40

Stage 3 - Jewel Market

The track leads by the Jewel Market. Normally this area is heavily guarded by private security, but everyone is currently watching the race. If you succeed at the Animal Handling check, you may choose to move half your speed and attempt a Sleight of Hand check to lean in and grab some display jewels as you race by without anyone noticing.

<9 = nothing

10-14 = Roll 1d6 (10gp gems)

15+ = Roll 2d6 (10gp gems)

Gems (DMG 134)

Rolls: Animal Handling, Sleight of Hand

Totals:

K: 5

G: 50

Taban: 70

Tir: 80

Kh:65

MT: 40

Stage 4 - Under Construction

Ahead you see a large building under construction, or maybe extreme renovation with stone and tools lying scattered around the path. (If you succeed at your Animal Handling check), make a DEX saving throw to hang on as your dinosaur charges through the pile of stones and debris (DC 10), failure = only half speed.

Rolls: Animal Handling, DEX Save

Totals:

Tiryk: 5

Taban: 100

Kwil: 70

KH: 80

Gondolo: 65

M/T: 80

Stage 5 - Grand Souk

The track leads straight into the covered tents of the Grand Souk. The area has been emptied in preparation of the race but the dozens of merchant stands and wagons form a maze. For this stage you’ll need to make a Perception or Investigation check instead of Animal Handling (DC 10). All dinos move at half speed if succesful

Rolls: Perception/Investigation

Totals:

Tiryk: 5

Taban: 125

Kwil: 85

KH: 100

Gondolo: 90

M/T: 100

Stage 6 - Inn Row

Cheering crowds line the streets outside of the Inns. A group of Chultans wearing various dinosaur racing merchandise and brands are holding out steins of Tej, the local beer, encouraging racers to grab and drink as they pass by.

Whether or not they succeed on Animal Handling, each racer can choose to grab a drink and swig it while racing. DC 10 Constitution check. Success = Gain the effects of the Guidance spell (add a d4 to any ability check for the duration of the race). Failure = spill it all over yourself!

Rolls: Animal Handling, CON check

Totals:

Tiryk: 5

Taban: 125

Kwil: 115

KH: 140

Gondolo: 140

M/T: 140

Stage 7 - Red Bazaar

A swarm of insects has taken advantage of the fresh meat on the carts and food stands, but as soon as the racers approach they form a cloud of biting and stinging.

The swarm attacks everyone who passes through (+3 to hit). If they hit, the rider has disadvantage on their Animal Handling check through this stage.

Rolls: AC (DM rolls attacks), Animal Handling

Totals:

Tiryk: 5

Taban: 125

Kwil: 115

KH: 180

Gondolo: 140

M/T: 180

Stage 8 - Dye Works

A small crowd of brightly painted people are dancing in the middle of the racing track, seemingly oblivious to everything around them. They appear to be high as hell (Dancing Monkey Fruit).

Instead of Animal Handling, make an Athletics, Acrobatics, or Intimidation check (DC 15) as you attempt to shove past them, narrowly avoid them, or yell at them get out of the way.

Everyone moves at half speed if successful.

Rolls: Athletics/Acrobatics/Intimidation

Totals:

Tiryk: 35

Taban: 125

Kwil: 115

KH: 200

Gondolo: 140

M/T: 200

Stage 9 - Fish Market

The aroma of the fish market hits you well before you see it, and you can see it definitely has a distracting effect on the dinosaurs. For this round, the DC for your Animal Handling checks increases by 5.

Rolls: Animal Handling

Totals:

Tiryk: 35

Taban: 125

Kwil: 145

KH: 200

Gondolo: 140

M/T: 240

Stage 10 - Stairs to Coliseum

A natural blockade of wagons, signs, and people block the street to the west and to the warehouse district north. The Signs point toward the steps to the south, leading to the coliseum. After Animal Handling check, make an Acrobatics/Atheltics check (DC 13) to steer your dinosaur around the tight corners of the steps. Failure = half speed.

Rolls: Animal Handling, Acrobatics

Totals:

Tiryk: 95

Taban: 175

Kwil: 145

KH: 240

Gondolo: 140

M/T: 280

Aftermath

**Malar’s Throat**

**Temple of Tymora (24)**

A horde of undead attack the outskirts of the city, and a number of people flee to the Temple. The PCs, along with a number of guards, should help repel the attack. (ToA 193)

2d6 zombieds, 2d6 skeletons, led by a ghoul.

**Quest:** Undead Invasion - Defend the area from the sudden undead incursion.

You all hear an odd chiming sound throughout the city that gradually grows in intensity until it’s uncomfortably loud. The reaction around you is immediate as locals begun shouting and running. It takes you a few seconds to realize it’s a city-wide warning system.

“The dead, the come from the jungle!

**Session 6 - Travel to Fort Beluarian**

Captain Ortimay is willing to shuttle the PCs near Fort Beluarian. By hugging the coast they can avoid meeting with Aremag again. However her crew needs to be paid for their services.

Since she knows the PCs, she’s will to provide a discount. The trip is 75 miles and will take about half a day. It’s going to cost 5 gp per person one way, or 10gp round trip.

Without any extra pay she’s willing to wait 24 hours.

PCs can haggle her down with a successful contested check 4 gp per person and 8 gp round trip.

Rokah is there in the lobby, wearing the same gear he had on last night, though he also looks well rested. The bar area is otherwise emptied out of all the patrons that were there last night. He says that after you talked that night he scoped out the docks. He confirmed the ship you described was there, and that he’s pulled some strings in order to get you all across the bay and back free of charge, if you’re willing to ship out this morning. He says if all goes according to plan, you should be back in town for supper.

Undril pulls you all aside and says: “This is not part of our mission! Remember the death curse, the Soulmonger, Aercerak! We need to get to Camp Righteous as soon as we can. Every day the curse grows stronger!”

Undril is not in charge of the PCs. She will let them go, but not wish to accompany them. If the PCs placate her, she will remain in town and secure some resources.

**Guides**

The innkeeper waves you over and says she was able to contact most of the guides in the book and they’re either here in the tavern area or should arrive soon. She mentions that two of them were not available, having taken previous jobs to the jungle in the last week or so and hadn’t yet returned.

You survey the crowd.

Your eyes are quickly drawn to a small table where two figures sit, a man and a woman their arms locked in an arm wrestling match as a few folks nearby cheer and exchange money. [Azaka]

At the bar you see a lithe, young human male combing his mop of brown hair while staring into his reflection on an empty mug. A young male halfling with shock white hair is talking with him in excitedly hushed tones while clutching a rolled up parchment. [F&G]

You spot a man in a darker rear section of the tavern, an untouched full mug of beer in front of him. He nods to you all almost imperceptibly. You recognize him as one of the rogues at the Temple of Savras, the one who hung back and wrote you the note Mannix. [Rokah] Seated near him are a pair of tabaxi whom you recognize from the inserted part of the guide brochure.

Before you can approach anyone, someone approaches you. Before any of you can react a dwarf strides up to you Therin and punches you right in the gut. [Hew]

Hew

You see not hatred in his eyes but instead just waves of emotion. To the rest of you, you see a fairly haggard dwarf who looks like he’s never seen a comb or a shower in his life. He’s also missing his entire left arm up to the shoulder. He barely glances at any of you, keeping his eyes on Therin. Therin to you Hew looks much more disheveled than you remember, and older as if he’s aged 10 years since you’ve seen him last. And obviously the missing arm is news to you.

“Therin! You came! You finally came! Better late than eh you Bristlebeard bastard. Bless me beard, ye brought a whole crew wit’ ye. I knew you were a good man. Now, let’s get down to business.”

“The good news is, the mine is real, oh very real. Full o’ iron ore, but more than that, Therin. That’s the bad news, it’s also the lair of a bloody red dragon. A young one, by the size of her, but still. Tinder, the kobolds called her. She killed most o’ me crew and,” he gestures to his missing arm.

“Those of us who survived fled down one o’ the mine cart tunnels. We traveled for days in total darkness, fighting off crawly nasty things, only to find an ancient dwarven smelter and forge. Still in workin’ order! I made me claim but had to escape. The heat must’ve attracted some firenewts, place was crawling with them.

When I made it outside I found the bloody dragon torched our ship, so I had to make the trek up the whole bloody jungle. But after facing a dragon it takes more than a few insect bites and raptor claws to take down Hew Hackinstone! Therin, with you by me side, I know we can clear out the mine and the forge, claim ‘em for ourselves, and become the richest dwarves of Chult! “

He has a wild, passionate look in his eyes as he looks at you expectantly.

If they ask about Musharib or ablino dwarves or being a guide.

“When I made it to the city I didna have a coin to me name and everyone was afraid of me. But, I had survived the jungle, and there’s coin to be made in being a guide. So, aye, I lent me services. I didna tell no one about the mine though, I didna trust ‘em. Beside, it would’ve been far too big a journey for most of these pampered folk from the Sword Coast. Eh no offense to some of your companions there.

“That, uh, reminds me. Ye do you have ship don’t ye?”

“The mine is near the southern tip o’ Chult. You can get there by land by I don’t bloody recommend it. With a ship we can sail around the west coast and practically land on her shores.”

Ask about the idol:

Hew laughs. “Ha, I found that thing down a cave when we were wee lads and fancied ourselves big adventurers. Gave it you cause it gave me the bloody creeps. Didna know you were that sweet on me to keep it all this while. “

Azaka Stormfang

One of them is a tall, athletic woman with wild hair and a fierce gaze. The other is a hulking brute of a man, who’s sweating profusely. She looks like she’s barely struggling at all. After a few tense moments he cries out and his palm crashes to one side. The crowd cheers, someone hands the woman a shot and she downs it as the man walks away massaging his hand.

“You are the ones looking for a jungle guide, yes?”

She sizes you up like a cat looking at a mouse.

“You all look a bit more capable than the last group I sheparded, had to drag them crying back to the city myself. The jungle will chew you up and spit you back out if you’re not prepared.”

“What is your purpose in the jungle? Are you searching for anything in particular?”

Recognition crosses her face when you mention Orologuna.

“Ah, the old Yuan-ti city. Only an old temple remains, which still houses a wise oracle. I have traveled near their before, though never made it inside. It is several days journey west of the great plateau Mbala”

[how come you never went inside?]

She huffs.

“The group suggested I wait outside, as they wanted to seek the oracle’s guidance alone. I warned them of the danger but they scoffed. I heard the screams not long after. No one came back out.”

She smiles

“This is why we like getting payment upfront.”

If they ask if all of her groups returned alive.

She sneers. “I’m a guide, not a babysitter. If a group doesn’t heed my advice, things go wrong. If the group is smart, we return alive.”

If they ask about her personal quest.

She looks you all up and down again and her eyes light up a bit.

“During an expedition on the River Tiryki we were attacked by Pterafolk. We fought them off but one of them stole something precious of mine. I know where their roost is but my group was weak and demanded to return to the city. I’m willing to waive my fee if you’ll help me get it back.”

Faroul and Gondolo

At the bar you see a lithe, young human male combing his mop of brown hair while staring into his reflection on an empty mug. A young male halfling with shock white hair is talking with him in excitedly hushed tones while clutching a rolled up parchment.

F: “Hello! The name’s Faroul Gardenson of Calimport, this is my friend and business partner Gondolo.”

The halfling nods at you and smiles. Both men seem to exhibit the giddy nervousness of a job interview.

F: “We’ve tested the waters of many capitalist ventures here in Port Nyanzaru, a most splendid city.”

G: “Did you know the Chultans once spread out across the entire peninsula, but they’ve been pushed back all the way to Port Nyanzaru?”

F: “Gondolo here’s a big history buff, knows all kinds of, you know, book stuff and what not. Me I’m a people person, and you seem like the right kind of people!”

F: “Jungle guide is our latest venture. We’re still brainstorming an official logo and motto.”

F: “We’re offering a special promotional deal: no money upfront and no cost at all if we can simply split any treasures found. And we’ve got a lead on some treasure.”

He gestures to Gondolo. The halfling nervously unrolls a parchment and shows it to you. It looks like a classic treasure map with landmarks, sketchings, and a big X, with some text that reads “Needle’s Bones.’ before you can examine it closely he quickly rolls it back up and grins.

G: Chult was once the home to a great green dragon named Ormalagos, but everyone called her Needle. The legend says that she was actually killed by a local goblin tribe when they trapped her lair while she was out. The goblins were killed in the process and her treasure remains buried there. We bought this map off a sickly explorer who needed the money to leave Chult. If you hire us we can take you there!”

F: “Did I mention we have a triceratops? Could come in handy in the jungle! Carrying all the loot and what not. Zongo’s not the fastest off the block but we do enjoy the races don’t we, Gondy?

G: “Ah jeez, that’s comin’ up isn’t?”

F: “It is, but if these fine folks have the coin and need to leave tomorrow, I’m sure we could make arrangements.”

Musharib

The door to the tavern opens an a pale dwarf steps through, muttering to himself. A few eyebrows raise around the room, and folks seem to give him a wide berth. He keeps his eyes on the floor, as he shuffles toward you all. He’s dressed in a leather poncho adorned with seemingly random bits of plants and bones.

Hew whispers to you all, “Bloody albino dwarves. No wonder the chultans don’t respect us with these lot as the locals. This one claims the forge as his ‘ancestral homeland.’ But his loss is our gain!’

When he reaches you all his eyes remain affixed to the floor but he says, “My name is Musharib. I can guide you anywhere in Chult for a fee of 5 gold per day.” He hesitates for a second. “I-if adventure is what you seek, join my quest to reclaim Hrakhamar, my clan’s ancestral forge. I will waive my fee with the promise of your assistance.”

What happened?

“A string of volcanic eruptions forced us to evacuate. We were driven into the jungle. When it was deemed safe to return several years later, it had been taken over by firenewts, attracted by the heat. My people live in squalor in the jungle. I alone was sent to get aid from the city, but you are the first to hear my plea.

Ask about Hew

“We lived in peace with our dwarven brothers of the mine for centuries, until the volcanic bursts, and the coming of the dragon. We make no claim to the mine, we have no desire to fight a dragon. But we want our home back.”

Hew - Stay in City until they bring back the boat

Musharib - They do want to help him, maybe hit him up with Hew?

Rokah - Help him go to Fort Beluarian

River Mist, Flask of Wine - Don’t trust them.

Azaka - They like her, willing to do her quest.

**Thundering Lizard**

Innkeeper - K’lahu (F Chultan human tug)

You step into the Inn and it seems a bit busier than normal. The innkeeper waves you over and tells you that she was able to contact some but not all of the guides you requested, and notes that you should be able to find them hanging around here.

Meetin with Rokah:

You spot a man in a dark corner of the inn, an untouched full mug of beer in front of him. He nods to you all almost imperceptibly.

You recognize him as one of the rogues at the Temple of Savras, the one who hung back and wrote you the note Mannix.

The man is young, dark, and ruggedly handsome, dressed in studded leather armor, and doesn’t try to hide the weapons on his belt. He nods again and gestures at some open chairs nearby.

“My name is Rokah. I’m a man who gets things done around here, and you all look like you can handle yourselves quite well.

“Artus Cimber is a fool’s errand. He may be in Chult but that’s still lot of land to cover, and we’re not the only ones looking for him. I keep telling my colleagues he can’t be found through magic or divine guidance, but they’re stubborn.

“But I’ve got another task that my boss wants taken care of.”

He leans in close.

“We have reason to believe that the pirates of Chult have formed a little alliance, first with themselves, and then with the Flaming Fist, that merc group based out of Fort Beluarian. Any ships coming to and from the fort are left untouched by the pirates, and that ain’t a damn coincidence.

If they are indeed in league with one another well, that puts my organization at a distinct disadvantage. That’s where we come in. My job offer is this: help get me into Fort Beluarian, maybe provide a distraction or something so I can slip into the commander’s quarters and sniff out any evidence of an alliance. We need to be careful not to stir up any real trouble, can’t have a full fortress of trigger happy mercs that pay lip service to the Lord’s Alliance breathing down our necks.

Now despite what I heard what went down in Old City earlier today, I don’t think you all extend your necks for the goodness of your hearts, and I respect that. If we can complete this mission successfully, I can offer 50 gp. I can also pull in a debt from these two,”

He finally acknowledges the pair of tabaxi, who have otherwise been studying you with all interest.

“They help work for our organization, but they’re far more useful in the jungle than the city. As part of the payment for your help we offer you their services for free, as I assume by the looks of you all you’ll be heading into the jungle at some point.”

If they try to figure out who his organization is and boss is:

“My organization has gone through a bit of a shakeup recently. Change in management if you will. Things are getting better but my boss has her eyes on the city. Good source of jewels, exotic dyes, even more exotic creatures. Hell most of the so-called Merchant Princes hire us for their security already. We’re exploring our options, and we need to gain some leverage over the Flaming Fist.”

Who’s your boss?

“A tiefling woman. Made a name for herself during the war of the giants. She’s definitely someone you want on your side.

Ask about the Tabaxi:

Rokah leans in close. “The nice thing about Tabaxi, is to them, money only goes so far. What they’re really after is knowledge, experience. They’re driven by an insatiable wanderlust. You keep showing ‘em new things and new places, and they’re yours for life.”

Both tabaxi are studying you all intently. The shorter one wears an eye patch and is constantly shifting and fidgeting, while the taller one grins at you all with a friendly smile.

The shorter one says, “A thousand welcomes to you all. I am River Mist and this shambling hairball is my brother Flask of Wine.” The other cat gives you a big toothy grin.

The one-eyed cat continues: “We much prefer the jungle to the city, and will be” she glances at Rokah, “happy to guide you wherever you want to go, and keep us out of danger!”

**Shopping**

Between all the shops and stalls in Port Nyanzaru you can find anything in the PHB save heavy armor. You even notice some minor magically enchanted equipment, such as +1 ammunition, + 1 wooden shields, and a unique spear-type weapon with obsidian tips called an yklwa. There are also stalls with potions and scrolls but these are a bit more expensive than you’re used to seeing in Baldur’s Gate.

Beasts are also for sale, though the pens are kept outside the city walls, there are several sellers among the tents with flyers and loud voices. Giant lizards and hadrosaurs can be purchased for 100gp each, and you see rows of what look like winged monkeys for the same price. Bigger dinosaurs are also for sale for bigger prices.

There are a few special items you note. Insect Repellent is recommended for anyone journeying into the jungle. It’s sold as both an incense to burn by a campfire, and as a savle to apply directly to the skin. It’s said to ward off the many giant insects and their poisons.

ToA 32.

A rain-catcher is the lifeblood of the jungle traveler. Fresh water is paramount, and drinking from the rivers are a big no-no. But it constantly rains in Chult, so these tarps are stretched out at night during camp to collect rainwater.

Canoes can be purchased to navigate Chult’s many rivers. A canoe can hold up to six medium creatures and cost 50gp each.

Finally you note a unique alcoholic drink native to Port Nyanzaru called Tej that’s sold all over the city. It’s made from fermented honey and is the most common drink in the city. Drinking Tej grants the effects of the Guidance spell (add a d4 to an ability check, lasts 1 minute), but only up to once per day. 1 Gallon cask costs 1gp, and includes 4 uses.

**Session 3 Intro**

In the lobby area of the Thundering Lizard you see a notice board with a few notable pieces of information.

First is an advertisement for hiring a guide. The ad uses some colorful language along the lines of ‘avoid becoming dinosaur food and hire an official jungle guide out of Port Nyanzaru! Merchant Prince Jobal’s guides are guaranteed to get you where you need to go with only minimal danger and minimal cost. Hire only the best, hire Jobal’s!’

At the bottom is a note to contact the innkeeper, K’lahu to set up a meeting. A booklet is available with each page devoted to a guide. The pages are as follows.

Azaka Stormfang

Eku

Faroul & Gondolo

Hew Hackinstone

Musharib

Salida

If the PCs ask the Innkeeper she can offer the handouts and says she’ll make the arrangements for a meeting with whomever the PCs want to meet with. She tells the PCs to return later.

Another flyer advertises the city’s next upcoming dinosaur race, which takes place in two days. The streets are cleared out as the race runs throughout the entire city, becoming a city wide spectacle and celebration. The ad encourages any would-be racers to register with Merchant Prince Ifan, who will be at Goldenthrone the morning of the race.

A hand-written note is attached to the bottom of the ad, which states “The Thundering Lizard is pleased to take your bets for the race. - Management.

There are several notes and flyers describing the various temples around the city, including the beautiful Temple of Sune with its seemingly floating roof, and the Temple of Savras, which is proudly described as one of the oldest, grandest buildings in the city.

The note for Savras reads. “Inquiring about affairs of business or affairs of the heart? Looking for missing persons or heirlooms? Savras the All-Seeing can assist you. Walk-ins welcome, donations encouraged.”

[show pic of Port Nyanzaru]

**Session 5 - Temple of Savras**

Upon returning to the temple, Zitembe is happy to see her. Inete explains everything and he grows very concerned that someone would stoop so low, and makes a note that the poorer areas are more harshly affected by this death curse. He implores if the PCs know anything about this (hopefully they mention the Soulmonger) and he gets to work on the ritual.

As a reward for saving her, he also offers the PCs 100gp from their temple reserves if they promise to do something about the death curse, to help supply them.

As soon as you walk through the doors Inete rushes forward and embraces the head priest, Zitembe. The man is all warmth, but his happiness drops when she tells him about what had transpired, and the near death experience that you all saved her from.

Z: I don’t know what to say. Thank you, of course for saving one of our own and for...stopping a fallen patron. We failed this man. Clearly this death curse is a serious matter.”

He gives the players 100 gold pieces from the temple’s reserves as a reward.

Of course you will have the full support of the temple behind you. There is a sacred ritual I can perform to seek Savras’ wisdom and guidance. If there’s anything you would have me ask about, please let me know.”

**Session 7 - Return to the City**

Rokah is okay with letting the PCs have the full 220gp from Liara’s strongbox. He’s only interested in the sending stone and the notebook.

I want to thank you all on behalf of the Zhentarim. I’ll be honest I thought this whole operation was up shit creek when we got turned away at the door, but you all found a way inside, and better yet, got what we needed with a minimum of bloodshed. We respect efficient, clean work like that. And I’m fine with you all taking that little nest egg from the commander’s stash. Probably ill-gotten anyway.

Rokah will be cool so long as the PCs hand over the stone and notebook by the time they return to town.

If they’re cool:

As you all arrive at the docks, Rokah nods to all respectfully. He takes a few steps onto land and gives a series of hand gestures before continuing on.

Mannix and Khaless you recognize these as the Thieve’s Cant signals for “Stand Down” and “all is well.” You think from a distance you hear the sounds of several crossbows unloading.

If they’re not cool:

I think you made a poor decision here today. You don’t need me to threaten you and I’m not about to try and fight all of you, hell your friend there is some kind of shapeshifting freak. But you’ve made things much more difficult. My associates will be wanting that stone from you, one way or another.

**Ritual Results**

By now the way to the Temple of Savras is quite familiar. It’s getting to be later in the evening now but the temple remains open. You find Grandfather Zitembe in a back room and he’s staring up at the ceiling, his eyes open but glassy. He seems to jolt awake when you get near. You note that he’s covered in sweat.

Z: “Ah, there you are. I-I’m sorry. The ritual can take a toll and I asked much of Savras this time. Some of what he shown me was….unsettling.

Artus Cimber - “I’m sorry. This has never happened before but this Artus person is completely invisible to Savras. I could sense my lord’s...confusion. It was unsettling. Savras is certain that this is a real person, that existed at one time, but currently, he sees nothing of him.”

Zagmira - “Powerful magic surrounds this one, as does a legion of red-robed mages, mercenaries, and slaves. I felt the smoke from a great campfire in the heart of the jungle. She hides her face beneath a cowl, but I could feel her rage burning brighter than the nearby fire.”

Siburrath/Bitch Queen - “I saw images of a violent storm tossing a massive ship at sea, jagged rocks, stragglers on a shore. Then, a temple looming over a beach. I was bombarded with feelings of sorrow, regret, fear, and longing, and the wrath of a goddess, all emanating far to the Southwest.

Pirates - “For the pirate captains it was as I expected. Waves crashing, people singing, the sound of seagulls, the sight of sunsets. But, something else as well. A hidden cove by the sea. A ship prowling outside like a mother protecting her nest. Half a ship, overturned on land, filled with drinks and laughter.”

Soulmonger/Aercerak - [ToA 21] “I saw a city far to the south, enclosed by cliffs and crawling with snakes. Savras pointed me to a black obelisk draped in vines. But then...a figure approached from the corner of my vision. A skeletal hand reached out. I felt pain course through my soul. When I awoke I realized I had been screaming aloud in the temple. I-I’m sorry, I’ve never felt such evil before.” He looks visibly shaken.

Zitembe - Artus Cimber, Zagmira, Sibburath (and Bitch Queen), Pirates, Soulmonger/Acerak,

Inete offers to join the party after they return with the ritual.

Inete runs up to you all as you’re talking with Zitembe. She looks healthier but still a bit haggard, as if she didn’t get much sleep. She turns to Zitembe. “Grandfather, Savras spoke to me last night! He sent me visions. Figures draped in blood red robes, pouring out of a great floating rock in the heart of the jungle. I’m not sure how I knew this, but they were heading south.”

She claims she was given a vision by Savras of a great floating rock somewhere near the Aldani Basin, overlooking a force of red robed wizards marching south into the jungle

Zitembe quickly recognizes the Heart of Ubtao, a magical floating rock near the Aldani Basin, that resembles a heart. Inete insists on traveling with the PCs to help them destroy the death curse.

Z: “That floating rock, that’s the Heart of Ubtao. Said to be the petrified heart of the god of Chult. A most sacred place. It’s located somewhere in or around the Aldani Basin, in the middle of the jungle.”

I: “My lord’s voice was clear. These five have been marked as figures of importance. In the vision they shone brightly. I’m to accompany them on their journey.”

Z: “Now wait a minute! You only just returned to use from a harrowing ordeal. And with this death curse upon us we’ll need every helping hand we can spare.”

I: “It is Savras’ will grandfather.” She turns to you all with a fierce determination in her eyes. “We will journey through the jungle together, investigate these red-robed figures, and rid the world of this death curse.”

**Missing in Old City**

Zitembe isn’t sure where Viplo lives, but his store is located in the Grand Souk. Can ask around (DC 15 Insight check) to have someone point out Viplo’s Curios.

The store is closed and Viplo isn’t there, which nearby merchants think is odd. They note that he’d been behaving more erratically and oddly in the last few days, spending less time at this shop and being rude and brisk with customers.

All his items are various magical reagents and a few random trinkets, none of it magical. Everything has been locked up. The store hasn’t been open in two days and nearby merchants casually mention that a few things have gone missing.

Can roll DC 15 Investigation to find a note with some delivery information that lists an address as the “by the southern ziggurat” in Old City, or DC 15 CHA check to get a merchant to remember the same info.

You all pass through the heavily gated entrance in the southwestern end of the city. Directly outside the gates you are flanked by a pair of large pyramid-shaped buildings. These ziggurats look ancient and in various states of disrepair, yet makeshift buildings and tents are strewn up all around them. Just beyond them a smaller ziggurat in equally poor shape looms over a long stone pit set in the middle of the street.

The pit is about 15 feet feet deep but it’s over 100 feet long. It’s carefully cordoned off with ropes as well as a large crowd of people, and you realize there’s a surge of more people making their way over to this area. You see a Chultan native on a makeshift throne on the ziggurat making dramatic proclamations as the crowd jeers and cheers.

A man with a neatly trimmed beard runs up to you all, tears streaking his face. He catches his breath a few times before speaking. “P-please, you must help me. My name is Belym. My husband, Draza, has just been sentenced to Executioner’s Run! They caught him for stealing but he has done no such thing! Now he’s being thrown in with a pair of raptors and I fear for his life please you must help him, I beg you!”

If they ask for money, Belym will nod (too desperate to be offended) and pull out his purse. He will shakily count out his cash, which comes to 25sp. It’s all he has.

If they ask what happened, Belym isn’t sure. Only that Draza went out for lunch and never returned. He was asking around when an onlooker said he’d been caught by some guards for stealing some fruit. He knows Draza would never do that, but has been unable to get any help.

The PCs arrive at the run right when Draza gets shoved into the pit.

If they ask the rules or attempt to do anything, a nearby guard will rebuke them. “No one is allowed to help the accused. If they make it to the other side, they’ll win their freedom.”

[switch to hut map when they approach]

**Session 4**

You circle around until you reach the eastern side, where you see a suspicious pair of huts very close the walls of the ziggurat, matching the description that the man you rescued from the raptor pit gave you.

As you approach the door to the smaller hut suddenly shatters outward, and several zombies come charging at you with a hungry look in their eyes! Some of them have bits of rope dangling from their legs and arms, as if they were once captive.

[battle map]

Inside the smaller hut you find what looks like animal remains that have been feasted on, now little more than bones. The hut is an absolute disgusting mess, and it looks like the creatures have been kept in here for several days.

The door to the larger hut is locked (DC 12 perception to notice the needle trap). DC 12 Dex check to disarm the trap, DC 12 to open the pick the lock.

Poison needle trap: If sprung the needle shoots out and deals 1d4 piercing. Make a CON DC 11 saving throw or also suffer 1d10 poison damage and become POISONED for 1 hour. (Disadvantage on attacks and ability rolls)

Inside the hut you find a single dark room with a desk and shelves of books. Candles that one illuminated the room have dripped all the way down and burnt out. Several books are scattered around the room, many open to pages about death and the undead, and divine curses.

Find a journal on the desk.

The journal has three entries, the oldest dated about a week ago.

The first entry reads. “His condition has worsened. At first I thought it merely an illness but it’s like he’s wasting away, as if the gods are suddenly taking back the resurrection I paid for at the temple. Hopefully they have some answers.

The second entry, dated several days ago reads: “To see him like this is more than I can bear. I fear death will claim him again, and I no longer have the money to raise him. The temple held no answers. I heard someone call it a ‘death curse.’. I would do anything to help him.

The last entry, dated two days ago reads: “My son, my beautiful boy. He has...changed. I refuse to give up on him. What kind of father would I be? I must continue my search for a cure, anything. But, my son must feed, and a father must take care of his son.

“I’ve found a hidden entrance into an unused part of the ziggurat nearby. I think it was an old sacrificial chamber! Just have to trace the maze with a finger, as Ubato always demands. I’ll keep them in there for now.”

The desk drawer is locked. DC 13 Dex check to open. Inside is an ivory scroll case (10gp) containing a scroll of healing word and Scroll of Sleep.

Knowing what to look for it takes only a few minutes of analyzing the side of the ziggurat behind the hut to find a small maze embedded in the stone. It’s just big enough to fit a finger inside. (DC 12 Investigation) to navigate the maze.

Tracing the maze results in the wall groaning and shifting as it’s pushed to the side. A dark set of stairs leads downward, just big enough to approach single file.

The first door is unlocked, no traps nothin!

In the room a message is written in an ancient script. But off to the side, in a hasty scrawl, appears to be a translation written in Common. It reads:

OBTAIN UBTAO’S FAVOR TO WALK THE BLADED PATH. The door is unlocked.

In the next room, a simple maze similar to the one outside is embedded on the wall near the door. Can see large dark slits along the ceiling if the PCs look up (Passive Perception?). DC 12 Investigation to solve the maze. Failure triggers several giant blades on pendulums to release and swing down through the room. DC 15 DEX saving throw or suffer 1d10 piercing damage on everyone in the room!

Solving the maze or triggering the trap opens the door to the next room. As the door swings open, the previous door swings shut.

Repeat for the next two rooms, however with each successive room the puzzle gets more challenging (Room 2 - DC 15, Room 3, DC 20). The saving throw and damage on the trap remains the same.

Once the next door has opened, the door behind closes and the trap resets (for PCs trying to stay behind and not get hit by the next trap!)

After the third trap, and a PC has stepped through:

You see light coming from a far corner of this large chamber. A set of crumbling stairs leads down into a central room where three humanoid figures are bound and squirming. A halfling dressed in robes stands by the torchlight next to a pedastal with a lever. At your arrival he stops his speaking, and you realize he was apologizing to the ones below.

“S-stay back, I have to do this!” he shouts, and he throws open the lever. Iron gates on either side of the lower floor swing open, and you hear the growls and groans as several zombies come shambling out, headed toward the bound figures who begin to yell and shout.

Note that walking on the crumbling stairs must roll DEX saving throw (DC 14) or slip down the path, taking 1d6 bludgeoning damage and falling prone.

Viplo has three-quarters cover behind the altar (+5 bonus to AC and DEX saving throws).

Treasure: Viplo carries a pouch containing 20 gp and a vial of alchemist's fire.

Upon rescuing Inete:

The young woman calmly thanks you and introduces herself as Inete, an acolyte at the Temple of Savras. She explains that she felt bad about Viplo’s son, whom had been trampled when a triceratops ran amok near the pens last year. His father Viplo had spent everything to afford to raise him.

Everything was fine until last week when those who had been raised had started degenerating. Since the son was so young she thinks it happened even quicker, and it took a mental toll on the father. He came to the temple asking for answers, but Savras was silent. She felt horrible, and when he returned begging for help, she offered to come with him.

She didn’t realize that the son had already died and he was rounding up people as food! He’d also apparently captured some zombies either from the jungle, or perhaps more poor folks who fell to the curse, to study the curse effects.

**Malar’s Throat (Return to Port Nyanzaru)**

You all exit the Temple of Savras an immediately you sense something wrong. You hear odd bell-ringing echoing throughout the city, and you realize they are alarm bells. From up on the hill you can see a crowd of people rushing through the gates of the southern end of the city and you hear shouts and screams.

What do the alarms mean?

“Danger! Attackers, invaders, something attacking the city!”

Get to the gates

You push pass throngs of worried, panicked people as you reach the gates. At this point you’ve heard people whisper, scream, and shout about the dead pouring in from the jungle. 00T

+he iron gates are closed with several apprehensive guards looking troubled. Dozens of people are on the other side begging to be let in. The crowd inside seems torn between asking for their loved ones to be let inside, while others warn not to open the gates lest the dead reach them.

What’s going on?

“A group of undead swarmed up through the jungle, right into Malar’s Throat. Our job is to protect the city at all costs.”

The area known as Malar’s Throat looks like a similar slum district as Old City. A deep ravine cuts through the middle of it, with tents and shacks clinging to the cliff edges as high up as you can see. The middle of the ravine is dominated by a large temple, and it’s here you notice a crowd of people rushing toward it, shrieking for help as several zombies and skeletons cut through them.

Roll Initiative!

The people will closest to the PCs may run towards them, but most will run to the temple. Undril is already in there applying healing magic. She will not be present in battle unless the PCs specifically enter the temple.

Some of the folks that are killed could rise up as zombies!

Aftermath

A few folks cheer at you all, though most are whimpering and reeling from the attack, crying out for help and healing magic.

**Meeting with Wakanga**

You make your way to the posh, upperclass district of Port Nyanzaru, located on one of the hills. Wakanga’s villa is one amongst many, and like the others the security level is heavy, with several armed guards patrolling the grounds.

One of the guards turns to step into the mansion. After a few minutes she comes out and says you are all welcome inside. She says you can keep all your weapons on you but they must remain stowed and sheathed at all times.

As you step inside the mansion you are greeted with beautiful art pieces, exquisite furniture, and soft music. As you walk along the main hallway the colors around you shift and pulse in time with the beat. A small contingent of heavily armed guards escort you, creating a square perimeter as you walk, and you note that the hallway bears dozens of swords mounted along the hallways, with several rattling and vibrating as you pass by them.

You reach a lavish room filled with pillows and a majestic fountain in the middle with clear sparkling water that dances to the music. Seated on a large pillow dressed in flowing blue and gold robes is a young Chultan man with a curly beard decorated with gold chains and loops. He smiles warmly at you all and gestures for you to join him.

“You know there are many who spend their entire lives in this city and never meet a Merchant Prince. You all have been here what, 2, 3 days, and you’re all anyone is talking about. A bear breaking up a sentence in Executioner’s Run. Saving an acolyte of Savras from a crazed halfling. Helping defend the poor from a horde of undead. I even heard rumors that a lone giant spider attacked the Flaming Fist mercenaries while a certain triton noblewoman visited the Fort.. Wouldn’t have anything to with that now would you?”

His eyes twinkle mischievously.

“I have heard you all have business with this death curse, yes? I admit I thought it was a silly rumor but, it appears to be very real. In fact I think one of our own dear Princes may be afflicted with it. I don’t know what it has to do with Chult but if it started here, I would certainly want to see it stopped. Have you any leads?

“I don’t believe you all are affiliated with any organization. Freelance adventurers yes? There was another group of adventurers who came through Chult not long ago, The Company of the Yellow Banner, worked for the Harpers. I was their liaison, though they didn’t know they were communicating with a Merchant Prince.”

He pulls out a Sending Stone.

“We’d send messages back and forth for several weeks as they journeyed in the jungle. In their final message they stumbled upon a lost city. They spoke of a terrible evil, invoking the name of Acererak himself. I haven’t received a message since, and my own messages go unanswered.

“Perhaps you can discover what happened to them?”

He hands you the Sending Stone.

“This one has been charged with a little extra power. You’re able to recall previous messages once per day.” DC 15 Arcana to reveal next Yellow Banner message.

“I’ve recently come into possession of a journal. You see there was once a group of elder tortle adventurers who once roamed these lands. I believe one of them has actually retired here in Port Nyanzaru. I think this journal belonged to one of them, perhaps a spellcaster or some kind of engineer. The only piece of information that was still legible made mention of a construct named ‘Vorn,’ and a map supposedly showing its location. If it’s what I think it is, it will have a control amulet somewhere to activate it. It may be lost to us but should be able to recover it and retreive the construct, I would pay handsomely for it.

“There’s one more thing that may be of mutual interest to both of us.”

He stands up and walks over to a velvet curtain, pulling a nearby rope. The curtain opens and you see a runes and glyphs covering a small circular space.

“Very few know of the existence of this teleportation circle. Knowledge from the Harpers. The bad news is it does not work outside of Chult, but, I’m certain there are other teleportation circles out there in the jungle, perhaps hidden away. If you can find any, you’ll be able to teleport instantly back here, to me. I offer this freely on the condition that you tell no one of its existence.

“I look forward to hearing of your progress. Seek out the guides of the city, if you haven’t already. The jungles are very dangerous, and I fear this death curse has only made things worse.”